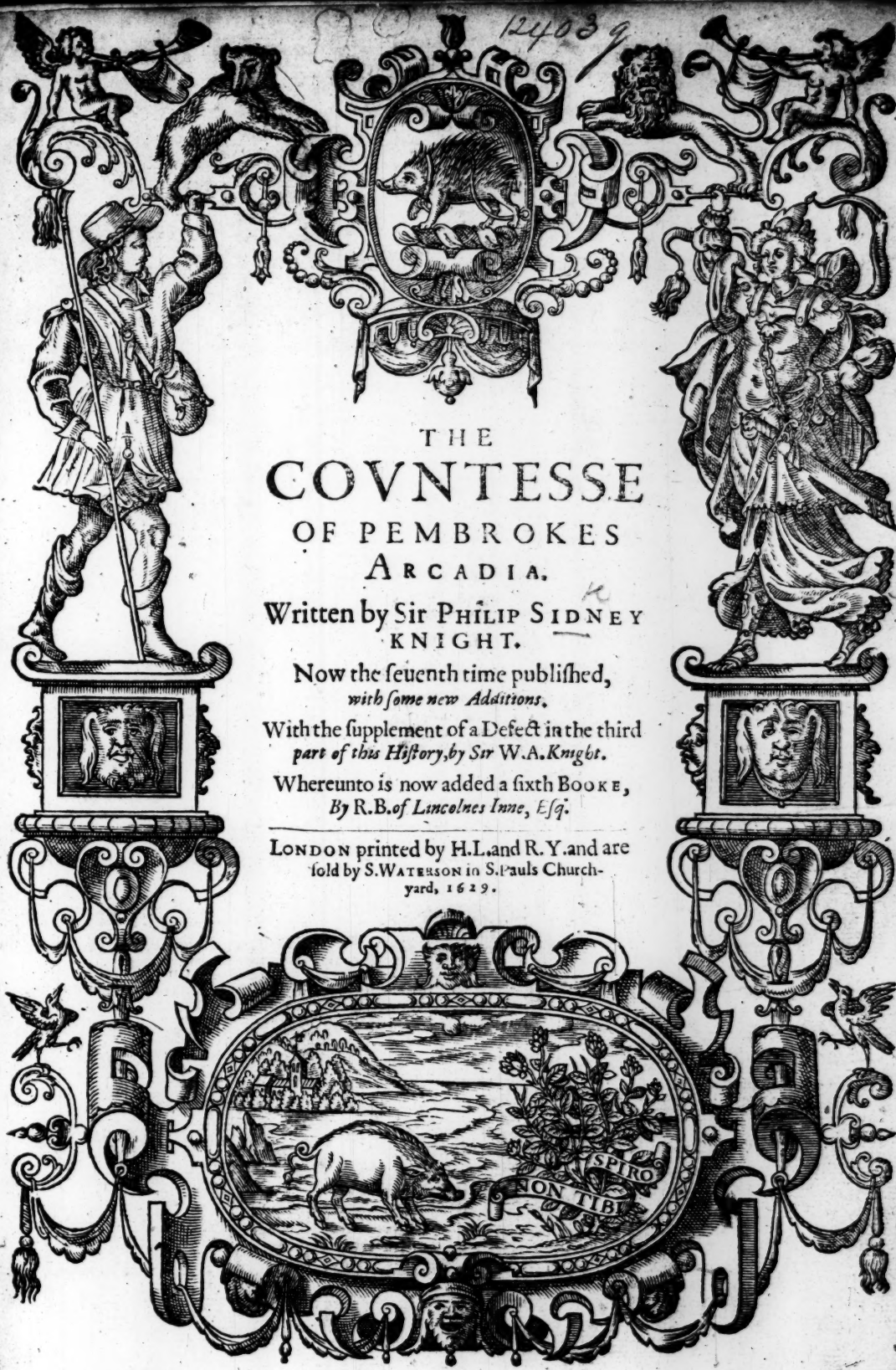


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THE  
COUNTESSE  
OF PEMBROKES  
ARCADIA.

Written by Sir PHILIP SIDNEY  
KNIGHT.

Now the seventh time published,  
*with some new Additions.*

With the supplement of a Defect in the third  
*part of this History, by Sir W.A. Knight.*

Whereunto is now added a sixth BOOKE,  
*By R.B. of Lincolnes Inne, Esq.*

LONDON printed by H.L. and R.Y. and are  
sold by S. WATSON in S. Pauls Church-  
yard, 1629.





TO MY DEARE LADY  
AND SISTER. THE  
COUNTESSE OF  
Pembroke.



Ere now haue you (most deare, and most worthy to bee most deare Ladie) this idle worke of mine: which I feare (like the Spiders web) will be thought fitter to bee swept away, then worne to any other purpose. For my part, in very truth (as the cruell Fathers among the Greekes were wont to doe to the babes they would not foster) I could well find in my heart, to cast out in some Desert of forgetfulnesse this child, which I am loth to father. But you desired me to doe it, and your desire, to my heart is an absolute commandement. Now, it is done onely for you, onely to you: if you keepe it to your selfe, or to such friends, who will weigh errors in the balance of good will, I hope, for the fathers sake, it will bee pardoned, perchance made much of, though in it selfe it haue deformities. For indeede,

*The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

deede, for seuerer eyes it is not, being but a trifle, and that triflingly handled. Your deare selfe can best witnesse the manner, being done in loose sheetes of Paper, most of it in your presence, the rest, by sheetes, sent vnto you, as fast as they were done. In summe, a young head, not so well staied as I would it were (and shall bee when God will) hauing many many fancies begotten in it, if it had not beene in some way deliuered, would haue growne a monster, and more sorrie might I be that they came in, then that they gat out. But his chiefe safetic, shall be the not walking abroad; and his chiefe protection, the bearing the liuerie of your name, which (if much good will doe not deceiue me) is worthy to bee a sanctuarie for a greater offendor. This say I, because I know the vertue so; and this say I, because it may be euer so, or to say better, because it will be euer so. Reade it then at your idle times, and the follies your good iudgement will find in it, blame not, but laugh at. And so, looking for no better stufte, then, as in a Haberdashers shop, Glasses, or Feathers, you will continue to loue the writer, who doth exceedingly loue you, and most most heartily prayes you may long liue, to bee a principall ornament to the family of the *Sidneis*.

*Your louing Brother,*

**PHILIP SIDNEY.**





TO THE READER.



*He disfigured face, Gentle Reader, wherewith this Worke not long since appeared to the common view, moued that noble Lady, to whose Honour consecrated, to whose protection it was committed, to take in hand the wiping away those spots wherewith the beauties thereof were vnworthyly blemished. But as often repairing a ruinous house, the mending of some old part occasioneth the making of some new: so here her honourable labour begun in correcting the faults, ended in supplying the defects; by the view of what was ill done, guided to the consideration of what was not done. Which part with what aduice entred into, with what accesse it had beene passed through, most by her doing, all by her directing, if they may be entreated not to define, which are vnfurnisht of meanes to discern, the rest (it is hoped) will fauourably censure. But this they shall, for their better satisfaction, vnderstand, that though they find not here what might be expected, they may find neuerthelesse as much as was intended, the conclusion, not the perfection of Arcadia: and that no further then the Authors owne writings, or knowne determinations could direct. Whereof who sees not the reason, must consider there may be reason which he sees not. Albeit I dare affirme he either sees, or from wiser iudgements then his owne may heare, that Sir Philip Sidneies writings can no more be*  
*perfected*

## To the Reader.

perfected without Sir Philip Sidneie, then APPELLES pictures without APPELLES. There are that thinke the contrarie: and no wonder. Neuer was Arcadia free from the comber of such Cattell. To us, say they, the pastures are not pleasant: and as for the flowers, such as we light on wee take no delight in, but the greater part grow not within our reach. Poore Soules! what talke they of flowers? They are Roses, not flowers, must doe them good, which if they find not here, they shall doe well to feede elsewhere: Any place will better like them: For without Arcadia nothing growes in more plentie, then Lettuce sutable to their Lippes. If it bee true that likenesse is a great cause of liking, and that contraries inferre contrarie consequences; then is it true, that the worthlesse Reader can neuer worthyly esteeme of so worthy a writing: and as true, that the noble, the wise, the vertuous, the curteous, as many as haue had any acquaintance with true learning and knowledge, will with all loue and dearenesse entertaine it, as well for affinitie with themselves, as being childe to such a father. Whom albeit it do not exactly and in euery lineament represent; yet considering the fathers vntimely death preuented the timely birth of the childe, it may happily seeme a thank-worthy labour, that the defects being so few, so small, and in no principall part, yet the greatest vnlikenesse is rather in defect then in deformitie. But howsoeuer it is, it is now by more then one interest, The Countesse of Pembrokes Arcadia: done as it was, for her; as it is, by her. Neither shall these paines be the last (if no vnexpected accident cut off her determination) which the euerlasting loue of her excellent brother, will make her consecrate to his memorie.

H. S.





THE  
**COVNTESSE OF PEM**  
**BROKES ARCADIA, WRITTEN**  
 By Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

THE FIRST BOOKE



T was in the time that the earth begins to put on her new apparell against the approach of her louer, and that the Sunnerunning a most even course, becomes an indifferent arbiter betweene thenight and the day; when the hopelesse Shepheard *Stephen* was come to the sands, which lye against the Island of Cithera where viewing the place with a heauie kind of delight, and sometimes casting his eyes to the Ileward, he called his friendly riual, the pastor *Claius* vnto him, & setting first down in his darkned countenance a doleful copy of what he would speake: O my *Claius*, said he, hither we are now come to pay the rent, for which weare so called vnto by oterbusie Remembrance, Remembrance, restless Remembrance, which claymes not onely this ducie of vs, but for it will haue vs forget our selues. I pray you when we were amid our flock, & that of other shepheards some were running after their sheepe strayed beyond their bounds, some delighting their eies with seeing the nibble vpon the shore & sweet grasse, some medicining their sicke ewes, some setting a bell for an ensigne of a sheepish Squadron, some with more leisure inuenting new games of exercising their bodies, and sporting their wits: did Remembrance graunt vs any holiday, either for pastime or deuotion, nay either for necessarie food or naturall rest? but that still it forced our thoughts to worke vpon this place, where we last (alas that the word last should so long last) did grace our eyes vpon her euer flourishing beaurie did it not still lie within vs? Ah you base minded wretches, are your thoughts so deeply bemýred in the trade of ordinarie worldlings, as for respect of gaine some paultrie wooll may yeeld you, to let so much time passe without knowing perfectly her estate, especially in so troublesome a season? to leaue that shore vn saluted from whence you may see to the Island where shied wellerth to leaue those steps vnkissed wherein *Tranis* printed the farewell of all beautie? Well then, Remembrance commanded, we obeyed, and here we find, that as our remembrance came euer clothed vnto vs in the form of this place, so this place giues new heat to the seauer of our languishing remembrance. Yonder my *Claius*, *Tranis* lighted the very hotte (me thought) bewailed, to be so disburdened: & as for thee, poor *Claius* when thou wentst to help her down, I saw reuered & de fire so denide thee, that thou didst at one instant both blush & quake, & in flood of bearing her, wert readie to fall down

down thy selfe. There she fate, vouchsafing my cloake (then most gorgeous) vnder her: at yonder rising of the ground she turned her selfe, looking backe toward her wonted abode, and because of her parting, bearing much sorrow in her eyes, the lightsomnesse whereof had yet so naturall a cheerefulnesse, as it made euen sorrow seeme to smile; at that turning shee spake to vs all, opening the cherrie of her lips, and Lord how greedily mine eares did feed vpon the sweet words she vttered? And here she laide her hand ouer thine eyes, when she saw the teares springing in them, as if she would conceale them from other, and yet her selfe feele some of thy sorrow: But woe is me yonder, yonder, did shee put her foote into the boate, at that instant, as it were diuiding her heavenly beautie, betweene the earth and the sea. But when she was imbraked, did you not marke how the windes whistled, and the seas daunc't for ioy? how the sailes did swell with pride, and all because they had *Prania*? O *Prania*, blessed be thou *Prania*, the sweetest fairnesse, and fairest sweetness: with that word his voice brake so with sobbing, that he could say no further; and *Claius* thus answered, Alas my *Strepson* (said hee) what needes this skore to reckon vponely our losses? What doubt is there, but that the sight of this place doth call our thoughts to appeare at the court of affection, held by that racking steward, Remembrance? As well may sheepe forget to feare when they spie Wolues, as we can misse such fancies, when we see any place made happie by her treading. Who can choose that saw her, but thinke where she stayed, where she walkt, where she turned, where she spake? But what is all this? truely no more, but as this place serued vs to thinke of those things, so those things serue as places to call to memorie more excellent matters. No, no, let vs thinke with consideration, and consider with acknowledging, and acknowledge with admiration, & admire with loue, and loue with ioy in the midst of all woes: let vs in such sort thinke, I say, that our poore eyes were so enriched as to behold, and our low hearts so exalted as to loue a maide, who is such, that as the greatest thing the world can shew, is her beautie. so the least thing that may be praised in her, is her beautie. Certainly as her eye-lids are more pleasant to behold, then two white kiddes climbing vp a faire tree, and browfing on histendrest branches, and yet are nothing, compared to the day-shining starres contained in them; and as her breath is more sweet then a gentle South-west wind, which comes creeping ouer flowrie fields and shadowed waters in the extreame heate of Summer and yet is nothing, compared to the honey flowing speech that breath doth carrie: no more all that our eyes can see of her (though when they haue seene her, what else they shall euer see is but drie stubble after clouers grasse) is to bee matched with the flocke of vnspeakeable verrues, laid vp delightfully in that best builded fold. But indeed, as wee can better consider the sunnes beautie, by marking how he guildes these waters and mountaines, then by looking vpon his owne face, too glorious for our weake eyes: so it may be our conceits (not able to beare her sun-staining excellencie) will better way it by her workes vpon some meaner subiect employed. And alas, who can better witnesse that then we, whose experience is grounded vpon feeling? hath not the only lone of her made vs (being silly ignorant shepherds) raise vp our thoughts aboue the ordinarie leuell of the world, so as great clerkes doe not disdain our conference? hath not the desire to seeme worthy in her eyes, made vs when others were sleeping, to sit viewing the course of heauens? when others were running at base, to run ouer learned writings? when others marke their sheepe, we to marke our selues? hath not she throwne reason vpon our desires, and, as it were giuen eyes vnto *Cupid*? hath in any, but in her, loue-fellowship maintayned friendship



friendship betweene rivals, & beautie taught the beholders chastitie? He was going on with his prayes, but *Strephon* bad him stay, and looke: and so they both perceiued a thing which floated drawing neerer and neerer to the banke; but rather by the favourable working of the sea, then by any selfe industry, They doubted a while what it should be; till it was cast vp even hard before them: at which time they fully saw that it was a man. Wherevpon running for pitie sake vnto him, they found his hands (as it should appeare, constanter friends to his life, than his memorie) fast griping vpon the edge of a square small coffer, which lay all vnder his brest: else in himselfe no shew of life, so as the boord seemed to be but a Beefe to carrie him a land to his Sepulcher. So drew they vp a young man of so goodly shape, & well pleasing fauour, that one would thinke death had in him a louely countenance; and, that though he were naked, nakednesse was to him an apparell. That sight increased their compassion, and their compassion called vp their care; so that lifting his feete about his head, making a great deale of salt water come out of his mouth they laid him vpon some of their garments, and fell to rub and chafe him, till they brought him to recover both breath the seruant, and warmth the companion of liuing. At length opening his eyes, he gaue a great groan, (a dolefull note but a pleasant dittie) for by that, they found not only life, but strength of life in him. They therefore continued on their charitable office, vntill (his spirits being well returned,) he (without so much as thanking them for their paines) gate vp, and looking round about to the vttermost limits of his sight, and crying vpon the name of *Pyrocles*, nor seeing nor hearing cause of comfort, what (said he) and shall *Musidorus* liue after *Pyrocles* destruction? there withall he offered wilfully to cast himselfe againe into the Sea: a strange sight to the shepheards, to whom it seemed, that before being in apparance dead, had yet saued his life. and now comming to his life, should be a cause to procure his death; but they ranne vnto him, and pulling him backe (then too feeble for them) by force stickled that vnnaturall fray. I pray you (said he) honest men, what such right haue you in me, as not to suffer me to do with my selfe what I list? and what pollicie haue you to bestow a benefit where it is counted an iniurie? They hearing him speake in Greeke (which was their naturall language) became the more tender hearted towards him; and considering by his calling, and looking that the losse of some deare friend was great cause of his sorrow; told him they were poore men that were bound by course of humanitie to preuent so great a mischiefe, and that they wylt him, if opinion of some bodies perishing bred such desperate anguish in him, that he should be comforted by his owne prooffe, who had lately escaped as apparant danger as any might be. No, no (said he) it is not for me to attend so high a blissefulness: but since you take care of me, I pray you finde meanes that some Barke may be provided, that will go out of the Hauen, that if it be possible we may finde the body far, farre too precious food for fishes: and for the hire (said he I haue with in this casket, of value sufficient to content them. *Claius* presently went to a Fisherman, and hauing agreed with him, and provided some apparell for the naked stranger, he imbar- ked, & the shepheards with him: and were no sooner gone beyond the mouth of the hauen, but that some way into the Sea they might discerne (as it were) a staine of the waters colour, & by times some sparks & smoke mounting thereout. But the young man no sooner saw it, but that beating his brest, he cried, that there was the beginning of his ruine, intreating them to bend their course as neere vnto it as they could; telling, how that smoke was but a small relique of a great fire, which had driuen both him & his friend rather to commit themselves to the cold mercie of the

Sea, than to abide the hot crueltie of the fire: and that therefore though they both had abandoned the ship, that he was (if any where) in that course to be met withall. They steered therefore as neere thither-ward as they could: but when they came so neere as their eyes were full masters of the object, they saw a sight full of piteous strangenesse: a ship, or rather the carkasse of the ship, or rather some few bones of the carkasse, hulling there, part broken, part burned, part drowned: death hauing vsed more than one dart to that destruction. About it stoted great store of verie rich things, and many chests which might promise no lesse. And amidst the precious things were a number of dead bodies, which likewise did not onely testifie both elements violence, but that the chiefe violence was growne of humane inhumanitie: for their bodies were full of grisly wounds, and their blood had (as it were) filled the wrinkles of the Seas visage; which it seemed the Sea would not wash away, that it might witness it is not alwaies his fault, when we condemne his cruelty. In summe, a defeate, where the conquered kept both field and spoile: a shipwrack without storme or ill footing: and a wast of fire in the midst of the water.

But a little way off they saw the mast, whose proud height now lay a long; like a widow hauing lost her make of whom she held her honour: but vpon the mast they saw a young man (at least if he were a man) bearing shew of about-eighteene yeares of age, who sat (as on horsebacke) hauing nothing vpon him but his shirt, which being wrought with blew silke & gold, had a kind of resemblance to the Sea: on which the Sunne (then neere his Westerne home) did shoote some of his beames. His haire (which the young man of Greece vsed to weare verie long) was stirred vp & downe with the wind, which seemed to haue a sport to play with it, as the Sea had to kisse his feete; himselfe full of admirable beautie, set forth by the strangenesse both of his seat and gesture: for, holding his head vp full of vnmoued maiestie, he held a sword aloft with his faire arme, which often he waied about his crowne, as though he would threaten the world in that extremitie. But the silbermen, when they came so neere him, that it was time to throwe out a rope, by which hold they might draw him, their simplicitie bred such amasement, and their amasement such superstition, that (assuredly thinking it was some God begotten betweene *Neptune* and *Venus*, that had made all this terrible slaughter) as they went vnder saile by him, held vp their hands and made their prayers. Which when *Musidorus* saw, though he were almost as much rauished with ioy, as they with astonishment, he leapt to the Mariner, and tooke the cord out of his hand and (saying, dost thou liue, and art well? who answered, thou canst tell best, since most of my well being stands in thee,) threw it out, but alreadie the ship was past beyond *Pirocles*: and therefore *Musidorus* could doe no more but perswade the Mariners to cast about againe, assuring them that he was but a man, although of most diuine excellencies, and promising great rewards for their paine.

And now they were alreadie come vpon the staves; when one of the sailers descried a Galley which came with sailes and oares directly in the chafe of them; and streight perceiued it was a well knownen Pirate, who hunted not onely for goods but for bodies of men, which he employed either to be his Galley slaues, or to sell at the best market. Which when the Master vnderstood, he commaunded forth with to set on all the canuasse they could, and flie homeward, leauing in that sort poore *Pyrocles* so neere to be rescued. But what did not *Musidorus* say? what did he not offer to perswade them to venture the fight? But feare standing at the gates of their cares, put backe all perswasions: so that he had nothing wherewith to accompanie

*Pyrocles,*



*Pyrocles*, but his eyes, not to succour him, but his wifhes. Therefore praying for him, and casting a long looke that way, he saw the Galley leade the pursuite of them, and turne to take vp the spoiles of the other wracke: and lastly he might well see them lift vp the yong man; and alas (said he to himselfe) deare *Pyrocles*, shall that bodie of thine be enchained? shall those victorious hands of thine be commanded to base offices? shall verue become a slave to those that be slaves to viciousnes? Alas, better had it bin thou hadst ended nobly thy noble dayes: what death is so euill as vnto thy seruitude? But that opinion soone ceased, when he saw the Galley setting vpon another ship, which held long and strong fight with her: for then he began a fresh to feare the life of his friend, and to wish well to the *Pyrates* whom before he hated, least in their ruine he might perish. But the fisherman made such speed into the haven, that they absented his eyes from beholding the issue: where being entred, he could procure neither them, nor any other as then to put themselves into the sea: so that being as full of sorrow for being vnable to doe any thing, as void of counsell how to do any thing, besides, that sicknes grew something vpon him, the honest shepheards *Strephon* and *Claius* (who being themselves true friends, did the more perfectly iudge the iustnesse of his sorrow) aduise him, that he should mitigate somewhat of his woe, since he had gotten an amendment in fortune, being come from assured perswasion of his death, to haue no cause to despaire of his life: as one that had lamented the death of his sheepe, should after know they were but strayed, would receiue pleasure though readily he knew not where to finde them.

Now sir (said they) thus for our selues it is; VVe are in profession but shepheards, and in this countrie of *Laconia* little better then strangers, and therefore neyther in skill, nor abilitie of power greatly to stead you. But what we can present vnto you is this: *Arcadia*, of which countrie wee are, is but a little way hence; and euen vpon the next confines there dwelleth a Gentleman, by name *Kalandor*, who vouchsafeth much fauour vnto vs: A man who for his hospitalitie is so much haunted, that no newes stirre, but come to his eares; for his vpright dealing so beloued of his neighbours, that he hath many euer readie to doe him their vttermost seruice, and by the great good will our Prince beares him, may soone obtaine the vse of his name and credite, which hath a principall sway, not onely in his owne *Arcadia*, but in all these countries of *Peloponnesus*: and (which is worth all) all these things giue him not so much power, as his nature giues him will to benefit: so that it seemes no Musicke is so sweet to his eare as deserued thanks. To him we will bring you, & there you may recouer againe your health, without which you cannot be able to make any diligent search for your friend: and therefore you must labour for it. Besides, wee are sure the comfort of curretie, and ease of wise counsell shall not be wanting.

*Musidorus* (who besides he was meere vnaquainted in the countrie, had his wits astonished with sorrow) gaue easie consent to that, from which hee saw no reason to disagree: and therefore (defraying the Mariners with a ring bestowed vpon them) they tooke their iourney together through *Laconia*; *Claius* and *Strephon* by course carrying his chest for him, *Musidorus* only bearing in his countenance euident markes of a sorrowfull mind supported with a weake bodie, which they perceiuing and knowing that the violence of sorrow is not at the first to be stricken withall (being like a mightie beast, sooner tamed with following, than overthrowne by withstanding) they gaue way vnto it for that day and the next; neuer troubling him, either with asking questions or finding fault with his melancholy: but rather sitting to his dolor dolorous discourses of their owne and other folks misfortune. Which

speeches, though they had not a lively entrance to his senses shut up in sorrow, yet like one halfe asleepe he tooke hold of much of the matters spoken vnto him, so as a man may say, ere sorrow was aware, they made his thoughts beare away something else beside his own sorrow, which wrought so in him, that at length he grew content to marke their speeches, then to maruell at such wit in shepheards, after to like their companie, & lastly to vouchsafe conference: so that the third day after, in the time that the morning did strow roses and violets in the beauenly floore against the coming of the Sunne, the Nightingales (striving one with the other which could in most daintie varietie recount their wrong caused sorrow) made them put off their sleepe, and rising from vnder a tree (which that night had bin their pavillion) they went on their iourney, which by and by welcomed *Musidorus* eyes (weariend with the wasted soile of Laconia) with delightfull prospects. There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees: humble vallies, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of siluer riuers: meadowes, enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade were witnessed so too, by the cheerfull disposition of many well-tuned birds: each pasture stored with sheepe feeding with sober securitie, while the prettie lambes with bleating oratorie craved the dammes comfort: here a shepheards boy piping, as though he should neuer be old: there a young shepheardesse knitting, and withall singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to worke, and her hands kept time to her voice musick. As for the houses of the countrey (for many houses came vnder their eye) they were all scattered, no two being one by th'other, and yet not so farre off as that it barred mutuall succor: a shew, as it were, of an accompanable solitari- nesse, and of a ciuill wildenes. I pray you (said *Musidorus*, then first vnsealing his long silent lips) what countries be these wee passe through, which are so diuers in shew, the one wanting no store, the other hauing no store but of want.

The countrey (answered *Claius*) where you were cast a shore, and now are past through, is Laconia, not so poore by the barrennes of the soile (though in it selfe not passing fertill) as by a ciuill warre, which being these two yeares within the bowels of that estate, betweene the gentlemen and the peasants (by them named *Helots*) hath in this sort as it were disfigured the face of nature, and made it so vnhol- pitall as now you haue found it: the townes neither of the one side nor the other, wil- lingly opening their gates to strangers, nor strangers willingly entring for feare of being mistaken.

But this countrey (where now you set your foot) is Arcadia: and euen hard by is the house of *Kalander* whither we lead you: this countrey being thus decked with peace, & (the child of peace) good husbandry. These houses you see so scattered are of me, as we two are, that liue vpon the commoditie of their sheepe: and therefore in the diuision of the Arcadia estate are termed shepheards; a happy people, wanting little because they desire not much. What cause then said *Musidorus*, made you venter to leaue this sweet life, and put your selfe in yonder vnpleasant & dangerous realme? Guarded with pouertie (answered *Strephon*) and guided with loue. But now (said *Claius*) since it hath pleased you to aske any thing of vs whose basenes is such as the very knowledge is darkenesse: giue vs leaue to know something of you, and of the yong man you so much lament, that at least wee may be the better instructed to en- forme *Kalander*, and he the better know how to proportion his entertainment. *Mu- sidorus* (according to the agreement betweene *Pyrracles* and him to alter their names) answered, that he called himselfe *Palladius*, and his friend *Daiphantus*; but till I haue him



him againe (said he) I am indeed nothing, and therefore my story is of nothing: his entertainment (since so good a man he is) cannot be so low as I account my estate, and in summe, the summe of all his curtesie may be to helpe me by some means to seeke my friend.

They perceined he was not willing to open himselfe further, and therefore without further questioning brought him to the house: about which they might see (with fit consideration both of the aire, the prospect, and the nature of the ground) all such necessarie additions to a great house, as might well shew *Kalander* knew that provision is the foundation of hospitalitie, & thrust the fewell of magnificence. The house it selfe was built of faire and strong stone, not affecting so much any extraordinarie kind of finnesse, as an honourable representing of a firme statelinessse. The lights, doores and staires, rather directed to the vse of the guest, then to the eye of the Artificer; and yet as the one chiefly heeded, so the other not neglected; each place handsome without curiositie, and homely without loathsomnesse; not so daintie as not to be trode on, nor yet slubbered y<sup>p</sup> with good fellowship; all more lasting than beautifull, but that the consideration of the exceeding lastingnesse made the eye beleene it was exceeding beautifull. The seruants not so many in number, as cleanly in apparell, & seruiceable in behauiour, testifying euen in their countenances, that their maister tooke aswell care to be serued, as of them that did serue. One of them was forthwith readie to welcome the shepheards as men, who though they were poore, their maister greatly fauoured; & vnderstanding by them, that the young man with them was to be much accounted of, for that they had seene tokens of more then common greatnesse, howsoeuer now eclipsed with fortune: he ran to his maister, who came presently forth, and pleasantly welcomming the shepheards, but especially applying him to *Musidorus*, *Strephon* priuately told him all what he knew of him and particularly that he found this stranger was loth to be knowne.

No said *Kalander* (speaking aloud) I am no Herald to enquire of mens pedigreees, it sufficeth me if I know their vertues; which (if this young mans face be not a false witnes) do better appaer his mind, then you haue done his body. While he was thus speaking, there came a boy, in shew like a Marchants prentise, who taking *Strephon* by the sleue, deliuered him a letter, written jointly both to him & *Claius* from *Praxia*: which they no sooner had read, but that with short leaue-taking of *Kalander* (who quickly guesse and smiled at the matter) and once againe) though hastily) recommending the young man vnto him, they went away, leauing *Musidorus* euen loth to part with them, for the good conuersation he had of them, and obligation he accounted himselfe tied in vnto them: and therefore, they deliuering his chest vnto him, he opened it, and would haue presented them with two very rich jewels, but they absolutely refused them, telling him, that they were more then enough rewarded in the knowing of him, and without harkning vnto a reply (like men whose hearts disdained all desires but one) gat speedily away, as if the letter had brought wings to make them flie. But by that sight *Kalander* soone iudged, that his guest was of no meane calling; & therefore the more respectfully entertaining him, *Musidorus* found his sicknes (which the sight, the sea, and late travell had laid vpon him) grow greatly, so that feareing some sodaine accident, he deliuered the chest to *Kalander*, which was full of most precious stones, gorgeously and cunningly set in diuerse manners, desiring him he would keepe those trifles, and if he died, he would bestow so much of it as was needefull, to find out and redeeme a young man, naming himselfe *Daiphantus*, as then in the hands of *Laconia* Pyrats.

But

But *Kalander* seeing him faint more and more, with carefull speed conueyed him to the most commodious lodging in his house: where being possesse with an extreame burning feuer, hee continued some while with no great hope of life: but youth at length got the victorie of sicknesse, so that in sixeweekes the excellency of his returned beautie was a credible Embassador of his health, to the great ioy of *Kalander*, who, as in this time he had by certaine friends of his, that dwelt neare the sea in *Mislenia*, set forth a ship and a galley to seeke and succour *Dalphantus*: so at home did hee omit nothing which hee thought might either profit or gratifie *Palladius*.

For, hauing found in him (besides his bodilly gifts beyond the degree of admiration) by daily discourses, which he delighted himselfe to haue with him, a mind of most excellent composition, a piercing wit quite voyd of ostentation, high erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesie, an eloquence as sweet in the vttering, as slow to come to the vttering, a behaviour so noble, as gaue a maiestic to aduersitie: and all in a man whose age could not be aboue one and twentie yeares) the good olde man was euen enamoured with a fatherly loue towards him, or rather became his seruant by the bonds such vertue laid vpon him; once, he acknowledged himselfe so to bee, by the badge of diligent attendance.

But *Palladius* hauing gotten his health, and only staying there to to bein place, where he might heare answere of the ships set forth; *Kalander* one afternoone led him abroad to a well arrayed ground he had behind his house, which he thought to shew him before his going, as the place himselfe more then in any other delighted. The backside of the house was neither field, garden, nor orchard; or rather it was both field, garden, and orchard: for as soone as the descending of the staires had deliuered them downe, they came into a place cunningly set with trees of the most tast-pleasing fruits: but scarcely they had taken that into their consideration, but that they were sodainly slept into a delicate greene, of each side of the greene a thicket, & behind the thickets againe new beds of flowers, which being vnder the trees, the trees were to them a Paullion, and they to the trees a Mosaicall floore, so that it seemed that Art therein would needs be delightfull, by counterfeyting his enimie Error, and making order in confusion.

In the middell of all the place was a faire pond, whose shaking cristall was a perfect mirrour to all the other beauties, so that it bare shew of two gardens, one in deede, the other in shadowes: and in one of the thickets was a fine fountaine made thus: A naked *Venus* of white marble, wherein the grauer had vsed such cunning, that the natural blew veines of the marble were framed in fit places, to set forth the beautifull veines of her bodie. At her breast she had her babe *Aeneas*, who seemed (hauing begun to sucke) to leaue that, to looke vpon her faire eyes, which smiled at the babes folly, meane while the breast running. Hard by was a house of pleasure built for a sommer retiring place, whither *Kalander* leading him, he found a square roomie full of delightfull pictures, made by the most excellent workman of Greece. There was *Diana* when *Acteon* saw her bathing, in whose cheeks the Painter had set such a colour, as was mixt betweene shame and disdain, and one of her foolish Nymphes who weeping, and withall lowring, one might see the workman meant to set forth teares of anger. In another table was *Medusa*, the posture of whose limmes was so liuely expressed, that if the eyes were only iudges, as they bee the only seers, one would haue sworn the very picture had run. Besides many moe as of *Helena*, *Omphale*, *Iole*: but in none of them all beautie seemed to speake so much as in a large table, which



which contained a comely olde man, with a Lady of middle age, but of excellent beautie, and more excellent would haue bin deemed, but that there stood betweene them a yong maide whose wonderfullnes tooke away all beautie from her, but that which it might seeme she gaue her back againe by her verie shadow. And such difference (being knowne that it did indeed counterfeit a person liuing) was there betweene her & all the other, though Goddesses, that it seemed the skill of the Painter bestowed on the other new beautie, but that the beautie of her bestowed new skill of the Painter. Though he thought inquisitiuenes an vncomely guest, hee could not choose but aske who she was, that bearing shew of one being indeed, could with naturall gifts goe beyond the reach of inuention. *Kalander* answered, that it was made by *Philoclea*, the younger daughter of his Prince, who also with his wife were contained in that Table: the Painter meaning to represent the present condition of the young Lady, who stood watched by an ouer-curious eye of her parents; and that he would also haue drawne her eldest sister, esteemed her match for beautie, in her shepherdishe attire, but that the rude clowne her gardian would not suffer it; neither durst he aske leaue of the Prince for feare of suspicion. *Palladius* perceiued that the matter was wrapt vp in some secrecie, and therefore would for modestie demand no further, but yet his countenance could not but with dumbe eloquence desire it: Which *Kalander* perceiuing; well (said he) my deare guest, I know your minde, and I will satisfie it: neither will I doe it like a niggardly answerer, going no further then the bounds of the question, but I will discouer vnto you, as well that wherein my knowledge is common with others, as that which by extraordinarie meanes is deliuered vnto me; knowing so much in you (though not long acquainted) that I shall finde your eares faithfull treasurers. So then sitting downe in two chaires, and sometimes casting his eye to the picture, he thus spake.

This country Arcadia among all the prouinces of Greece, hath euer beene had in singular reputation; partly for the sweetnes of the ayre, and other naturall benefites, but principally for the well tempered mindes of the people, who (finding that the shining title of glorie, so much affected by other nations, doth indeed helpe little to the happinesse of life) are the onely people, which as by their iustice and prouidence giue neither cause nor hope to their neighbours to annoy them, so are they not stirred with false praise to trouble others quiet, thinking it a small reward for the wasting of their owne liues in rauening, that their posteritie should long after say, they had done so. Euen the Muses seeme to approue their good determination, by choosing this country for their chiefe repairing place, and by bestowing their perfections so largely here, that the verie shepheards haue their fancies lifted to so high conceits, as the learned of other nations are content both to borrow their names, and imitate their cunning.

Here dwelleth and raignoth this Prince (whose picture you see) by name *Basilus*, a Prince of sufficient skill to gouern so quiet a country, where the good minds of the former Princes had set downe good lawes; and the well bringing vp of the people doth serue as a most sure bond to hold them. But to be plaine with you, he excels in nothing so much, as the zealous loue of his people, wherein he doth not only passe all his owne fore-goers, but as I thinke, all the Princes liuing. Whereof the cause is, that though he exceed not in the vertues which get admiration; as depth of wisdom, height of courage and largenes of magnificence, yet is he notable in those which stirre affection, as truth of word, meekenesse, curtesie, mercifulnesse, and liberalitie.

He being alreadie well stricken in yeares, married a yong Princeesse named *Gynecia* daugh-

daughter to the king of Cyprus of notable beautie, as by her picture you see: a woman of great wit, and in truth of more princely vertues than her husband; of most vnspotted chastitie, but of so working a minde, and so vehement spirits, as a man may say, it was happie she tooke a good course, for otherwise it would haue bene terrible.

Of these two are brought to the world two daughters, so beyond measure excellent in all the gifts allotted to reasonable creatures, that wee may thinke they were borne to shew, that nature is no stepmother to that sexe, how much soeuer some men (sharpe witted only in euill speaking) haue sought to disgrace them. The elder is named *Pamela*; by many men not deemed inferiour to her sister: for my part, when I marked them both, me thought there was (if at least such perfections may receive the word of more) more sweetnes in *Philoclea*, but more maiestie in *Pamela*: mee thought loue plaid in *Philoclea*'s eies, & threatned in *Pamela*: me thought *Philoclea*'s beautie only perswaded, but so perswaded as all hearts must yeeld; *Pamela*'s beautie vsed violence, and such violence as no heart could resist. And it seems that such proportion is betwene their mindes: *Philoclea* so bashfull, as though her excellencies had stolne into her before she was aware; so humble, that she will put all pride out of countenance; in summe, such proceeding as will stirre hope, but teach hope good manners. *Pamela* of high thoughts, who auoids not pride which not knowing her excellencies, but by making that one of her excellencies to be void of pride; her mother's wisdom, greatnesse, nobilitie, but (if I can guesse aright) knit with a more constant temper. Now then, our *Rasilius* being so publicly happie as to be a Prince, and so happie in that happinesse, as to be a beloued Prince, and so in his private blessed as to haue so excellent a wife, and so ouer excellent children, hath of late taken a course, which yet makes him more spoken of than all these blessings. For, hauing made a iourney to Delphos, and safely returned, within short space he brake vp his Court, and retired himselfe, his wife & children into a certaine Forrest hereby, which he calleth his desert; wherein (besides a house appointed for stables, and lodgings for certaine persons of meane calling, who doe all household seruices) he hath builded two fine lodges: in the one of them himselfe remaines with his yonger daughter *Philoclea*, which was the cause they three were matched together in this picture, without hauing any other creature liuing in that lodge with him.

Which, though it be strange, yet not so strange, as the course he hath taken with the Princesse *Pamela*, whom he hath placed in the other lodge: but how thinke you accompanied? truly with none other but one *Damas*, the most arrant doltish clowne, that I thinke euer was without the priuiledge of a bable, with his wife *Miso*, and daughter *Mopsa*, in whom no wit can deuise any thing wherein they may please her, but to exercise her patience, and to serue for a foyle of her perfections. This lowtish clown is such, that you neuer saw so ill-fauoured a visar; his behauiour such that he is beyond the degree of ridiculous; & for his apparell, euen as I would wish him: *Miso* his wife, so handsome a beldame, that only her face and her splay-foote haue made her accused for a witch; onely one good point she hath, that she obserues *decorum*, hauing a froward minde in a wretched body. Between these two personages (who neuer agreed in any humour, but in disagreeing) is issued forth mistresse *Mopsa*, a fit woman to participate of both their perfections: but because a pleasant fellow of my acquaintance set forth her praises in verse, I will only repeat them, and spare mine owne tongue, since she goes for a woman. The verses are these, which I haue so often caused to be sung, that I haue them without booke:

What



What length of verse can serue brave Moplas good to shew  
 When verses strange, and beauties such as no man them may know  
 This shewdly burdened then, how can my Muse escape?  
 The gods must helpe, and precious things must serue to shew her shape:  
 Like great god Saturne faire, and like faire Venus chaste;  
 As smooth as Pan, as Iuno mild; like goddesse Iris face;  
 With Cupid she foresees and goes god Vulcans pace.  
 And for a taste of all these gifts, she steales god Momus grace:  
 Her forehead Iacynth like, her cheeks of Opall hue,  
 Her twinckling eyes bedect with pearle, her lips as Saphir blew;  
 Her haire like Crapal stone, her mouth O heavenly wide;  
 Her skin like burnisht gold, her hands like silver ore vntide.  
 As for her parts unknowne, which hidden fare are best:  
 Happy be they which well beleene, and neuer seeke the rest.

Now truly hauing made these descriptions vnto you, me thinks you should ima-  
 gine that I rather Iaine some pleasant deuise, then recount a truth, that a Prince (not  
 banished from his owne wits) could possibly make so vnworthy a choise. But truely  
 (deare guest) so it is, that Princes (whose doings haue beene often smoothened with  
 good successe) thinke nothing so absurd, which they cannot make honourable. The  
 beginning of his credit was by the Princes straying out of the way, on time he hun-  
 ted, where meeting this fellow, and asking him the way; and so falling into other  
 questions, he found some of his answers (as a dog sure if he could speake, had wit  
 enough to describe his kennell) not vn sensible; and all vttered with such rudenesse,  
 which he interpreted plainnesse (though there be great difference betweene them)  
 that *Basilus* conceiuing a sodaine delight, tooke him to his Court, with apparant  
 shew of his good opinion: where the flattering Courder had no sooner taken the  
 Princes minde, but that there were straight reasons to confirme the Princes doing,  
 & shadowes of vertues found for *Dametas*. His silence grew wit, bluntnesse integri-  
 tie, his beastly ignorance vertuous simplicitie: and the Prince (according to the na-  
 ture of great persons, in loue with that he had done himselfe) fancied, that his weak-  
 nesse with his presence would much be mended. And so like a creature of his owne  
 making, he liked him more and more; and thus hauing first given him the office of  
 principall heardman; lastly, since he tooke this strange determination, he hath in a  
 manner put the life of himselfe and his children into his hands. Which authoritie  
 (like too great a saile for so small a boat) doth so ouer sway poore *Dametas*, that if be  
 fore he were a good foole in a chamber, he might be allowed it now in a comedie,  
 so as I doubt me (I feare me indeed) my master will in the end (with his cost) finde,  
 that his office is not to make men, but to vse men as men are, no more then a horse  
 will bee taught to hunt, or an asse to manage. But in sooth I am afraide I haue giuen  
 your eares too great a surfet, with grosse discourses of that heauie peece of flesh. But  
 the zealous griefe I conceiue to see so great an errour in my Lord, hath made me be-  
 flow more words then I confesse so bale a subiect deserueth.

Thus much now that I haue told you, is nothing more then in effect any Arca-  
 dian knowes. But what moued him to this strange solitarinesse, hath been imparted  
 (as I thinke) but to one person liuing. My selfe can coniecture, and indeed more then  
 coniecture by this accident that I will tell you: I haue an only Sonne by name *Cli-  
 sophon*, who is now absent, preparing for his owne marriage, which I meane shortly  
 shal I

shall be here celebrated. This sonne of mine (while the Prince kept his Court) was of his bed chamber: now since the breaking vp thereof, returned home, and shewed me (among other things he had gathered) the copie which he had taken of a letter: which when the Prince had read, hee had laid in a window, presuming no body durst looke in his writings: but my sonne not only tooke a time to read it, but to copie it. In trueth I blamed *Clitophon* for the curiositie, which made him breake his dutie in such a kind, whereby kings secrets are subiect to be reuealed; but since it was done, I was content to take so much profit, as to know it. Now here is the letter, that I euer since for my good liking haue caried about me: which before I reade vnto you, I must tell you from whom it came. It is a noble man of his countrey named *Philanax*, appointed by the Prince, regent in this time of his retiring and most worthy so to be: for, their liues no man, whose excellent witte more simplic imbraceth integritie, beside his vnfayned loue to his master, wherein neuer yet any could make question, sauing whether he loued *Basilus* or the Prince better: a rare temper, while most men either seruilely yeeld to all appetites, or with an obstinate austeritie looking to that they fancie good, in effect neglect the Princes person. This then being the man, whom of all other (and most worthy) the Prince chiefly loves, it should seeme (for more then the letter I haue not to ghesse by) that the Prince vpon his returne from Delphos, (*Philanax* then lying sicke) had written vnto him his determination, rising (as euidently appeares) vpon some Oracle he had there receiued: whereunto he wrote this answer:

*Philanax his letter to Basilus.*

Most redoubted and beloued Prince, if as well it had pleased you at your going to Delphos as now, to haue vfed lay humble seruice, both I should in better season, and to better purpose haue spoken: and you (if my speech had preuailed) should haue bene at this time, as no way more in danger, so much more in quietnesse; I would then haue said, that wisdome and vertue be the only assistants appointed to man to follow, whence we ought to seeke all our knowledge, since they be such guides as cannot faile; which, besides their inward comfort, doe lead so direct a way of proceeding, as either prosperitie must insue; or, if the wickednesse of the world should oppresse it, it can neuer be said, that euill happeneth to him, who failes accompanied with vertue: I would then haue said, the heavenly powers to be reuerenced, and not searched into; and their mercies rather by prayers to be sought, then their hidden counsels by curiositie. These kinds of soothsayings (since they haue left vs in our selues sufficient guides) be nothing but fancie; wherein there must either be vanitie, or infalliblenesse, and so, either not to be respected, or not to be prevented. But since it is weakenesse too much to remember what should haue bene done, and that your commaundement stretcheth to know what is to be done, I doe (most deare Lord) with humble boldnesse say, that the manner of your determination doth in no sort better please me, then the cause of your going. These thirtie yeares you haue so gouerned this Region, that neither your Subjects haue wanted iustice in you, nor you obedience in them; and your neighbours haue found you so hurtlesly strong, that they thought it better to rest in your friendship, then make new triall of your enmitie. If this then haue proceeded out of the good constitution of your state, and out of a wise prouidence, generally to prevent all those things, which might encomber your happinesse: why should you now seeke new courses since your owne example comforts you to continue, & that it is to me most certaine though



though it please you not to tell me the verie words of the Oracle) that yet no destiny nor influence whatsoever, can bring mans wit to a higher point, than wisdom and goodnes; why should you deprive your selfe of government, for feare of losing your government, like one that should kill himselfe for feare of death? Nay rather, if this Oracle be to be accounted of, arme up your courage the more against it: for who will stick to him that abandons himselfe, let your subjects have you in their eyes, let them see the benefits of your justice daily more & more; and so must they needs rather like of present suerties then vncertaine changes. Lastly, whether your time call you to live or die, do both like a Prince. Now for your second resolution, which is to suffer no worthy Prince to be a sister to either of your daughters, but while you live to keepe them both vnmarrried, and as it were, to kill the joy of posteritie, which in your time you may enjoy, moved perchance by a mis-vnderstood Oracle: what shall I say, if the affection of a father to his owne children, cannot plead sufficiently against such fancies? once certaine it is, the God which is God of nature, doth never teach vnnaturalnesse; and even the same minde hold I touching your banishing them from companie, least I know not what strange lones should follow. Certainlie, sir, in my Ladies your daughters, nature promisseth nothing but goodnesse, and their education by your fatherly care hath benee hitherto such, as hath benee most fit to restrainge all euill, giuing their minds vertuous delights, and not greining them for want of well ruled libertie. Now to fall to a sodaine straightning them, what can it do but argue suspicion, a thing no more vnplesant, then vntrue, for the preserving of vertue. Leave womens minds, the most vntamed that way of any: see whether a cage can please a bird? or whether a dog grow not fiercer with trying? what doth reia-  
lousie, but stirre up the minde to thinke, what it is from which they are restrained? for they are treasures or things of great delight, which men vse to hide, for the opt-  
nells they haue to each mans fancies; and the thoughts once awaked to that, harder sure it is to keepe those thoughts from accomplishment, then had benee before, to haue kept the minde (which being the chiefe part, by this meanes is defiled) from thinking. Lastly, for the recommending so principall a charge of the Princessa *Pamela* (whose minde goes beyond the governing of many thousands such) to such a person as *Damias* is (besides that the thing in it selfe is strange) incomes of a verie euill ground, that ignorance should be the mother of faithfulness. One, he cannot be good that knowes not why he is good, but stands so farre good as his por-  
ture may keepe him vnassailed; but coming once to that, his rude simplicitie is ei-  
ther easily changed, or easily deciaied; and so growes that to be the lost excuse of his fault, which seemed to haue benee the first foundation of his faith. Thus farre hath your commendement and my zeale drawn me, which I, like a man in a valley that may discerne hills, or like a poore passenger that may spie a rocke, so humbly submit to your gracious consideration, beseeching you againe to stand wholly upon your owne vertue, as the surest way to maintaine you in that you are, and to auoid any euill which may be imagined.

By the contents of this letter you may perceiue, that the cause of all, hath benee the vanitie which possedeth many, who (making a perpetuall mansion of this poore baying place of mans life) are desirous to know the certaintie of things to come, wherein there is nothing so certaine as our continuall vncertaintie. But what in particular points the Oracle was, in faith I know not, neither (as you may see by one place of *Philanax* letter) he himselfe distinctly knew. But this experience shewes vs, that *Asellus* judgement corrupted with a Princes fortune, hath rather heard, then

followed the wife (as I take it) counsell of *Philanax*. For hauing left the sterne of his gouernement, with much amazement to the people, among whom manie strange bruits are receiued for currant, and with some apparence of danger in respect of the valiant *Amphialus* his nephew, & much enuying the ambitious number of the Nobilitie against *Philanax*, to see *Philanax* so aduanced, though (to speake simply) he deserue more then as manie of vs as there be in *Arcadia*: the Prince himselfe hath hidden his head, in such fort as I told you, not sicking plainly to confesse, that hee meanes not (while he breathes) that his daughters shal haue any husband, but keepe them thus solitarie with him: where he giues no other body leaue to visit him at anie time but a certaine Priest, who being excellent in poetrie, hee makes him write out such things as he best likes, he being no lesse delightfull in conuersation, then needfull for deuotion, and about twentie specified shepheards, in whom (some for exercises, and some for Eglogs) he taketh greater recreation.

And now you know as much as my selfe: wherein if I haue held you ouer long; lay hardly the fault vpon my old age, which in the verie disposition of it, is talkatiue: whether it be (said he smiling) that nature loues to exercise that part most, which is least decayed, and that is our tongue: or, that knowledge being the onely thing whereof we poore olde men can brag, we cannot make it knowne but by vterance: or, that mankind by all meanes seeking to eternize himselfe so much the more, as he is neare his end, doth it not only by the children that come of him, but by speeches & writings recommended to the memorie of hearers and readers. And yet thus much I will say for my selfe, that I haue not laid these matters, either so openly or largely to any as to your selfe: so much (if I much faile not) do I see in you, which makes me both loue & trust you. Neuer may he be old, answered *Palladius*, that doth not reuerence that age, whose beatinesse, if it waye downe the fraile and fleshy ballance, it as much lifts vp the noble and spirituall part; and well might you haue alleaged another reason, that their wisedome makes them willing to profit others. And that haue I receiued of you, neuer to be forgotten, but with vngratefulnesse. But among many strange conceits you told me, which haue shewed effects in your Prince, truly even the last, that hee should conceiue such pleasure in shepheards discourse, would not seeme the least vnto me; saying that you told mee at the first, that this country is notable in those wits, and that indeed my selfe hauing bin brought not onely to this place, but to my life by *Strepson* and *Claius*, in their conference found wits as might better become such shepheards as *Homer* speakes of, that be gouernours of peoples, then such Senators who hold their Councell in a sheepe-cote. For them two (said *Kalander*) especially *Claius*, they are beyond the rest by so much, as learning commonly doth adde to nature: for, hauing neglected their wealth in respect of their knowledge, they haue not so much impaired the meaner, as they bettered the better. Which all notwithstanding, it is a sporte to heare how they impure to loue, which hath indued their thoughts (say they) with such a strength.

But certainly all the people of this country from high to lowe, is giuen to those sports of the wit, so as you would wonder to heare how soone even children will begin to versifie. Once, ordinarie it is amongst the meanest sort, to make songs and dialogues in meeter, either loue whetting their braine, or long peace hauing begun it; example and emulation amending it. Not so much, but the Clowne *Dametia* will stumble sometimes vpon some songs that might become a better braine: but no sort of people so excellent in that kind as the pastors, for their living standing but



but vpon the looking to their beasts, they haue ease, the Nurse of Poetrie. Neither are our shepheards such, as (I heare) they be in other countries; but they are the verie owners of the sheepe, to which either themselves looke, or their children giue daily attendance. And then truly, it would delight you vnder some tree, or by some riuers side (when two or three of them meete together) to heare their rurall Muse, how pretily it will deliuer out, sometimes ioyes, sometimes lamentations, sometimes challengings one of the other, sometimes vnder hidden formes vittering such matters as otherwise they durst not deale with. Then haue they most commonly one, who iudgeth the prise to the best doer, of which they are no lesse glad, then great Princes are of Triumphs: and his part is to set downe in writing all that is said, sane that it may be, his pen with more leasure doth polish the rudenesse of an vnthought on song. Now the choise of all (as you may well thinke) either for goodnesse of voice, or pleasantnesse of wit, the Prince hath: among whom also there are two or three strangers, whom inward melancholies hauing made wearie of the worlds eyes, haue come to spend their liues among the countrey people of *Arcadia*, and their conuersation being well approued, the Prince vouchsafeth them his presence, and not onely by looking on, but by great courtesie and liberalitie, animates the shepheards the more exquisitely to labour for his good liking. So that there is no cause to blame the Prince for sometimes hearing them; the blame-worthinesse is, that to heare them, he rather goes to solitarinesse, then makes them come to companie. Neither do I accuse my maister for aduancing a countriman, as *Dametas* is, since God forbid, but where worthinesse is (as truly it is among diuerse of that fellowship) any outward lownesse should hinder the highest raising, but that he would needs make election of one, the basenes of whose mind is such, that it sinks a thousand degrees lower then the basest bodie could carrie the most base fortune: which although it might be answered for the Prince, that it is rather a trust he hath in his simple plainnesse, then any great aduancement, but being chiefe heardman, yet all honest hearts feele, that the trust of their Lord goes beyond all aduancement. But I am ouer so long vpon him, when he crosseth the way of my speech, and by the shadow of yonder tower, I see it is a fitter time, with our supper to pay the duties we owe to our stomacks, then to breake the aire with my idle discourses: and more wit I might haue learned of *Homer* (whom euen now you mentioned) whomener entertained either guests or hosts with long speeches, till the mouth of hunger be thoroughly stopped. So withall he rose, leading *Palladius* through the Garden againe to the Parler, where they vsed to suppe, *Palladius* assuring him that hee had already been more fed to his liking, then he could be by the skilfullest trenchermen of *Arcadia*.

But being come to the supping place, one of *Kleanders* seruants rounded in his case, at which (his colour changing) he retired himselfe into his chamber, commanding his men diligently to wait vpon *Palladius*, and to excuse his absence with some necessary busines he had presently to dispatch: which they accordingly did, for some few dayes forcing themselves to let no change appeare, but though they framed their countenances neuer so cunningly, *Palladius* perceiued there was some ill-pleasing accident fallen out. Whereupon, being againe set alone at supper, he called to the Steward, and desired him to tell him the matter of his sudden alteration: who after some trifling excuses, in the end confessed vnto him, that his maister had receiued newes, that his sonne before the day of his neare marriage, chaunc't to be at a battaile, which was to be fought betwene the Gentlemen of *Lacedaemon* and the

*Helots*: who winning the victorie, he was there made prisoner, going to deliuer a friend of his taken prisoner by the *Helots*; that the poore young Gentleman had offered great ranſome for his life; but that the hate those peasants conceived against all Gentlemen was such, that every houre he was to looke for nothing, but some cruell death: which hithervnto had only bene delayed by the Captaines vehement dealing for him, who seemed to haue a heart of more manly pittie then the rest. Which losse had stricken the old Gentleman with such sorrow, as if abundance of teares did not seeme sufficiently to witnesse it, he was alone retired, tearing his beard and haire, and curling his olde age, that had not made his graue to stop his eares from such aduertisements: but that his faithfull seruants had written in his name to all his friends, followers, and tenants (*Philanax* the gouernour refusing to deale in it as a priuate cause, but yet giuing leaue to seeke their best redresse, so as they wronged not the state of *Lacedamon*) of whom there were now gathered vpon the frontiers good forces, that he was sure would spend their liues by any way, to redeeme or reuenge *Clitophon*. Now sir (said he) this is my masters nature, though his griefe be such, as to liue is a griefe vnto him, and that euen his reason is darkened with sorrow; yet the lawes of hospitalitie (long and holily obserued by him) giue still such a way to his proceeding, that he will no way suffer the stranger lodged vnder his rooffe, to receiue (as it were) any infection of his anguish, especially you, toward whom I know not whether his loue, or admiration be greater. But *Palladius* could scarce heare out his tale with patience, so was his heart torne in peeces with compassion of the case, liking of *Kalanders* noble behauiour, kindenesse for his respect to himward, and desire to finde some remedie, besides the image of his dearest friend *Daiphantus*, whom he iudged to suffer either a like or worse fortune. Therefore rising from the boord, he desired the Steward to tell him particularly the ground and euent of this accident, because by knowledge of many circumstances, there might perhaps some way of helpe be opened. Whereunto the Steward easily in this sort condescended.

My Lord (said he) when our good king *Basilus*, with better successe then expectation, took to wife (euen in his more then decaying years) the faire yong Princesse *Gynecia*; there came with her a young Lord, cousin german to her selfe, named *Argalus*, led hither, partly with the loue & honor of his noble kinswoman, partly with the humour of youth, which euer thinks that good, whose goodnesse he sees not. And in this Court he receiued so good increase of knowledge, that after some years spent, he so manifested a most vertuous mind in all his actions, that *Arcadia* gloried such a plant was transported vnto them, being a Gentleman indeed most rarely accomplished, excellently learned, but without all vaine glorie: friendly, without factionnes; valiant, so as for my part, I thinke the earth hath no man that hath done more heroicall acts then he; howsoeuer now of late the same flies of the two Princes of *Thessalia* and *Macedon*, and hath long done of our noble Prince *Amphilus*, who indeed, in our parts is onely accounted likely to match him: but I say for my part, I thinke no man for valour of mind, and abilitie of bodie to be preferred, if equalled to *Argalus*; and yet so valliant as he neuer durst doe any bodie iniurie: in behauiour some will say euersad, surely sober, and somewhat giuen to musing; but neuer yn courteous; his word euers led by his thought, and followed by his deede; rather liberall then magnificent, though the one wanted not, and the other had euers good choise of the receiuer: in summe (for I perceiue I shall easily take a great draught of his praises, whom both I and all this countrey loue so well)

such



such a man was (and I hope is) *Argalus*, as hardly the nicest eye can find a spot in, if the over-vehement constancie of yet spotlesse affection, may not in hard wrested constructions be counted a spot: which in this manner began that worke in him, which hath made both him, and it selfe in him over all this counthi famous. My maisters sonne *Clitophon* (whose losse gives the cause to this discourse, and yet gives me cause to begin with *Argalus*, since his losse proceeds from *Argalus*) being a young Gentleman, as of great birth (being our kings sisters sonne) so truly of good nature, and one that can see good and love it, haunted more the companie of this worthie *Argalus*, then of any other, so as if there were not a friendship (which is so rare, as it is to be doubted whether it be a thing indeed, or but a word) at least there was such a liking and friendlinesse, as hath brought forth the effects which you shall heare. About two yeares since, it so fell out, that he brought him to a great Ladies house, sister to my master, who had with her her onely daughter, the faire *Parthenia*; faire indeed (same I thinke it selfe daring not to call any faire if it, be not *Helena* Queene of *Corinth*; & the two incomparable sisters of *Arcadia*) & that which made her fairenesse much the fairer, was, that it was but a faire Embassadour of a most faire mind, full of wit, and a wit which delighted more to iudge it selfe, then to shew it selfe: her speech being as rare as precious; her silence without sillennesse; her modestie without affectation; her shamefastnesse without ignorance: in summe, one that to praise well, one must first set downe with himselfe, what it is to be excellent: for so shee is.

I thinke you thinke, that these perfections meeting, could not choose but find one another, and delight in that they found; for likenesse of maners is likely in reason to draw liking with affection, mens actions doe not alwayes crosse with reason: to be short, it did so indeed. They loved, although for a while the fire thereof (hopes wings being cut off) were blowne by the bellows of dispaire vpon this occasion.

There had bin a good while before, & so continued, a suter to his same Ladie, a great noble man, though of *Laconia*, yet neere neighbour to *Parthenias* mother, named *Demagoras*: a man mightie in riches & power, and proud thereof; stubbornly stout, loving no body but himselfe, and for his owne delights sake *Parthenia*: & pursuing vehemently his desire, his riches had so guilded over all his other imperfections, that the old Lady (though contrarie to my Lord her brothers mind) had given her consent; and vsing a mothers authoritie vpon her faire daughter, had made her yeeld thereunto, not because she liked her choise, but because her obedient minde had not yet taken vpon it to make choise; and the day of their assurance drew neare, when my young Lord *Clitophon* brought this noble *Argalus*, perchance principally to see so rare a sight, as *Parthenia* by all well iudging eyes was iudged.

But though few dayes were before the time of assurance appointed, yet love that saw he had a great iourney to make in short time, hasted so him selfe, that before her word could tie her to *Demagoras*, her heart hath vowed her to *Argalus*, with so gratefull a receipt in mutuall affection, that if shee desired above all things to haue *Argalus*, *Argalus* feared nothing but to misse *Parthenia*. And now *Parthenia* had learned both liking and misliking, loving and loathing; and out of passion began to take the authoritie of iudgement; in so much, that when the time came that *Demagoras* (full of proud ioy) thought to receive the gift of her selfe, shee with words of resolute refusal (though with teares shewing she was sorie she must refuse) assured her mother, she would first be bedded in her grave, then wedded to *Demagoras*. The change was no more straunge, then vnpleasant to the mother: who

being determinately (lest I should say of a great Ladie wilfully) bent to marrie her to *Demagoras*, tried all wayes which a wittie and hard-hearted mother could vse, vpon so humble a daughter; in whom the only resisting power was lone. But the more she assaulted, the more she taught *Parthenia* to defend; and the more *Parthenia* defended, the more she made her mother obstinate in the assault: who at length finding, that *Argalus* standing betwene them, was it that most eclipsed her affection from shining vpon *Demagoras*, she sought all meanes how to remove him, so much the more as he manifested himselfe an vnremoueable suter to her daughter: first, by employing him in as many dangerous enterprises, as euer the euill step-mother *Leda* recommended to the famous *Hercules*: but the more his vertue was tryed, the more pure it grew, while all the things she did to overthrow him, did set him vp vpon the height of honour; enough to haue moued her heart, especially to a man euerie way so worthie as *Argalus*: but she struggling against all reason, because she would haue her will, and shew her authoritie in matching her with *Demagoras*, the more vertuous *Argalus* was, the more she hated him, thinking herselfe conquered in his conquests, and therefore still employing him in more and more dangerous attempts: in the meane while, she sed all extremities possible vpon her faire daughter, to make her giue ouer her selfe to her direction. But it was hard to iudge, whether he in doing, or she in suffering, shewed greater constancie of affection: for, as to *Argalus* the world sooner wanted occasions, then he valour to goe through them: so to *Parthenia*, malice sooner ceased, then her vnchanged patience. Lastly, by treasons, *Demagoras* and she would haue made away *Argalus*; but he with prouidence and courage so past ouer all, that the mother tooke such a spitefull griefe at it, that her heart brake withall, and she dyed.

But then, *Demagoras* assuring himselfe, that now *Parthenia* was her owne, shee would neuer be his, and receiuing as much by her owne determinate answer, not more desiring his owne happinesse, then enuying *Argalus*, whom he saw with narrow eyes, euen readie to enioy the perfection of his desires, strengthening his conceits with all the mischieuous counsels which disdained lone, and enuious pride could giue vnto him; the wicked wretch (taking a time that *Argalus* was gone to his countrie, to fetch some of his principall friends to honour the marriage, which *Parthenia* had most ioyfully consented vnto) the wicked *Demagoras* (I say) desiring to speake with her, with vnmercifull force (her weake armes in vaine resisting) rubd all ouer her face a most horrible poyson: the effect whereof was such, that neuer leasper looked more vgly then she did: which done, hauing his men and horses ready, departed away in spite of her seruants, as readie to reuenge as they could be, in such an vnexpected mischiefe. But the abhominablenesse of this fact being come to my *Lacedaemon*, he made such meanes, both by our kings intercession, & his owne, that by the King and Senate of *Lacedaemon*, *Demagoras* was vpon paine of death banished the countrey: who hating the punishment, where he should haue hated the fault, ioyned himselfe, with all the powers he could make, vnto the *Helots*, lately in rebellion against that state; and they (glad to haue a man of such authoritie among them) made him their Generall: and vnder him haue committed diuers the most out-ragious villanies, that a best multitude (full of desperate reuenge) can imagine.

But within a while after this pittifull fact committed vpon *Parthenia*, *Argalus* returned (poore Gentleman) hauing her faire image in his heart, & already promising his eyes the vttermost of his felicitie, when they (no body else daring to tell it him) where the first messengers to the felues of their own misfortune. I meane not to moue

passions



passions with telling, yoh the griefe of both; when hee knew her, for at first hee did not, wote first knowledge could possibly haue vertues aide so readie, as not euen weakely to lament the losse of such a Jewell; so much the more, as that skilfull men in that art assured it was vnrecoverable, but within a while, truth of loue (which still held the first face in his memorie); a vertuous constancie, and euen a delight to bee constant, faith giuen, and inward worthinesse shining through the foulest mists; tooke so full hold of the noble *Argalus*, that not only in such comfort which wittie arguments may bestow vpon doer-fey, but euen with the most abundant kindnesse that an eye-rauished loue can expresse, he laboured both to driue the extremitie of sorrow from her, and to hasten the celebration of their marriage: whereunto he vnsainely shewed himselfe, not so cheerefully earnest, then if she had neuer benee disinherit of that goodly portion, which nature had so liberally bequathed vnto her; and for that cause deferred his intended reuenge vpon *Demagora*, because hee might continually bee in her presence; shewing more humble seruiceablenesse, and joy to content her, then euer before.

But as he gaue this rare example, not to be hoped for of any other, but of another *Argalus*; so of the other side, she tooke as strange a course in affection: for, where she desired to enioy him, more then to lue; yet did she overthrow both her owne desire and his, and in no sort would yeeld to marrie him; with a strange encounter of loues affects, & effects; that he by an affection spring from excessive beaurie, should delight in horrible foulbesse; and she of a vehement desire to haue him, should kindly build a resolution neuer to haue him; for truth it is, that so in heart she loved him, as she could not finde in her heart he should be tied to what was vnworthy of his presence.

Truely Sir, a verie good Orator might haue a faire field to vse eloquence in, if he did but only repeate the lamentable, and truely affectionated speeches, while he coniuured her by remembrance of her affection, & true oathes of his owne affection, not to make him so unhappy, as to thinke he had not only lost her face, but her heart; that her face, when it was fairest, had benee but as a marshall, to lodge the loue of her in his minde, which now was so well placed, as it needed no further helpe of any outward harbinger: beseeching her, euen with reares, to know, that his loue was not so superficiall, as to goe no further then the skin, which yet now to him was most faire, since it was hers: how could hee bee so vngratefull, as to loue her the lesse for that which she had only receiued for his sake? that he neuer beheld it, but therein he saw the lonelinessse of her loue towards him: protesting vnto her, that he would neuer take joy of his life, if he might not enioy her, for whom principally he was glad he had life. But (as I heard by one that ouer-heard them) shee (wringing him by the hand) made no other answer but this in my Lord (said she) God knowes I loue you; if I were Princesse of the whole world, and had withall, all the blessings that euer the world brought forth, I should not make delay, to lay my selfe, and them vnder your feet, or if I had continued but as I was, though (I must confesse) farre vnworthy of you, yet would (I with too great a ioy for my heart now to thinke of) haue accepted your youchsafing me to be yours, & with faith and obedience would haue supplied all other defects. But first let me be much more miserable then I am, ere I match *Argalus* to such a *Parthenia*. Linc happie deare *Argalus*, I giue you full libertie, and I beseech you take it; and I assure you I shall reioyce (whatsoeuer become of me) to see you so coupled, as may befit both for your honour and satisfaction. With that she burst out in crying and weeping, nor able longer to containe her selfe from blaming her fortune, and wishing her owne death.

But

But *Argalus* with a most heauie heart still pursuing his desire, the fixt of minde to auoide further intreatie, and to flie all companie, which (euen of him) grew vnpleasant vnto her, one night she stole away: but whither, as yet it is vnknowne, or indeede what is become of her.

*Argalus* sought her long, and in many places; at length (dispaireing to finde her, and the more hee despaired, the more enraged) wearie of his life, but first determining to bee reuenged of *Demagoras*, hee went alone disguised into the chiefe towne held by the *Helots*: where comming into his presence, garded about by many of his souldiers, he could delay his furie no longer for a fitter time: but setting vpon him, in despight of a great many that helped him, gaue him diuerse mortall wounds, and him selfe (no question) had benee there presently murdered, but that *Demagoras* himselfe desired hee might bee kept aliuie: perchance with intention to feede his owne eyes with some cruell execution to bee layd vpon him, but death came sooner then he lookt for; yet hauing had leisure to appoint his successor, a young man, not long before deliuered out of the prison of the King of *Lacedaemon*, where he should haue suffered death for hauing slaine the Kings Nephew, but him he named, who at that time was absent, making roades vpon the *Lacedaemonians*, but being returned the rest of the *Helots*, for the great liking they conceived of that young man, especially because they had none among themselves to whom the others would yeelde, where content to follow *Demagoras* appointment. And well hath it succeeded with them, hee hauing since done things beyond the hope of the youngest heads, of whom I speake the rather, because he hath hitherto preserved *Argalus* aliuie vnder pretence to haue him pubilkly, and with exquisite torments executed, after the end of these warres, of which they hope for a soone and prosperous issue.

And he hath likewise hitherto kept my young Lord *Clitophon* aliuie, who (to redeeme his friend) went with certaine other noble men of *Laconia*, and forces gathered by them, to besiege this young and new successor: but hee issuing out (to the wonder of all men) defeated the *Laconians*, slew many of the noble men, and tooke *Clitophon* prisoner, whom with much a doe hee keepeth aliuie, the *Helots* being villanously cruell; but he tempereth them so sometimes, by following their humor, sometimes by striving with it, that hitherto he hath fined both their liues, but indifferent estates; *Argalus* being kept in a close and hard prison, *Clitophon* at some libertie. And now Sir, though (to say the truth) we can promise our selues little of their safeties, while they are in the *Helots* hands, I haue deliuered all I vnderstand touching the losse of my Lords sonne, and the cause thereof: which, though it was not necessarie to *Clitophons* case, to bee so particularly told; yet the strangenesse of it, made me thinke it would not be vnpleasant vnto you.

*Palladius* thanked him greatly for it, being euen passionately delighted with hearing so straunge an accident, of a knight so famous ouer the world, as *Argalus*, with whom he had him selfe a long desire to meete: so had fame powred a noble emulation in him towards him.

But then (welberthinking him selfe) he called for armour, desiring them to provide him of horse & guide, & armed all sauing the head, he went vp to *Kalandar*, whom he found lying vpon the ground, hauing euer since banished both sleepe and foode, as enemies to the mourning, which passion perswaded him, was reasonable. But *Palladius* raised him vp, saying vnto him: No more, no more of this my Lord *Kalandar*; let vs labour to finde, before wee lament the losse: you know my selfe misse

one,



one, who though he be not my sonne, I would disdain the fauour of life after him : but while there is hope left, let not the weakenesse of sorrow, make the strength of it languish : take comfort, and good successe will follow. And with those wordes, comfort seemed to lighten in his eyes, and that in his face and gesture was painted victorie. Once, *Kalenders* spirits were so reuiued withall, that (receiuing some sustenance, and taking a little rest) he armed himselfe, & those few of his seruants he had left vnscarr'd, and so himselfe guided *Palladius* to the place vpon the frontiers, where already there were assembled between three & foure thousand men, all well disposed (for *Kalenders* sake) to abide any peril : but like men disused with a long peace, more determinate to doe then skilfull how to doe, lustie bodies, and braver armors, with such courage, as rather grew of despising their enemies, whom they knew not, then of anie confidence for anie thing which in them selues they knew ; but neither cunning vse of their weapons, nor art shewed in their marching, or incamping. Which *Palladius* soone perceiuing, he desired to vnderstand (as much as could be deliuered vnto him) the estate of the *Helens*.

And he was answered by a man well acquainted with the affaires of *Laconia*, that they were a kind of people, who hauing bene of olde, freemen and possessioners, the *Lacedemonians* had conquered them, and laid not onely tribute, but bondage vpon them, which they had long borne, till of late the *Lacedemonians* through greedinesse growing more heauie then they could beare, and through contempt lesse carefull how to make them beare, they had with a generall consent (rather springing by the generalnesse of the cause, then of anie artificiall practise) let themselves in armes, and whetting their courage with reuenge, and grounding their resolution vpon dispaire they had proceeded with vnlooked for successe hauing already taken diuerse Townes and Castles with the slaughter of many of the Gentrie, for whom no sex nor age could be accepted for an excuse. And that although at the first they had fought rather with beastly fury, then any souldierly discipline, practise had now made them comparable to the best of the *Lacedemonians*, & more of late then euer by reason, first of *Demagoras* a great Lord, who had made himselfe of their partie, and since his death, of another Captaine they had gotten, who had brought vp their ignorance, and brought down their furie, to such a meane of good gouernement, and withall led them so valorously, that (besides the time wherein *Glinophon* was taken) they had the better in some other great conflicts : in such wise, that the estate of *Lacedemon* had sent vnto them, offering peace with most reasonable and honorable conditions. *Palladius* hauing gotten his general knowledge of the party against whom as he had already of the party for whom he was to fight, he went to *Kalender*, and told him plainly that by plaine force, there was small apparence of helping *Glinophon* : but some device was to be taken in hand, wherein no lesse discretion then valour was to be vsed.

Whereupon, the counsell of the chiefe men was called, and at last, this way *Palladius* (who by some experience, but especially by reading Histories, was acquainted with stratagems) invented, and was by all the rest approoued, that all the men there should dresse themselves like the poorest sort of the people in *Arcadia*, hauing no banners, but bloudie shirtes hanged vpon long staves, with some bad bagge-pipes in stead of drumme & physe, their armour they should as well as might be, couer, or at least make them looke so rustilie, and ill fauouredly as might well become such wearers, and this the whole number should doe, saving two hundred of the best chosen Gentlemen, for courage and strength, whereof

whereof *Palladius* himselfe would bee one, who should haue their armes chained, and be put in cartes like prisoners. This being performed according to the agreement, they marched on towards the towne of *Cardamila* where *Chirophon* was Capitaine; and being come two houres before Sunne-set within view of the walles, the *Helots* already discrying their number, and beginning to sound the *Allarum*, they sent a cunning fellow (so much the cunninger as that he could maske it vnder rudenesse) (who with such a kind of Rhetorike, as weeded out all flowers of Rhetorike, deliuered vnto the *Helots* assembled together, that they were countrey people of *Arcadia*, no lesse oppressed by their Lords, and no lesse desirous of libertie then they, and therefore had put themselves in the field, and had already (besides a great number slaine) taken nine or ten score Gentlemen prisoners whom they had there well and fast chained. Now because they had no strong retiring place in *Arcadia*, and were not yet of number enough to keepe the field against their Princes forces, they were come to them for succour; knowing that daily more & more of their quality would flock vnto them, but that in the meane time, least their Prince should pursue them, or the *Lacedamonian* King & nobilitie (for the likeness of the cause) fall vpon them, they desired that if there were not roome enough for them in the towne, that yet they might encampe vnder the walles, and for suretie haue their prisoners (who were such men as were able to make their peace) kept within the towne.

The *Helots* made but a short consultation, being glad that their rebellion had spread it selfe into *Arcadia*, and making account that if the peace did not fall out betwene them and their King, that it was the best way to set fire in all the parts of *Greece*; besides their greedinesse to haue so many Gentlemen in their hands, in whose raunsones they already meant to haue a share, so which halfe of concluding, two things well helped; the one, that their Capitaine, with the wisest of them, was at that time absent about confirming or breaking the peace with the state of *Lacedamon*; the second, that ouer many good fortunes began to breed a proud recklesnesse in them, therefore sending to view the Campe, and finding that by their speech they were *Arcadians*, with whom they had had no warre, neuer suspecting a private mans credit could haue gathered such a force, and that all other tokens witnessed them to bee of the lowest calling (besides the chaines vpon the Gentlemen) they graunted not onely leaue for the prisoners, but for some others of the companie, and to all, that they might harbour vnder the walles. So opened they the grates, and receiued in the carts, which being done, and *Palladius* seeing fit time, hee gaue the signe, and striking off their chaines (which were made with such arte, that though they seemed most strong and fast, he that wore them might easily loose them) drew their swords bidden in the carts, and so setting vpon the ward, made them to flie either from the place, or from their bodies, and so gaine entry to all the force of the *Arcadians* before the *Helots* could make any head to resist them.

But the *Helots* being men hardened against daungers, gathered (as well as they could) together in the market place, and thence would haue giuen a shrewd welcome to the *Arcadians*, but that *Palladius* (blaming those that were slow, heartning them that were forward, but especially with his owne example leading them) made such an impression into the Squadron of the *Helots*, that at first the great bodie of them beginning to shake and stagger, at length, euerie particular body recommended the protection of his life to his secte. Then *Kalander* cried to goe to the prison, where he thought his sonne was, but *Palladius* with him (first scouring the streets) to house all the *Helots*, and make themselves master of the gates.

But



But ere that could be accomplished, the *Helots* had gotten new heart, and with diuers sorts of shot from corners of streetes, and house windowes, galled them; which courage was come vnto them by the returne of their Capitaine, who though he brought not many with him (having disperst most of his companies to other of his holds) yet meeting a great number running out of the gate, nor yet posselt by the *Arcadians*, he made them turne face, and with banners displayed, his Trumpet giue the lowdest testimonie he could of his returne; which once heard, the rest of the *Helots* which were otherwise scattered, bent thitherward with a new life of resolution: as if their Capitaine had beene a root, out of which (as into branches) their courage had sprong. Then began the fight to grow most sharpe, & the encounters of more cruel obstinacie. The *Arcadians* fighting to keepe that they had won; the *Helots* to recover what they had lost. The *Arcadians* as in an vnknown place, having no succour but in their hands; the *Helots*, as in their owne place fighting for their liuings; wiues and children. There was victorie and courage against rehenge and despair: safetie of both sides being no otherwise to be gotten, but by destruction.

At length, the left wing of the *Arcadians* began to loose ground; which *Palladius* seeing, he straight thrust himselfe with his choise band against the throng that oppressed them, with such an ouerflowing of valour, that the Capitaine of the *Helots* (whose eyes soone iudged of that wherewith themselves were gouerned) saw that he alone was worth all the rest of the *Arcadians*: which he so wondred at, that it was hard to say, whether he more liked his doings, or misliked the effects of his doings: but determining that vpon that cast the game lay, and disdainig to fight with anie other, sought only to ioine with him: which mind was no lesse in *Palladius*, having easily marked, that he was as the first mouer of all the other hands. And so their thoughts meeting in one point, they consented (though not agreed) to trye each others fortune: and so drawing themselves to be the vttermost of the one side, they began a combat, which was so much inferior to the battaile in noise and number, as it was surpassing it in brauerie of fighting, & (as it were) deligthful terriblenes. Their courage was guided with skill, and their skill was armed with courage; neyther did their hardinesse darken their wit, nor their wit coole their hardinesse: both valiant, as men despising death; both confident, as vnwonted to be overcome; yet doubtfull by their present feeling, & respectfull by what they had alreadie scene. Their feete stedie, their hands diligent, their eyes watchfull, and their hearts resolute. The parts either not armed, or weakely armed, were well knowne, & according to the knowledge should haue bin sharply visited, but that the answer was as quicke as the objection. Yet some lightning; the smart bred rage, and the rage bred smart againe: till both sides beginning to waxe faint, and rather desirous to die accompanied then hopefull to liue victoriquis, the Capitaine of the *Helots* with a blow, whose violence grew of fury, not of strength or of strength proceeding of furie, strake *Palladius* vpon the side of the head that he reeled astonied: and withall the helmet fell off, he remaining bare headed, but other of the *Arcadians* were readie to shield him from any harme might rise of that nakednesse.

But little needed it, for his chiefe enemy instead of pursuing that aduantage, kneeled downe, offering to deliuer the pommel of his sword, in token of yeelding; with all speaking aloud vnto him, that he thought in more liberty to be his prisoner, then any others Generall. *Palladius* standing vpo himself, & misdoubting some craft, & the *Helots* (that where next their captain) wauering between looking for some stratagem, or fearing treason; what said the captain, hath *Palladius* forgotte the voice of *Daphantus*?

By

By that watch word *Palladius* knew that it was his onely friend *Pyraetes*, whom he had lost vpon the sea, and therefore both most full of wonder, so to be met, if they had not been fuller of ioy then wonder, caused the retraits to be sounded, *Daiphantus* by authoritie & *Palladius* by perswasion; to which helped well the little aduantage that was of either side: & that of the *Helots* partie their Captaines behaniour had made as manie amazed as saw or heard of it: and of the *Arcadian* side the good old *Kalender* striding more then his old age could atchieue, was newly taken prisoner. But indeed the chiefe part of the fray was the night, which with her blacke armes pulled their malicious sights one from the other. But he that took *Kalender*, meant nothing lesse then to save him, but onely so long, as the Captaine might learn the enemies secrets, towards whom he led the old Gentleman, when he caused the retraits to be sounded, looking for no other deliuerie from that captiuitie, but by the painfull taking away of all paine: when, whom should he see next to the Captaine (with good tokens how valiantly he had fought that day against the *Arcadians*) but his sonne *Clitophon*? But now the Captaine had caused all the principall *Helots* to be assembled, as well to deliberate what they had to do, as to receive a message from the *Arcadians*; Among whom *Palladius* vertue (besides the loue *Kalender* bare him) hauing gotten principall authoritie, he had perswaded them to seek rather by parley to recover the Father and the Sonne, then by the sword: since the goodness of the Captaine assured him that way to speed, & his value (wherewith he was of old acquainted) made him thinke any other way dangerous. This therefore was done in oderly maner, giuing them to vnderstand, that as they came but to deliuer *Clitophon*, so offering to leaue the footing, they already had in the towne, to goe away without any further hurt; so as they might haue the father and the sonne without rancome deliuered. Which conditions being heard and conceived by the *Helots*, *Daiphantus* perswaded them without delay to accept them. For first (said he) since the strife is within our owne home, if you loose, you loose all that in this life can be deare vnto you: if you winne, it will be a bloudie victorie with no profit, but the flattering in our selues that same bad humour of reuenge. Besides, it is like to stinte *Arcadia* vpon vs, which now, by vsing these persons well, may be brought to some amitie. Lastly, but especially, least the King and Nobilitie of *Laconia* (with whom now we haue made a perfect peace) should hope by occasion of this quarrell to iointe the *Arcadians* with them, and so breake off the profitable agreement already concluded. In summe, as in all deliberations (waying the profit of the good successe with the harme of the euill successe) you shall finde this way most safe and honourable!

The *Helots*, as much moued by his authoritie, as perswaded by his reasons, were content therewith. Whereupon *Palladius* tooke order that the *Arcadians* should presently march out of the town, taking with them their prisoners, while the night with mutuall diffidence might keepe them quiet, and ere day came they might bee well on of their way, and so auoid those accidents which in late enemies, a looke, a word, or a particular mans quarrell might engender. This being on both sides concluded on, *Kalender* & *Clitophon*, who now (with insidite ioy did know each other) came to kisse the hands and feete of *Daiphantus*: *Clitophon* telling his father, how *Daiphantus* (not without danger to himselfe) had preserved him from the furious malice of the *Helots*: and euen that day going to conclude the peace (least in his absence hee might receiue some hurt) hee had taken him in his companie, and giuen him armour, vpon promise he should take the part of the *Helots*; which hee had in this fight performed, little knowing that it was against his father; but (said *Clitophon*)

here



here is he, who (as a father) hath new begotten me; and (as a God) hath saved mee from manie deaths, who alreadie laid hold on me: which *Kalander* with teares of ioy acknowledged (besides his owne deliuerance) onely his benefite. But *Daiphantus*, who loued doing well for it selfe; and not for thanks, brake off those ceremonies; desiring to know how *Palladius* (for so he called *Masidorus*) was come into that companie, and what his present estate was; whereof receiuing a brieft declaration of *Kalander*, he sent him word by *Clitophon*, that he should not as now come vnto him, because he held him selfe not so sure a minister of the *Helots* mindes, that hee would adventure him in their power, who was so well knowne with an vnfriendly acquaintance, but that he desired him to return with *Kalander*, whither also he with in few dayes (having dispatched himselfe of the *Helots*) would repaire. *Kalander* would needs kisse his hand againe for that promise; protesting he would esteeme his house more blessed then a temple of the gods, if it had once receiued him. And then desiring pardon for *Angelus*, *Daiphantus* assured them that hee would die but hee would bring him (though till then kept in close prison, indeed for his safety, the *Helots* being so animated against him as else he could not haue liued) & so taking their leaue of him, *Kalander*, *Clitophon*, *Palladius*, and the rest of the *Arcadians* swearing that they would no further in any sort molest the *Helots*, they straight way marched out of the towne, carrying both their dead and wounded bodies with them; and by morning were all readie within the limites of *Arcadia*.

The *Helots* of the other side shutting their gates, gaue themselves to burie their dead, to cure their wounds, & rest their wearied bodies; till (the next day bestowing the cheerefull vse of the light vpon them) *Daiphantus* making a generall conuocation, spake vnto them in this maner: We are first (saith he) to thank the gods, that (further then we had eyther cause to hope, or reason to imagine) haue deliuered vs out of this gulf of danger, wherein we were alreadie swallowed. For all being lost, (had they not directed my returne so iust as they did) it had beene too late to recover that, which being had, wee could not keepe. And had I not happened to know one of the principall men among them, by which meanes the strife began betwene vs, you may easily conceiue, what little reason we haue to thinke, but that eyther by some supply out of *Arcadia*; or from the Nobilitie of this Country (who would haue made fruits of wisdom grow out of this occasion) we should haue had our power turned to ruine, our pride to repentance and sorrow. But now the storme, as it fell, so it ceased: and the error committed, in retaining *Clitophon* more hardly then his age or quarrell deserved, becomes a sharpe learned experience, to vse in other times more moderation.

Now haue I to deliuer vnto you the conclusion betwene the kings with the Nobilitie of *Lacedaemon* and you; which is in all points as your selues desired: as well for that you would haue granted; as for the assistance of what is granted. The Townes and Fortes you presently haue, are still left vnto you, to be kept either with or without garrison, so as you alter not the lawes of the Countrey, and pay such duties as the rest of the *Lacianians* doe. Your selues are made by publique decree, freemen, and so capable both to giue and receiue vpyce in election of Magistrates. The distinction of names betwene *Helots* and *Lacedaemonians* to be quite taken away; and all indifferently to enioy both names of priuiledges of *Lacianians*. Your children to be brought vp with theirs in the *Spartan* discipline: and so you (framing your selues to be good members of that estate) to be hereafter fellows, and no longer seruants.

Which conditions you see, carrie in themselves no more contention then assurance; For this is not a peace which is made with them, but this is a peace by which you are made of them. Lastly a forgetfulness decreed of all what is past, they shewing themselves glad to haue so valiant men as you are, ioyned with them; so that you are to take mindes of peace, since the cause of warre is finished; and as you hated them before like oppressors, so now to loue them as brothers; to take care of their estate because it is yours, and to labour by vertuous doing, that the posteritie may not repent your ioyning. But now one Article onely they stood vpon, which in the end I with your Commissioners haue agreed vnto, that I should no more tarry here, mistaking perchance my humour, and thinking me as seditions as I am young, or else it is the king *Amiclas* procuring, in respect that it was my ill hap to kill his nephew *Eurileon*; but how soeuer it be, I haue condiscended. But so will not we, cried almost the whole assembly, counselling one another, rather to trie the vttermost euent, then loose him by whom they had bene victorious. But hee as well with generall orations, as particular dealing with the men of most credit, made them thoroughly see how necessarie it was to preferre such an opportunitie before a vaine affection; but yet could not preuaile, till openly hee sware, that he would (if any time the *Lacedemonians* brake this treatie) come backe againe, and be their Captaine.

So then after a few dayes, setting them in perfect order, he took his leave of them, whose eyes bad him farewell with teares, and mouthes with kissing the places where he step, and after making temples vnto him as to a demi-God: thinking it beyond the degree of humanitie to haue a wit so farre ouergoing his age, and such dreadfull terror proceede from so excellent beautie. But he for his sake obtained free pardon for *Argalus*, whom also (vpon oath neuer to beare armes against the *Hellens*) hee deliuered: and taking onely with him certaine principall Jewells of his owne, hee would haue parted alone with *Argalus* (whose countenance well shewed, while *Parthenis* was lost hee counted not himselfe deliuered) but that the whole multitude would needs guard him into *Arcadia*. Where againe leauing them all to lament his departure, hee by enquirie got to the well-knownne house of *Kalandor*. There was hee receiued with louing ioye of *Kalandor*, with ioyfull loue of *Palladius*, with humble (though dolesull) demeanour of *Argalus* (whom specially both he and *Palladius* regarded) with gratefull seruiceableness of *Cleophon*, & honourable admiration of all. For being now well viewed to haue no haire on his face, to witnesse him a man, who had done acts beyond the degree of a man, and to looke with a certaine almost bashfull kinde of modestie, as if hee feared the eyes of men, who was vnmoued with sight of the most horrible continuances of death; and as if nature had mistaken her worke to haue a *Maister* heart in a *Captaine* bodie. All that beheld him (and all that might behold him, did behold him) made their eyes quicken messengers to their mindes, that there they had seene the vttermost that in mankind might be seene. the like wonder *Palladius* had before stirred, but that *Daiphantus*, as younger & newer come, had gotten now the aduantage in the most and sickle impression of eye sight. But while all men (sauiing poore *Argalus*) made the ioy of their eyes speake for their hearts towards *Daiphantus*: Fortune (that be like was bid to that banker, and ment then to play the good fellow) brought a pleasant aduenture among them. It was that as they had newly dined, there came into *Kalandor* a messenger that brought him word, a young noble Ladie, neere kinswoman to the faire *Helen* Queene of *Corinth*, was come thither



thither, and desire to be lodged in his house. *Kalabder* (most glad of such an occasion, went out, and all his other worthy guests with him, saving onely *Argalus*, who remained in his chamber, desirous that this companie were once broken vp; that he might goe in his solitarie quest after *Parthenia*. But when they met this Ladie, *Kalander* straight thought the saw his netce *Parthenia*, and was about in such familiar sort to haue spoken vnto her; but shee in graue and honourable manner giuing him to vnderstand that hee was mistaken, hee halfe ashamed excused himselfe with the exceeding likenesse was betweene them, though indeede it seemed that this Ladie was of the more pure and daintie complexion; she said, it might verie well be, hauing bene many times taken one for another. But as soone as she was brought into the house, before she would rest her, shee desired to speake with *Argalus* pubkely, who shee heard was in the house. *Argalus* came hastily, and as hastily thought as *Kalander* had done, with sudden changes of ioy into sorrow. But shee when she had staide their thoughts with telling them her name and qualitie, in this sort spake vnto him. My Lord *Argalus*, said she, being of late left in the court of *Queene Helen of Corinth*, as chiefe in her absence (she being vpon some occasion gone thence) there came vnto me the Ladie *Parthenia*, so disfigured, as I thinke Greece hath nothing so ougly to behold. For my part, it was many dayes, before with vehement oaches, and some good proofes, she could make me thinke that shee was *Parthenia*. Yet at last finding certainly it was shee, and greatly pittying her misfortune, so much the more, as that all men had euer told me (as now you doe) of the great likenesse betweene vs, I tooke the best care I could of her, and of her vnderstood the whole tragical historie of her vnderfured aduenture: and there withall, of that most noble constancie in you my Lord *Argalus*: which whosoener loves not, shewes himselfe to be a hater of vertue, & vnworthy to liue in the societie of mankind. But no outward cherishing could salue the inward sore of her minde, but a few daies since she died; before her death earnestly desiring, & perswading me, to thinke of no husband but of you; as of the only man in the world worthy to be loued withall, she gaue me this Ring to deliuer you, desiring you, & by the authoritie of loue commanding you, that the affection you bare her, you should turne to me; assuring you, that nothing can please her soule more, then to see you and me matched together. Now my Lord though this office be not (perchance) suitable to my estate, nor sex, who should rather looke to be desired; yet, an extraordinarie desert requires an extraordinarie proceeding: and therefore I am come (with faithfull loue built vpon your worthinesse) to offer my selfe, and to beseech you to accept the offer: and if these noble Gentlemen present, will say it is great folly, let them withall, say it is great loue. And then she staide, earnestly attending *Argalus* his answer, who first making most heartie sighes (doing such obsequies as he could to *Parthenia*) thus answered her.

Madame (said he) infinitely am I bound vnto you, for this, no more then noble courtesie; but much bound for the goodnesse I perceiue you shew to the Ladie *Parthenia* (with that the teares ranne downe his eyes, but hee followed on) and as much as so vnfortunate a man, fit to be the spectacle of miserie, can doe you seruice; determine you haue made a purchase of a slave, while I liue, neuer to faile you. But this great matter you propose vnto me wherein I am not so blind as not to see what happinesse it should be vnto me; excellent Ladie, know, that if my heart were mine to giue, you before all other should haue it; but *Parthenia* it is though dead: there I began, there I end all matter of affection, I hope I shall not long tarry after her with whose beautie if I had onely bene in loue, I should be so with

you, who haue the same beautie: but it was *Parthenias* selfe I loued, and loue, which no likenesse can make one; no commaundement dissolue, no foulnesse defile, nor no death finish. And shall I receiue (said she) such disgrace, as to be refused? Noble Lady (said he) let not that hard word be vsed; who know your exceeding worthings farre beyond my desert: but it is onely happinesse I refuse, since of the onely happinesse I could and can desire, I am refused.

He had scarce spoken those words, when shee ranne to him, and imbracing him; why then *Argalus* (said shee) take thy *Parthenia*: and *Parthenia* it was indeede. But because sorrow forbad him too soone to beleue, she told him the trueth, with all circumstances: how being parted alone, meaning to die in some solitarie place, as she hapned to make her complaint, the Queene *Helen* of *Corinth* (who likewise felt her part of miseries) being then walking also alone in that louely place, heard her, and neuer left till she had knowne the whole discourse. Which the noble Queene greatly pittying, she sent to her a physition of hers, the most excellent man in the world, in hope he could helpe her: which in such sort as they saw he had performed, and she taking with her of the Queenes seruants, thought yet to make this triall, whether he would quickly forget his true *Parthenia*, or no. Her speech was confirmed by the *Corinthian* Gentlemen, who before had kept her counsell, & *Argalus* easily perswaded to what more then ten thousand yeares of life he desired: and *Kalander* would needs haue the marriage celebrated in his house, principally the longer to hold his deare guest, towards whom he was now (besides his owne habite of hospitalitie) carried with loue and dutie: and therefore omitted no seruice that his wit could inuent, and his power minister.

But no way he saw he could so much pleasure them, as by leauing the two friends alone, who being shrunke aside to the banquetting house where the pictures were: there *Palladius* recounted vnto him, that after they had both abandoned the burning ship (& either of them taken something vnder him, the better to support him to the shore) he knew not how, but either with ouer-labouring in the fight, and sudden cold, or the too much receiuing of salt water, he was past himselfe: but yet holding fast (as the nature of dying men is to do) the chest that was vnder him, he was cast on the sands, where he was taken vp by a couple of shepheards, and by them brought to life againe, and kept from drowning himselfe, when he despaired of his sautie. How after hauing failed to take him into the fisher boate, he had by the shepheards perswasion come to this Gentlemans house; where being dangerously sick, he had yeilded to seeke the recouerie of health, onely for that hee might the sooner goe seeke the deliuerie of *Pyrocles*; to which purpose *Kalander* by some friends of his in *Messena*, had alreadie set a shippe or two abroad, when this accident of *Clitophon*s taking had so blessedly procured their meeting. Then did hee set forth vnto him the noble intertainment and carefull cherishing of *Kalander* towards him, and so vpon occasion of the pictures present, deliuered with the franknes of a friends tongue, as neere as he could, word by word what *Kalander* had told him touching the strange storie (with all the particularities belonging) of *Arcadia*, which did in many sorts so delight *Pyrocles* to heare: that hee would needs haue much of it againe repeated, and was not contented till *Kalander* himselfe had answered him diuerse questions.

But first at *Musidorus* request, thought in brieife manner, his minde much running vpon the strange storie of *Arcadia*, he did declare by what course of adventures hee was come to make vp their mutuall happinesse in meeting. When (cofin said he)



we had stript our selues, and were both leapt into the Sea, and swom a little toward the shore, I found by reason of some wounds I had, that I should not be able to get the land, and therefore returned backe againe to the mast of the shippe, where you found me, assuring my selfe, that if you came alike to the shore, you would seeke me; if you were lost, as I thought it as good to perish as to live, so that place as good to perish in as another. There I found my sword among some of the shrowds, wishing (I must confesse) if I died, to be found with that in my hand, and withall wauing it about my head, that saylers by, might haue the better glimpse of me. There you missing me, I was taken vp by Pyrats, who putting mee vnder boord prisoner, presently set vpon another ship, and maintaining a long fight, in the end, put them all to the sword. Amongst whom I might heare them greatly praise one yong man, who fought most valiantly, whom (as lone is carefull, and misfortune subiect to doubtfullnesse) I thought certainly to be you. And so holding you as dead, from that time till the time I saw you, in truth I sought nothing more then a noble end, which perchance made me more hardie then otherwise I would haue beenc. Tryall whereof came within two dayes after: for the Kings of *Lacedamon* hauing set out some Galleys, vnder the charge of one of their Nephwes, to scoure the Sea of the Pyrates, they met with vs, where our Captaine wanting men, was driuen to arme some of his prisoners, with promise of libertie for well fighting: among whom I was one; and being borded by the Admirall, it was my fortune to kill *Euryleon* the Kings Nephew: but in the end they preuayled, and wee were all taken prisoners, I not caring much what became of mee (onely keeping the name of *Daiphantus*, according to the resolution you know is between vs:) but being laid in the iayle of *Tenoria*, with speciall hate to me for the death of *Euryleon*, the popular sort of that towne conspired with the *Hylois*, and so by night opened them the gates; where entring and killing all of the gentle and rich faction, for honestie sake brake open all prisons, and so deliuered me: and I moned with gratefulnesse, & encouraged with carelesnesse of life, so behaued my selfe in some conflicts they had within few dayes, that they barbarously thinking vnseensible wonders of mee, and withall so much the better trusting mee, as they heard I was hated of the King of *Lacedamon*, their chiefe Captaine being slaine, as you know by the noble *Argalus* (who helped thereunto by his perswasion) hauing borne a great affection vnto mee, and to auoide the dangerous emulation which grew among the chiefe, who should haue the place, and also affected, as rather to haue a stranger then a competitor, they elected mee (God wot little proude of that dignitie;) restoring vnto mee such things of mine as being taken first by the Pyrates, and then by the *Leacedemonians*, they had gotten in the sacke of the towne. Now being in it, so good was my successe with many victories, that I made a peace for them to their owne liking the verie day that you deliuered *Glisophon*, whom I with much ado had preserued. And in my peace the king *Amiclus* of *Lacedamon* would needes haue mee banished; and deprived of the dignitie whereunto I was exalted: which (and you may see how much you are bound to mee) for your sake I was content to suffer, a new hope rising in mee, that you were not dead: and so meaning to trauaile ouer the world to seeke you; and now heere (my deere *Alusidarnus*) you haue mee. And with that (embracing and kissing each other) they called *Kalander*, of whom *Daiphantus* desiring to heare the full storie, which before he had recounted to *Palladius*, and to see the letter of *Philanax*, which he read and well marked.

But within some dayes after, the marriage betweene *Argalus* and the faire *Parthenia* being to be celebrated, *Daiphantus* and *Palladius* selling some of their Jewels, furnished themselves of verie faire apparell, meaning to do honour to their louing host; who as much for their sakes, as for their mariage, set forth each thing in most gorgeous manner. But all the cost bestowed did not so much enrich, nor all the fine decking so much beautifie, nor all the daintie deuises so much delight, as the fairenesse of *Parthenia*, the pearle of all the maides of *Mantinnas*: who as she went to the Temple to be married, her eyesthemselves seemed a Temple, wherein loue & beautie were married; her lips though they were kept close with modest silence, yet with a prety kind of naturall swelling, they seemed to inuite the guests that lookt on them; her cheekes blushing, and withall when she was spoken vnto, a little smiling, were like Roses, when their leaues are with a little breath stirred; her haire being laide at the full length downe her backe, bare shew as if the voward failed, yet that would conquer. *Daiphantus* marking her, O *Iupiter* (saith he speaking to *Palladius*) how happens it, that beautie is onely confined to *Arcadia*? But *Palladius* not greatly attending his speech, some daies were continued in the solemnizing the mariage, with all conceits that might deliuer delight to mens fancies.

But such a chaunge was growne in *Daiphantus*, that (as if cheerefulnesse had bin tediousnes, and good entertainment were turned to discourtesie) he would euer get himselfe alone, though almost when he was in company, he was alone; so little attention he gaue to any that speake vnto him: euen the colour and figure of his face began to receiue some alteration, which he shewed litle to heed: but every morning earely going abroad, either to the Garden, or to some woods toward the desert, it seemed his onely comfort was to be without a comforter. But long it could not be hid from *Palladius*, whom true loue made readie to marke, and long knowledge able to marke; and therefore being now growne wearie of his abode in *Arcadia*, hauing informed himselfe fully of the strength and riches of the countrey, of the nature of the people, and maner of their lawes: and seeing the Court could not be visited, prohibited to all men, but to certaine shepheardish people, he greatly desired a speedie returne to his owne countrey, after the manie mazes of fortune he had troden. But perceiuing this great alteration in his friend, he thought first to breake with him thereof; and then to hasten his returne; whereof he found him but smally enclined: whereupon one day taking him alone with certaine graces and countenances, as if he were disputing with the trees, began in this maner to say vnto him.

A minde well trained and long exercised in vertue (my sweet and worthy cousin) doth not easily chaunge any course it once vndertakes, but vpon well grounded and well wayed causes; For being witnesse to it selfe of his owne inward good, it findes nothing without it of so high a price, for which it should be altered. Euen the verie countenance and behauiour of such a man doth shew forth Images of the same constancie, by maintaining a right harmony betwixt it and the inward good, in yeelding it selfe sutable to the vertuous resolution of the minde. This speech I direct to you (noble friend *Pyrracles*) the excellencie of whose mind and well chosen course in vertue, if I do not sufficiently know, having seene such rare demonstrations of it, it is my weaknesse, and not your vnworthinesse: but as indeed I knowe it, and knowing it most dearly loue both it, and him that hath it, so must I needs say, that since our late comming into this countrey, I haue marked in you, I will not say an alteration, but a relenting truly, & a slacking of the maine career, you had so notably begun & almost performed, & that in such sort, as I cannot find sufficient reason in my great loue



loue toward you how (to allow it : for to leaue off other secreter arguments which my acquaintance with you makes mee easily find) this in effect to anie man may be manifest that wheras you were wont in all places you came, to give your selfe vehemently to the knowledge of those things which might better your minde, to seeke the familiaritie of excellent men in learning and souldiery, and lastly, to put all these things in practise both by continuall wise proceeding, and worthy enterprises, as occasion fell for them; you now leaue all these things vndone : you let your mind fall asleep; beside your countenance troubled, which surely comes not of vertue; for vertue (like the cleere heauen) is without clouds; and lastly, you subiect your selfe to solitarines, the flie enemy, that doth most seperate a man from welldoing. *Pyrocles* mind was all this while so fixed vpon another deuotion, that he no more attētiuely marked his friends discourse, then the child that hath leaue to play, marks the last part of his lesson; or the diligent Pilot in a dangerous tempest doth attend the vnskilfull words of a passenger: yet the very sound hauing imprinted the general points of his speech in his heart, pierced with any mislike of so deerely an esteemed friend, & desirous by degrees to bring him to a gentler consideration of him, with a shamefaced looke (witnessing he rather could not help, then did not know his fault) answered him to this purpose: Excellent *Musidorus*, in the praise you gaue me in the beginning of your speech, I easily acknowledge the force of your good will vnto me, for neither could you haue thought so well of me, if extremity of loue had not made your iudgment partiall, nor you could haue loued me so entirely, if you had not bin apt to make so great (though vnderferued) iudgements of me; and euen so must I say to those imperfections, to which though I haue euer through weakenes beene subiect, yet you by the daily mending of your mind haue of late bin able to looke into them, which before you could not discerne; so that the change you speake of, falls not out by my impairing, but by your bettering. And yet vnder the leaue of your better iudgment, I must needs say thus much, my deere cousin, that I find not my selfe wholly to be condemned, because I do not with continuall vehementie follow those knowledges, which you call the bettering of my mind; for both the mind it selfe must (like other things) sometimes be vnbeent, or else it will be either weakned, or broken: And these knowledges, as they are of good vse, so are they not all the mind may stretch it selfe vnto : who knowes whether I feed not my mind with higher thoughts? Truly, as I know not all the particularities, so yet I see the bounds of all these knowledges: but the workings of the mind, I finde much more infinite, then can be led vnto by the eye, or imagined by any, that distract their thoughts without themselves.

And in such contemplation, or (as I thinke) more excellent, I enioy my solitarinesse, & my solitarines perchance, is the nurse of these contemplations. Eagles we see flie alone, & they are but sheep, which alwaies Heard together; condemne not therefore my mind sometimes to enioy it selfe; nor blame not the taking of such times as serue most fit for it. And alas, deare *Musidorus*, if I be sadde, who knowes better then you the iust causes I haue of sadnesse? And here *Pyrocles* suddenly stopped, like a man vn-satisfied in himselfe, though his wit might well haue serued to haue satisfied another. And so looking with a countenance, as though hee desired hee should know his minde without hearing him speake, and yet desirous to speake, to breathe out some part of his inward euill, sending againe new bloud to his face, he continued his speech in this maner : And Lord (deere cousin, said hee) dooth not the pleasantnes of this place carrie in it selfe sufficient reward for any time lost in it? Doe you not see how all things conspire together to make this country a heavenly dwelling?

dwelling? Doe you not see the grasse, how in colour they excell the Emeralds, every one striving to passe his fellow, and yet they are all kept of an equal height? And see you not the rest of these beautyfull flowers, each of which would require a mans wit to know, and his life to expresse? Do not these stately trees seeme to maintaine their flourishing old age with the only happinesse of their seat, being cloathed with a continuall spring, because no beautie here should ever fade? Doth not the ayre breath health, which the birds (delightfull both to eare & eye) do daily solemnize with the sweet consent of their voices? Is not enerie *Eccho* the reof a perfect Musick? & these fresh & delightfull brookes how slowly they slide away, as loth to leaue the companie of so many things vnited in perfection? and with how sweet a murmure they lament their forced departure? Certainly, certainly, cousin, it must needs be that some goddesse inhabitheth this Region, who is the soule of this soile: for neither is any lesse then a goddesse, worthy to be shrined in such a heape of pleasures: nor any lesse then a goddesse could haue made it so perfect a plote of the coelestiall dwellings. And so ended with a deepe sight, rewfully casting his eye vpon *Musidorus* as more desirous of pittie then pleading. But *Musidorus* had all this while held his looke fixed vpon *Pyrocles* countenance; and with no lesse louing attention marked how his words proceeded from him: but in both these, he perceiued such strange diuersities, that they rather increased new doubts, then gaue him ground to settle anie iudgement: for besides his eyes sometimes euen great with teares, the oft changing of his colour, with a kind of shaking vnstayednesse ouer all his body, he might see in his countenance some great determination mixed with feares; and might perceiue in him store of thoughts, rather stirred then digested; his words interrupted continually with sighes (which serued as a burthen to each sentence) and the tenour of his speech (though of his wonted phrase) not knit together to one constant end but rather dissolued in it selfe, as the vehemencie of the inward passion preuailed: which made *Musidorus* frame his answer neere to that humour, which should soonest put out the secret. For hauing in the beginning of *Pyrocles* speech which defended his solitarines, framed in his mind a reply against it, in the praise of honourable action, in shewing that such a kind of contemplation is but a glorious title to idlenesse; that in action a man did not onely better himselfe but benefit others; that the gods would not haue deliuered a soule into the bodie, which had armes and legges, onely instruments of doing, but that it were intended the minde should imploy them, and that the minde should best know his owne good or euill by practise, which knowledge was the onely way to encrease the one, and correct the other: besides manie other arguments, which the plentifulnesse of the matter yeelded to the sharpenesse of his wit. When hee found *Pyrocles* leaue that, and fall into such an affected praying of the place, he left it likewise, and ioyned with him therein: because he found him in that humour vtter more store of passion; and euen thus kindly embracing him, he said, Your words are such (noble cousin) so sweetly & strongly handled in the praise of solitarines, as they would make me likewise yeelde my selfe vp into it, but that the same words make me know, it is more pleasant to enioy the companie of him that can speake such words, then by such words to be perswaded to follow solitarines. And euen so doe I giue you leaue (sweet *Pyrocles*) ever to defend solitarines, so long as to defend it, you ener keepe companie. But I maruell at the excessiue praises you giue to this country; in truth it is not vnpleasant, but yet if you would returne into *Macedon*, you should either see many heauens, or find this no more then earthly. And euen *Tempe* in my *Thessalia* (where you and



I to my great happinesse were brought vp together) is nothing inferiour vnto it. But I thinke you will make me see, that the vigour of your wit can shew it selfe in any subiect: or else you feede sometimes your solitarinesse with the conceits of the Poets, whose liberall pennes can as easily trauaile ouer mountaines, as mole-hills: and so like well disposed men, set vp euery thing to the highest note; especially, when they put such words in the mouthes of one of these fantasticall mind-infected people, that children & Musicians call Louers. This word, *Louer*, did no lesse pierce poore *Pyrocles*, then the right tune of musicke toucheth him that is sicke of the *Tarantula*. There was not one part of his bodie, that did not feelee a sudden motion, while his heart with panting, seemed to dance to the sound of that word, yet after some pause (sitting vp his eyes a little from the ground, and yet not daring to place them in the eyes of *Musidorus*) armed with the verie countenance of the poore prisoner at the barre, whose answer is nothing but guiltie: with much adoe he brought forth this question. And alas, said he, deare cosin, what if I be not so much the Poet (the freedom of whose pen can exercise it selfe in any thing) as euen that miserable subiect of his cunning, whereof you speake? Now the eternall gods forbid (mainely cryed out *Musidorus*) that euer my eare should be poysoned with so euill newes of you. O let me neuer know that any base affection should get any Lordshippe in your thoughts. But as he was speaking more, *Kalander* came, & brake off their discourse, with inuiting them to the hunting of a goodly Stagge, which being harboured in a wood thereby, he hoped would make them good sport, and driue away some part of *Daiphantus* melancholy. They condescended, and so going to their lodgings, furnished themselves as liked them, *Daiphantus* writing a few words which he left sealed in a letter against the returne.

Then went they together abroad, the good *Kalander* entertaining them with pleasant discoursing, how well he loued the sport of hunting, when he was a yong man, how much in the comparison thereof hee disdayned all chamber delights, that the Sunne (how great a iourney soeuer he had to make) could neuer preuent him with earlinesse, nor the Moone (with her sober countenance) dissuade him from watching till midnight for the Deeres feeding. O said he, you will neuer liue to my age, without you keepe your selues in breath with exercise, & in heart with ioyfulness: too much thinking doth consume the spirits, and oft it fals out, that while one thinkes too much of his doing, he leaues to doe the effect of his thinking. Then spared hee not to remember, how much *Arcadia* was chaunged since his youth: actiuitie and good fellowship being nothing in the price it was then held in, but according to the nature of the old growing world, still worse and worse. Then would he tell them stories of such gallants as he had knowne: and so with pleasant companie beguiled the times fast and shortned the wayes length, till they came to the side of the wood, where the hounds were in couples staying their comming, but with a whining accent grauing libertie; many of them in colour and markes resembling, that it shewed they were of one kinde. The huntsmen handsomly attired in their greene liveries, as though they were children of Summer, with stauers in their hands to beate the guiltlesse earth, when the houndes were at a fault, and with hornes about their neckes, to sound an alarum vpon a silly fugitive: The hounds were straight vncoupled, and ere long the Stagge thought it better to trust to the nimblenesse of his feete, then to the slender fortification of his lodging: but euen his feete betrayed him; for how soeuer they went, they themselves vttered themselves to the sent of their enemies; who one taking it of another,

and

and sometimes beleewing the windes aduertisements, sometimes the view of (their faithfull counsellors) the huntsmen, with open mouthes then denounced warre, when the warre was already begunne. Their crie being composed of so well sorted mouthes, that any man would perceiue therein some kind of proportion, but the skilfull woodmen did finde a musicke. Then delight and variety of opinion, drew the horsemen sundry waies, yet cheering their bounds with voice and horne, kept still (as it were) together. The wood seemed to conspire with them against his owne Citizens, disperfing their noise through all his quarters, and euen the Nymph *Eribo* left to bewaile the losse of *Narcissus*, and became a hunter. But the Stagge was in the end so hotly pursued, that (leauing his flight) hee was drinen to make courage of dispaire; and so turning his head, made the hounds, with change of speech, to reftifie that he was at a bay: as if from hot pursuit of their enemy, they were suddenly come to a parley.

But *Kalender* (by his skill of coasting the countrey) was among the first that came into the besieged Deere; whom when some of the younger sort would haue killed with their swords, he would not suffer: but with a Crosse-bow sent a death to the poore beast, who with teares shewed the vnkindnesse he tooke of mans crueltie.

But by the time that the whole companie was assembled, and that the Stagge had bestowed himselfe liberally among them that had killed him, *Daiphantus* was mist, for whom *Palladius* carefully enquiring, no newes could be giuen him, but by one that said, hee thought he was returned home; for that hee markt him, in the chiefe of the hunting, take a by-way, which might leade to *Kalenders* house. That answer for the time satisfiing, and they hauing performed all duties, as well for the Stagges funerall, as the hounds triumph, they returned: some talking of the fatnesse of the Deeres body; some of the fairenesse of his head; some of the hounds cunning; some of their speed, and some of their crye; till comming home (about the time that the candles begin to inherite the Sunnes office) they found *Daiphantus* was not to be found. Whereat *Palladius* greatly maruelling, and a day or two passing, while neither search nor enquirie could helpe him to knowledge, at last he lighted vpon the letter, which *Pyrocles* had written before he went a hunting, and left in his studie among other of his writings. The letter was directed to *Palladius* himselfe, and contained these words.

My onely friend, violence of loue leades me into such a course, whereof your knowledge may much more vex you, then helpe me. Therefore pardon my concealing it from you, since, if I wrong you, it is in the respect I beare you. Returne into *Thessalia*, I pray you, as full of good fortune, as I am of desire: and if I liue, I will in short time follow you; if I die, loue my memorie.

This was all, and this *Palladius* read twice or thrice ouer. Ah (said he) *Pyrocles*, what meanes this alteration? what haue I deserued of thee, to be thus banished of thy counsels? Heretofore I haue accused the sea, condemned the Pyrats, and hated my euill fortune that depriv'd me of thee; but now thy selfe is the sea, which drownes my comfort, thy selfe is the Pyrat that robs thy selfe from me: thy owne will becomes my euill fortune. Then turned he his thoughts to all formes of ghesles that might light vpon the purpose and course of *Pyrocles*: for hee was not so sure by his words, that it was loue, as he was doubtfull where the loue was. One time he thought, some beautie in *Laconia* had laid hold of his eyes; another time hee feared, that it might be *Persbenias* excellencie, which had broken the bands of all former resolution, but the more he thought, the more he knew not what to think, armies of obiects rising against any accepted opinion.

Then





trees) they themselves layed them downe hard by the murmuring muscke of cer-  
 taine waters, which spouted out of the side of the hills, and in the bottom of the val-  
 lie made of many springs a prettie brooke, like a common-wealth of many families:  
 but when they had a while harkened to the perswasion of sleepe, they rose, and  
 walk't onward in that shade place, til *Clitophon* espyed a piece of armour, & not far  
 off another peece: and so the sight of one peece teaching him to looke for more, hee  
 at length found all, with head-peece and shield, by the device whereof, which was  
 as he straight knew it to be the armour of his cousin, the  
 noble *Amphialus*. Whereupon (fearing some inconvenience hapned vnto him) hee  
 told both his doubt and cause of doubt to *Palladius*, who (considering thereof)  
 thought best to make no longer stay, but to follow on: least perchance some vio-  
 lence were offered to so worthy a knight, whom the fame of the world seemed to set  
 in ballance with any Knight liuing. Yet with a sudden conceipt, having long borne  
 great honour to the name of *Amphialus*, *Palladius* thought best to take that armour,  
 thinking thereby to learne by them that should know that armour, some newes  
 of *Amphialus*, and yet not hinder him in the search of *Daiphantus* too. So he by  
 the helpe of *Clitophon* quickly put on that armour, whereof there was no one peece  
 wanting, though hacked in some places, bewraying some fight not long since passed.  
 It was something too great, but yet serued well enough. And so getting on their hor-  
 ses, they trauelled but a little way, when in opening of the mouth of the valley  
 into a faire field, they met with a Coach drawne with foure milke white horses fur-  
 nished all in blacke, with a black-a-Moore boy vpon every horse, they all appa-  
 relled in white, the Coach it selfe verie richly furnished in black & white. But before they  
 could come so neere as to discern what was within, there came running vpon  
 them about a dozen horsemen, who cried to them to yeeld themselves prisoners,  
 or else they should die. But *Palladius* not accustomed to graunt over the pos-  
 session of himselfe vpon so vnjust titles, with sword drawne, gaue them so rude  
 an answer, that diuerse of them hence had breath to reply againe: for being well  
 backt by *Clitophon*, and hauing an excellent horse vnder him, when he was overprest  
 by some, he auoided them, & ere th'other thought of it, punished in him his fellows  
 faults: and so eyther with cunning or with force, or rather with a cunning force,  
 left none of them either living, or able to make his life serue to others hurt. Which  
 being done, he approached the Coach, assuring the blacke boyes they should haue no  
 hurt, who were else readie to haue run away, and looking into the Coach, he found  
 in the one end a Lady of great beaurie, & such a beaurie, as shewed forth the beaurie  
 both of wisdom and good nature, but all as much darkned, as might be, with sor-  
 row. In the other, two Ladies (who by their demeanure shewed well, they were  
 but her seruants) holding before them a picture; in which was a goodly Gentleman  
 (whom he knew not) painted; hauing in their faces a certaine waiving sorrow, their  
 eyes being infected with their mistres weeping. But the chiefe Lady hauing not so  
 much as once heard the noyse of his to list (so had sorrow closed vp all the entrie of  
 her mind, & lone tied her senses to that beloued picture) now the shadow of him fall-  
 ing vpon the picture made her cast vp her eye, & seeing the armour which too well  
 she knew, thinking him to be *Amphialus* the Lord of her desires (bloud to ming more  
 freely into her cheeks, as though it would be bold, & yet there growing now againe  
 pale for feare) with a pitiful look (like one vnjustly condemned) My Lord *Amphialus*  
 said she, you haue enough punished me: it is time for crueltie to leaue you, and chull  
 fortune me; If not I pray you (and to graunt my prayer, sitte a time nor place you can  
 haue)



haue) accomplished the one euen now, & finish the other. With that, sorrow impatient to be slowly uttered in her often staying speeches, poured it selfe so fast in teares, that *Palladius* could not hold her longer in error, but pulling off his helmet, Madam (said he) I perceiue you mistake me; I am a stranger in these parts, set vpon (without any cause giuen by me) by some of your seruants, whom because I haue in my iust defence euill entreated, I came to make my excuse to you, whom seeing such as I do, I find greater cause why I should craue pardon of you. When she saw his face, and heard his speech, she looked out of the Coach; & seeing her men, some slaine, some lying vnder their dead horses, and strining to get from vnder them, without making more account of the matter: Truly (said she) they are well serued that durst lift vp their arms against that armour. But sir knight (said she) I pray you tell me, how come you by this armour? for if it be by the death of him that owed it, then haue I more to say vnto you. *Palladius* assured her it was not so, telling her the true maner how he found it. It is like enough (said she) for that agrees with the maner he hath lately used. But I beseech you sir (said she) since your prowesse hath bereft me of my companie, let it yet so far heale the wounds it selfe hath giuen, as to guard me to the next towne. How great soeuer my busines be faire Ladie, said he, it shall willingly yeeld to so noble a cause: but first euen by the fauour you beare to the Lord of this noble armour, I coniure you to tell me the storie of your fortune herein, lest hereafter when the image of so excellent a Ladie in so strange a plight come before mine eyes, I condemne my selfe of want of consideration in not hauing demanded thus much. Neither aske I it without protestation, that wherein my sword and faith may auaille you, they shall bind themselues to your seruice. Your coniuration, faire Knight (said she) is too strong for my poore spirit to disobey, and that shall make me (without any other hope my ruine being but by one vneleendable) to graunt your will herein: and to say the truth, a strange nicenesse were it in mee to restraîne that from the eares of a person representing so much worthines, which I am glad euen to rocks and woods to vtter. Know you then that my name is *Helen*, Queene by birth, and hitherto possessed of the faire citie and territorie of *Corinth*. I can say no more of my selfe, but beloued of my people; and may iustly say beloued, since they are content to beare with my absence, and folly. But I being left by my fathers death, & accepted by my people, in the highest degree that countrey could receiue; as soone, or rather, before that my age was ripe for it, my Court quickly swarmed full of suitors: some perchance louing my estate, others my person, but once I know all of them, howsoeuer my possessions were in their hearts, my beautie (such as it is) was in their mouthes, manie strangers of princely & noble blood, and all of mine owne countrie, to whom either birth or vertue gaue courage to auow so high a desire.

Among the rest, or rather before the rest, was the Lord *Philoxenus*, sonne & heire to the vertuous noble man *Timotheus*; which *Timotheus* was a man both in power, riches, parentage, and (which passed all these) goodnesse, and (which followed all these) loue of the people, beyond any of the great men of my countrie. Now this sonne of his, I must say truly, not unworthy of such a father, bending himselfe by all meanes of seruiceablenesse to mee, and setting forth of himselfe to win my fauour, was thus farre of mee, that in truth I esse misliked him more of the rest: which in some proportion, my countenance delineated vnto him. Though I must protest it was a verie false embassadour, if it deliuered at all any affection, whereof my heart was utterlie void, I as then esteeming my selfe borne to rule, & thinking soule soone willingly to submit my selfe to be ruled.

But whiles *Philoxenus* in good sort pursued my fauour, and perchance nou-

riſhed himſelfe with ouer much hope, becauſe hee ſound I did in ſome ſort acknowledge his valew, one time among the reſt hee brought with him a deare friend of his, with that ſhee looked vpon the picture before her, and ſtraight ſighed, and ſtraight teares followed, as if the Idole of dutie ought to bee honoured with ſuch oblations, and then her ſpeech ſtaied the tale, hauing brought her to that looke, but that looke hauing quite put her out of her tale. But *Palladius* greatly pittying ſo ſweete a ſorrow in a Ladie, whom by fame hee had alreadie knowne and honoured, beſought for her promiſe ſake, to put ſilence ſo long vnto her mooning, till ſhee had recounted the reſt of this ſtorie. Why ſaid ſhe, this is the picture of *Amphialus*: what need I ſay more vnto you? What eare is ſo barbarous but hath heard of *Amphialus*? who followes deeds of armes, but euerie where finds monuments of *Amphialus*? who is courteous, noble, liberal, but he that hath the example before his eyes of *Amphialus*? where are all heroicall parts, but in *Amphialus*? O *Amphialus*, I would thou were not ſo excellent, or I would I thought thee not ſo excellent, & yet would I not that I would ſo: with that ſhee wept againe; till hee againe ſoliciting the con- cluſion of her ſtorie: Then muſt you (ſaid ſhee) know the ſtorie of *Amphialus*: for his will is my life, his life my hiftorie: and indeed in what can I better imploy my lips then in ſpeaking of *Amphialus*.

This Knight then whoſe figure you ſee, but whoſe minde can bee painted by no- thing, but by their true ſhape of vertue, is brothers ſonne to *Baſilius* king of *Arcadia*, and in his child hood eſteemed his heire: till *Baſilius* in his old yeares, marrying a young and afaire Ladie, had of her thoſe two daughters, ſo famous for their per- fection in beautie: which put by their young coſin from that expectation. Where- upon his mother (a woman of a haughtie heart, being daughter to the King of *Argos*, either diſdaining, or fearing, that her ſonne ſhould liue vnder the power of *Baſilius*, ſent him to that Lord *Timotheus*) betweene whom and her dead husband there had paſſed ſtraight bands of mutuall hospitalitie, to be brought vp in compa- nie with his ſonne *Philoxenus*.

A happie reſolution for *Amphialus*, whoſe excellent nature was by this meanes trained on with as good education, as any Princes ſonne in the world could haue, which otherwiſe it is thought his mother (farre vnworthie of ſuch a ſonne) would not haue given him. The good *Timotheus* no leſſe louing him then his own ſonne. Well, they grew in yeares; and ſhortly occasions fell aptly to trie *Amphialus*, and all occasions were but ſteppes for him to clime ſame by. Nothing was ſo hard, but his valour ouercame; which yet ſtill be ſo guided with true vertue; that although no man was in our parts ſpoken of but he for his manhood, yet as though therein he excelled himſelfe, he was commonly called the courteous *Amphialus*. An end- leſſe thing it were for me to tell, how manie aduentures (terrible to be ſpoken of) he atchieued; what Monſters, what Giants, what conqueſts of countries, ſometimes vſing policie, ſometimes force, but alwayes vertue well followed, and but followed by *Philoxenus*: betweene whom and him, ſo faſt a frienſhip by education was knit, that at laſt *Philoxenus* hauing no greater matter to employ his frienſhip in, then to win me, therein deſired, and had his vttermoſt furtherance: to that purpoſe brought he him to my Court, where truly I may iuſtly witneſſe with him, that what his wit could conceiue (and his wit can conceiue as farre as the limits of reaſon ſtretch) was all directed to the ſetting forward the ſuite of his freind *Philoxenus*: mine eares could beare nothing from him, but touching the worthineſſe of *Philoxenus*, and of the great happineſſe it would be vnto mee to haue ſuch a husband; with many ar- guments, which God knowes, I cannot well remember, becauſe I did not much be-  
leeue.



leue. For why should I vse many circumstances to come to that where alreadie I am, & euer while I liue must continue? in few words, while he pleaded for another, he wan me for himselfe: if at least (with that she sighed) he would account it a winning, for his sake had so framed the way to my minde, that his presence so full of beautie, sweetnes, and noble conuersation, had entred there before he vouchsafed to call for the keyes. O Lord, how did my soule hang at his lipps while hee spake! O when he in feeling maner would describe the loue of his friend, how well (thought I) doth loue betweene those lips! when he would with daintiest eloquence stirre pittie in me toward *Philoxenus*, why sure (said I to my selfe) *Helen*, be not afraid, this heart cannot want pittie: and when he would extoll the deeds of *Philoxenus*, who indeed had but wayted of him therein, alas (thought I) good *Philoxenus*, how euill doth it become thy name to be subscribed to his letter? what should I say? nay, what should I not say (noble Knight) who am not ashamed, nay am delighted, thus to expresse mine owne passions?

Dayes past, his eagernes for his friend neuer decreased, my affection to him euer increased. At length, in way of ordinarie curtesie, I obtained of him (who suspected no such matter) this his picture, the only *Amphialus*, I feare that I shall euer enjoy: and growne bolder, or madder, or bold with madnesse, I discovered my affection vnto him. But Lord, I shall neuer forget, how anger and curtesie, at one instant appeared in his eyes, when hee heard that motion: how with his blush hee taught me shame. In summe, he left nothing vnassayed, which might disgrace himself, to grace his friend; in sweet termes making me receiue a most resolute refusall of himselfe. But when he found that his presence did far more perswade for himselfe, then his speech could do for his friend, he left my Court; hoping that forgetfullnesse (which commonly waits vpon absence) would make roome for his friend; to whom he would not viter thus much (I think) for a kind feare not to grieue him, or perchance (though he cares little for me) of a certaine honourable gratefulnesse, not yet to discover so much of my secrets: but as it should seeme, meant to travel into farre countries, vntill his friends affection either ceased, or preuailed. But within a while, *Philoxenus* came to see how onward the fruits were of his friends labour, when (as in trueth I cared not much how he took it) he found me sitting, beholding this picture, I know not with how affectionate countenance, but I am sure with a most affectionate minde. I straight found ielousie and disdaine took hold of him, and yet the forward paine of mine own heart made me so delight to punish him, whom I esteemed the chiefeest let in my way; that when he with humble gesture, & vehement speeches sued for my fauour, I told him, that I would heare him more willingly, if he would speake for *Amphialus*, as well as *Amphialus* had done for him: hee neuer answered me, but pale & quaking, went straight away; & straight my heart misgane me some euill successe: and yet though I had authoritie enough to haue stayed him (as in these fatal things it falls out, that the high-working powers make second causes vn-wittingly accessorie to their determinations) I did no further, but sent a foot-man of mine (whose faithfulnes to me I well knew) from place to place to follow him, & bring me word of his proceedings: which (alas) haue brought forth that which I feare I must euer rewe.

For he had travelled scarce a dayes journey out of my countrey, but that (not far from this place) he ouer-tooke *Amphialus*, who (by succouring a distressed Ladie) had bene here staid: and by and by called him to fight with him, protesting that one of them two should die, you may easily iudge how strange it was to *Amphialus*, whose hart could accuse it selfe of no fault, but too much affectiō toward him, which

he (refusing to fight with him) would faine haue made *Philoxenus* vnderstand, but (as my seruant since told me) the more *Amphialus* went backe, the more he followed, calling him Traytor, & coward, yet neuer telling the cause of this strange alteration. Ah *Philoxenus* (said *Amphialus*) I know I am no traytor, & thou well knowest I am no coward: but I pray thee content thy selfe with this much, & let this satisfie thee, that I loue thee, since I beare thus much of thee: but he leauing words, drew his sword & gaue *Amphialus* a great blow or two, which but for the goodnes of his armor would haue slaine him: & yet so farre did *Amphialus* containe himselfe, stepping aside, and saying to him: Well *Philoxenus*, & thus much villany am I content to put vp, not any longer for thy sake (whom I haue no cause to loue, since thou dost iniure me, & wilt not tell me the cause) but for thy vertuous fathers sake, to whom I am so much bound; I pray thee go away, and conquer thine owne passions, & thou shalt make me soone yeeld to be thy seruant. But he would not attend his words, but still strake so fiercely at *Amphialus*, that in the end (nature preuailing above determination) hee was faine to defend himselfe, & withall so to offend him, that by an vn lucky blow the poore *Philoxenus* fell dead at his feete; hauing had time only to speake some words, wherby *Amphialus* knew it was for my sake: which when *Amphialus* saw, he forth with gaue such tokens of true-felt sorrow, that as my seruant said, no imagination could conceiue greater wo. But that by & by, an vn happy occasion made *Amphialus* passe himselfe in sorrow: for *Philoxenus* was but newly dead, when there comes to the same place, the aged and vertuous *Timotheus*; who (hauing heard of his sonnes sodaine & passionate manner of parting from my Court) had followed him as speedily as he could: but alas not so speedily, but that he found him dead before he could ouertake him. Though my heart be nothing but a stage of Tragedies, yet I must confesse, it is euen vn able to beare the miserable representation thereof, knowing *Amphialus* and *Timotheus* as I haue done. Alas what sorrow, what amasement, what shame was in *Amphialus*, when he saw his deere foster father, find him the killer of his only sonne? In my heart I know, he wished mountaines had laine vpon him, to keepe him from that meeding. As for *Timotheus*, sorrow of his sonne, and (I thinke principally) vnkindnesse of *Amphialus* so deuoured his vitall spirits, that able to say no more but *Amphialus*, *Amphialus*, haue I? he sanke to the earth, and presently died.

But not my tongue, though daily vsed to complaints; no nor if my heart (which is nothing but sorrow) were returned to tongues, durst it vnder take to shew the vn speakablenes of his griefe. But (because this serues to make you know my fortune) hee threw away his armour, euen this which you haue now vpon you, which at the first sight I vainly hoped hee had put on againe; and then (as ashamed of the light) he ran into the thickest of the woods, lamenting, and euen crying out so pittifully, that my seruant, (though of a fortune not vsed to much tendernesse) could not refraine weeping when he told it me. He once ouertooke him, but *Amphialus* drawing his sword, which was the onely part of his armes (God knowes to what purpose) he carried about him, threatned to kill him if he followed him, and withall bad him deliuer this bitter message, that he well enough found, I was the cause of all this mischiefe; and that if I were a man, he would go ouer the world to kill me: but bad me assure my selfe, that of all creatures in the world, he most hated me. Ah sir knight (whose cares I think by this time are tyred with the rugged waies of these misfortunes) now weigh my case, if at least you know what loue is. For this cause haue I left my countrey, putting in hazard how my people will in time deale by me, aduenturing what perils or dishonors might ensue, onely to follow him, who proclaimeth hate against me, and to bring my necke vnto him, if that may redeeme my trespasse,



the space, and allwage his fury. And now sir (said she) you haue your request, I pray you take paines to guide me to the next towne, that there I may gather such of my companie againe, as your valour hath left me. *Palladius* willingly condescended: but ere they began to go, there came *Clitophon*, who hauing bin something hurt by one of them, had pursued him a good way: at length ouertaking him and readie to kill him, vnderstood they were seruants to the faire Queene *Helen*, and that the cause of this entreprife was for nothing, but to make *Amphialus* prisoner, whom they knew their mistres sought; for she concealed her sorrow, nor cause of her sorrow from no bodie.

But *Clitophon* (very sorie for this accident) came back to comfort the Queen, helping such as were hurt in the best sort that he could; and framing friendly constructions of this rashly vnder-taken enmitie, when in comes another (til that time vnseen) all armed, with his beuer down, who first looking round about vpon the company, as soone as he spied *Palladius*, he drew his sword, and making no other prologue, let flie at him. But *Palladius* (sorie for so much harme as had already happened) sought rather to retire, and ward, thinking he might be some one that belonged to the faire Queene, whose case in his heart he pittied. Which *Clitophon* seeing, stept betweene them, asking the new-come knight the cause of his quarrel; who answered him, that he would kill that theefe, who had stolne away his Masters armour. if he did not restore it. With that *Palladius* lookt vpon him, and saw that he of the other side had *Palladius* own armour vpon him: truly (said *Palladius*) if I haue stolne this armour; you did not buy that, but you shall not fight with me vpon such a quarrell, you shall haue this armour willingly, which I did onely put on to doe honour to the owner. But *Clitophon* straight knew by his words and voyce, that it was *Ismenus*, the faithfull and diligent Page of *Amphialus*: and therefore telling him that he was *Clitophon*, and willing him to acknowledge his error to the other, who deserved all honor, the young Gentleman pulled off his head-piecc, and (lighting) went to kisse *Palladius* hands, desiring him to pardon his folly, caused by extreame greife, which easily might bring forth anger. Sweete Gentleman, (said *Palladius*) you shall onely make me this amends that you shall carrie this your Lords armour from me to him, and tell him from an vnknown knight (who admires his worthines) that he cannot cast a greater mist ouer his glorie, then by being vkind to so excellent a Princeesse as this Queene is. *Ismenus* promised he would as soone as he durst find his Master: and with that went to doe his duetic to the Queene, whom in all these encounters astonishment made hardie; but alsoone as she saw *Ismenus* (looking to her picture,) *Ismenus*, said she, here is my Lord, where is yours? or come you to bring mee some sentence of death from him? if it be so, welcome be it. I pray you speake, and speake quickly. Alas Madam, said *Ismenus*, I haue lost my Lord, with that teares came vnto his eyes) for alsoone as the unhappie combate was concluded with the death both of father and sonne, my Master casting off his armour, went his way: forbidding me vpon paine of death to follow him. Yet diuers dayes I followed his steppes, till lastly I found him, hauing newly met with an excellent Spaniell, belonging to his dead companion *Philoxenus*. The dogge straight fawned on my Master for olde knowledge: but neuer was there thing more pitifull then to heare my Master blame the dogge for louing his masters murderer, renewing a fresh his complaints, with the dumbe counsellor, as if they might comfort one another in their miseries. But my Lord hauing spied me, rose vp in such rage, that in truth I feared hee would kill me: yet as then he said only, if I would not displease him I should not come neer him till he sent for me, too hard a commandement for me to disobey: I yielded, leauing him only waited on by his dog, and as I thinke seeking out the most solitarie

places, that this or any other countrie can graunt him: and I returning where I had left his armour, found another instead thereof, and (disdaining I must confesse that any should beare the armour of the best Knight living) armed my selfe therein to play the foole, as euen now I did. Faire *Ismenus* (said the Queene) a fitter messenger could hardly be to vnfold my Tragedie: I see the end, I see my end.

With that (sobbing) she desired to be conducted to the next towne, where *Palladius* left her to be wayted on by *Clitophon*, at *Palladius* earnest entreatie, who desired alone to take that melancholy course of seeking his friend; and therefore changing armours againe with *Ismenus* (who went withall to a castle belonging to his master) he continued his quest for his friend *Daiphantus*.

So directed he his course to *Laconia*, as well among the *Helots*, as *Spartans*: There indeed he found his fame flourishing, his monuments engrauen in Marble, and yet more durably in mens memories, but the vniuersall lamenting his absented presence, assured him of his present absence. Thence into the *Elean* prouince, to see whether at the Olympian games (there celebrated) hee might in such concourse blesse his eyes with so desired an encounter: but that huge and sportfull assembly grew to him a tedious lonelinesse, esteeming no bodie found, since *Daiphantus* was lost. Afterward he passeth through *Achaia* and *Sicyonia*, to the *Corinthians*, prouide of their two Seas, to learne whether by the streight of that *Isthmus*, it were possible to know of his passage. But finding euerie place more dumbe then other to his demaunds, and remembering that it was late taken loue, which had wrought this new course, hee returned againe (after two moneths trauaile in vaine) to make a fresh search in *Arcadia*; so much the more, as then first he bethought himselfe of the picture of *Philoclea* (which resembling her he had once loued) might perhaps awake againe that sleeping passion. And hauing already past over the greatest part of *Arcadia*, one day comming vnder the side of the pleasant mountaine *Manalus*, his horse (nothing guiltie of his inquisitiuenesse) with flat-tyring taught him, that discrete stayes makes speedie iournies: and therefore lighting down, & vnbridling his horse, he himselfe went to repose himselfe in a little wood he saw thereby. Where lying vnder the protection of a shadie tree, with intention to make forgetting sleepe comfort a sorrowfull memorie, he saw a sight which perswaded, & obtayned of his eyes, that they would abide yet a while open. It was the appearing of a Lady, who because she walked with her side toward him, he could not perfectly see her face; but so much he might see of her, that was a suertie for the rest, that all was excellent.

Well might he perceiue the hanging of her haire in fairest quantitie, in lockes some curled, and some as it were forgotten, with such a carelesse care, and an art so bidding art, that she seemed she would lay them for a patterne, whether nature simply, or nature helped by cunning, be the more excellent: the rest whereof was drawne into a Coronet of gold richly set with pearle, and so ioined all ouer with gold wyers, & couered with feathers of diuers colours, that it was not vnlike to an helmet, such a glittering shew it bare, & so brauely it was held vp from the head. Vpon her bodie she ware a doublet of skie colour Satin, couered with plates of golde, and as it were nailed with precious stones, that in it she might seeme armed: the neather part of her garment was full of stufte, and cut after such a fashion, that though the length of it reached to the ankles, yet in her going one might sometimes discern the small of her legge, which with the foot was dressed in a short paire of crimson Veluet Buskins, in some places open (as the ancient maner was) to shew the fairenes of the skin. Over all this she wore a certaine mantell, made in such maner, that comming vnder her right arme, and covering most of that side; it had no fastning on the left side.

but



but onely vpon the top of the shoulder, where the two ends met, and were closed together with a verie rich Jewell: the Jewell wherof, as he after saw, was this, a *Hercules* made in little forme, but set with a diamond in his hand, as he once was by *Omphale* commanded, with a word in Greeke, but thus to be interpreted, *Never more valiant*. On the same side, on her thigh she wore a sword, which as it witnessed her to be an *Amazon*, or one following that profession, so it seemed but a needlesse weapon, since her other forces were without withstanding. But this Lady walked out right till he might see her enter into a fine close arbour: it was of trees, whose branches so lovingly entrelaced one the other, that it could resist the strongest violence of eye-sight; but she went into it by a doore she opened, which moved him as warily as he could to follow her, and by & by he might heare her sing this song, with a voice no lesse beautiful to his eares, then her goodnesse was full of harmonic to his eyes.

**T**ransform'd in shew, but more transform'd in mind,  
I cease to strine with double conquest foild:

For (woe is me) my powers all I find

Wish outward force and inward treason spoild.

For from without came to mine eyes the blow,

Whereto mine inward thoughts did faintly yeeld:

Both these conspir'd yore Reasons overthrow,

False in my selfe, thus haue I lost the field.

Thus are my eyes still captiue to one sight,

Thus all my thoughts are slaves to one thought still:

Thus Reason to his seruants yeelds his right,

Thus is my power transformed to your will:

What marvell then I take a womans lue,

Since what I see, thinke, know, is all but you?

The dittie gaue him some suspition, but the voyce gaue him almost assurance, who the singer was. And therefore boldly thrusting open the doore, and entering into the arbour, he perceiued indeed that it was *Pyrocles* thus disguised, wherewith not receiuing so much ioy to haue found him, as grieve so to haue found him, amazedly looking vpon him (as *Apollo* is painted when he saw *Daphne* suddenly turned into a Laurell) he was not able to bring forth a word. So that *Pyrocles* (who had as much shame as *Musidorus* had sorrow) rising to him, would haue formed a substantiall excuse; but his insinuation being of blushing; and his diuision of sightes, his whole oration stood vpon a short narration, which was the cause of this Metamorphosis. But by that time *Musidorus* had gathered his spirits together, and yet casting a gaitsfull countenance vpon him (as if he would coniure some strange spirits) he thus spake vnto him.

And is it possible, that this is *Pyrocles*, the onely young Prince in the world, formed by nature, and framed by education to the true exercise of vertue? or is it indeed some *Amazon* that hath counterfeited the face of my friend, in this sort to vex me? for likelier sure I would haue thought it, that any outward face might haue bin disguised, then that the face of so excellent a mind could haue bin thus blemished. O sweet *Pyrocles*, seperate your selfe a little (if it be possible) from your selfe, and let your owne minde looke vpon your owne proceedings, so shall my words be need-

lesse

lesse, and you best instructed. See with your selfe, how fitt will be for you in this  
 your tender youth, borne so great a Prince, and of so rare not onely expectation but  
 prooffe, desired of your old father and wanted of your native country, now so neere  
 your home, to diuert your thoughts from the way of goodnes, to looke, nay to abuse  
 your time, Lastly, to ouerthrow all the excellent things you haue done, which haue  
 filled the world with your fame; as if you should, drowne your ship in the long de-  
 sired haue: or like an ill player, should marre the last act of his Tragedie. Remem-  
 ber (for I know you know it) that if we will be men, the reasonable part of our soule  
 is to haue absolute commandement, against which if any sensuall weakenesse arise,  
 we are to yeeld all our sound forces to the ouerthrowing of so vnnaturall a rebellion,  
 wherein how can we want courage, since we are to deale against so weake an aduer-  
 sarie, that in it selfe is nothing but weakenesse; Nay, we are to resolve, that if reason  
 direct it, we must do it; and if we must do it, we will do it: for to say I cannot, is chil-  
 dith, and I will not, womanish. And see how extreamely euerie way you endanger  
 your mind; for to take this womanish habite (without you frame your behauiour  
 accordingly) is wholly vaine: your behauiour can neuer come kindly from you, but  
 as the mind is proportioned vnto it. So that you must resolve, if you will play your  
 part to any purpose, what soeuer peeuish imperfections are in that sex, to soften your  
 heart to receive them, the verie first down-fall to all wickednes: for doe not deceiue  
 your selfe, my deare cousin, there is no man so daingly either excellently good, or ex-  
 tremely euill, but growes either as he holds himselfe vp in vertue, or lets himselfe  
 slide to viciousnes. And let vs see, what power is the author of all these troubles; for-  
 sooth loue, loue, a passion, and the basest & fruitlessest of all passions: seate breedeth  
 wit, anger is the cradle of courage; ioy openeth and enableth the heart: sorrow, as it  
 closeth, so it draweth it inward to looke to the correcting of it selfe; and so all of  
 them generally haue power towards some good by the direction of Reason. But this  
 bastard Loue (for indeed the name of Loue is most vn worthily applied to so hate-  
 full a humour) as it is engendred betwixt lust & idlenes; as the matter it works vpon  
 is nothing but a certaine base weakenes, which some gentlefooles call a gentle heart;  
 as his aioyned companions be vnquietnes, longings, fond comforts, faint discom-  
 forts, hopes, ieaiousies, vngrounded rages, causelesse yeelding: so is the highest end  
 it aspires vnto, a little pleasure with much paine before, and great repentance after.  
 But that end how endlesse it runs to infinite euills, were fit enough for the matter  
 we speak of, but not for your eares, in whom indeed there is so much true dispositi-  
 on to vertue; yet thus much of his worthy effects in your selfe is to be scene, that  
 (besides your breaking lawes of hospitalitie with *Kalander*, & offriendship with me)  
 it vterly subuerbs the course of nature, in making reason giue place to sence, & man  
 to woman. And truly I thinke hereupon it first gate the name of Loue: for indeed  
 the true loue hath that excellent nature in it, that it doth transforme the very essence  
 of the louer into the thing loued; uniting, and as it were incorporating it with a se-  
 cret and inward working. And herein do these kinds of loues imitate the excellent:  
 for as the loue of heauen makes one heavenly, the loue of vertue, vertuous; so doth  
 the loue of the world make one become worldly: and this effeminate loue of a wo-  
 man, doth so womanize a man, that (if he yeeld to it) it will not only make him an  
*Amazon*, but a launder, a distafe, a spinner, or what soeuer other vile occupation their  
 idle heads can imagine, and their weake hands performe. Therefore (to trouble you  
 no longer with my tedious, but louing words) if either you remember what you  
 are, what you haue bene, or what you must be: if you consider what it is that mo-  
 ued you, or by what kinde of creature you are moued, you shall finde the cause so  
 small,



small, the effect so dangerous, your selfe so vnworthy to run into the one, or to be driven by the other, that I doubt not, I shall quickly haue occasion rather to praise you for hauing conquered it, then to giue you further counsell, how to doe it. But in *Pyrocles* this speech wrought no more, but that hee, who before hee was espyed, was a fraid; after, being perceiued, was ashamed, now being hardly rubd vpon, left both feare and shame, and was moued to anger. But the exceeding good will he bare to *Musidorus* striping with it; hee thus partly to satisfie him, but principally to loose the reines to his owne motions, made him answer: Cousin, whatsoeuer good disposition nature hath bestowd vpon me, or howsoeuer that disposition hath bin by bringing vp confirmed, this I must confesse, that I am not yet come to that degree of wisdom, to thinke light of the sexe; of whom I haue my life, since if I be any thing (which your friendship rather finds, then I acknowledge) I was to come to it. borne of a woman, & nursed of a woman. And certainly (for this point of your speech doth neere touch me) it is strange to see the vnmanlike crueltie of mankind, who not content with their tyrannous ambition, to haue brought the others vertuous patience vnder them (like childish masters) thinke their masterhood nothing, without doing iniurie to them, who (if we will argue by reason) are framed of nature with the same parts of the minde for the exercise of vertue, as wee are. And for example, euen this estate of *Amazons* (which I now for my greatest honour do seeke to counterfeit) doe well witnesse, that if generally the sweetnesse of their disposition did not make them see the vaine nesse of these things, which we account glorious, they neither want valour of mind, nor yet doth their fairenesse take away their force. And truly we men, and praisers of men, should remember, that if wee haue such excellencies, it is reason to thinke them excellent creatures, of whom wee are; since a Kite neuer brought forth a good flying Hawke. But to tell you true, as I thinke it superfluous to vse any words of such a subiect, who is so praised in it selfe as it needes no praises; so withall I feare lest my conceit (not able to reach vnto them) bring forth words, which for their vnworthinesse may be a disgrace to them I so inwardly honour. Let this suffice, that they are capable of vertue; and vertue (you your selues say) is to be loued, and I too, truly: but this I willingly confesse, that it likes me much better, when I finde vertue in a faire lodging, then when I am bound to seeke it in an ill-fauored creature, like a pearle in a dunghill. As for my fault of being an vnciuill guest to *Kalandor*, if you could feele what an inward guest my selfe am hoste vnto, ye would thinke it verie excusable, in that I rather perform the duties of an host, then the ceremonies of a guest. And for my breaking the lawes of friendship with you (which I would rather die, then effectually doe,) truly I could finde in my heart to aske you pardon for it, but that your now-handling of me giues me reason to confirme my former dealing. And here *Pyrocles*, staied, as to breathe himselfe, hauing beene transported with a little vehemencie because it seemed him *Musidorus* had ouer-bitterly glaunced against the reputation of womankind: but then quieting his countenance (as well as out of an vnquiet mind it might be) he thus proceeded on: And poore Loue (said he) deere cousin, is little beholding vnto you, since you are not contented to spoile it of the honour of the highest power of the mind, which notable men haue attributed vnto it, but yee deiect it below all other passions; in truth somewhat strangely; since, if loue receiue any disgrace; it is by the companie of these passions you preferre before it. For those kinds of bitter obiections (as, that lust, idlenesse, and a weake heart, should be, as it were, the matter and forme of loue) rather touch me, deere *Musidorus*, then loue, but I am good witnesse of mine owne imperfections, and therefore will not defend my selfe:

selfe: but herein I must say, you deale contrarie to your selfe: for if I be so weake, then can you not with reason stir me vp as ye did, by remembrance of mine owne vertue: or if indeed I be vertuous, then must ye confesse, that loue hath his working in a vertuous heart; and so no doubt hath it, whatsoeuer I be: for, if we loue vertue, in whom shall we loue it but in a vertuous creature? without your meaning be, I should loue this word *Vertue*, where I see it writtē in a booke. Those troublesome effects you say it breeds, be not the faults of loue, but of him that loues, as an vnable vessell to beare such a liquor, like euill eyes, not able to looke on the Sunne; or like a weake braine soonest ouerthrowne with the best wine. Euen that heavenly loue you speake of, is accompanied in some hearts with hopes, griefes, longings, and despair. And in that heavenly loue, since there are two parts, the one the loue it selfe, th'other the excellencie of the thing loued; I, not able at the first leape to frame both in me, doe now (like a diligent workeman) make readie the chiefe instrument, and first part of that great worke, which is loue it selfe; which when I haue a while practised in this sort, then you shall see mee turne it to greater matters. And thus gently you may (if it please you) thinke of me. Neither doubt yee, because I weare a womans apparell, I will be the more womanish, since I assure you (for all my apparell) there is nothing I desire more, then fully to proue my selfe a man in this entreprife. Much might be said in my defence, much more for loue, and most of all for that diuine creature, which hath ioyned me and loue together. But these disputations are fitter for quiet schooles then my troubled braines, which are bent rather in deeds to performe, then in words to defend the noble desire that possesseth me. O Lord (said *Musidorus*) how sharpe-witted you are to hurt your selfe; No (answered he) but it is the hurt you speake of, which makes me so sharpe-witted. Euen so (said *Musidorus*) as euerie base occupation makes one sharpe in that practise, and foolish in all the rest. Nay rather (answered *Pyrocles*) as each excellent thing once well learned serues for a measure of all other knowledges. And is that become (said *Musidorus*) a measure for other things, which neuer receiued measure in it selfe? It is counted without measure (answered *Pyrocles*) because the workings of it are without measure, but otherwise, in nature it hath measure, since it hath an end allotted vnto it; The beginning being so excellent, I would gladly know the end, Enioying, answered *Pyrocles*, with a deep sigh. O (said *Musidorus*) now set ye forth the balenes of it; since if it end in enioying, it shewes all the rest was nothing. Ye mistake me (answered *Pyrocles*), I speake of the end to which it is directed; which end ends not, no sooner then the life. Alas, let your owne braine disenchant you (said *Musidorus*.) My heart is too farre possessed (said *Pyrocles*.) But the head giues you direction: And the heart giues me life answered *Pyrocles*.

But *Musidorus* was so grieved to see his welbeloued friend obstinate (as hee thought) to his owne destruction, that it forced him with more then accustomed vehemencie to speake these words. Well, well (said he) you list to abuse your selfe; it was a very white & red vertue, which you could picke out of a painterly glose of a visage. Confesse the truth, and ye shall finde the vtmost was but beautie; a thing, which though it be in as great excelency in your selfe as may be in any, yet I am sure you make no further reckning of it, then of an outward fading benefit nature bestowed vpon you. And yet such is your want of a true grounded vertue, which must be like it selfe in all point; that what you wisely account a trifle in your selfe, you fondly become a slaue vnto another. For my part I now protest, I haue left nothing vsaid, which my wit could make me know, or my most entire friendship to you requires of me; I do now beseech you euen for the loue betwixt vs (if this other loue

haue



have left any in you towards me) and for the remembrance of your old carefull father (if you can remember him that forget your selfe,) lastly, for *Pyrocles* owne sake (who is now vpon the point of falling or rising) to purge your selfe of this vile infection, otherwise giue me leaue to leaue off this name of friendship, as an idle aide of a thing which cannot be, where vertue is abolished. The length of these speeches before had not so much cloyed *Pyrocles*, though he were very impatient of long deliberations, as this last farewell of him he loued as his own life, did wound his soule. For thinking himselfe afflicted, he was the apter to conceiue vnkindnesse deeply: inso much that shaking his head, and deliuering some shew of teares, he thus vttered his griefes: Alas (said he) Prince *Musidorus*, how cruelly you deale with me; if you seeke the victorie, take it, and if ye list the triumph: haue you all the reason of the world, and with me remaine all the imperfections; yet such as I can no more lay from me, then the Crow can be perswaded by the Swan to cast off all his blacke feathers. But truly you deale with me like a Physitian, that seeing his Patient in a pestilent feuer, should chide him in stead of ministring helpe, & bid him be sick no more; or rather like such a friend, that visiting his friend condemned to perpetuall prison, and loaden with grievous setters, should wil him to shake off his setters, or he would leaue him. I am sicke, and sicke to the death; I am prisoner, neither is there any redresse, but by her to whom I am a slaue. Now if you list, leaue him that loues you in the highest degree: But remember ener to carrie this with you, that you abandon your friend in his greatest extremitie.

And herewith the deepe wound of his loue being rubbed a fresh with this new vnkindnesse, began as it were to bleed again, in such sort that he was vnable to beare it any longer, but gushing out aboundance of teares, and crossing his armes ouer his wofull heart, he sunke downe to the ground: which sodaine trance went so to the heart of *Musidorus*, that falling downe by him, and kissing the weeping eyes of his freind, he besought him not to make account of his speech; which if it had bin ouervehement, yet was it to be borne withall, because it came out of a loue much more vehement, that he had not thought fancie could haue received so deepe a wound; but now finding in him the force of it, hee would no further contrarie it, but employ all his seruice to medicine it, in such sort as the nature of it required. But even this kindnesse made *Pyrocles* the more melt in the former vnkindnesse, which his manlike teares well shewed, with a silent looke vpon *Musidorus*, as who should say, And is it possible that *Musidorus* should threaten to leaue me? And this strooke *Musidorus* mind and senses so dumbe too, that for griefe being not able to say any thing, they rested with their eyes placed one vpon another, in such sort, as might well paine out the true passion of vnkindnesse to be neuer aright, but betwixt them that most dearly loue.

And thus remained they a time, till at length *Musidorus* embracing him, said, And will you thus shake of your freind? It is you that shake me off (said *Pyrocles*) being for my vnperfectnesse vnworthie of your freindship. But this (said *Musidorus*) shewes you more vnperfect, to be cruell to him, that submits himselfe vnto you, but since you are vnperfect (said he, smiling) it is reason you be gouerned by vs wise and perfect men. And that authority will I begin to take vpon mee, with three absolute commandements: the first, that you increase not your euill with further griefes: the second, that you loue her with all the powers of your mind: and the last commandement shall be, you command me to doe what seruice I can towards the attaining of your desires. *Pyrocles* heart was not so oppressed with the two mightie passions of loue and vnkindnesse, but that it yelded to some mirth at this commandement of

*Musidorus*

*Misiderus*, that he should loue, so that something clearing his face from his former frowes of griefe; Well (said he) deere cousin, I see by the well chusing of your commandements, that you are farre fitter to be a Prince than a Councellor, and therefore I am resolu'd to imploy all my endeour to obey you, with this condition, that the commandements ye command me to lay vpon you, shall only be, that you continue to loue me, & looke vpon my imperfections with more affection than iudgement. Loue you (said he,) alas, how can my heart be separated from the true embracing of it, without it burst, by being too full of it? But (said he) let vs leaue off these flowers of new begun friendship; and now I pray you againe tell me, but tell it me fully, omitting no circumstance, the storie of your affections, both beginning, and proceeding; assuring your selfe, that there is nothing so great, which I will feare to doe for you, nor nothing so small, which I will disdain to do for you. Let me therefore receiue a cleere vnderstanding, which manie times we misse, while those things we account small, as a speech, or a looke, are omitted, like as a whole sentence may faile of his congruities by wanting one particle. Therefore betweene freinds all must be laid open, nothing being superfluous nor tedious. You shall be obeyed (said *Pyrocles*) and here are we in as fit a place for it as may be, for this arbor no bodie offers to come in to but my selfe; I vsing it as my melancholic retiring place, and therefore that respect is borne vnto it: yet if by chauce any should come, say that you are a seruant sent from the Queene of the *Amazons* to seeke me, and then let me alone for the rest. So fate they downe, and *Pyrocles* thus said:

Cousin (said he) then began the fatal overthrow of all my libertie, when walking among the pictures in *Kalander's* house, you your selfe deliuered vnto mee what you had vnderstood of *Philoclea*, who much resembling (though I must say) much surpassing) the Ladie *Zelmene*, whom so well I loued: there were mine eyes infected, and at your mouth did I drink my poison. Yet alas, so sweet was it vnto me, that I could not be contented, till *Kalander* had made it more and more strong with his declaration. Which the more I questioned, the more pittie, I conceiued of her vnworthie fortune; and when with pittie once my heart was made tender, according to the aptnesse of the humour, it receiued quickly a cruell impression of that wonderful passion, which to be defined is impossible, because no words reach to the strange nature of it: they onely know it, which inwardly feele it; it is called Loue. Yet did I not (poor wretch) at first know my disease, thinking it only such a wonted kind of desire to see rare sights, and my pittie to be no other, but the fruits of a gentle nature. But even this arguing with my selfe came of farther thoughts, and the more I argued, the more my thoughts encreased. Desirous I was to see the place where she remained, as though the Architecture of the Lodges would haue bene much for my learning; but more desirous to see her selfe, to be iudge, forsooth, of the Painters cunning. For thus at the first did I flatter my selfe, as though my wound had bene no deeper: but when within short time I came to the degree of vncertaine wishes, and that those wishes grew to inquier longings, when I could fixe my thoughts vpon nothing, but that within little varying they should end with *Philoclea*: when each thing I saw seemed to figure out some part of my passions; when euen *Parthenia's* faire face became a lecture to me of *Philoclea's* imagined beautie; when I heard no word spoken, but that my thought carried the sound of *Philoclea's* name; then indeed, then I did yeeld to the burthen, finding my selfe prisoner, before I had leisure to arme my selfe: and that I might well, like the Spaniell, gnaw vpon the chaine that ties him; but I should sooner marre my teeth, then procure libertie: yet I take to witnesse the eternal spring of vertue, that I had neuer read, heard, nor seene any thing: I had neuer any



any taste of Philosophie, nor inward feeling in my selfe, which for a while I did not call to my succor. But (alas) what resistance was there, when ere long my verie reason was (you will say corrupted) I must confesse, conquered, and that me thought even reason did assure me, that all eyes did degenerate from their creation, which did not honour such beautie? Nothing in truth could hold any plea with it, but the reuerend friendship I beare vnto you. For as it went against my heart to breake any way from you, so did I feare more then any assault to breake it to you: finding (as it is indeed) that to a heart fully resolute, counsell istedious, but reprehension is lothsome; and that there is nothing more terrible to a guiltie heart, then the eye of a respected friend. This made me determine with my selfe (thinking it a lesse fault in friendship to doe a thing without your knowledge, then against your will) to take this secret course; which conceit was most builded vp in me, the last day of my parting and speaking with you, when vpon your speech with me, & my but naming loue (when else perchance I would haue gone further) I saw your voyce and countenance so change, as it assured me, my revealing it should but purchase your griefe with my cumber, and therefore (deare *Misidorus*) euen ran away from my well knowne chiding; for hauing written a letter, which I know not whether you found or no, and taken my chiefe iewels with me, while you were in the midst of your sport, I got a time (as I thinke) vnmaked by any, to steale away I cared not whither, so I might escape you, and so came I to *Rehob* in the Prouince of *Messenia*, where lying secret, I put this in practise, which before I had denied. For remembring by *Philanax* his letter & *Kalanders* speech, how obstinately *Basilina* was determined not to marie his daughters, and therefore fearing least any publike dealing should rather increase her captiuitie, then further my loue; Loue (the refiner of invention) had put in my head thus to disguise my selfe, that vnder that maske I might (if it were possible) get access, & what access could bring forth, commit to fortune & industrie, determining to beare the countenance of an *Amazon*. Therefore in the closest maner I could naming my selfe *Zelmans*, for that deare Ladies sake, to whose memorie I am so much bound, I caused this apparell to be made, and bringing it neare the Lodges, which are hard at hand, by night thus, dressed my selfe, resting till occasion might make me to be found by them whom I sought; which the next morning happened as well as mine own plot could haue laid it. For after I had run ouer the whole pedigree of my thoughts, I gaue my selfe to sing a little, which, as you know, I euer delighted in, so now especially, whether it be the nature of this climate to stirre vp Poeticall fancies, or rather as I thinke, of loue, whose scope being pleasure, will not so much as vtter his griefe, but in some forme of pleasure.

But I had sung verie little, when (as I thinke, displeased with my bad musike) comes maister *Dametas* with a hedging bill in his hand, chafing and swearing by the pantaile of *Pallace*, and such other oathes as his rusticall brauerie could imagine; and when he saw me, I assure you, my beautie was no more beholding to him then my harmonie; for leaning his hands vpon his bill, and his chin vpon his hands, with the voice of one that playeth *Heracles* in a play, but neuer had his fancie in his head; the first word he spake vnto me, was, Am not I *Dametas*? why am not I *Dametas*? he needed not name himselfe, for *Kalanders* description had set such a note vpon him as made him verie notable vnto me, and therefore the height of my thoughts would not descend so much as to make him any answer, but continued on my inward discourses; which hee (perchance while he of his owne unworthinesse, and therefore the apter to thinke himselfe contemned) took in so halpous maner, that standing vpon his tip toes, and staring, as if he would haue had a more pullet out of his eye,

Why, (said he) thou woman, or boy, or both, whatsoeuer thou be, I tell thee here is no place for thee, get thee gone, I tell thee it is the Princes pleasure, I tell thee it is *Dametas* pleasure. I could not chuse but smile at him, seeing him looke so like an Ape that had newly taken a purgation; yet taking my selfe with the manner, spake these words to my selfe: O spirit (said I) of mine, how canst thou receiue any mirth in the midst of thine agonies? and thou mirth, how dardest thou enter into a minde so growne of late thy professed enemy? Thy spirit (said *Dametas*,) dost thou thinke me a spirit? I tell thee I am *Basilus* officer, & haue charge of him and his daughters. O only pearle (said I sobbing) that so vile an oyster should keep thee? By the combe-casse of *Diana* (swaie *Dametas*) this woman is mad: oysters and pearles? dost thou thinke I will buy oysters? I tell thee once againe get thee packing, and with that lifted vp his bill to hit me with the blunt end of it: but indeed that put me quite out of my lesson; so that I forgot all *Zelmanes* ship, and drawing out my sword, the baseness of the vilaine yet made me stay my hand, and he (who, as *Kalander* told me, from his child-hood euer feared the blade of a sword) ran backe, backward (with his hands aboue his head) at least twentie paces, gaping and staring, with the verie grace (I thinke) of the clownes, that by *Latons* prayers were turned into Forges. At length staying, finding himselfe without the compasse of blowes, hee fell to a fresh scoulding, in such manerly maner, as might well shew hee had passed through the discipline of a *Tauerne*; But seeing mee walke vp and downe, without marking what he said, he went his way (as I perceiued after) to *Basilus*: for within a while hee came vnto mee, bearing indeed shewes in his countenance of an honest and well minded Gentleman, & with as much curtesie as *Dametas* with rudenesse saluting me: Faire Ladie (said hee) it is nothing strange, that such a solitarie place as this should receiue solitarie persons; but much doe I maruell, how sweet a beautie as yours is, should be suffered to be thus alone. I (that now knew it was my part to play) looking with a graue maiestie vpon him, as if I found in my selfe cause to be reuerenced. They are neuer alone (said I) that are accompanied with noble thoughts. But those thoughts (replied *Basilus*) cannot in this your loneliness neither warrant you from suspition in others, nor defend you from melancholy in your selfe: I then shewing a milke that he pressed me so farre, I seek no better warrant, said I, then my owne conscience, nor no greater pleasure then mine owne contentation. Yet vertue seekes to satisfie others, said *Basilus*. Those that be good, said I, and they will be satisfied as long as they see no euill: yet will the best in this countrie, said *Basilus*, suspect so excellent beautie being so weakely guarded. Then are the best but starke naught, answered I, for open suspecting others, comes of secret condemning themselves: but in my countrie (whose manners I am in all places to maintaine and reuerence) the generall goodnesse (which is nourished in our hearts) makes euerie one thinke the strength of vertue in another, whereof they find the assured foundation in themselves. Excellent Ladie, said he, you praise so greatly (and yet so wisely) your countrie, that I must needs desire to know what the best is, out of which such birds doe flie. You must first deserue it, said I, before you may obtaine it. And by what meanes, said *Basilus*, shall I deserue to know your estate? By letting me first know yours, answered I. To obey you, said he, I will doe it, although it were so much more reason yours should be knowne first, as you do deserue in all points to be preferred. Know you, faire Ladie, that my name is *Basilus*, your worthy Lord of this countrie: the rest, either fate hath already brought to your eares, or (if it please you to make this place happie by your presence) at more leisure you shall vnderstand of me: I that from the beginning assured my selfe it was he, but would not seeme



seeme I did so, to keepe my grauitie the better, making a peece of reuerence vnto him; Mightie Prince (said I) let my not knowing you serue for the excuse of my boldnesse, and the little reuerence I doe you, impute to the maner of my countrie, which is the invincible land of the *Amazons*: my selfe Neece to *Semira*, Queene thereof, lineally descended of the famous *Pantheilea*, slaine by the bloodie hand of *Pyrrhus*: I having in this my youth determind to make the world see the *Amazons* excellencies, as well in private, as in publike vertue, have passed some dangerous adventures in diuerse countries, till the vnmereifull sea deprived me of my companie; so that shipwracke casting me not farre hence, vncertaine wandring brought me to this place. But *Basilus* who now began to taste of that, which since he had swallowed vp, as I will tell you) fell to more cunning intreating my abode, then any greedie host would vse to well paying passengers. I thought nothing could shoot righter at the marke of my desires; yet had I learned alreadie so much, that it was against my womanhood to be forward in my own wishes. And therefore he (to proue whether intercessions in fitter mouthes might better preuaile) commanded *Dametas* to bring forth with his wife and daughters thither, three Ladies, although of diuerse, yet of excellent beantie.

His wife in graue Matronlike attire, with countenance and gesture suitable, and of such fairenesse (being in the strength of her age) as if her daughters had not bene by, might with iust price haue purchased admiration; but they being there, it was enough that the most daintie eye would thinke her a worthie mother of such children. The faire *Pamela*, whose noble heart I finde doth greatly disdain, that the trust of her vertue is reposed in such a louts hands as *Dametas*, had yet, to shew an obedience, taken on shepheardish apparell, which was but of russet cloath, cut after their fashion: with a straight bodie, open breasted, the neather part full of pleights, with long and wide sleeves: but beloeue me she did apparell her apparell, & with the preciousnesse of her bodie made it most sumptuous. Her haire at the full length, wound about with gold lace, only by the comparison to shew how farre her haire doth excell in colour: betwixt her breasts (which sweetly rose vplike two faire mountaints in the pleasant vale of *Tempe*) there hung a verie rich Diamond set but in a blacke horne: the word I haue since read is this, *Yet still my selfe*. And thus particularly haue I described them, because you may know that mine eyes are not so partiall, but that I marked them too. But when the ornament of the earth, the modell of heauen, the triumph of nature, the life of beantie, the Queene of loue, young *Philoclea* appeared in her Nymph-like apparell, so neere nakednesse, as one might well discerne part of her perfections; and yet so apparelled, as did shew shee kept best store of her beantie to her selfe: her haire (alas too poore a word, why should I not rather call them her beames) drawne vp into a net, able to haue caught *Iupiter* when he was in the form of an Eagle; her bodie (O sweet bodie) couered with a light Tassata garment, so cut, as the wrought smock came through it in many places, enough to haue made your restrained imagination haue thought what was vnder it: with the cast of her blacke eyes, blacke indeed, whether nature so made them, that we might be the more able to behold & beare their wonderfull shining, or that she (goddesse-like) would worke this miracle with her selfe, in giuing blackenes the price aboue all beantie. Then (I say) indeed me thought the Lillies grew pale for enuie, the Roses me thought blushed to see sweeter Roses in her cheeks, & the apples, me thought, fell downe from the trees, to do homage to the apples of her breast; then the clouds gaue place, that the heauens might more freely smile vpon her, at the least the clouds of my thoughts quite vanished; and my sight (then more cleere and

forcible then euer) was so fixed there, that (I imagine) I stood like a well wrought Image, with some life in shew, but none in practise. And so had I bin like enough to haue stayed long time, but that *Gynecia* stepping betweene my sight and the onely *Philoclea*, the change of object made me recover my senses; so that I could with reasonable good manner receiue the salutation of her, and of the Princesse *Pamela*, doing them yet no further reuerence then one Princesse vseth to another. But when I came to the neuer enough praised *Philoclea*, I could not but fall downe on my knees, and taking by force her hand, and kissing it (I must confesse) with more then womanly ardencie, Diuine Lady, said I, let not the world, nor these great Princesses maruell, to see me (contrarie to my manner) doe this speciall honour vnto you, since all both men & women, do owe this to the perfection of your beautie. But she blushing (like a faire morning in May) at this my singularity, and causing me to rise, Noble Ladie, said shee, it is no maruell to see your iudgement much mistaken in my beautie, since you begin with so great an error; as to do more honour vnto me then to them, to whom I my selfe owe allseruice. Rather (answered I with a bowed down countenance) that shewes the power of your beautie, which forced me to doe such an error, if it were an error. You are so well acquainted (said she sweetly, most sweetly smiling) with your owne beautie, that it makes you easily fall into the discourse of beautie. Beautie in me? (said I truly sighing) alas if there be any, it is in my eyes, which your blessed presence hath imparted vnto them.

But then (as I think *Basilus* willing her so to do) Well, said she, I must needs confesse I haue heard that it is a great happinesse to be praised of them that are most praise worthie: and well I finde that you are an invincible *Amazon*, since you will overcome, though in a wrong matter. But if my beautie be any thing, then let it obtaine thus much of you, that you will remaine some while in this companie, to ease your owne travell and our solitarinesse. First let me die (said I) before any word spoken by such a mouth should come in vaine. And thus with some other words of entertaining, was my staying concluded, and I ledde among them to the Lodge; truelie a place for pleasantnesse, not vsfit to flatter solitarinesse, for it being set vpon such an vn sensible rising of the ground, as you are come to a prettie height before almost you perceiue that you ascend, it giues the eye Lordship over a good large circuit, which according to the nature of the countrie, being diuersified betweene hills and dales, woods and plaines, one place more cleere, another more darke some, it seemes a pleasant picture of nature, with louely light somnesse and artificiall shadowes. The Lodge is of a yellow stone, built in the forme of a starre, hauing round about a garden framed into like points; and beyond the garden ridings cut out, each answering the angles of the Lodge: at the end of one of them is the other smaller Lodge, but of like fashion, where the gracious *Pamela* liueth; so that the Lodge seemeth not vnlike a faire Comet, whose taile stretcheth it selfe to a starre of lesse greatnesse.

So *Gynecia* her selfe bringing me to my lodging, anon after I was innited and brought downe to sup with them in the Garden, a place not fairer in naturall ornaments, then artificiall inuentions; where, in a banqueting house among certain pleasant trees, whose heads seemed curled with the wrappings about of Vine-branches. The table was set neere to an excellent water-worke; for by the casting of the water in most cunning manner, it makes (with the shining of the Sunne vpon it) a perfect rain-bow, not more pleasant to the eye then to the mind, so sensible to see the prooffe of the heavenly *Iris*. There were birds also made so finely, that they did not onely de-  
ceiue the sight with their figure, but the hearing with their songs, which the waterie  
instruments



haue wood *Pentus* with more magnificent Eloquence: but els neither in behaviour, nor action, accusing in himselfe any great trouble in minde, whether he sped or no. And thus on the other side, well finding how little it was, and not caring for more yet taught him, that often it falleth out but a foolish wittnesse, to speake more then one thinkes.

For she made earnest benefite of his leafe, forcing him in respect of his profession, to do her such seruices, as were both cumbersome and costly vnto him, while he still thought he went beyond her; because his heart did not commit the idolatrie. So that lastly, she (I thinke) hauing in mind to make the same of her beautie an orator for her to *Amphialus*, (perswading her selfe perhaps, that it might fall out in him as it doth in some that haue delightfull meate before them; and haue no stomack to it, before other folks praise it) sheooke the aduantage one day vpon *Phalantus* vnconscionable praising of her, & certaine cast-away vowes, how much he would doe for her sake, to arrest his word as soon as it was out of her mouth, & by the vertue thereof to charge him to goe with her through all the courts of *Greece*, & with the challenge now made to giue her beautie the principallitie ouer all other. *Phalantus* was entrapped, & saw round about him, but could not get out. Exceedingly perplexed he was as shee confest to him that told me the tale; not for doubt hee had of himselfe; for indeed he had little cause, being accounted, with his Launce especially, where upon the challenge is to be tried, as perfect as any that *Greece* knoweth; but because he feared to offend his sister *Helen*, and withall (as he said) he could not so much beleue his loue, but that he must thinke in his heart (whatsoeuer his mouth affirmed) that both she, my daughters, & the faire *Parthenia* (wife to a most noble Gentleman my wiues neere kinsman) might far better put in their claime for that prerogative. But his promise had bound him prentise, and therefore it was now better with willingnesse to purchase thanks, then with a discontented doing to haue the paine and not the reward; and therefore went on, as his faith, rather then loue, did leade him. And now hath he alreadie passed the courts of *Laconia*, *Ellis*, *Argos*, & *Corinth*. & (as manietimes it happens) that a good pleader makes a bad cause to preuaile; so hath his Launce brought captiues to the triumph of *Arthesia*'s beautie, such, as though *Arthesia* be among the fairest, yet in that companie were to haue the preheminence: for in those courts many Knights (that had bin in other farre countries) defended such as they had seene, and liked in their trauell: but their defence had been such, as they had forfeited the pictures of their Ladies, to giue a forced false testimonie to *Arthesia*'s excellencie. And now lastly is he come hither where he hath leaue to trie his fortune. But I assure you, if I thought it not in due and true consideration an iniurious seruice and churlish curtesie, to put the danger of so noble a title in the deciding of such a dangerlesse combat, I would make young maister *Phalantus* know, that your eyes can sharpen a blunt Launce, & that age, which my gray haire (onely gotten by the louing care of others) make seeme more then it is, hath not diminished in me the power to protect an vdeniable veritie: with that he bustled vp himselfe, as though his heart would faine haue walked abroad. *Zelmane* with an inward smiling gaue him outward thanks, desiring him to reserue his force for worthier causes. So passing their time according to their wont, they waited for the comming of *Phalantus*, who the next morning hauing alreadie caused his tents to be pitched, neere to a faire tree hard by the Lodge, had vpon the tree made a shield to be hanged vp, which the defendant should strike, that would call him to the maintaining his challenge. The *Impress* in the shield, was a heauen full of starres, with a speech, signifying, that it was the beautie which gaue the praise.

Him

Himselfe came in next after a triumphant Chariot, made of Carnation velvet, enriched with purple and pearle, wherein *Artesia* sat, drawne by foure winged horses with artificiall flaming mouthes, and fierie wings, as if she had newly borrowed them of *Phabus*. Before her marched two after two, certaine foormen pleasantly attired, who betweene them held one picture after another of them, that by *Phalantus* well running had lost the prize in the race of beautie, and at euerie pace they stayed, turning the pictures to each side, so leisuredly, that with perfect iudgement they might be discerned. The first that came in (following the order of the time wherein they had been woone) was the picture of *Andromana*, Queene of *Iheria*, whom a *Lucanian* Knight hauing some time (and with speciall fauour) serued, (though some yeares since returned home) with more gratefulnesse then good fortune defended. But therein *Fortune* had borrowed wit; for indeed she was not comparable to *Artesia*; not because she was a good deale elder (for time had not yet beene able to impoverish her store thereof) but an exceeding red haire with small eyes, did (like ill companions) disgrace the other assembly of most commendable beauties.

Next after her was borne the counterfeite of the Princesse of *Ely*, a Ladie that taught the beholders no other point of beautie, but this, That as liking is not alwaies the child of beautie, so whatsoeuer liketh is beautifull; for in that visage there was neither maiestie, grace, fauour, nor fairenesse, yet she wanted not a seruant that would haue made her fairer then the faire *Artesia*. But he wrote her praises with his helmet in the dust, and left her picture to be as a true witnesse of his overthrow, as his running was of her beautie.

After her was the goodly *Artaxia*, great Q of *Armenia*, a Ladie vpon whom nature bestowed, and well placed her most delightfull colours; and withall, had proportioned her without any fault, quickly to be discovered by the senses, yet altogether seemed not to make vp that harmonie, that *Cupid* delights in, the reason wherof might seeme a mannish countenance, which overthrew that lovely sweetnesse, the noblest power of womankind, farre fitter to preuaile by parley then by battell.

Of a farre contrarie consideration was the representation of her that next followed, which was *Erona* Queene of *Licia*, who though of so browne a haire, as no man should haue iniured it to haue called it black, and that in the mixture of her cheekes the white did so much overcome the redde (though what was, was verie pure) that it came neare to palenesse, and that her face was a thought longer then the exact *Symmetrians* perhaps would allow: yet loue plaid his part so well in euerie part, that it sought hold of the iudgement, before it could iudge, making it first lone, & after acknowledge it faire; for there was a certaine delicacie, which in yeelding conquered, and with a pitifull looke made one find cause to craue helpe himselfe.

After her came two Ladies, of noble, but not of royall birth: the former was named *Baccha*, who though verie faire, & of a fatnesse rather to allure, then to mislike, yet her breasts ouer-familiarly laid open, with a made countenance about her mouth, betweene simpring and smiling, her head bowed somewhat downe, seemed to languish with over-much idlenesse, and with an inuiting looke cast vpward, dissuaded with too much perswading, while hope might seeme to over-run desire.

The other (whose name was written *Lenciippe*) was of a fine daintinesse of beautie, her face carrying in it a sober simplicitie, like one that could do much good, and meant no hurt, her eyes hauing in them such a cheerefulnesse, as nature seemed to smile in them, though her mouth and cheekes obeyed to that pretie demurenesse, which the more one markt, the more one would iudge the poore soule apt to beleue, and therefore the more pittie to deceiue her.

Next



Next came the Queene of *Laconia*, one that seemed borne in the confines of beauties kingdome: for all her lineaments were neither perfect possessioners thereof, nor absolute strangers thereto: but she was a Queene, and therefore beautifull.

But she that followed, conquered indeed with being conquered, and might well haue made all the beholders wait vpon her triumph, while her selfe were led captiue. It was the excellently faire Queene *Helen*, whose Iacynth haire curled by nature, but intercurled by art (like a fine brooke through golden sands) had a rope of faire pearle, which now hiding now hidden by the haire, did as it were play at fast and loose each with other, mutually giuing and receiuing richnesse. In her face so much beautie and fauour expressed, as if *Helen* had not been knowne, some would rather haue iudged it the Painters exercise, to shew what he could doe, then the counterfeiting of any liuing pattern, for no fault the most fault-finding wit could haue found, if it were not, that to the rest of the bodie the face was somewhat too little: but that little was such a sparke of beautie, as was able to enflame a world of loue; for euerything was full of a choise finenesse, that if it wanted any thing in maiestie, it supplied it with increase in pleasure, and if at the first it strake not admiration, it raiued with delight. And no indifferent soule there was, which if it could resist from subiecting it selfe to make it his Princesse, that would not long to haue such a play fellow. As for her attire, it was costly and curious, though the looke (fixt with more sadnesse then it seemed nature had bestowed to any that knew her fortune) bewrayed, that as she vsed those ornaments, not for her selfe, but to preuaile with another, so she feared that al would not serue. Of a far differing (though esteemed equall) beautie, was the faire *Parthenia*, who next waited on *Arthesia's* triumph, though farr better she might haue sittin the throne. For in her euery thing was goodly, & stately; yet so, that it might seeme that great-mindednes was but the auncient-bearer to the humblenes. For her great gray eye, which might seeme full of her owne beautie: a large, and exceedingly faire forehead, with all the rest of her face & bodie, cast in the mould of Noblenesse, was yet so attired, as might shew, the mistres thought it either not to deserue, or not to heed any exquisite decking, hauing no adorning but cleanlinesse; and so farre from all art, that it was full of carelesnesse, vnlesse that carelesnesse it selfe (in spight of it selfe) grew artificiall. But *Basilus* could not abstaine from praising *Parthenia*, as the perfect picture of a womanly vertue, and winely faithfulnessse: telling with all *Zelmant*, how he had vnderstood, that when in the court of *Laconia*, her picture (maintained by a certaine *Sycionian* Knight) was lost, through want rather of valour, then iustice: her husband (the famous *Argalus*) would in a chafe haue gone & redeemed it with a new triall. But she (more sporting then sorrowing for her vnderfered champion) tolde her husband, she desired to be beautifull in no bodies eye but his: and that she would rather marre her face as euill as ener it was, then that it should be a cause to make *Argalus* put on armour. Then would *Basilus* haue told *Zelmant* that which he alreadie knew, of the rare triall of that coupled affection: but the next picture made their mouthes giue place to their eyes.

It was of a young maid, which fate pulling out a thorne out of a Lambes foote, with her looke so attentiu vpon it, as if that little foote could haue beene the circle of her thoughts; her apparell so poore, as it had nothing but the inside to adorne it; a shepheooke lying by her, with a bottle vpon it. But with all that povertie, beautie plaid the Prince, and commanded as many hearts as the greatest Queene there did. Her beautie and her estate made her quickly to be knowne to be the faire shepheardesse *Phania*, whom a rich knight called *Lacemon*, farre in loue with her, had vnluckily defended.

The last of all in place, because last in the time of her being captive, was *Zelmune*, daughter to the King *Plexirtus*: who at the first sight seemed to haue some resembling of *Philoclea*, but with more marking (comparing it to the present *Philoclea*, who indeed had no paragon but her sister) they might see, it was but such a likeness as an vnperfect glasse doth giue; answerable enough in some features and colours, but erring in others. But *Zelmune* sighing, turning to *Basilus*, Alas sir, said shee here be some pictures which might better become the tombes of their Mistresses, then the triumph of *Arthesia*. It is true sweetest Ladie (said *Basilus*) some of them be dead, & some other captive; but that hath hapned so late, as it may be the Knights that defended their beautie, knew not so much: without we will say (as in some other hearts I know it would fall out) that death it selfe could not blot out the image which loue hath engrauen in them. But diuers besides these (said *Basilus*) hath *Phalantus* won, but he leaues the rest, carrying onely such, who either for greatnesse of estate, or of beautie, may iustly glorifie the glorie of *Arthesia* triumph.

Thus talked *Basilus* with *Zelmune*, glad to make any matter subiect to speake of with his mistres, while *Phalantus* in this pompous maner, brought *Arthesia* with her gentlewomen into one Tent, by which he had another: where they both waited who would first strike vpon the shield, while *Basilus* the Iudge appointed sticklers and trumpets, to whom the other should obey. But none that day appeared, nor the next, till allreadie it had consumed halfe his allowance of light; but then there came in a knight, protesting himselfe as contrarie to him in minde, as he was in apparell. For *Phalantus* was all in white, hauing in his bases, and caparison imbroidered a waning water: at each side whereof he had nettings cast ouer, in which were diuerse fishes naturally made, and so prettily, that as the horse stirred, the fishes seemed to stirre, and leape in the net.

But the other Knight by name *Nestor*, by birth an *Arcadian* & in affection vowed to the faire Shepherdesse, was all in blacke, with fire burning both vpon his armout and horse. His impresa in his shield, was a fire made of Iuniper, with this word, *More easie, and more sweet*. But this hot Knight was cooled with a fall, which at the third course he receiued of *Phalantus*, leauing his picture to keepe companie with the other of the same stampes; he going away remedilessly chafing at his rebuke. The next was *Polyctes*, greatly esteemed in *Arcadia*, for deedes he had done in armies; & much spoken of for the honourable loue he had long borne to *Gynecia*; which *Basilus* himselfe was content, not onely to suffer, but to be delighted with he carried it in so honourable and open plainenesse, setting to his loue no other marke, then to doe her faithfull seruice. But neither her faire picture, nor his faire running, could warrant him from overthrow, and her from becoming as then the last of *Arthesia*'s victories: a thing *Gynecia*'s vertues would little haue recked at another time, nor then, if *Zelmune* had not seene it. But her champion went away as much discomfited, as discomfited. Then *Thelamon* for *Polexena*, & *Eurilion* for *Elpine*, and *Leon* for *Zoana*, all braue Knights, all faire Ladies, with their going downe, lifted vp the ballance of his praise for actiuitie, and hers for fairenesse.

Vpon whose losse as the beholders were talking, there comes into the place where they ranne, a shepheard tripling (for his height made him more then a boy, and his face would not allow him a man) browne of complexion (whether by nature or by the Sunnes familiaritie) but verie louely withall; for the rest so perfectly proportioned, that Nature shewed, she doth not like men, who stubber vp matters of meane account. And well might his proportion be iudged, for he had nothing vpon him but a paire of sloppes, and vpon his bodie a Goate-skinne, which hee cast ouer his



his shoulder, doing all things with so prettie a grace that it seemed ignorance could not make him do amisse, because he had a heart to do well, holding in his right hand a long staffe, and so comming with a looke full of amiable fiercenesse, as in whom choller could not take away the sweetnesse; hee came towards the King, and making a reuerence (which in him was comely because it was kindly.) my liege Lord (Gid hee) I pray you heare a few words; for my heart will breake if I say not my minde to you: I see heere the picture of *Prania*, which I cannot tell how, nor why these men when they fall downe, they say, is not so faire as yonder gay woman. But pray God, I may neuer see my old mother aliue, if I thinke shee be any more match to *Prania*, then a Goat is to a fine Lambe; or then the Dogge that keepes our flocke at home, is like your white Grey hound, that pulled downe the Stagge last daye.

And therefore I pray you let me be drest as they be, and my heart giues me, I shall tumble him on the earth: for indeede he might as well say, that a Coullip is as white as a Lillie: or else I care not, let him come with his great staffe, and I with this in my hand, and you shall see what I can doe to him. *Basilus* saw it was the fine shepheard *Lulus*, whom once hee had afore him in Pastorall sportes, and had greatly delighted in his wit full of pretie simplicitie, and therefore laughing at his earnestnesse, he bad him bee content, since hee saw the pictures of so great Queenes, were faine to follow their champions fortune. But *Lulus* (euen weeping ripe) went among the rest, longing to see some bodie that would reuenge *Pranias* wrong; and praying hartily for euerie bodie that ran against *Phalantus*, then beginning to feele povertie, that hee could not set himselfe to that triall. But by and by, euen when the Sunne (like a noble Hart) began to shew his greatest countenance in his lowest estate, there came in a Knight, called *Phobilus*, a Gentleman of that countrie, for whom hatefull fortune had borrowed the dart of loue, to make him miserable by the sight of *Philoclea*. For he had euen from her infancie loued her, & was stricken by her before she was able to know what quiver of arrowes her eies carried; but he loued & dispaired; and the more he dispaired, the more hee loued. He saw his owne worthinesse, & thereby made her excellencie haue more terrible aspect vpon him: hee was so secret therein, as not daring to bee open, that no creature hee ever spake of it, but his heart made such silent complaints within it selfe, that while all his senses were attentive thereto, cunning iudges might perceiue his minde: so that he was known to loue: though he denied, or rather was the better known, because he denied it. His armour & his attire was for a Sea colour, his *impressa*, the fish called *Sepia*, which being in the net, castes a blacke inke about it selfe, that in the darkenesse thereof it may scape: his word was, Not so. *Philocleas* picture with almost an idolatrous magnificence was borne in by him. But straight ielousie was a harbinger for disdain in *Zelmans* heart, when she saw any (but her selfe) should be knowen a champion for *Philoclea*: in so much that she with his shame, till she saw him stricken. For at the second course he was stricken quite from out of the saddle, so full of griefe, & rage withall, that he would faine with the sword haue reuenged it, but that being contrarie to the order set downe, *Basilus* would not suffer: so that wishing himselfe in the bottome of the earth, hee went his way, leauing *Zelmans* no lesse angry with his losse, then she would haue bin with his victorie. For if she thought before arials praise would haue anged her, her Ladies disgrace did make her much more forget what she then thought, while that passion raigned so much the more, as she saw a prettie blush in *Philocleas* cheekes bewray a modest discontentment. But the night commanded truce for those sports, & *Phalantus* (though intreated) would not leave *Arifia*, who in no case would come into the house, hauing (as it were) sick of *Crotopus* breath a mortall millike against *Basilus*.

But the night measured by the short ell of sleepe, was soone past over, and the next morning had given the watchfull starres leaue to take their rest, when a trumpet summoned *Basilus* to play his Iudges part: which hee did, taking his wife and daughters with him; *Zelmone* having lockt her dore, so as they would not trouble her for that time: for alreadie there was a Knight in the field, readie to proue *Helen* of *Corinth* had receiued great iniurie, both by the erring iudgement of the challenger, and the vnluckie weakenesse of her former defender. The new Knight was quickly knowne to be *Clitophon* (*Kalanders* sonne of *Basilus* his sifter) by his armour, which all guilt, was so well handled, that it shewed like a glittering land and grauell, enterlaced with siluer riuers: his deuise hee had put in the picture of *Helen* which hee defended; it was the *Ermion* with a speech that signified, *Rather dead then spotted*. But in that armour since hee had parted from *Helen* (who would no longer his companie, finding him to enter into tearmes of affection) hee had performed so honourable actions) still seeking for his two friends by the names of *Palladius* and *Daiphantus* (that though his face were couered, his being was discovered, which yet *Basilus* (which had brought him vpin his Court) would not seeme to doe; but glad to see the triall of him, of whom he had heard verie well, hee commanded the trumpets to sound, to which the two braue Knights obeying, they performed their courses, breaking their fixe stauces, with so good, both skill in the hitting, and grace in the manner, that it bred some difficultie in the iudgement. But *Basilus* in the end gaue sentence against *Clitophon*, because *Phalantus* had broken more stauces, vpon the head, and that once *Clitophon* had received such a blow, that he had lost the reines of his horse, with his head well nie touching the croper of the horse. But *Clitophon* was so angrie with the iudgement (wherein he thought he had received wrong) that he omitted his dutie to his Prince, and vncke; and sodainly went his way still in the quest of them, whom as then he had left by seeking and so yelded the field to the next commet.

Who comming in about two houres after, was no lesse marked then all the rest before, because hee had nothing worth the marking. For he had neither picture, nor deuise, his armour of as old a fashon (besides the rustie poornesse,) that it might better seeme a monument of his grandfathers courage: about his middle hee had in steede of baces, a long cloake of silke, which as ynhanomely, as it needss must, became the wearer: so that all that lookton, measured his length on the earth alreadie, since he had to meete one who had beene victorious of so many gallants. But he went on towards the shield, and with a sober grace strake it; but as hee let his sword fall vpon it, another Knight, all in blacke came rustling in, who strake the shield almost as soone as hee, and so strongly, that he brake the shield in two: the ill appointed Knight (for so the beholders called him) angrie with that, (as hee accounted) insolent iniurie to himselfe, hit him such a sound blow, that they that looked on said, it well became a rude arme. The other answered him againe in the same case, so that Launces were put to silence, the swords were so busie.

But *Phalantus* angry of this defacing shield, came vpon the black knight, & with the pommell of his sword set fire to his eyes, which presently was reuenged, not only by the Blacke but the ill apparellled knight, who disdained another should enter into his quarrell, so as, who euer saw a matachin dance to imitate fighting, this was a fight that did imitate the matachin: for they being but three that fought, enery one had two aduersaries, striking him, who strook the third, & reuenging perhaps that of him which he had received of the other. But *Basilus* rising himself came to part them, the stickler authority scarcely able to perswade cholericke hearers, & part them hee did.

But



But before he could determine, comes in a fourth, halting on foote, who complained to *Basilus*, demanding iustice on the blacke Knight, for hauing by force taken away the picture of *Pamela* from him, which in little forme he ware in a Tablet, and couered with silke had fastened it to his Helmet, purposing for want of a bigger, to paragon the little one with *Artesias* length, not doubting but euen in that little quantitie, the excellencie of that would shine thorow the weakenesse of the other; as the smallest starre doth thorow the whole Element of fire. And by the way he had met with this blacke Knight, who had (as he said) robbed him of it. The iniurie seemed grievous, but when it came fully to be examined, it was found, that the halting Knight meeting the other, asking the cause of his going thitherward, and finding it was to defend *Pamelas* diuine beautie against *Artesias*, with a proud iollitie commanded him to leaue that quarrell onely for him, who was onely worthy to enter into it. But the black Knight obeying no such commandements, they fell to such a bickering, that he gat a halting, and lost his picture. This vnderstood by *Basilus*, he told him he was now fitter to looke to his owne bodie, then anothers picture, and so (vncomforted therein) he sent him away to learne of *Esculapius*, that he was not fitt for *Venus*. But then the question arising, who should be the former against *Phalantus*, of the blacke, or the ill apparelled Knight (who now had gotten the reputation of some sturdie lout, he had so well defended himselfe;) of the one side, was alleaged the hauing a picture, which the other wanted: of the other side, the first striking the shield; but the conclusion was, that the ill apparelled Knight should haue the precedence, if he deliuered the figure of his mistresse to *Phalantus*; who asking him for it, Certainly (said he) her liueliest picture (if you could see it) is in my heart, and the best comparison I could make of her, is of the Sunne out of all the other heauenly beauties. But because perhaps all eyes cannot taste the diuinitie of her beautie, and would rather be dazeled, then taught by the light, if it be not clouded by some meaner thing; know yee then, that I defend that same Ladie, whose image *Phobilus* so feebly lost yesternight, and in stead of another (if you ouercome me) you shall haue me your slaue to carrie that image in your mistresse triumph. *Phalantus* easily agreed to the bargaine, which readily he made his owne.

But when it came to the triall, the ill apparelled Knight choosing out the greatest staues in all the store, at the first course gaue his head such a remembrance, that he lost almost his remembrance, he himselfe receiuing the incounter of *Phalantus* without any extraordinarie motion: and at the second gaue him such a counterbuffe, that because *Phalantus* was so perfit a horseman, as not to be driuen from the saddle, the saddle with broken girttes was driuen from the horse; *Phalantus* remaining angrie and amazed, because now being come almost to the last of his promised enterprise, that disgrace befell him, which he had neuer before knowie.

But the victorie being by the Iudges giuen, and the Trumpets witnessed to the ill apparelled Knight; *Phalantus* disgrace was ingriued in lieu of comfort of *Artesia*, who telling him she neuer lookt for other, bad him seeke some other mistresse. He excusing himselfe, and turning ouer the fault to fortune, Then let that be your ill fortune too (said she) that you haue lost me.

Nay truly Madam (said *Phalantus*) it shall not be so: for I thinke the losse of such a Mistresse will proue a great gaine, and so concluded; to the sport of *Basilus*, to see yong folks loue, that came in mask with so great pōpe, go out with so little constancie. But *Phalantus* first professing great seruice to *Basilus* for his courteous intermitting his solitarie course for his sake, would yet conduct *Artesia* to the Castle of *Cecropia*, whither she desired to goe: vowing in himselfe, that neither heart, nor

mouth-loue, should euer any more intangle him, and with that resolution he left the companie. Whence all being dismissed (among whom the black Knight went away repining at his luck, that had kept him from winning the honor, as he knew he should haue done to the picture of *Pamela*) the ill apparelled Knight (who was onely desired to stay, because *Basilus* meant to shew him to *Zelmane*) pulled off his Helmet, & then was knowne himselfe to be *Zelmane*: who that morning (as she told) while the others were busie, had stolne out to the Princes Stable, which was a mile off from the Lodge, had gotten a horse (they knowing it was *Basilus* pleasure she should be obeyed) & borrowing that homely armour for want of a better, had come vpon the spur to redeeme *Philocleas* picture, which she said, she could not beare, (being one of that little wilderness-companie) should be in captiuitie, if the cunning she had learned in her countrie of the noble *Amazons*, could withstand it; and vnder that pretext faine she would haue giuen a secret passport to her affection. But this act painted at one instant rednesse in *Philocleas* face, & palenesse in *Gynecias*, but brought forth no other countenances but of admiration, no speeches but of commendations: all these few (besides loue) thinking they honoured themselves, in honouring so accomplished a person as *Zelmane*: whom daily they sought with some or other sports to delight; for which purpose *Basilus* had in a house not far off, seruants, who though they came not vncalled, yet at call were readie.

And so manie dayes were spent, & manie wayes vled, while *Zelmane* was like one that stood in a tree waiting a good occasion to shoot, and *Gynecia* a blancher, which kept the dearest deere from her. But the day being come, on which according to an appointed course, the shepheards were to assemble, and make their pastorall sports afore *Basilus*, *Zelmane* (fearing lest manie eyes, and comming diuers wayes, might hap to spie *Musidorus*) went out to warne him thereof.

But before she could come to the Arbour, she saw walking from her-ward, a man in shepheardish apparell, who being in the sight of the Lodge, it might seeme he was allowed there. A long cloke he had on, but that cast vnder his right arme, wherein he held a sheephooke, so finely wrought, that it gaue a brauerie to pouertie; and his rayments, though they were meane, yet receiued they handsonnesse by the grace of the wearer; though he himselfe went but a kind of languishing pace, with his eyes sometimes cast vp to heauen, as though his fancies straued to mount higher; sometimes throwne downe to the ground, as if the earth could not beare the burthen of his sorrows; at length, with a lamentable tune, he sung these few verses.

*Come shepheards weedes, become your masters minde:  
Teeld outward shew, what inward change he tryes:  
Nor be abasht, since such a guest you finde,  
Whose strongest hope in your weak comfort lyes.*

*Come shepheards weedes, attend my wofull cryes:  
Disuse your selues from sweet Menalcas voyce:  
For other be those tunes which sorrow tryes,  
From those cleere notes which freely may reioyce.  
Then powre out plaint, and in one word say this:  
Helplesse his plaint, who spoiles himselfe of blisse.*

And hauing ended, he strake himselfe on the breast, saying, O miserable wretch, whither doe thy destinies guide thee? The voyce made *Zelmane* hasten her pace to ouertake



ouertake him; which hauing done, she plainly perceiued that it was her deare friend *Musidorus*, whereat maruailing not a little, shee demaunded of him, whether the Goddesse of those woods had such a power to transforme enerie bodie, or whether, as in all entreprises else he had done, he meant thus to match her in this new alteration. Alas (said *Musidorus*) what shall I say, who am loth to say, & yet saine would haue said? I finde indeed, that all is but lip-wisedome, which wants experience. I now (woe is me) do trie what lone can do. O *Zelmene*, who will resist it, must either haue no wit, or put out his eyes: can any man resist his creation? certainly by lone we are made, and to loue we are made. Beasts onely cannot discern beautie, and let them be in the roll of Beasts that dot not honor it. The perfect friendship *Zelmene* bare him, and the great pitie she (by good triall) had of such cases, could not keepe her from smiling at him, remembring how vehemently he had cried out against the folly of louers. And therefore a little to punish him, Why how how deare cousin (said she) you that were last day so high in the pulper against louers, are you now become so meane an auditor? Remember that loue is a passion, & that a worthy mans reason must euer haue the masterhood. I recant, I recant (cried *Musidorus*) & with all falling downe prostrate, O thou celestiall, or infernall spirit of Loue, or what other heavenly or hellish title thou list to haue (for effects of both I find in my selfe) haue compassion of me, & let thy glorie be as great in pardoning them that be submitted to thee, as in conquering those that were rebellious. No, no, said *Zelmene*, I see you well enough; you make but an enterlude of my mishaps, and do but counterfeite thus, to make me see the deformitie of my passions: but take heed, that this iest doe not one day turne to earnest. Now I beseech thee (said *Musidorus*, taking her fast by the hand) euen for the truth of our friendship, of which (if I be not altogether an unhappie man) thou hast some remembrance, & by those secret flames which (I know) haue likewise neerely touch'd thee, make no iest of that, which hath so earnestly pierced me thorow, nor let that be light to thee, which is to me so burdensome, that I am not able to beare it. *Musidorus* both in words and behaviour, did so liuely deliuer out his inward grieve, that *Zelmene* found indeed, he was thoroughly wounded: but there rose a new iealousie in her mind, lest it might be with *Philoctetes*, by whom, as *Zelmene* thought, in right all hearts and eyes should be inherited. And therefore desirous to be cleared of that doubt, *Musidorus* shortly (as in hast and full of passionate perplexednesse) thus recounted his case vnto her.

The day (said he) I parted from you, I being in mind to returne to a towne, from whence I came hither, my horse being beforetired, would scarce beare me a mile hence, where being benighted, the sight of a candle (I saw a good way off) guided me to a young shepheards house, by name *Menalcas*, who seeing me to be a straying stranger, with the right honest hospitalitie which seemes to be harboured in the *Arcadian* breasts and though not with eniourous collinesse, yet with cleanly sufficiencie, entertained me: and hauing by talke with him, found the manner of the countrie, something more in particular, then I had by *Kalanders* report I agreed to sojourn with him in secret, which he faithfully promised to obserue. And so hither to your arbour diuerse times repaired, and here by your meanes had the sight (O that it had neuer beene so, nay, O that it might euer be so) of the goddesse, who in a definite compasse can set forth infinitie beautie. All this while *Zelmene* was racked with iealousie. But he went on, for (said he) Tlying close, and in truth thinking of you, and saying thus to my selfe, O sweet *Pyrocles*, how art thou bewitched? where is thy vertue? where is the vse of thy reason? how much am I inferior to thee in the state of minde? And yet know I that all the heavens cannot bring me such a thraldome.

Scarcely, thinke I, had I spoken this word, when the Ladies came forth; at which sight, I thinke the verie words returned backe againe to strike my soule; at least, an vnmeasurable sting I felt in my selfe, that I had spoken such words. At which sight? (said *Zelmane*) not able to beare him any longer. O (said *Musidorus*) I know your suspicion; No, no, banish all such feare, it was, it is, and must be *Pamela*. Then all is safe (said *Zelmane*), proceed deere *Musidorus*. I will not, said he, impute it to my late solitarie life (which yet is prone to affections,) nor to the much thinking of you (though that calld the consideration of loue into my mind, which before I ever neglected) nor to the exaltation of *Venus*, nor reuenge of *Cupid*, but enen to her, who is the Planet, nay, the Goddesse, against which, the onely shield must be my Sepulcher. When I first saw her, I was presently stricken, and I (like a foolish child, that when any thing hits him, will strike himselfe vpon it) would needs looke againe, as though I would perswade mine eyes, that they were deceiued. But alas, well haue I found, that Loue to a yeelding heart is a King: but to a resisting, is a tyrant. The more with arguments I shaked the stake, which he had planted in the ground of my heart, the deeper still it sanke into it. But what meane I to speake of the causes of my loue, which is as impossible to describe, as to measure the backside of heauen? Let this word suffice, I loue.

And that you may know I doe so, it was I that came in blacke armour to defend her picture, where I was both preuented, and beaten by you. And so, I that waited here to doe you seruice, haue now my selfe most need of succor. But whereupon got you your selfe this apparell, said *Zelmane*? I had forgotten to tell you, said *Musidorus*, though that were one principall matter of my speech; so much am I now maister of my owne mind. But thus it happened: being returned to *Menalcas* house, full of tormenting desire, after a while fainting vnder the weight, my courage stird vp my wit to seeke for some reliefe, before I yeelded to perish. At last this came into my head, that euerie euening, that I had to no purpose last vsed my horse and armour. I told *Menalcas*, that I was a *Thessalian* Gentleman, who by mischaunce hauing killed a great fauorite of the Prince of that countrey, was pursued so cruelly, that in no place, but either by fauour, or corruption, they would obtaine my destruction; & that therefore I was determin'd (till the furie of my persecutors might be asswaged) to disguise my selfe among the shepheards of *Arcadia*, and (if it were possible) to be one of them that were allowed the Princes presence; because if the worst should fall that I were discovered yet hauing gotten the acquaintance of the Prince, it might happen to moue his heart to protect me. *Menalcas* (being of an honest disposition) pittied my case, which my face through my inward torment made credible; and so (I giuing him largely for it) let mee haue this raiment, instructing me in all the particularities, touching himselfe, or my selfe, which I desired to know: yet not trusting so much to his constancie, as that I would lay my life, and life of my life, vpon it, I hired him to goe into *Thessalia* to a friend of mine, and to deliuer him a letter from me; coniuering him to bring me as speedie an answer as he could, because it import'd me greatly to know, whether certaine of my friends did yet possesse any fauour, whose intercessions I might vse for my restitution. He willingly tooke my letter, which being well sealed, indeede contained other matter. For I wrote to my trustie seruant *Calodoulus* (whom you know) that as soone as he had deliuered the letter, he should keepe him prisoner in his house, not suffering him to haue conference with any bodie, till he knew my further pleasure: in all other respects that he should vse him as my brother. And is *Menalcas* gone, and I here a poore shepheard? more proud of this estate then of any kingdome, so manifest



manifest it is, that the highest point outward things can bring one vnto, is the contentment of the mind, with which, no estate; without which, all estates be miserable. Now haue I chosen this day, because (as *Menalca* tolde me) the other shepheards are called to make their sports; and hope that you will with your credite, find meanes to get me allowed among them. You need not doubt (answered *Zelmene*) but that I will be your good mistress: marrie the best way of dealing must be by *Dametas*, who since his blunt braine hath perceiued some fauour the Prince doth beare vnto me (as without doubt the most seruile flatterie is lodged most easily in the grossest capacitie, for their ordinarie conceipt draweth a yeelding to their greater, and then haue they not wit to discern the right degrees of duetie) is much more seruiceable vnto mee, then I can finde any cause to wish him. And therefore dispaire not to winne him: for euerie present occasion will catch his senses. and with that bridle and saddle you shall well ride him. O heauen and earth (said *Musidorus*) to what a passe are our mindes brought; that from the right line of vertue, are wryed to these crooked shifts? But O Loue, it is thou that doest it: thou chaungest name vpon names; thou disguisest our bodies, and disfigurest our minds. But indeed thou hast reason; for though the wayes be foule, the iournies end is most faire and honourable.

No more sweet *Musidorus* (said *Zelmene*) of these philosophies; for here comes the verie person of *Dametas*. And so he did indeed, with a sword by his side, a forrest bill on his necke, and a chopping-knife vnder his girdle: in which well provided sort he had euer gone since the feare *Zelmene* had put him in. But he no sooner saw her; but with head & armes he laid his reuerence afore her, enough to haue made any man forswear all curtesie. And then in *Basilus* name he did inuite her to walke downe to the place, where that day they were to haue the pastorals.

But when he spied *Musidorus* to be none of the shepheards allowed in that place, he would faine haue perswaded himselfe to vtter some anger, but that he durst not; yet muttering and champing, as though his cud troubled him, he gaue occasion to *Musidorus* to come neere him, and seine his tale of his owne life: that he was a younger brother of the shepheard *Menalca*, by name *Dorus*, sent by his father in his tender age to *Athens*, there to learne some cunning more then ordinarie, that he might be the better liked of the Prince: and that after his fathers death, his brother *Menalca* (lately gone thither to fetch him home) was also deceased, where (vpon his death) he had charged him to seeke the seruice of *Dametas*, and to be wholly & euer guided by him, as one in whose iudgement & integritie the Prince had singular confidence. For token whereof, he gaue to *Dametas* a good summe of gold in ready coine: which *Menalca* had bequeathed vnto him, vpon condition he should receive this poore *Dorus* into his seruice, that his mind and maners might grow the better by his daily example. *Dametas*, that of all maners of stile could best conceiue of golden eloquence, being withall tickled by *Musidorus* praisses, had his braine so turned, that he became slave to that, which he that sued to be his seruant offered to giue him; yet for countenance sake, he seemed verie squeamish, in respect of the charge he had of the Princess *Pamela*. But such was the secret operation of the gold, helped with the perswasion of the Amazon *Zelmene* (who said it was pittie so handsome a yong man should be any where else then with so good a maister) that in the end he agreed (if that day he behated himselfe so to the liking of *Basilus*, as he might be contented) that then he would receive him into his seruice.

And thus went they to the Lodge, where they found *Gynecia* and her daughters readie

readie to goe to the field, to delight themselves there a while; vntill the shepheards comming: whither also taking *Zelmane* with them, as they went, *Dametas* told them of *Dorus*, and desired hee might bee accepted there that daye in stead of his brother *Menalcas*. As for *Basilus*, he staid behind to bring the shepheards, with whom hee meant to conferre, to breed the better *Zelmanes* liking (which hee onely regarded) while the other beautifull band came to the faire field appointed for the shepheards pastimes. It was indeede a place of delight; for through the midst of it there ran a sweet brooke, which did both hold the eye open with her azure frames, & yet seeke to close the eye with the purling noise it made vpon the pibble stones it ranne ouer: the field it selfe being set in some places with roses, and in all the rest constantly preserving a flourishing greene: the roses added such a rudie shew vnto it, as though the field were bashfull at his owne beantie: about it (as if it had beene to inclose a Theatre) grew such sort of trees, as either excellencie of fruit, stateliness of growth, continuall greenenesse, or poetickall fancies, haue made at any time famous. In most part of which there had beene framed by art such pleasant arbors, that (one answering another) they became a gallerie aloft from tree to tree almost round about, which below gaue a perfect shadow; a pleasant refuge then from the cholerike looke of *Phæbus*.

In this place while *Gynecia* walked hard by them, carrying many vnquiet contentions about her, the Ladies sate them downe, (inquiring diuerse questions of the shepheard *Dorus*; who (keeping his eye still vpon *Pamela*;) answered with such a trembling voice, and abashed countenance, and oftentimes so farre from the matter, that it was some sport to the young Ladies; thinking it want of education, which made him so discountenanced with vnwonted presence. But *Zelmane* that saw in him the glasse of her owne miserie, taking the hand of *Philoclea*, and with burning kisses setting it close to her lips (as if it should stand there like a hand in the margine of a booke, to note some saying worthy to be marked) began to speake these words: O Love, since thou art so changeable in mens estates, how art thou so constant in their torments? when suddenly there came out of a wood a monstrous Lyon, with a shee Beare not farre from him, of little lesse fiercenesse, which (as they ghesse) hauing beene hunted in Forrests farre off, were by chaunce come thither, where before such beasts had neuer bene scene. Then care, not feate, or feare, not for themselves, altered something the countenances of the two Louers, but so, as any man might perceiue, was rather an assembling of powers, then dismaiednesse of courage. *Philoclea* no sooner espied the Lion, but that obeying the commaundement of feare, she leapt vp, and ranne to the Lodge ward, as fast as her delicate legges could carrie her, while *Dorus* drew *Pamela* behind a tree, where shee stood quaking like the Partridge, on which the Hawke is euen ready to seaze. But the Lion (seeing *Philoclea* run away) bent his race to her ward, and was readie to seaze himselfe on the prae, when *Zelmane* (to whom daunger then was a cause of dreadlesnesse, all the composition of her elements being nothing but fierie) with swiftnesse of desire crost him, and with force of affection strake him such a blow vpon his chine, that shee opened all his bodie: wherewith the valiant beast turning her with open iawes, shee gaue him such a thrust through his breast, that all the Lion could doe, was with his paw to teare off the mantle & sleene of *Zelmane*, with a little scratch, rather then a wound his death blow hauing taken away the effect of his force: but there withall hee fell downe, and gaue *Zelmane* leasure to take off his head, to carrie it for a present to her Ladie *Philoclea*: who all this while (not knowing what was done behind her) kept on her course, like *Areshusa* when she ran from *Alpheus*; her light apparell being carried



vp with the wind, that much of those beauties, she would at another time haue willingly hidden, was presented to the sight of the wise wounded *Zelmane*. Which made *Zelmane* not follow her ouer-hastily, lest she should too soone deprive her selfe of that pleasure: but carrying the Lions head in her hand, did not fully ouertake her, till they came to the presence of *Basilus*. Neither were they long there, but that *Gynecia* came thither also; who had beene in such a traunce of musing; that *Zelmane* was fighting with the Lion, before she knew of any Lions comming: but then affection resisting, and the soone ending of the fight preuenting all extremitie of feare, she marked *Zelmanes* fighting: and when the Lions head was off, as *Zelmane* ranne after *Philoclea*, so she could not find in her heart but run after *Zelmane*: so that it was a new sight, Fortune had prepared to those woods, to see these great personages thus run one after the other, each carried forward with an inward violence; *Philoclea* with such feare, that she thought she was still in the Lions mouth; *Zelmane* with an eager and impatient delight; *Gynecia* with wings of loue, flying she neither knew, nor cared to know whither. But now, being all come before *Basilus*, amazed with this sight, and feare hauing such possession in the faire *Philoclea*, that her blood durst not yet come to her face, to take away the name of palenesse from her most pure whitenesse, *Zelmane* kneeled downe, and presented the Lions head vnto her. Only Ladie (said she) here see you the punishment of that vnnatural beast, which contrary to his own kind, would haue wronged Princes blood, guided with such traiterous eyes, as durst rebell against your beautie. Happie am I, and my beautie both (answered the sweet *Philoclea* then blushing, for Feare had bequeathed his roome to his kinsman Bashfulnesse) that you excellent *Amazon*, werethere to teach him good maners. And euen thanks to that beautie (answered *Zelmane*) which can giue an edge to the bluntest swords. There *Philoclea* told her father how it had happened: but as she had turned her eyes in her tale to *Zelmane*, she perceiued some blood vpon *Zelmanes* shoulder, so that starting with the lonely grace and pittie, she shewed it to her father and mother; who, as the nurse sometimes with ouer-much kissing may forget to giue the babe sucke, so had they with too much delighting, in beholding & praying *Zelmane*, left off to marke whether she needed succor. But then they ran both vnto her like a father and mother to an onely child, and (though *Zelmane* assured them it was nothing) would needs see it, *Gynecia* hauing skill in Chirurgerie, an art in those daies much esteemed, because it serued to vertuous courage, which euen Ladies would (euer with the contempt of cowards) seeme to cherish. But looking vpon it (which gaue more inward bleeding wounds to *Zelmane*, for she might sometimes feeel *Philocleas* touch, whiles she helped her mother) she found it was indeed of no importance; yet applied she a precious baulme vnto it, of power to heale a greater griefe.

But euen then, and not before, they remembered *Pamela*, and therefore *Zelmane* (thinking of her friend *Dorus*) was running backe to be satisfied, when they might all see *Pamela* comming betweene *Dorus* and *Dametas*, hating in her hand the paw of a Beare, which the shepheard *Dorus* had newly presented vnto her, desiring her to accept it, as of such a beast, which though she deserved death for her presumption, yet was her wit to be esteemed, since she could make so sweet a choise. *Dametas* for his part came piping and dauncing, the merriest man in a parish: but when he came so neere as he might be heard of *Basilus*, he would needs breake through his cares with this ioyfull song of their good successe:

Now thanked be the great god Pan,  
Which thus preserves my loved life.

Thanked

*Thanked be I that keepe a man,  
 who ended hath this blondie strife:  
 For if my man must praises haue,  
 what then must I that keepe the knave?*

*For as the Moone the eye doth please,  
 with gentle beames not hurting sight:  
 Yet hath sir Sunne the greatest praise,  
 because from him doth come her light:  
 So if my man must praises haue,  
 what then must I that keepe the knave?*

Being all now come together, and all desirous to know each others adventures, *Pamela's* noble heart would needs gratefully make known the valiant meane of her safetie, which (directing her speech to her mother) she did in this maner: As soone, said she, as ye were all run away, & that I hoped to be in safetie, there came out of the same woods a horrible foule Beare, which (fearing belike to deale, while the *Lio* was present, as soone as he was gone) came furiously towards the place where I was, and this yong shepheard left alone by me; I truly (not guiltie of any wisdome, which since they lay to my charge, because they say, it is the best refuge against that beast, but even pure feare bringing forth that effect of wisdome) fell downe flat on my face, needing not countfeite being dead, for indeed I was little better. But this yong shepheard with a wonderfull courage, having no other weapon but that knife you see, standing before the place where I lay, so behaued himselfe, that the first sight I had (when I thought my selfe already neere *Charons* ferrie) was the shepheard shewing me his bloody knife in token of victorie. I pray you (said *Zelmane* speaking to *Dorus*, whose valor she was carefull to haue manifested) in what sort, so ill weaponed, could you atchieue this entreprize? Noble Lady, said *Dorus*, the maner of these beasts fighting with any man, is to stand vp vpon their hinder feet, & so this did, & being ready to giue me a shrewd embracement, I thinke the god *Pan* (euer carefull of the chiefe blessing of *Arcadia*) guided my hand so iust to the heart of the beast, that neither she could once touch me, nor (which is the only matter in this worthy remembrance) breed any danger to the Princess. For my part, I am rather (with all subiected humbleness) to thanke her excellencies, since the dutie thereunto gaue me heart to saue my selfe, then to receiue thanks for a deed, which was her only inspiring. And this *Dorus* spake, keeping affection as much as he could backe from comming into his eyes and gestures. But *Zelmane* (that had the same character in her heart) could easily decipher it, and therefore to keepe him the longer in speech, desired to vnderstand the conclusion of the matter, and how the honest *Dametas* was escaped. Nay, said *Pamela*, none shall take that office from my selfe, being so much bound to him as I am, for my education. And with that word, scorne borrowing the countenance of mirth, somewhat she smiled, and thus spake on: When (said she) *Dorus* made me assuredly perceiue, that all cause of feare was passed (the truth is) I was ashamed to find my selfe alone with this shepheard; and therefore looking about me, if I could see any bodie; at length we both perceiued the gentle *Dametas* lying with his head and breast as far as he could thrust himselfe into a bush, drawing vp his legs as close vnto him as he could: for, like a man of a verie kind nature, soone to take pittie of himselfe, he was full resolu'd not to see his owne death. And when this shepheard pushed him, bidding him to be of good cheere; it was a great while ere wee could perswade



perswade him, that *Dorus* was not the Beare: so that he was faine to pull him out by the heeles: and shew him the beast, as dead as hee could with it: which you may beleeue me, was a verie ioyfull sight vnto him. But then he forgate all curtesie, for hee fell vpon the beast, giuing it many a manfull wound: swearing by much, it was not well such beasts should be suffered in a common-wealth. And then my Governour as full of ioy, as before of feare came dawning and singing before, as euen now you saw him. Well well (said *Basilus*) I haue not chosen *Dametas* for his fighting, nor for his discouraging, but for his plainesse & honesty; & therein I know he will not deceiue me. But then he told *Pamela* (not so much because shee should know it, as because he would tell it) the wonderfull act *Zelmans* had performed, which *Gynecia* likewise spake of, both in such extremity of praising, as was easie to be seene, the construction of their speech might best be made by the Grammer rules of affection. *Basilus* told with what a gallant grace she ranne with the Lions head in her hand, like another *Pallas* with the spoiles of *Gorgan*. *Gynecia* swaie shee saw the verie face of the young *Hercules* killing the *Nemean* Lion; & all with a gratefull assent confirmed the same praises: onely poore *Dorus* (though of equall desert, yet not proceeding of equall estate) should haue beene left forgotten, had not *Zelmans* againe with great admiration begun to speake of him; asking, whether it were the fashion or no, in *Arcadia*, that shepheards should performe such valorous enterprises.

This *Basilus* (hauing the quicke sence of a loue) tooke, as though his Mistresse had giuen him a secret reprehension, that hee had not shewed more gratefulnessse to *Dorus*; and therefore (as nimbly as hee could) enquired of his estate, adding promise of great rewards: among the rest, offering to him, if he would exercise his courage in souldierie, hee would commit some charge vnto him vnder his Lieutenant *Philanax*. But *Dorus* (whose ambition climed by another shaire) hauing first answered touching his estate, that he was brother to the shepheard *Menelaus*; who among other, was wont to resort to the Princes presence, and excused his going to souldierie, by the vnaptnesse he found in himselfe that way, he told *Basilus*, that his brother in his last testament had willed him to serue *Dametas*, and therefore (for due obedience thereunto) he would thinke his seruice greatly rewarded, if he might obtain by that meane to liue in the sight of his Prince, and yet practise his owne chosen vocation. *Basilus* (liking well his goodly shape and handsome maner) charged *Dametas* to receiue him like a sonne into his house; saying, that his valour, and *Dametas* trueth, would be good Bulwarkes against such mischiefes, as (he stuck not to say) were threatened to his daughter *Pamela*.

*Dametas*, no whit out of countenance with all that had beene said (because he had no worse to fall into then his owne) accepted *Dorus*, and withall telling *Basilus*, that some of the shepheards were come, demaunded in what place hee would see their sports: who first, curious to know whether it were not more requisite for *Zelmans* hurt to rest, then sit vp at those pastimes; and shee (that felt no wound by none) earnestly desired to haue the pastorals. *Basilus* commaunded it should be at the gate of the Lodge, where the throne of the Prince being (according to the ancient maner) he made *Zelmans* sit betweene him and his wife therein, who thought her selfe betweene drowning and burning; and the two young Ladies of either side the throne, and so prepared their eyes and cares to be delighted by the shepheards.

But before all of them were assembled to begin their sports, there came a fellow who being out of breath (or seeming so to be for haste) with humble hastinesse told *Basilus*, that his Mistresse, the Ladie *Cecropia*, had sent him to excuse the mischance of her beast ranging in that dangerous sort, being happened, by the folly of the Keeper,

Keeper, who thinking himselfe able to rule them, had carried them abroad, & so was decciued whom yet (if *Basilus* would punish for it) she was readie to deliuer. *Basilus* made no other answer, but that his mistrusse if she had any more such beasts, should cause them to be killed: & then he told his wife & *Zelmene* of it, because they should not feare those words, as though they harboured such beasts where the like had neuer beene seene. But *Gynecia*ooke a further conceit of it, mistrusting greatly *Cecropia*, because she had heard much of the diuillish wickednesse of her heart, and that particularly she did her best to bring vp her sonne *Amphilus* (being brothers son to *Basilus*) to aspire to the Crowne, as next heire male after *Basilus*, and therefore saw no reason but that she might coniecture, it proceeded rather of some mischieuous practise, then of misfortune. Yet did she only vtter her doubt to her daughters, thinking: since the worst was past, she would attend a further occasion, least ouermuch haile might seeme to proceede of the ordinarie mislike betwene sisters in law, only they marvelled that *Basilus* looked no further into it, who (good man) thought so much of his late conceiued common wealth, that all other matters were but digressions vnto him. But the shepheards were readie, and with well handling themselves, called their senses to attend their pastimes.

### THE FIRST ECLOGVE.

**B**asilus, because *Zelmene* so would haue it, vsed the artificiall day of Torches, to lighten the sports their inuentions could minister: and because manie of the shepheards were but newly come, hee did in a gentle maner chastise their negligence, with making them (for that night) the Torch-bearers; and the others, he willed with all freedom of speech & behaviour to keepe their accustomed method: which while they prepared to doe, *Dametas*, who much disdained (since his late authoritie) all his old companions, brought his seruant *Dorus* in good acquaintance and allowance of them, and himselfe stood like a director ouer them, with nodding, gaping, winking, or stamping, shewing how hee did like or mislike those things hee did not vnderstand. The first sports the shepheards shewed, were full of such leaps and gambolds, as being accorded to the pipe (which they bare in their mouthes, euen as they daunced) made a right picture of their chiefegod *Pan*, and his companions the *Satyres*. Then would they cast away their pipes, and holding hand in hand daunce as it were in a braule, by the onely cadence of their voyces, which they would vse in singing some short coplets, whereto the one halfe beginning, the other halfe should answer as the one halfe, saying:

*We loue, and haue our loues rewarded.*

The others would answer,

*We loue, and are no whit regarded.*

The first againe,

*We find most sweet affections suare.*

With like tune it should be as in a Quire sent back againe,

*That sweet, but foure despaire full care.*

A third time like wise thus:

*Who can despaire, whom hope doth beare?*

The answer,

*And who can hope that feelles despaire?*

Then



Then ioiing all their voyces, and dauncing a faster measure,  
they would conclude with some such words:

*As without breath no pipe doth moue,  
No musicke kindly without loue.*

Hauiug thus varied both their song and daunces into diuers sorts of indentions;  
their last sport was, one of them to prouoke another to a more large exprelling of  
his passions: which *Thyrsis* (accounted one of the best singers amongst them) hauiug  
marked in *Dorus* dauncing, no lesse good grace and hand some behaviour, then ex-  
treame tokens of a troubled mind; began first with his pipe, and then with his voice,  
thus to challenge *Dorus*, and was by him answered in the under written sort.

*THYRSIS and DORUS.*

*Thyrsis.* Come *Dorus*, come, let songs thy sorrowes signifie,  
And if for want of use thy mind ashamed is,  
That verie shame with loues high stile dignified is:  
No stile is held for base where loue well named is:  
Each eare sucks vp the words a true loue scattereth,  
And plaine speech oft, than quaint phrase better framed is.

*Dorus.* Nightingales seldome sing the Pie still chantereth,  
The wood cries most, before is thoroughly kindled be,  
Deadly wounds inward bleed, each sleight fore mattereth,  
Hardly they heard, which by good hunters singled be:  
Shallow brookes murmur most, deep deep silent slide away,  
Nor true loue, his loue with other mingled be.

*Thyrsis.* If thou wilt not be seene, thy face gaue hide away,  
Be none of vs, or else maintaine our fashion;  
Who frownes at others faults, doth better bide away,  
But if thou hast a loue, in that loues passion,  
I challenge thee by shew of her perfection,  
Which of vs two deserueth most compassion.

*Dorus.* Thy challenge great, but greater my protection:  
Sing then, and see (for now thou hast inflamed me),  
Ty healeth too meane a match for my infection.  
No though the heau'ns for high attempts haue blamed me,  
Yet high is my attempt. O Muse historicke  
Her praise, whose praise to learne your skill was framed me.

*Thyrsis.* Muse hold your peace: but thou my god Pan glorifie  
My Kalas gifts, who with all good gifts filled is,  
Thy pipe, O Pan, shall helpe, though I sing sorrowly,  
A heape of sweets she is, where nothing spilled is;  
Who though she be no Bee, yet full of honey is:  
A Lilly field, with plough of Rose which tilled is:  
Milde as a Lambe, more daintie then a Conie is:

Her eyes my eye-sight is, her conversation  
 More glad to me, then to a miser money is.  
 What coy account she makes of affirmation?  
 How nice to touch? how all her speeches praised be?  
 A Nymph thus turn'd, but mended in translation.

Dorus. Such Kala is: but ah my fancies raised be  
 In one, whose name to name were high presumption,  
 Since vertues all, to make her title, pleased be  
 O happy Gods; which by inward assumption  
 Enjoy her soules, in bodies faire possession,  
 And keepe it ioyn'd, fearing your seats consumption.  
 How oft with raine of teares skies make confession,  
 Their dwellers rapt with sighs of her perfection,  
 From beaunty throne to her brauin vndeignation?  
 Of best things then what world shall yeeld confession  
 To liken her? decke your with your comparison:  
 She is her selfe of best things the collection.

Thyrsis. How oft my dolefull Sire cride to me, tarie sonne,  
 When first he spied my lone? how oft he said to me,  
 Thou art no souldier fit for Cupids garrison?  
 My sonne, keepe this, that my long toyle hath layd to me:  
 Lone well thine owne, me thinks wools whitnesse passeth all:  
 I neuer found long lone such wealth hath payd to me.  
 This wind he spent: but when my Kala glassest all  
 My sighs in her faire limmes, I then assure my selfe,  
 Not rotten sheepe, but high crownes shee surpasseth all.  
 Can I be poore, that her gold haire procure my selfe?  
 Want I white wool, whose eyes her white skin garnished?  
 Till I get her, shall I to keepe inure my selfe?

Dorus. How oft, when Reason saw, lone of her barnesed  
 With armour of my heart he cryed, o vanitie  
 To set a pearle in Steele so meanelly varnished?  
 Looke to thy selfe, reach not beyond humanitie.  
 Her minde, beames, state, farre from the weakewings banished:  
 And lone which lower burts is inhumanitie  
 Thus Reason said: but she came, Reason vanished;  
 Her eyes somastering me, that such obiection  
 Seem'd but to spoile the foode of thoughts long famished,  
 Her peerelesse beights my minde to high erection  
 Drawes vp; and if hope sayling end lifes pleasure,  
 Of fairer death how can I make election?

Thyrsis. Once my well waiting eyes espied my treasure,  
 With steenes turn'd vp, loose haire, and breast enlarged,  
 Her fathers corne. (mouing her faire limmes) measure.

O cryed



O cryed I, of so meane worke be discharged:  
Measure my case how by thy beauties filling  
With seed of woes my heart brimfull is charged.  
Thy father bids thee saue, and chides for killing;  
Saue then my soule, still not my thoughts well heaped;  
No louely praise was euer got by killing  
These bold words she did beare, this fruite I reaped,  
That she whose looke alone might make me blessed,  
Did smile on me, and then away she leaped.

Dorus. Once, O sweet once, I saw with dread oppressed  
Her whom I dread; so that with prostrate lying  
Her length the earth in Lones chiefe clothing dressed:  
I saw that riches fall, and fell a crying;  
Let not dead earth enioy so deare a couer,  
But decke therewith my soule for your sake dying:  
Lay all your feare vpon your fearfull Loner:  
Shine eyes on me that both our lines be guarded;  
So I your sight, you shall your selues recover.  
I cryed, and was with open rayes rewarded:  
But straight they fled, summond by cruell honour,  
Honour, the cause desert is not regarded.

Thyrsis. This Maide, thus made for ioyes, o Pati bemoane her,  
That without lone she spends her yeares of lone:  
So faire a field would well become an owner.  
And if enchantment can a hard heart moue,  
Teach me what circle may acquaint her sprite,  
Affections charmes in my behalfe to prone.  
The circle is my (round about her) sight,  
The power I will innoke dwels in her eyes:  
My charme should be, she haunt me day and night.

Dorus. Farre other case, o Muse, my sorrow tries,  
Bent to such one in whom my selfe must say,  
Nothing can mend one point that in her lies.  
What circle then in so rare force beares sway?  
Whose sprite all sprites can foile, raise, damne or saue:  
No charme holds her, but well possesse she may,  
Possesse she doth, and makes my soule her slave,  
My eyes the bands, my thoughts the fatall knot.  
No thrall like them that inward bondage haue.

Thyrsis. Kala at length conclude my lingring lot:  
Disdaine me not, although I be not faire.  
Who is an heire of manie hundred sheepe,  
Doth beauties keepe which neuer sunne can burne,  
Nor stormes doe turne: fairenesse serues oft to wealth.  
Yet all my health I place in your good will:  
which if you will (o doe) bestow on me,

Such as you see, such still you shall me finde,  
 Constant and kind, my sheepe your food shall breed,  
 Their wooll your weede, I will you musicke yeeld  
 In flowrie field; and as the day begins  
 With twentie gannes we will the small birds take,  
 And pastimes make, as nature things hath made  
 But when in shade we meet of Mirile bowes,  
 Then loue allowes our pleasures to enrich,  
 The thought of which doth passe all worldly pelfe.

Dorus. Ladie your selfe whom neither name I dare,  
 And titles are but spott in such a worlde,  
 Here plaints come forth from dungeon of my mind.  
 The noblest kind reiects not others woes.  
 I have no shewes of wealth: my wealth is you,  
 My beauties huc your beames, my health your deeds;  
 My mind for weeds your varines linerie weaves.  
 My foode is teares, my tunes lamenting yeeld  
 Dispaire my field; the flowers spirits warres:  
 My day new cares; my gannes my daily sight,  
 In which doe light small birde of thoughts orethrowne:  
 My pastimes none: time passeth on my fall.  
 Nature made all, but me of dolours made:  
 I finde no shade, but where my sunne doth burne;  
 No place to turne; without, within if fries:  
 Nor helpe by life or death, who living dies.

Thyrsis. But if my Kala thus my fate denies,  
 Which so much reason beares:  
 Let Crowes picke out mine eyes, which too much saw,  
 If she still hate lones law,  
 My earthly mould doth melt in watric teares.

Dorus. My earthly mould doth melt in watric teares,  
 And they againe resolute  
 To aire of sighes, sighes to the hearts fire turne,  
 Which doth to ashes burne.  
 Thus doth my life within it selfe dissolve.

Thyrsis. Thus doth my life within it selfe dissolve,  
 That I grow like the beast,  
 Which beares the bit a weaker force doth guide,  
 Yet patient must abide.  
 Such weight it hath, which once is full possesse.

Dorus. Such weight it hath which once is full possesse,  
 That I become a vision,  
 Which hath in others head his onely being,  
 And lines in fancie seeing.  
 O wretched state of man in selfe division!

Thyrsis.



**Thyrsis.** O wretched state of man in false disguise,  
O well thou sayest! a feeling declaration  
Thy tongue hath made, of Cupids deepe infection,  
But now hearse voices, doth stile this occupation,  
And others long to tell their loves condition,  
Of singing thou hast got the reputation.

**Dorus.** Of singing thou hast got the reputation,  
Good Thyrsis mine, I yield to thy abolition,  
My heart doth seek another estimation,  
But ah my Muse, I would thou hadst facilitation  
To worke my goddesse by thy invention,  
On me to cast those eyes, which shine nobilitie,  
Scene and unknowne heard, but without attention.

**Dorus** did so well in answering **Thyrsis**, that euery one desired to heare him sing something alone. Seeing therefore a Lure lying vnder the Princesses **Pamela** feet, glad to haue such an errand to approach her, he came, but came with a dismayed grace, all his blood stirred betwixt feare and desire, and playing vpon it with such sweetnesse, as euery bodie wondered to seee such skill in a shepheard, he sang vnto it with a sorrowing voice, these Elegiacke verses.

**Dorus.** — Fortune, Nature, Love, long haue contended about me,  
Which should most miseries cast on a wretch as I am,  
— Fortune thou sayest: miserie and misfortune is all one,  
And of misfortune, fortune hath onely the name,  
— With strong foes on land, on sea with sinners in tempest,  
Still doe I crosse this wretch, what sa hee saith in his heart,  
— Tush, tush, said Nature, thou art all but a trifle, a mans selfe  
Gives hap or mishaps, euen as hee ordrest his heart.

Great was the pique that hee had in his heart, in a murtherous rage, hee would haue  
that three found too well, and hee would haue beene a murtherer, but hee  
twelve, and hee would haue beene a murtherer, but hee would haue beene a  
cases, as hee would haue beene a murtherer, but hee would haue beene a  
temperance, as hee would haue beene a murtherer, but hee would haue beene a  
VVhen hee had sung these verses, hee was in a murtherous rage, hee would  
verie) answered, and hee would haue beene a murtherer, but hee would haue beene a

— Where thou poore Nature left it all thy due glorie, so **Endore** hee would  
Her vertue is soueraigne, Fortune a vassall of hers.  
— Nature abashment backe Fortune blasphemye, yet she replide thus:  
And euen in that loue shall I reserve him a spite.  
— Thus, thus, said Nature, thou art all but a trifle, a mans selfe  
But most wretched I am, when I am made my desires.

**Dorus** when he had sung this, hauing had all the while a free beeblding of the faire **Pamela** (who could well haue spared such honor, & defended the assault by gaue vnto her face with bringing a faire staine of shamefastnes vnto it) let fall his armes, and remained so fastned in his thoughts, as if **Pamela** had grafted him there to grow in continuall imagination. But **Zelmune** espying it, & fearing he should too much forget himself, she came to him, & took out of his hand the lute, & laying fast hold of **Pamela** face with her eyes, shee sang these Saphicks, speaking as it were to her own hope.

If mine eyes can speake to doe heartie errand,  
Or mine eyes language she doe hap to indge of,  
So that eyes message be of her received,

But if eyes faile then, when I most doe need them,  
Or if eyes language be not unto her knowne,  
So that eyes message doe returne reiected,

Yet dying, and dead, doe mising her honour,  
So becomes our tombes monuments of her praises,  
So becomes our losse the triumph of her gaine,

If the sheares senselesse doe yet hold a masique,  
If the swanes sweete voice be not heard, but no death,  
If the mute timber when it hath the life lost

Are then humane mindes prouided so meanly,  
As this basefull death can a bridge be of powre  
With the vowe of irash thy record to all world

Thus not ending, ends the due praise of her praise,  
Fleahly waile consumes, but a soule hath he life,  
Which is held in soule, lone is in, that hath

But if eyes can speake to hear heartie errand,  
Or mine eyes language she doe hap to indge of,  
So that eyes message be of her received,

Great was the pleasure of *Basilus*, and greater would have beene *Cynthia's*, but  
that shee found too well it was intended to her daughter. As for *Philus*, she was  
sweetly rauished withall. When *Dorus* desiring in a secret manner to speake of their  
cases, as perchance the parties intended might take some light of it, making low  
reuerence to *Zelmira*, began this prouoking song in her mother verbe vnto her.  
Whereunto shee soone finding whither his words were directed (in like tune and  
verse) answered as followeth:

*Dorus.* Lady reserved by the heauens doe pastore compaite behor,  
Ioyning your sweete voice to the rurall muse of a docters,  
Here you fully doe finde this strange operation of lone,

How to the woods lone runner as well as to the pines,  
Neither he heares reverence to a Prince nor pines the same,  
But (like a point in midst of a circle) is still of a circle

Will to a lesson he draw, neither will hee can be drawn,  
Zelmira. Or by shepherds by my song to my selfe all pines and pines,  
That so the sacred muse my answere should be to the same,

Great was the pleasure of *Basilus*, and greater would have beene *Cynthia's*, but  
that shee found too well it was intended to her daughter. As for *Philus*, she was  
sweetly rauished withall. When *Dorus* desiring in a secret manner to speake of their  
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Whereunto shee soone finding whither his words were directed (in like tune and  
verse) answered as followeth:



Sacred Muse, when can I find a name  
But O happy he, who in his life  
Of Phœbus, in the shade of Cyparissus  
Or pleasant myrtle, may a while  
In these woods, to the saint, your onely Idea,  
Happie be you that may to the saint, your onely Idea,

(Although I am not yet a saint, your onely Idea)

Happie be those, who in their life  
Gine right (sund'ry) to the saint, your onely Idea  
But wretched he, who in his life  
How much more, who in his life  
What shall I say, who in his life  
What can I say, who in his life  
To the saint, your onely Idea  
Nature again, who in his life  
But so unheard, who in his life  
Self-lost in wandering, who in his life  
What means is there, who in his life  
What place is there, who in his life  
Vnto the saint, your onely Idea  
Vire we doe, who in his life  
And yet his, who in his life  
Fire no, who in his life  
Happie shepherds, who in his life  
That to the saint, your onely Idea

Dorus. Vnto the saint, your onely Idea

That to the saint, your onely Idea  
But yet, alas! O he, who in his life  
Which must frame content to the saint, your onely Idea  
Well may a Pastor, who in his life  
Silly shepherds poore pipe, when his harsh sound testifies anguish,  
Into the faire looken, who in his life  
And to the saint, your onely Idea  
What be the pipes, who in his life  
Pleased to see, who in his life  
May hope to see, who in his life  
When tree dance to the saint, your onely Idea  
Or when an Echo, who in his life  
Say then, what vantage doe you get, who in his life  
(Since no estate be se, who in his life  
Since no refuge, who in his life  
Since out, who in his life  
Save that daily, who in his life  
Farre more happy, who in his life  
Whose faire bodily gifts, who in his life  
Vnto the saint, your onely Idea  
And yet, who in his life  
Neither doubt you a whit, who in his life

Hardly

Hardly remains fire bid where still is bent to the binding,  
But in a mind that would his flames should not be repressed,  
Nature worketh enough with a small help for his revelling,  
Gine therefore to the Muse great praise for whose virtue like himself  
You doe approach to the fruit your onely desired be together.

**Zelmane.** First shall fertile grounds not yeeld increase of a good seed:  
First the rivers shall cease to repay thein founts to the Ocean;  
First may a troylie Greyhound transforme himselfe to a Tyger  
First shall vertue be wine, and beaurie be counted a blissh,  
Eare that heare with song of praise her praise so solentrice,  
Her praise, whence so the world all praise hath bin onely beginning:  
But yet well I do finde each man most wise in his owne sense,  
None can speake of a wound without kill, if he have not a wound yet,  
Great to thee my state seemes, thy state is blis by my hand,  
And yet neither of us great or blest doth meth his owne selfe:  
For yet (weigh this alas!) great is not great to the god,  
What iudge you doth a hillotke show by the lustie Olympus?  
Such my minute greatnes, doth see me compar'd to the great selfe:  
When Cedars to the ground full downe by the weight of an Emmer,  
Or when a rich rubie in price be abbreuv'd of a wallish,  
Or to the Sunne for wonder seems small sparkes of a candle:  
Then by my high Cedar, rich Rubie, and shely shining Sunne,  
Vertue, riches, beauties of time shall great be repaid:  
Oh, no, no, wretched shepheard, worst can never enter a wille,  
Where proofes inly do teach, thus matcht, such worth be not enough  
Let not a pupper abuse thy sprie, King Cronos, the god of heave,  
From the crull head, not shooe of gold, the gods beate,  
And precious canches full of are shokt with a frame,  
If then a bodily euill in a bodily glaze be not bidden  
Shall such morning deames be an ease to the head of a louse?

**Dorus.** O glittering miseries of man, if this be thy fortune  
Of those fortunes tullt in small rests rests in a king domes  
What man will be a Prince transforme himselfe to a papper  
Come from markele howe man is times the gay harbor of anguish,  
Vnto a silly cabin, thought weak, yet stronger againe  
Now by thy words I begin, most faine I studie to gather  
Comfort into my soule, I do find what a blissh  
Is chanced to my life, that from such mindles abundance  
Of earking agonies (so state) which still be rather  
Destinie keeps me aloofe, for if all this fime to thy wille  
Ioynd by thy beaurie adorn'd be no mannes life grieu'd  
If neither by that helps, then canst thou my paine  
Nor yet fancie doest doe receive more glad to be  
Then doe I thinke indeed, that buter is to the pinner  
In sorrows for mentes, the pinner is the dampen of a pinner  
Nurse in ward meladice, which have many a pinner  
But perforce digest all bitter iuges of a pinner



In silence, from a mans owne selfe with companie robbed,  
 Bette yet doe I live, that though by my thoughts I be plunged  
 Into my livers bondage, yet may I disburden a pission  
 (Opprest with ruinous conceits) by the helpe of an outcry:  
 Not limited to a whispering note, the Lament of a Courtier.  
 But sometimes to the woods, sometimes to the heave'n da dicyphire  
 With bold clamor unheard, unmarked, what I seeke, what I suffer:  
 And when I meete these trees, in the carthly faire liverie clothed,  
 Ease I doe feele (such ease as falls to one wholly diseased)  
 For that I finde in them part of my state represented,  
 Lawrell shew' what I seeke, by the Myrre is shew'd how I seeke it,  
 Olive paints me the peace that I must aspire to by the conquest:  
 Mirtel makes my request, my request is crown'd with a willow:  
 Cyprus promiseth helpe, but a helpe where comes no comfort:  
 Sweet Iuniper, saith this, though I burne, yet I burne in a sweet fire:  
 Ewe doth make me thinke what kinde of bow the bay holdeth  
 Which shootes strongly without anie noise, and deadly without smart:  
 Firre tres great and greene, fixt on a hie hill but a barren  
 Like to my noble thoughts, still new, well plac'd, so the fruitlesse  
 Figge that yeelds most pleasant fruits, his shadow is burisfull:  
 Thus be her gifts most sweet, thus more danger to be neere her,  
 Now in a palme when I marke, how he doth rise vnder a burden,

And may I not (say then) get up though grieffe be so weightie  
 Pine is a mast to a shippe, to my ship shall hope for a mast serve:  
 Pine is hie, hope is as hie, sharpe lea' d, sharpe yet be my hopes budded:  
 Elme embrac'd by a vine, embracing fancie reviveth:  
 Popler changeth his hue from a rising sunne to a setting:  
 Thus to my sunne doe I yeeld, such looks her beames do afford me:  
 Olde aged oke cut downe, of new worke serves to the building:  
 So my desires by my feare cut downe, be the frames of her honor:  
 As be makes speares with shields doe resist, her force no repulse takes:  
 Palmes doe reioyce to be ioynd by the match of a male to a female,  
 And shall senseless things be so senselesse as to resist sense?  
 Thus be my thoughts disperit, thus thinking nurseth a thinking,  
 Thus both trees and each thing else, be the bookes of a fancie.  
 But to the Cedar Queene of woods, when I lift my becloud eyes,  
 Them doe I shape to my selfe that forme which raig'n's so wish in me,  
 And thinke there she doth dwell and heare what plaints I doe utter:  
 When that noble top doth nod I beleene she salutes me,  
 When by the winde it maketh a noise, I doe thinke she doth answer:  
 Then kneeling to the ground, oft thus doe I speake to that Image:  
 Onely Iewell, O onely Iewell, which onely deseruest,  
 That mens hearts be thy seate, and endlesse fame be thy servants,  
 O descend for a while, from this great height to behold me,  
 But nought else doe behold (else is nought worth the beholding)  
 Sane what a worke, by thy selfe is wrought: and since I am alread' such  
 Thus by thy worke, disdaine not that which is by thy selfe done:  
 In meane canes oft treasure abides, so an hestrie a King comes:  
 And so behind fowle clouds full of faire starres doe lie hidden.

Zelma. Hardie Shepheard, such as thy merits, such may be her iustice  
 Justly to graunt thee reward, such canie I beate to thy fortune.  
 But to my selfe what wish can I make for a salve to my sorrowes,  
 Whom both nature seemes to debarre from means to be help'd;  
 And if a means were found, for tane th' whole course of it, shundero.  
 This plagu'd how can I frame to my fore anie hope of amendment?  
 Whence may I shew to my minde anie light of possible escape?  
 Bound and bound by so noble bands, as loth to be vnbound,  
 Iaylor I am to my selfe, prison and prisoner to mine owne selfe.  
 Yet be my hopes thus plac'd, here fixt lines all my comfort,  
 That that deare Diamond, where wisdoms holdeth a sure state,  
 Whose force had such force so to transforme; nay to reforme me,  
 Will at length perceine these flames by her beames to be kindled,  
 And will pittie the wound festr'd so strangely within me.  
 O be it so, graunt such an euent, o gods, that euent giue.  
 And for a sure sacrifice I doe daily oblation offer  
 Of mine owne heart, where thoughts be the temple, fight it an altar.  
 But cease worthie Shepheard, now cease we to wearie the hearers  
 With monefull melodies, for enough our griefes be reuealed,  
 If the parties means our meanings rightly be marked,  
 And sorrows doe require some respite vnto the senses.

What exclaiming praises *Basilina* gaue to this Eclogue anie man may ghesse, that knowes loue is better then a paire of spectacles to make euerie thing seeme greater which is seene through it: and then is neuer tongue tyed where fit commendation (whereof womankind is so likerous) is offered vnto it. But before anie other came in to supply the place, *Zelma* hauing heard some of the shepheards by chaunce name *Strephon* and *Claim*, supposing thereby they had beene present, was desirous both to heare them for the fame of their friendly loue, and to know them for their kindnesse towards her best loued friend. Much grieued was *Basilina*, that anie desire of his mistresse should be vn-satisfied, and therefore to represent them vnto her (as well as in their absence it might be) he commaunded one *Lamon*, who had at large set down their countrie pastimes & first loue to *Francia*, to sing the whole discourse, which he did in this manner.

**A** Shepheard tale no height of stile desires,  
 To raise in words what in effect is low:  
 A plaining song plaine-singing voice requires,  
 For warbling notes from chearing flow.  
 I them, whose bur'd'ned breast but thus aspires  
 Of Shepheards two the feely cause to show,  
 Need not the stateli Muses helpe inuoke,  
 For creeping rimes, which oft sighing choke,  
 But you, O you, that thinke not teares too deare,  
 To spent for harmes, although they touch you not:  
 And deigne to deeme your neighbours mischiefe neare,  
 Although they be of meaneer parents got:  
 You I inuite with easie cares to heare  
 The poore-elad truth of lones wrong-ordred lot.

Who



Who may be glad, be glad you be not such  
 Who share in war, weigh others haue as much  
 There was (o seldome blessed word of war!)  
 A paire of friends, or rather one could two  
 Train'd in the life which no short-bitten grasse  
 In shine or storme must for the claued shoe  
 He, thus the other in some yeares did passe,  
 And in those gifts that yeares distribute doe  
 Was Klaius call'd, (ah Klaius, how full was he)  
 The later borne, yet too soone Strephon high  
 Epeirus high was bonest Klaius  
 To Strephon Æoles land first breathing time  
 But East and West were ioyn'd by friendship  
 As Strephons care and heart to Klaius bent  
 So Klaius soule did in his Strephon rest  
 Still both their flocks flocking together  
 As if they would of owners humour be,  
 As eke their pipes did well, as friends agree  
 Klaius for skill of herbs and shepheards art  
 Among the wisest was accounted wise,  
 Yet no so wise, as of unstained heart  
 Strephon was yong, yet mark'd with humble  
 How elder rul'd their flocks and run their flocks  
 So that the grane did not his words disspise  
 Both free of mind, both did cleare dealing  
 And both had skill in verse their voices more  
 Their chearfull minds, till pain'd was their cheere  
 The homest sports of earthly lodging prone  
 Now for a clod-like Hare inform the peere  
 Now bolt and cudgell Squirrels leape doe more  
 Now the ambitious Larke with mirror cleare  
 They catch, while he (foole!) to himselfe makes lone  
 And now as keels they try a harmlesse chance,  
 And now their carre they reach to fetch and dounce,  
 When merrie May first early calls the morn,  
 With merrie maids a Maying they doe goe  
 Then doe they pull from sharp and aygled shroude  
 The plenteous sweets (can sweets so sharply moue)  
 Then some greene gownes are by the lasses worne  
 In chasteft playes, till home they watter aorne  
 While dounce about the May pole is begun  
 When, if need were, they could at quinda run  
 While thus they ran a low, but leueld race,  
 While thus they liu'd (this was indeede a life)  
 With nature pleas'd, content with present ease  
 Free of proud feares, braue begger, smiling strife,  
 Of clime-fall Court, the enny bawking place  
 While those restless desires in great men rise

To visite solow of folkes did much disdain,  
 This while, though poore, they in themselves did raigue,  
 One day (o day, that shin'd so make them darke to)  
 While they did ward sunne-beames with shadie bay,  
 And Claius taking for his yongling carke,  
 (Left greedie eyes to them might challenge lay)  
 Busie with oke did their shoulders make,  
 (His marke a Piller was deuoid of stay)  
 As bragging that free of all passions mane,  
 Well might be others heare, but he leane to none.)  
 Strephon with leauy twigs of Laurell tree,  
 A garlant made on temples for to weare,  
 For he then chosen was the dignitie  
 Of village Lord that Wissonide to beare:  
 And full, poore foole, of boyish braverie,  
 With triumphs shewes would show, he nought did feare.  
 But fore-accounting oft makes builders misse,  
 They found, they sale, they had na leafe of blisse,  
 For ere that either had his purpose done,  
 Behold (beholding well is doth deserue)  
 They saw a maid who thither ward did runne,  
 To catch her sparrow which from her did swinne,  
 As she a black-silke capon him begone  
 To sett for foile of his milke-white to serue.  
 Shee chirping ran, he peeping flew away,  
 Till hard by them both he and she did stay.  
 Well for to see they kept themselves vnseene,  
 And saw this fairest maid of fairer minde:  
 By fortune meane, in Nature borne a Queene,  
 How well apaid she was her bird so finde:  
 How tender-ly her tender hands betwene  
 In iuorie cage she did the micheer binde:  
 How Rosie moist ned lipe about his beake  
 Mouing she, seem'd at once to kisse, and speake.  
 Chastned but thus, and thus his lesson thought,  
 The happie wretch she put into her brest,  
 Which to their eyes the bowels of Venus brought,  
 For they seem'd made euen of skie mettall best,  
 And that the byas of her blond was wrought,  
 Betwixt them two the peeper took his nest,  
 Where snuging well he well appear'd content,  
 So to haue done amisse, so to be spent.  
 This done, but done with captiue-killing grace,  
 Each motion seeming shot from beauties bow,  
 With length laid downe she deckt the lonely place,  
 Proud grew the grasse that under her did growe,  
 The trees spread out their armes to shade her face,  
 But she on elbow lean'd, with sighs did showe.



No grasse, no trees, nor yet her sparrow might  
 The long perplexed mind breed long delight.  
 She troubled was (alas that it mought be!)  
 With tedious brawlings of her parents deare,  
 Who would haue her in will and word agree  
 To wed Antaxins their neighbour neare.  
 A herdman rich of much account was he,  
 In whom no euill did raigne, nor good appeare.  
 In some such one she lik'd not his desire,  
 Faine would be free, but dreadeth parents ire.  
 Kindly, sweet soule, she did vnkindnesse take  
 That bagged baggage of a wifers mudd,  
 Should price of her, as in a market, mak-  
 But gold can guild a rotten piece of wood,  
 To yeeld she found her noble heart did ake:  
 To strime she fear'd how it with vertue stood.  
 Thus doubting clouds ore-casting beauly braine,  
 At length in rowes of Kisse-checks teares they raine.  
 Cupid the wage, that lately conquer'd had  
 Wise Counsellours, stout Captaines, puissant Kings,  
 And it'sd them fast to lead his triumph bad,  
 Glutt'd with them now playes with meanest things.  
 So oft in feasts with costly changes clad  
 To crammed mawes a sprat new stomacke brings.  
 So Lords with sport of Staggs and Hearon full  
 Sometimes we see small birds from nests do pull.  
 So now for pray these Shepbeards two be tooke,  
 Whose metall stiffe he knew he could not bend  
 With bear-sey pictures, or a window looke,  
 With one good dance, or letter finely pend,  
 That were in court a well proportion'd booke,  
 Where piercing witts doe quickly apprehend,  
 Their fences rude plaine objects only moue,  
 And so must see great cause before they loue.  
 Therefore Loue arm'd in her now takes the field,  
 Making her beames his braverie and might:  
 Her bands which pierc'd the soules sea'n-double shield,  
 Were now his darst leaning his wonted fight.  
 Braue crest to him her scorne-gold haire did yeeld,  
 His compleas barneis was her purest white.  
 But fearing lest all white might seeme too good,  
 In cheekes and lipps the Tyrant threatens bloud.  
 Besides this force, within her eyes he kept  
 A fire, to burne the prisoners he gaines,  
 Whose boiling heart encreased as she wept:  
 For eu'n in forge cold water fire maintaines.  
 Thus proud and fierce vnto the heart he slept  
 Of them poore soules: and cutting Reason raines,

Made them his owne before they had it with,  
 But if they had, could shee p'p'ose to resist  
 Klaius straight felt, and groned as the blowe,  
 And call'd, now wounded, purpose to his aide:  
 Strephon, fond boy, delighted did not knowe  
 That it was Lone that shin'd in shining maid:  
 But lickrout, Poison'd, faine to her would goe,  
 If him new learned manners had not sta'd.  
 For then Vrania homeward did arise,  
 Leaving in paine their well fed hungry eyes:  
 She went, they staid, or rightly for to say,  
 She staid in them, they went in thought with her:  
 Klaius indeed would faine haue pull'd away  
 This mote from out his eye, this inward barre,  
 And now proud Rebell gan for to gainsay  
 The lesson which but late he learn'd too sarr:  
 Meaning with absence to refresh the thought  
 To which her presence such a seauer brought.  
 Strephon did leape with ioy and iollitie,  
 Thinking it iust more therein to delight,  
 Then in good Dog, faire field, or shading tree.  
 So haue I seene trim-booke in Velvet dight,  
 With golden leanes, and painted baberie  
 Of seely boyes please vnaquainted sight:  
 But when the rod began to play his part,  
 Faine would, but could not stie from golden smart.  
 He quickly learn'd Vrania was her name,  
 And straight for failing, gran'd it in his heart:  
 He knew her haunts, and haunted in the same,  
 And taught his sheepe her sheepe in food to know,  
 Which soone as it did batesull question frame,  
 He might on knees confesse his faultie part,  
 And yeeld himselfe vnto her punishment,  
 While nought but game, the selfe-buried wanton meant.  
 Nay euen vnto her home he oft would goe,  
 Where bold and hurlesse many play he tries,  
 Her parents liking well it should be so,  
 For simple goodnesse shined in his eyes.  
 There did he make her laugh in spite of wee,  
 So as good thoughts of him in all arise,  
 While into none doubt of his lone did sinke,  
 For not himselfe to be in lone did thinke.  
 But glad Desire, his late embosom'd guest,  
 Yet but a babe, with milke of Sighs he nursed:  
 Desire the more he suckt, more sought the brest,  
 Like dropie folke still drinke to be a thirst.  
 Till one faire euen an houre ere Sunne did rest,  
 Who then in Lions caue did enter first,



By neighbours prais'd she went abroad thereby,  
 As Barley-brake her sweet swift foot to try.  
 Nearer the earth on his round shoulders bare  
 A maid train'd up from high or low degree,  
 That in her doings better could compare  
 Mirth with respect, few words with curtesie,  
 A carelesse comelinesse with comely care.  
 Selfe gard with mildnesse, Sport with Maistie:  
 Which made her yeeld to deck this shepheards hand,  
 And still, beleene me, Strephon was at hand.  
 A field they got, where manie lookers be,  
 And thou seek-sorrow Klains them among:  
 Indeed thou said'st it was thy friend to see  
 Strephon, whose absence seem'd unto thee long,  
 While most with her he lesse did keepe with thee.  
 No, no, it was in spite of wisdomes song  
 Which absence wisht: lone plas'd a victors part.  
 The heav'n-lone load-stone drew thy yron hart.  
 Then couples three be streights allotted there,  
 They of both ends the middle two doe stie,  
 The two that in mid place, Hell called were,  
 Must strine with waiving foot, and watching eye  
 To catch of them, and them to hell to beare,  
 That they, aswell as they, Hell may supplie:  
 Like some which seek to salve their blotted name  
 With others blot, till all doe taste of shame.  
 There may you see, soone as the middle two  
 Doe coupled towards either couple make,  
 They false and fearfull doe their hands undoe,  
 Brother his brother, friend doth friend forsake,  
 Heeding himselfe, cares not how fellow doe,  
 But of a stranger mutuall helpe doth sake:  
 As perjur'd cowards in aduersitie  
 With sight of feare from friends to frem'd doe stie.  
 These sports shepheards deniz'd such fautes to show.  
 Geron, though old yet gamesome, kept one end  
 With Cosma, for whose lone Pas past in woe.  
 Faire Nous with Pas the lot to hell did send:  
 Pas thought it hell, while he was Cosma's foe.  
 At other end Vran did Strephon lend  
 Her happie-making hand, of whom one looker  
 From Nous and Cosma all their beaultie tooker.  
 The play began: Pas durst not Cosma chase,  
 But did intend next bout with her to waste,  
 So he with Nous to Geron turn'd their race,  
 With whom to joyne fast ran Vrania sweet:  
 But light-legg'd Pas had got the middle space.  
 Geron strane hard, but aged were his feet,

And therefore finding force now faint to be,  
 He thought gray haire affoorded subtiltie.  
 And so when Pas hand reach'd him to take,  
 The Fox on knees and elbowes tumbled downe;  
 Pas could not stay, but ouer him did rake,  
 And crown'd the earth with his first touching crowne:  
 His heeles grow'n proud did seeme at heau'n to shake,  
 But Nous that slip't from Pas, did catch the clowne.  
 So laughing all, yet Pas to ease some dell  
 Geron with Vran were condemn'd to hell.  
 Cosma this while to Strephon safely came,  
 And all to second barley-broke are bent:  
 The two in hell did toward Cosma frame,  
 Who should to Pas, but they would her preuent.  
 Pas mad with fall, and madder with the shame,  
 Most mad with beames which he thought Cosma sent,  
 With such mad haite he did to Cosma goe,  
 That to her breast he gaue a noysome blow.  
 She quick, and proud, and who did Pas dispise,  
 Vp with her fist, and tooke him on the face,  
 Another time, quoth she, become more wise.  
 Thus Pas did kisse her hand with litle grace,  
 And each way lucklesse, yet in humble guise  
 Did hold her fast for feare of more disgrace,  
 While Strephon might with prestie Nous haue met,  
 But all this while another course he fet.  
 For as Vrania after Cosma ran.  
 He vanished with sight how gracefully  
 She mon'd her lims, and drew the aged man,  
 Left Nous to coast the loued beautie nie:  
 Nous cri'd, and chaf'd but he no other can.  
 Till Vran seeing Pas to Cosma flye,  
 And Strephon single, turned after him.  
 Strephon so chas'd did seeme in milke to swimme.  
 He ran, but ran with eye ore shoulder cast,  
 More marking her, then how himselfe did goe,  
 Like Numid Lyons by the hunters chas'd,  
 Though they doe flie, yet backwardly doe glome  
 With proud aspect, disdainig greater haite.  
 What rage in them, that loue in him did shew.  
 But God giues them instinct the man so shun,  
 And he by law of Barly-brake must run.  
 But as his heat with running did augment,  
 Much more his sight encreas'd his hote desire:  
 So is in her the best of nature spent,  
 The aire her sweet race mon'd doth blow the fire.  
 Her feet be Pursuants from Cupid sent,  
 With whose fine steps all lones and ioyes conspire.



The hidden beauties seem'd in wait to lye,  
 To drowne proud hearts that would not willing dye.  
 Thus, fast he fled from her, he follow'd sore,  
 Still shunning Nous to lengthen pleasing race,  
 Till that he spied old Geron could no more,  
 Then did he slacke his lone-enfracted pace,  
 So that Vran, whose arme old Geron bore,  
 Laid hold on him with most lay-holding grace.  
 So caught, him seem'd he caught of ioyes the bell,  
 And thought it heav'n so to be drawne to hell.  
 To hell he goes, and Nous with him must dwell.  
 Nous sware it was no right; for his default  
 Who would be caught, that she should goe to hell:  
 But so she must. And now the third assault  
 Of Barley-brake among the sixe befell,  
 Pas Cosma matcht; yet angry with his fault,  
 The other end Geron with Vran gard.  
 I thinke you thinke Strephon bent this wayward.  
 Nous counfeld Strephon Geron to pursue,  
 For he was old, and easie would be caught;  
 But he drew her as lone his fancie drew,  
 And so to take the gemme Vrania sought.  
 While Geron old came safe to Cosma true,  
 Though him to meet at all she feared nought.  
 For Pas, whether it were for feare or love,  
 Mould not himselfe, nor suffered her to move.  
 So they three did together idly stay,  
 While deare Vran, whose course was Pas to meet,  
 (He staying thus) was faine abroad to stray  
 With larger round, to shun the following feet.  
 Strephon, whose eyes on her back-parts did play,  
 With lone drawne on, so fast with pace unmeets  
 Drew daintie Nous, that she not able so  
 To runne, brake from his hands, and let him goe.  
 F'e single thus hop'd soone with her to be,  
 Who nothing earthly, but of fire and aire,  
 Though with soft legges, did runne as fast as he.  
 He thrice reacht; thrice deceiv'd, when her to beare  
 He hopes, with daintie turnes she doth him flee.  
 So on the Down's we see, neere Wilton faire,  
 A hastn'd Hare from greedie Greyhound gae,  
 And past all hope his chaps so frustrate so.  
 But this strange race more strange conceits did yeeld;  
 Who victor seem'd, was to his ruine brought.  
 Who seem'd o'reshrowne was mistress of the field:  
 She fled, and took; he followed, and was caught.  
 So haue I heard to pierce pursuing shield,  
 By parents train'd the Tartars wilde are caught,

With shaftes shot out from their back-curved bow.  
 But ah! her darts did farre more deeply goe,  
 As Venus bird the white, swift, lovely Dove,  
 (O happie Doves that are compar'd to her!)  
 Doth on her wings her vntim'd swiftnesse proue,  
 Finding the gripe of Falcon fierce not furre:  
 So did Vran: the narre, the swifter moue,  
 (Yet beauntie still as fast as she did sturre)  
 Till with long race deare she was breathlesse brought,  
 And then the Phoenix feared to be caught.  
 Among the rest that there did take delight  
 To see the sports of double-shining day.  
 And did the tribute of their wondering sight  
 To Natures heire, the faire Vrania pay,  
 I told you Klaius was the haplesse wight,  
 Who earnest found what they accounted play.  
 He did not there doe homage of his eyes,  
 But on his eyes his heart did sacrifice  
 With gazing lookes, short sighes, vnseiled feet  
 He stood, but turn'd, as Girosol, to Sunne:  
 His fancies still did her in halfe way meet,  
 His soule did flie as she was seene to runne.  
 In summe, proud Boreas neuer ruled Fleet  
 (Who Neptunes web on dangers distaffe spanne)  
 With greater power, then she did make them wend  
 Each way, as she that ages praise, did bend.  
 Till spying well she wellnigh wearie was,  
 And surely taught by his loue-open eye,  
 His eye, that eu'n did marke her trodden grasse,  
 That she would faine the catch of Strephon flie,  
 Giuing his reason passport for to passe  
 Whither it would, so it would let him die,  
 He that before shund her, to shunne such harmes,  
 Now runnes, and takes her in his clipping armes.  
 For with pretence from Strephon her to guard,  
 He met her full, but full of warefulness,  
 With in bow'd bosome well for her prepar'd,  
 When Strephon cursing his owne backwardnesse,  
 Came to her backe, and so with double ward  
 Imprison'd her, who both them did possesse  
 As heart-bound slanes: and happie then embrace  
 Vertues prooffe, fortunes victor, beauties place.  
 Her race did not her beauties beames augment,  
 For they were euer in the best degree,  
 But yet a setting forth is some way lent,  
 As Rubies lustre when they rubbed be.  
 The daintie dew on face and bodie went



As on sweet flowers, when morninge drops me see,  
 Her breath then short, seem'd lach from hame to passe,  
 Which more it mou'd, the more it sweeter was,  
 Happy, o happy! if they so might bide,  
 To see their eyes, with how true humbleness,  
 They looked downe to triumph over pride,  
 With how sweet sawce she blam'd their sawciness,  
 To feele the paining heart, which through her side,  
 Did beat their hands, which durst so neere to presse,  
 To see, to feele, to heare, to taste, to know  
 More then, besides her, all the earth could show.  
 But neuer did Medea's golden weed  
 On Creons child his poison sooner shrow,  
 Then those delights through all their sinewes breed,  
 A creeping serpent, like of marshall weede,  
 Till she brake from their armes (although indeed,  
 Going from them, from them she could not goe)  
 And fare-welling the flocke, did hawward wend,  
 And so that euen the brayle-brake did end.  
 It ended, but the other woe began,  
 Began at least to be concein'd as woe,  
 For then wise Klaius found no absence can  
 Helpe him, who can no more her fight fore-gone,  
 He found mans vertue is but part of man,  
 And part must follow where whole man goeth gone.  
 He found that Reasons selfe now reasons found,  
 To fasten knots, which fancies first had bound.  
 So doth he yeeld, so takes he on his yoke,  
 Not knowing who did draw with him the reeke,  
 Srephon, poore youth, because he saw no smoke,  
 Did not conceine what fire he had within,  
 But after this to greater rage it broke,  
 Till of his life it did full conquest win,  
 First killing mirth, then banishing all rest,  
 Filling his eyes with teares, with sighes his breast,  
 Then sports grew paines, all talking tedious:  
 On thoughts he feeds, his lookes their figure shewes,  
 The day seemes long, but night is adieu,  
 No sleeps, but dreames, no dreames, but visions strange,  
 Till finding still his euill encreasing thur,  
 One day he with his flocke abroad did range,  
 And comming where he hop'd to be alone,  
 Thus on a hillocke set, he made his moene,  
 Alas! what weights are these that load my heart!  
 I am as dull as Winter-stew'd sheep,  
 Tir'd as a iade in ouer loden cart,  
 Yet thoughts doe flie, though I can scarcely creepe.

All visions seeme, at euerie bussh I starre  
Drowie am I, and yet can rarely sleepe.

Sure I bewitched am, it is euen that;

Late neare a crosse I met an vgly Cat:

For, but by charmes, how fall these things on me;

That from those eyes, where beaunty apples bene,

Those eyes, which nothing like themselves can see,

Off faire Vrania fairer then a greene,

Proudly bedect in Aprils livery,

A shot vnhheard gaue me a wound vnseene?

He was inuisible that hurt me so,

And none inuisible, but spirits, can goe.

When I see her, my sinewes shake for feare,

And yet, deare soule, I know she hurteth none:

Amid my flooke with woe my voice I teare,

And, but bewitch'd, who to his flooke would mone?

Her cherrie lips, milke hands, and golden haire

I still doe see, though I be still alone.

Now make me thinke that there is not a fiend,

Who hid in Angels shape my life would end.

The sports wherein I wanted to doe well,

Come she, and sweet the aire with open breast,

Then so I faile, when most I would doe well,

That at me so amaz'd my fellowes test:

Sometimes to her newes of my selfe so tell

I goe about, but then is all my best

Wry words, and stam'ring, or else doltish dambe,

Say then, can this but of enchantment come?

Nay each thing is bewicht to know my case:

The Nightingales for woe their songs refraine:

In riuers as I look'd, my pining face,

As pin'd a face as mine I saw againe,

The curteous mountaines grieu'd at my disgrace

Their snowie haire teare off in melting paine.

And now the dropping trees doe weepe for me,

And now faire euening's blush my shame to see.

But you my pipe, whilome my chiefe delight,

Till strange delight, delight to nothing ware,

And you my flooke, care of my carefull sight,

While I was I, and so had cause to care:

And thou my dogge, whose truth and valiant might

Made wolues (not inward wolues) my Ewes to spare:

Goe you not from your maister in his woe,

Let it suffice that he himselfe forgoe.

For though like waxe this magicke makes me waste,

Or like a Lambe, whose damme away is fet,

(Stolne from her young by theewes vnchoosing-haste)



He treble beas for helpe, but none can get,  
Though thus, and worse, though now I am at last,  
Of all the games that here ere now I met.

Doe you remember still you once were mine,

Till mine eyes had their curse from blessed eyne.

Be you with me while I vnheard doe crie,

While I doe score my losses on the wind,

While I in heart my will write ere I die,

In which by will, my will and wills I bind,

Still to be hers, about her eye to stie.

As this same sprite about my fancies blind,

Doe daily haunts, but so that mine becomee

As much more lousing, as lesse cumber some.

Alas! a cloud hath ouercast mine eyes:

And yet I see her shine amid the cloud.

Alas! of ghosts I heare the ghastly cries:

Tet there, me seemes, I heare her singing loud.

This song she sings in most commanding wise:

Come shipheards boy, let now thy heart be bow'd,

To make it selfe to my least looke a slave:

Leane sleepe, leane all, I will no piecing haue.

I will, I will, alas, alas, I will:

Wilt thou haue more? more haue, if more I be.

Away rag'd rammes, care I what murraine kill?

Out shreaking Pipe, made of some wised tree:

Goe bawling curre, thy hungrie maw goe fill

On you foute stocke belonging not to mee.

With that his dog he hent'd, his stocke he curst,

With that (yet kissed first) his pipe he burst.

This said, this done, he rose, enen t'r'd with rest,

With heart as carefull, as with carelesse geace,

With shrinking legges, but with a swelling breast,

With eyes which threatned they would draine his face,

Fearing the worst, not knowing what were best,

And giuing to his sighs a wandring rate,

He saw behind a bush where Klaius sat.

His well knowne friend, but yet his unknowne mate.

Klaius the wretch, who lately yeelden was,

To beare the bonds which time nor wit could breake,

(With blushing feale as sign of iudgements glasse,

While guiltie thought his accus'd his reason makte)

This morne alone to lonely Walle did passe,

Within himselfe of her deare selfe to speake,

Till Strephons plaining wote him and drew,

Where by his words his selfe-like case he knew.

For fearing him so oft with words of wee,

Vrania name, whose force he knew so well,

He quickly knew what Witchcraft gaue the blow,

Which

*Which made his Strephon thinke himselfe in hell.*

*Which when he did in perfect image shew*

*To his owne wit, thought vpon his thought did swell,*

*Breeding huge stormes within his inward part,*

*Which thus breath'd out with earthquake of his heart.*

As *Lamon* would haue proceeded, *Basilus* knowing, by the wasting of the torches that the night also was farre wasted, and withall remembring *Zelmaues* hurt, asked her, wether she thought it not better to reserve the complaine of *Klaine* till another day. Which she, perceiuing the song had already worne out much time, and not knowing when *Lamon* would end, being euen now stepping ouer to a new matter, though much delighted with what was spoken, willingly agreed vnto. And so of all sides they went to recommend themselves to the elder brother of death.

### The end of the first Booke.





THE  
SECOND BOOKE OF THE  
COUNTEESSE OF PEM-  
BROKES ARCADIA.



In these pastorall times a great number of dayes were sent to follow their flying predecessors, while the cup of poyson (which was deeply tasted of the noble companie) had left no sinew of theirs without mortally searching into it; yet neuer manifesting his venomous work, til once, that the night (parting away angry, that shee could distill no more sleepe into the eyes of Lotiers) had no sooner given place to the breaking out of the morning light, and the Sunne bestowed his beames vpon the toppes of the mountaines, but that the vofull *Gynecia* (to whom rest was no ease) had left her loathed lodging, and gotten her selfe into the solitarie places those deserts were full of, going vp and down with such vnquiet motions, as a griued and hopelesse mind is wont to bring forth. There appeared vnto the eies of her iudgement, the euils she was like to run into, with vgly infamie waiting vpon them: shee felt the terrors of her owne conscience: shee was guiltie of a long exercised vertue, which made this vice the fuller of deformitie. The vitermost of the good she could aspire vnto, was a mortall wound to her vexed spirits: & lastly, no small part of her euils was, that she was wise to see her euils. In so much, that hauing a great while throwne her countenance ghastly about her (as if she had called all the powers of the world to be witnesse of her wretched estate) at lenght casting vp her waterie eyes to heauen; O Sunne (said she) whose vnspotted light directs the steps of mortall mankinde, art thou not ashamed to impart the clearenesse of thy presence to such a dust-creeping worme as I am? O you heauens (which continually keepe the course allotted vnto you) can none of your influences preuile so much vpon the miserable *Gynecia*, as to make her preserue a course so long imbraced by her? O deserts, deserts, how fit a guest am I for you, since my heart can people you with wild rauinous beasts, which in you are wanting? O Vertue, where doest thou hide thy selfe? What hideous thing is this which doth eclipse thee? Or is it true that thou wert neuer but a vaine name, and no essentiall thing, which hast thus left thy professed seruant, when she had most neede of thy louely presence? O imperfect proportion of reason, which can too much foresee, and too little preuent? Alas, alas (said she) if there were but one hope for all my paines, or but one excuse for all my faultinesse. But wretch that I am, my torment is beyond all succor, and my euill deseruing doth exceed my euill fortune. For nothing else did my husband take this strange resolution to liue so solitarily: for nothing else haue the windes deliuered this strange guest to my countrey: for nothing else haue the destinies

referred

referred my life to this time, but that onely I (most wretched I) should become a plague to my selfe, and a shame to womankind. Yet if my desire (how vniuersally it be) might take effect, though a thousand deaths followed it, and euery death were followed with a thousand shames, yet should not my sepulchre receiue mee without some contentment. But alas, though sure I am, that *Zelma* is such as can answer my loue; yet as sure I am, that this disguising must needs come for some forsaken conceit: and then wretched *Gynecia*, where canst thou find any small ground plot for hope to dwell vpon? No, no, it is *Philoclea* his hart is set vpon it, is my daughter I haue borne to supplant me: but if it be so, the life I haue giuen thee (vngateful *Philoclea*) I will sooner with these hands bereaue thee of, then my birth shall glorie she hath bereaue me of my desires: in shame there is no comfort, but to be beyond all bounds of shame.

Having spoken thus, she began to make a piteous warre with her faire haire; when she might heare (not farre from her) an extreamely dolefull voyce, but so suppressed with a kind of whispering note, that she could not conceiue the words distinctly. But (as a lamentable tune is the sweetest musick to a wofull mind) she drew thither neare-away, in hope to finde some companion of her miserie) and as she paced on, she was stopped with a number of trees, so thickly placed together, that shee was afraid she should (with rushing through) stoppe the speech of the lamentable partie, which she was so desirous to vnderstand: and therefore setting her downe as softly as she could (for she was now in distance to heare) she might first perceiue a Lute excellently well plaid upon, and then the same dolefull voice accompanying it with these verses:

**I**N vaine, mine eyes, your labour to amend  
With flowing teares your fault of hastie sight:  
Since to my heart her shape you did so send,  
That her I see, though you did lose your light.

In vaine, my heart, now you with sighs are burn'd,  
With sighes you seeke to coole your hot desire:  
Since sighes (into mine inward furnace turn'd.)  
For bellowses serue to kindle more the fire.

Reason in vaine (now you haue lost my heart)  
My head you seeke, as to your strongest fort:  
Since there mine eyes haue plaid so false a part,  
That to your strength your foes haue sure resort.  
Then since in vaine I find were all my strife,  
To this strange death I vainly yeeld my life.

The ending of the song serued but for a beginning of new plaints, as if the mind (oppressed with too heauie a burthen of cares) was faine to discharge it selfe of all fides, and as it were, paint out the hideousnesse of the paine in all sorts of colours. For the wofull person (as if the Lute had euill ioyned with the voice) threw it, to the ground with such likewords, alas, poore Lute, how much art thou deceiued to thinke that in my miseries thou couldst ease my woes, as in my carelesse times thou was wont to please my fancies? The time is changed, my Lute, the time is changed; and no more did my ioyfull mind then receiue euery thing to a ioyfull consideration; then my carefull mind now makes each thing taste like the bitter iuice of care. The euill is inward



ward, my Lute, the euill is inward, which all thou dost, doth serue but to make me thinke more freely of. And alas, what is then thy harmonic, but the sweet meats of sorrow? the discord of my thoughts, my Lute, doth ill agree to the concord of thy strings, therefore be not ashamed to leaue thy master, since he is not afraid to forsake himselfe.

And thus much spoke (i. e. instead of a conclusion) was closed vp with so heartie a groning, that *Gynecia* could not refraine to shew her self, thinking such griefs could serue fully for nothing but her own fortune. But as she came into the little Arbor of this sorrowfull musick, her eyes met with the eyes of *Zelmaue*, which was the partie that thus had endited her selfe of miserie: so that either of them remained confused with a sudden astonishment; *Zelmaue* fearing lest she had heard some part of those complaints, which she had risen vp that morning early of purpose, to breathe out in secret to her self. But *Gynecia* a great while stood stil, with a kind of dull amasement, looked stedfastly vpon her: at length returning to some vse of her selfe, she began to aske *Zelmaue*, what cause carried her so early abroad? But, as if the opening of her mouth to *Zelmaue* had opened some great flood-gate of sorrow (whereof her heart could not abide the violent issue) she sank to the ground, with her hands ouer her face, crying vehemently, *Zelmaue* help me, O *Zelmaue* haue pittie on me. *Zelmaue* ran to her, maruelling what sudden sicknes had thus possessed her: & beginning to aske her the cause of her paine, & offering her seruice to be employed by her. *Gynecia* opening her eies wildly vpon her, pricked with the flames of loue, & the tormets of her own conscience, O *Zelmaue*, *Zelmaue*, said she, dost thou offer me physick, which art my only poison? or wilt thou doe me seruice, which hast already brought me into eternall slaueirie? *Zelmaue* then knowing wel at what mark she shot, yet loth to enter into it; Most excellent Lady (said she) you were best retire your selfe into your lodging, that you the better may passe this sudden fit. Retire my selfe? (said *Gynecia*) If I had retired my selfe into my self, when thou to me (vnfortunate guest) camest to draw me from my selfe, blessed had I bin, and no need had I had of this counsell. But now alas, I am forced to flie to thee for succour, whom I accuse of all my hurt, and make thee iudge of my cause, who art the only author of my mischiefe. *Zelmaue* the more astonished, the more she vnderstood her; Madam (said she) wherof doe you accuse me, that I will not cleare my selfe? Or wherein may I steed you, that you may not command me? Alas, answered *Gynecia*, what shall I say more? Take pittie of me, O *Zelmaue*, but nor as *Zelmaue*, and disguise not with me in words, as I know thou doest in apparell. *Zelmaue* was much troubled with that word, finding her selfe brought to this straight. But as she was thinking what to answer her, they might see old *Basilius* passe hard by them, without euer seeing them; complaining likewise of loue very freshly, and ending his complaint with this song, Loue hauing renewed both his inuention and voice:

**L** Et not old age disgrace my high desire,  
O heauenly soule, in humane shape containd:  
Old wood inflam'd, doth yeeld the branciest fire,  
when yonger doth in smoke his vertue spend.

No let white haïres, which on my face doe grow,  
Seeme to your eyes of a disgracefull hue:  
Since whitenesse doth present the sweetest show,  
which makes all eyes doe homage vnto you.

Old age is wise, and full of constant truth;  
 Old age well stayed from ranging humour lines:  
 Old age hath knowne what ever was in youth:  
 Old age orecome, the greater honour giues.  
 And to old age since you your selfe aspire,  
 Let not old age disgrace my high desire.

Which being done, he looked very curiously vpon himselfe, sometimes fetching a little skip, as if he had said his strength had not yet forsaken him: But *Zelmane* hauing in this time gotten some leisure to thinke for an answer, looking vpon *Gynecia*, as if she thought she did her some wrong: Madam/ (said shee) I am not acquainted with those words of disguising, neither is it the profession of an *Amazon*, neither are you a partie with whom it is to be vsed: if my seruice may please you, imploy it, so long as you doe me no wrong in mis-iudging of me. Alas *Zelmane* (said *Gynecia*) I perceiue you know full little how piercing the eyes are of a true louer: there is no one beame of those thoughts you haue planted in me, but is able to discerne a greater cloud than you doe goe in. Seek not to conceale your self further from me, nor force not the passion of loue into violent extremities. Now was *Zelmane* brought to an exigent, when the king turning his eyes that way through the trees, perceiued his wife and mistresse together, so that framing the most louely countenance he could, he came straight way towards them; and at the first word (thanking his wife for hauing entertained *Zelmane*) desired her she would now retorne into the Lodge, because he had certaine matters of estate to impart to the Lady *Zelmane*. The Queene (being nothing troubled with ieaousie in that point) obeyed the kings commandement, full of raging agonies, and determinarly bent; that as shee would seeke all louing meanes to winne *Zelmane*, so she would stirre vp terrible tragedies, rather than faile of her intent. And so went she from them to the Lodge-ward, with such a battell in her thoughts, and so deadly an overthrow, giuen to her best resolutions, that euen her bodie (where the field was fought) was oppressed withall: making a languishing sicknesse wait vpon the triumph of passion; which the more it preuailed in her, the more it made her ieaousie watchfull, both ouer her daughter, and *Zelmane*, hauing euer one of them entrusted to her owne eyes.

But as soone as *Basilus* was rid of his wifes presence, falling downe on his knees, O Ladie (said he) which hast onely had the power to stirre vp against those flames which had so long laine dead in me; see in me the power of your beautie, which can make old age come to aske counsell of youth, and a Prince vnconquered, to become a slaue to a stranger: and when you see that power of yours, loue that at least in me, since it is yours, although of me you see nothing to be loued. Worthe Prince (answered *Zelmane*, taking him vp from his kneeling) both your manner, and your speech are so strange vnto me, as I know not how to answer it better than with silence. If silence please you (said the king) it shall neuer displease me, since my heart is wholly pledged to obey you: otherwise, if you would vouchsafe mine eares such happinesse as to heare you, they shall conuay your words to such a mind, which is with the humblest degree of reuerence to receiue them. I disdain not to speake to you (mightie Prince, said *Zelmane*) but I disdain to speake to any matter which may bring my honour into question: and therewith, with a braue counterfeited scorne she departed from the king, leauing him not so sorie for his short answer, as proud in himselfe that he had broken the matter. And thus did the king (feeding his mind with those thoughts) passe great time in writing verses, and making more of himselfe,



selfe, than he was wont to doe, that with a little helpe hee would haue growne in to a prettie kinde of dotage.

But *Zelmune* being rid of this louing, but little-loued companie, Alas (saide shee) poore *Pyrocles*, was there euer one, but I, that had receiued wrong, and could blame no bodie: that hauing more than I desire, am still in want of what I would: Truly loue, I must needs say thus much on thy behalfe, thou hast employed my loue there, where all loue is deserued; and for recompence hast sent mee more loue than euer I desired. But what wilt thou doe *Pyrocles*? which way canst thou finde to rid thee of thy intricate troubles? To her whom I would be known to, I lye in darknesse: and to her am reuealed, from whom I would be most secret. What shift shall I finde against the diligent loue of *Basilus*? what shield against the violent passions of *Gynecia*? And if that bee done, yet how am I the neerer to quench the fire that consumes mee? Well, well, sweet *Philotesa*, my whole confidence must bee builded in thy diuine spirit, which cannot bee ignorant of the cruell wound I haue receiued by you.

But as sicke-folkes when they are alone, thinke companie would relieue them, and yet hauing companie doe find it noisome, changing willingly ourward objects, when indeed the euill is inward: so poore *Zelmune* was no more wearie of *Basilus*, than she was of her selfe, when *Basilus* was gone: and euer the more, the more shee turned her eyes to become her owne iudges. Tired therewith, shee longed to meete her friend *Dorus*; that vpon the shoulders of friendship, shee might lay the burthen of sorrow, and therefore went toward the other lodge, where among certaine Beeches shee found *Dorus*, appareled in flannet, with a Goats-skin cast vpon him, and a garland of Laurell mixt with Cypres-leaves on his head, waiting on his master *Dametas*, who at that time wasteaching him how with his sheepe-sheale to catch a wanton Lambe, and how with the same to cast a little clod at any one that strayed out of companie. And while *Dorus* was practising, one might see *Dametas* holding his hand vnder his girdle behind him, nodding from the walte vpwards, and swearing hee neuer knew man goe more aukwardly to worke: and that they might talke of booke-learning what they would, but for his part, hee neuer saw more vnfeatie fellowes than great clerkes were.

But *Zelmunes* coming saved *Dorus* from further chiding. And so shee beginning to speake with him of the number of his masters sheepe, and which prouince of *Arcadia* bare the finest wool, drew him on to follow her in such country courses, till (being out of *Dametas* hearing) with such vehemencie of passion, as though her heart would elime into her mouth, to take her tongues office, she declared vnto him, vpon what briars the roses of her affections grew: how time still seemed to forget her, bestowing no one houre of comfort vpon her, shee remaining still in one plight of ill fortune, sauing so much worse, as continuance of euill doeth in it selfe increase euill. Alas my *Dorus* (saide she) thou seest how long & languishingly the weekes are past ouer since our last talking. And yet I am the same, miserable I, that I was, onely stronger in longing, & weaker in hoping. Then fell she to so pitifull a declaration of the insupportablenesse of her desires, that *Dorus* cares (not able to shew what wounds that discourse gaue vnto them) procured his eyes with teares to giue testimony how much they suffered for her suffering: till passion (a most cumbersome guest to it selfe) made *Zelmune* (the sooner to shake it offe earnestly) intreat *Dorus* that he also (with like freedom of discourse) would bestow a Map of his little world vpon her, that shee might see, whether it were troubled with such vnhabitable climes of cold dispaire, and hot rages as hers was. And so walking vnder a few palm trees,

(which being louing in her owne nature, seemed to giue their shadow the willing-  
 lier, because they held discourse of loue) *Dorus* thus entred to the description of his  
 fortune. Alas, said he, deare cousin, that it hath pleased the high powers to throw  
 vs to such an estate, as the onely entercourse of our true friendship, must bee a bar-  
 rier of miseries: for my part, I must confesse indeed, that from a huge darknesse of  
 sorrowes, I am crept (I cannot say to a light somnesse, but) to a certaine dawning, or  
 rather peeping out of some possibilitie of comfort: but woe is me, so farre from the  
 marke of my desires, that I rather think it such a light, as comes through a smal hole  
 to a dungeon, that the miserable caitiff may the better remember the light, of which  
 hee is deprived; or like a scholler, who is only come to that degree of knowledge to  
 find himselfe vtterly ignorant: but thus stands it with me. After that by your means  
 I was exalted to serue in yonder blessed lodge, for a while I had in the furnace of my  
 agonies, this refreshing; that (because of the seruice I had done in killing of the  
 Beare) it pleased the Princess (in whom indeed stareliness shines through courtiesie)  
 to let fall some gracious looke vpon me: sometimes to see my exercises, sometimes  
 to heare my songs. For my part, my heart would not suffer me to omit any occasion,  
 whereby I might make the incomparable *Pamela*, see how much extraordinarie  
 deuotion I bare to her seruice: and withall straued to appeare more worthie in her  
 sight; that small desert, ioyned to so great affection, might preuaile something in  
 the wisest Lady. But too well (alas) I found, that a shepherds seruice was but con-  
 sidered of, as from a shepherd, and the acceptation limited to no further pro-  
 portion, than of a good seruant. And when my countenance had once giuen notice  
 that there lay affection vnder it, I saw straight, Maiestie (sitting in the throne of beau-  
 tie) draw forth such a sword of iust diddaine, that I remained as a man thunder-str-  
 ken, not daring, no not able to behold that power. Now to make my estate known,  
 seemed againe impossible, by reason of the suspitiousnesse of *Dametis*, *Miso*, & my  
 young mistresse *Mopsa*: for *Dametis* (according to the constitution of a dull head)  
 thinkes no better way to shew himselfe wise, than by suspecting euery thing in his  
 way: which suspicion *Miso* (for the hoggish shrewdnesse of her braine) and *Mopsa*  
 (for a very vnlikely enuie she hath stumbled vpon against the Princesses vnspake-  
 able beaurty) were very glad to execute: so that I (finding my seruice by this means  
 lightly regarded, my affection despised, and my selfe vnknowne) remained no ful-  
 ler of desire, than voyd of counsell how to come to my desire; which (alas) if these  
 trees could speake, they might well witnesse: for, many times haue I stood here,  
 bewailing my selfe vnto them; many times haue I, leaning to yonder Palme, admi-  
 red the blessednesse of it, that it could beare loue without sense of paine: many  
 times, when my Masters cattell came hither to chew their cud in this fresh place,  
 I might see the young Bull testifie his loue: but howe with proud looks and ioyful-  
 nesse. O wretched mankinde (said I then to my selfe) in whom wit (which should be  
 the gouernour of his welfare) becomes the traytor to his blessednesse: these beastes  
 like children to nature, inherit her blessings quietly; we like bastards are laid abroad  
 euen as foundlings to be trained vp by griefe and sorrow. Their mindes grudge not  
 at their bodies comfort, nor their senses are letted from enioying their objects; wee  
 haue the impediments of honour, and the torments of conscience. Truly in such  
 cogitations haue I sometimes so long stood, that mee thought my feete began to  
 grow into the ground, with such a darknesse and heauinesse of minde, that I might  
 easily haue been perswaded to haue resigned ouer my very essence. But loue (which  
 one time layeth burthens, another time giuerh wings) when I was at the lowest of  
 my downward thoughts, pul'd vp my heart to remember, that nothing is achieved  
 before



before it be thoroughly attempted, and that lying still, though newsgoes for word, and that there fore it was time, now or never, to lay upon my invention, to pierce through the hardness of this enterprise, need I looking to a feasible all my conceits, one after another, how to manifest both my mind, or estate, till at last I lighted on a device, on this way, which yet perchance you will thinke was a way rather to hide in, than to counterfeite the extreamest love towards *Mopsa*, that might be; so as for the love, so lively it was indeed within me; (although to another subiect) that lively I bodied to counterfeite any notable demonstrations of it; and so making a contrarie the place of my memorie, in her soulenesse I beheld *Pamela's* faire face, still looking on *Mopsa*, but thinking on *Pamela*; as if I saw my Sun shine in a purled water: I tried out of nothing but *Mopsa*; to *Mopsa* my attendance was directed; to *Mopsa* the best fruits I could gather were brought; to *Mopsa* it seemed still that mine eye conveyed my tongue: so that *Mopsa* was my saying; *Mopsa* was my singing; *Mopsa* that is only suitable in laying a soule complexion upon a filthy fauour; seeing forth both in flurishnesse) she was the load starre of my life; she the blessing of mine eyes; she the overthrow of my desires, and yet the recompence of my desires; she the sweetnesse of my heart, even sweetning the death, which her sweetnesse drew upon me. In summe, whatsoeuer I thought of *Pamela*, what I said of *Mopsa*; whereby as I gave my Masters good wil, who before spited me, fearing lest I should win the Princesses fauour from him; so did the same make the Princess the better contented, to allow me her presence: whether indeed it were that a certaine spark of noble indignation did rise in her, not to suffer such a baggage too to winne away anything of hers; how meanelly soeuer she reported of it, or rather as I thinke, in my words being so passionate, & shewing so quite contrary from the marks of *Mopsa's* worthinesse, she perceived well enough whither they were directed; and therefore being so masked, she was contented as a sport of wit to attend them: when upon one day determining to finde some meanes to tell (as of a third person) the tale of mine owne love and estate, finding *Mopsa* (like a Cuckoe by a Nightingale) along with *Pamela*, I came in vnto them; and with a face (I am sure) full of cloudie fancies, rooke a Harpe and sung this song.

*Since so mine eyes are subiect to your sight;  
Than in your sight they fixed haue my braine:  
Since so my heart is filled with that light;  
That only light doth all my life maintain:  
Since in sweet you all goods so richly part;  
That when you are no more, good things are lost:  
Since for your living image liues in me;  
That in my selfe your selfe is set in place:  
How can you thinke you are not mine?  
In whose eyes I see your face implanted so.*

The song being ended, which I had often broken off in the middle with grievous sighes, which overtook every verse I sang; yet fell my Harpe from me; and casting mine eye sometimes upon *Mopsa*, but seeing my sight principally upon *Pamela*; And it was only for my eyes to be so full of weeping, of wretched *Diana*, that for my mind be the measure of his minde: And I only he, that because I am in miserie, more miserie must be laid upon me: must that which should be cause of

compassion, become an argument of crueltie against me. Alas excellent *Mopsa*, consider that a vertuous Prince requires the life of his meanest subiect, and the heavenly Sunne disdaines not to give light to the smallest worme. O *Mopsa*, *Mopsa*, if my hart could be as manifest to you, as it is vncomfortable to me, I doubt not the height of my thoughts should well counteruaile the lownesse of my qualitie. Who hath not heard of the greatnesse of your estate? who seeth not, that your estate is much extolled with that sweet vniuing of all beauties, which remaineth & dwelleth with you? who knowes not, that all these are but ornaments of that diuine sparke within you, which being descended from heauen, could not else where pick out so sweet a mansion? But if you will know what is the band that ought to knit all these excellencies together, it is a kind mercifulnesse to such a one, as is in his soule deuoted to those perfections. *Mopsa* (who alreadie had had a certaine smacking towards me) stood all this while with her hand sometimes before her face, but most commonly with a certaine speciall grace of her owne, wagging her lips, and grinning in stead of smiling: but all the words I could get of her, was, wrying her waste, and thrusting out her chinne, In faith you iest with me, you are a merrie man indeed. But the euer pleasing *Pamela* (that well found the Comedie would be marred, if she did not helpe *Mopsa* to her part) was content to vrge a little further of me. Master *Dorus* (said the faire *Pamela*) methinkes you blame your fortune very wrongfully, since the fault is not in Fortune, but in you, that cannot frame your selfe to your fortune: and as wrongfully doe require *Mopsa* to so great a disparagement as to her fathers seruant, since she is not worthie to be loued; that hath not some feeling of her owne worthinesse. I staide a good while after her words, in hope shee would haue continued her speech (so great a delight I receiued in hearing her,) but seeing her say no further (with a quaking all ouer my body) I thus answered her: Ladie, most worthie of all dutie, how falls it out that you in whom all vertues shines, will take the patronage of fortune, the only rebellious handmaid against vertue; especially, since before your eies you haue a pittifull spectacle of her wickednes, a forlorne creature, which must remaine not such as I am, but such as she makes me, since shee must be the ballance of worthinesse or disparagement. Yet alas, if the condemned man (euen at his death) haue leaue to speake, let my mortall wound purchase thus much consideration, since the perfections are such in the partie I loue, as the feeling of them cannot come into any vnobole heart, shall that heart, which doth not only feele them, but hath all the working of his life placed in them, shall that heart, I say, lifted vp to such a height, be counted base? O let not an excellent spirit doe it selfe such wrong, as to thinke where it is placed, imbraced, and loued, there can be any vnworthinesse, since the weakest mist is not easilier driuen away by the Sunne, than that is chased away with so high thoughts. I will not denie (answered the gracious *Pamela*) but that the loue you beare to *Mopsa*, hath brought you to the consideration of her vertues, and that consideration may haue made you the more vertuous, and so the more worthie: But euen that then (you must confesse) you haue receiued of her, and so are rather gratefully to thanke her, than to presse any further, till you bring something of your owne, whereby to claime it. And truly *Dorus*, I must in *Mopsa*s behalfe say thus much to you, that if her beauties haue so ouertaken you, it becomes a true Loner to haue your heart more set vpon her good than your own; and to beare a tenderer respect to her honour, than your satisfaction. Now by my hallidame, Madam (said *Mopsa*, throwing a great number of sheepes eyes vpon me) you haue euen touched mine owne mind to the quicke, for sooth. I finding that the pollicie that I had vsed had at least wise produced thus much happinesse vnto me, as

that



that I might even in my Ladies presence, discover the sort which had deeply festered within me, and that she could better conceive my reasons applied to *Mopsa*, than she would have vouchsafed them, whilst her selfe was a partie, though good to pursue on my good beginning, using this fit occasion of *Pamela's* wit, and *Mopsa's* ignorance. Therefore with an humble piercing eye, looking vpon *Pamela*, as if I had rather begne condemned by her mouth, than highly exalted by the other, turning my selfe to *Mopsa*, but keeping mine eye where it was: Faire *Mopsa* (said I) well doe I find by the wise knitting together of your answer, that any disputation I can use, is as much too weake, as I vnworthie. I find my loue shall be proued no loue, without I leaue to loue, being too vnfit a vessell in whom so high thoughts should be engrauen. Yet since the loue I beare you, hath so ioyned it selfe to the best part of my life, as the one cannot depart, but that the other will follow, before I seeke to obey you in making my last passage, let me know which is my vnworthinesse, either of minde, estate, or both: *Mopsa* was about to say, in neither, for her heart I think tumbl'd with ouermuch kindnesse, when *Pamela* with a more fauourable countenance than before (finding how apt I was to fall into despaire) told me, I might therein haue answered my selfe: for, besides that it was granted mee, that the inward feeling of *Mopsa's* perfections had greatly beautified my mind, there was none could deny, but that my mind and bodie deseru'd great allowance. But *Dorus* (said shee) you must be so farre master of your loue, as to consider, that since the iudgement of the world stands vpon matter of fortune, and that the sexe of womankind of all other is most bound to haue regardfull eye to mens iudgements, it is not for vs to play the Philosophers, in seeking out your hidden vertues, since that, which in a wise Prince would be counted wisdom, in vs will be taken for a light grounded affection: so is not one thing, one, done by diuers persons. There is no man in a burning feuer feelles so great contentment in cold water greedily receiued (which as soone as the drinke ceaseth, the rage reneweth) as poore I found my soule refreshed with her sweetly pronounced words, and newly and more violently againe inflamed, as soone as shee had inclosed vp her delightfull speech, with no lesse well graced silence. But remembering in my selfe, that as well the Souldier dieth which standeth still, as he that giues the brauest on set; and seeing that to the making vp of my fortune, there wanted nothing so much as the making knowne of mine estate, with a face well witnessing how deeply my soule was possessed, and with the most submissiue behaviour that a thrall'd heart could expresse, euen as my words had beene too thicke for my mouth, at length spake to this purpose: Alas, most worthy Princess (said I) and doe not then your owne sweet words sufficiently testifie, that there was neuer man could haue a iuster action against filthie fortune, than I, since all other things being granted me, her blindnesse is my onely let? O heavenly God, I would either she had such eyes as were able to discern my deserts, or were blind not to see the daily cause of my misfortune. But yet (said I most honourable Ladie, if my miserable speeches haue not already doted you, and that the very presence of such a wretch become not hatefull in your eyes: let me reply thus much further against my mortall sentence, by telling you a storie, which happened in this same countrie long since (for woe make the shortest time seeme long) whereby you shall see that my estate is not so contemptible, but that a Prince hath beene content to take the like vpon him, and by that only hath aspired to enioy a mightie Princess. *Pamela* graciously harke'd, and I told my tale in this sort.

In the countrie of *Theffalia* (alas, why name I that accursed countrie, which brings forth nothing but matters for tragedies: but name it I must) in *Theffalia* I say there

was

wast well may I say, there was a Prince, no, no Prince, whom bondage wholly possessed, but yet accounted a Prince, and named *Musidorus*. O *Musidorus*, *Musidorus*! But to what seruic exclamation, where there are no eares to receive the sound? This *Musidorus* being yet in the tenderest age, his worthy father payed to nature (with a violent death) her last duties, leaving his childe to the faith of his friends, and the proofe of time; death gaue him not such pangs as the foresightfull care he had of his silly successor. And yet if in his foresight he could haue seene so much, happie wast that good Prince in his timely departure, which barred him from the knowledge of his sons miseries, which his knowledge could neither haue prevented nor relieved. The young *Musidorus* (being thus, as for the first pledge of the destinies good will, deprived of his principall stay) was yet for some yeares after (as if the starres would breathe themselves for a greater mischiefe) lulled vp in as much good luck, as the heedfull loue of his dolefull mother, and the flourishing estate of his countrie could breed vnto him.

But when the time now came, that miserie seemed to bee ripe for him, because hee had age to know miserie, I thinke there was a conspiracie in all heavenly and earthly things, to frame fit occasions to leade him vnto it. His people (to whom all foraine matters in foraine were odious) began to wish in their beloued Prince, experience by tribaile: his deare mother whose eyes were held open onely with the ioy of looking vpon him, did now dispence with the comfort of her widowhead life, desiring the same her subjects did, for the encrease of her sonnes worthinesse.

And hereto did *Musidorus* owne vertue (see how vertue can bee a minister to mischiefe) sufficiently prouoke him: for indeede thus much must I say for him, although the likenesse of our mishaps makes mee presume to patterne my selfe vnto him; That wel-doing was at that time his scope, from which no faint pleasure could with-hold him. But the present occasion which did knit all this together, was his vncke the King of *Macedon*, who hauing lately before gotten such victories, as were beyond expectation, did at this time send both for the Prince his sonne (brought vp together, to auoid the warres, with *Musidorus*) and for *Musidorus* himself, that his ioy might be the more full, hauing such partakers of it. But alas, to what a Sea of miseries my plaintfull tongue doth lead me, and thus out of breath, rather with that I thought, than that I said, I stayed my speech, till *Pamela* shewing by countenance that such was her pleasure, I thus continued it. These two young Princes, to satisfie the King, took their way By Sea, towards *Thrace*, whither they would needs goe with a Naue to succour him: hee being at that time before *Bizantium* with a mightie Army besieging it, where at that time his court was. But when the conspired heauens had gotten this Subject of their wrath vpon so fir a place, as the Sea was, they straight began to breathe out in boystrous windes some part of their malice against him, so that with the losse of all his Naue, he onely with the Prince his counsell, were cast a land farre off from the place whither their desires would haue guided them. O cruell winds, in your vnconsiderate rages, why either began you this fute, or why did you not end it in his end? But your crueltie was such, as you would spare his life for many deathfull torments. To tell you what pitifull mishaps felte the young Prince of *Macedon* his counsell, I should too much fill your eares with strange horrors; neither will I stay vpon those laboursome adventures, nor loe some misaduentures, to which, and through which his fortune and courage conducted him; My speech hastneth it selfe to come to the full point of *Musidorus* in fortunes. For, as wee finde the most pestilent diseases doe gather into themselves all the infirmities with which the bodie before was annoyed; so did his last



\* miserie embrace in extremitie of it selfe all his former mischiefes. *Arcadia*; *Arcadia* was the place prepared to be the stage of his endlesse ouerthrow; *Arcadia* was, (alas well might I say it is) the charmed circle, where all his spirits for euer should be enchanted. For here (and no where else) did his infected eyes make his minde know, what power heauenly beaune had to throw it downe to hellish agonies. Here, here did hee see the *Arcadian* Kings eldest daughter, in whom he forthwith placed so all his hopes of ioy, and ioyfull parts of his heart; that hee left in him selfe nothing but a maze of longing, and a dungeon of sorrow. But alas, what can saying make them beleue, whom seeing cannot perswade? Those paines must be felt before they can be vnderstood; no outward vtterance can command a conceipt. Such was as then the state of the King, as it was no time by direct meanes to seeke her. And such was the state of his captiued will, as hee could delay no time of seeking her.

In this intangled cause, he clothed himselfe in a shepheards weede, that vnder the basenesse of that forme, hee might at last haue free accesse to feed his eyes with that which should at length eate vp his heart. In which doing, thus much without doubt he hath manifested, that this estate is not alwayes to be reiected, since vnder that vaile there may be hidden things to bee esteemed. And if he might with taking on a shepheards looke cast vp his eyes to the fairest Princeesse Nature in that time created; the like, nay the same desire of mine need no more to be disdained, or held for disgracefull. But now alas mine eyes waxe dimme, my tongue begins to falter, and my heart to want force to helpe either, with the feeling remembrance I haue, in what heape of miseries the caitiffe Prince lay at this time buried. Pardon therefore most excellent Princeesse, if I cut off the course of my dolorous tale, since if I be vnderstood; I haue said enough for the defence of my basenesse, & for that which after might befall to that patterne of ill fortune (the matters are too monstrous for my capacitie) his hatefull destinies must best declare their owne workmanship.

Thus hauing deliuered my tale in this perplexed manner, to the end the Princeesse might iudge that hee meant himselfe, who spake so feelingly; her answer was both strange, and in some respect comfortable. For would you thinke it? shee hath heard heretofore of vs both, by meanes of the valiant Prince *Plangus*, and particularly of our casting away, which shee following mine owne stile thus delicately brought forth: You haue told (said she) *Dorus*, a prettie tale; but you are much deceiued in the latter end of it. For the Prince *Musidorus* with his cousin *Pyrocles* did both perish vpon the coast of *Laconia*; as a noble gentleman called *Plangus* (who was well acquainted with the Historie) did assure my Father. O how that speech of hers did poure ioyes in my heart! O blessed name (thought I) of mine, since thou hast bene in that tongue, and passed through those lips, though I can neuer hope to approach them. As for *Pyrocles* (said I) I will not denie it, but that he is perished: (which I said, lest sooner suspition might arise of your being here, than your selfe would haue it) and yet affirmed no lye vnto her, since I onely said, I would not deny it. But for *Musidorus* (said I) I perceiue indeed you haue either heard or read the storie of that unhappy Prince; for this was the very obiection, which that peerlesse Princeesse did make vnto him, when he sought to appeare such as he was before her wildome: and thus as I haue read it faire written in the certainty of my knowledge, he might answer her, that indeed the ship wherein he came, by a treason was perished: and therefore that *Plangus* might easily be deceiued: but that he himselfe was cast vpon the coast of *Laconia*, where hee was taken vp by a couple of shepheards, who liued in those dayes famous; for that both louing one faire maide, they yet remained

mained constant friends; one of whose songs not long since was sung before you by the shepheard *Lamon*, and brought by them to a noble-mans house, neere *Mausi-ne*, whose sonne had a little before his marriage, beene taken prisoner, and by the helpe of this Prince, *Musidorus* (though naming himselfe by another name) was deliuered. Now these circumlocutions I did vse, because of the one side I knew the Princeesse would know well the parties I meant; and of the other, if I should haue named *Strephon*, *Claius*, *Kalander* and *Clitophon*, perhaps it would haue rubd some coniecture into the heauie head of Mistresse *Mopsa*.

And therefore (said I) most diuine Ladie, he iustly was thus to argue against such suspicions, that the Prince might easily by those parties be satisfied, that vpon that wrack such a one was taken vp, & therefore that *Plangus* might well erre, who knew not of anies taking vp: againe that hee that was so preferred brought good tokens to bee one of the two, chiefe of that wracked companie: which two, since *Plangus* knew to be *Musidorus* and *Pyrracles*, hee must needs be one of them, although (as I said) vpon a foretaken vow, hee was otherwise at that time called. Besides, the Princeesse must needs iudge, that no lesse than a Prince durst vndertake such an enterprise, which (though hee might get the fauour of the Princeesse) hee could neuer defend with lesse than a Princes power, against the force of *Arcadia*. Lastly, (said he) for a certaine demonstration, hee presumed to shew vnto the Princeesse a marke he had on his face, as I might (said I) shew this of my necke to the rare *Mopsa*: and withall, shewed my necke to them both, where (as you know) there is a redde spot bearing figure (as they tell me) of a Lyons paw, that shee may ascertain her selfe, that I am *Menalcas* brother. And so did hee, beseeching her to send some one shee might trust into *Theffalia*, secretly to be aduertised, whether the age, the complexion, and particularly that notable signe, did not fully agree with their Prince *Musidorus*. Doe you not know further (said shee, with a setled countenance not accusing any kinde of inward motion) of that storie? Alas no, (said I) for euen heere the Historiographer stopped, saying, The rest belonged to Astrologie. And therewith, thinking her silent imaginations began to worke vpon somewhat to mollifie them (as the nature of Musicke is to doe) and withall, to shew what kinde of shepheard I was, I tooke vp my Harpe, and sang these few verses:

**M**y sheepe are thoughts, which I both guide and serue:  
 Their pasture is faire hilles of fruitlesse loue:  
 On barren sweets they feed, and feeding sterue:  
 I waile their lot, but will not other proue.  
 My sheepehooke is wanne hope, which all upholds:  
 My weedes, Desire, cut out in endlesse folds.  
 What wooll my sheepe shall breake, whiles thus they line,  
 In you it is, you must the iudgement giue.

And then, partly to bring *Mopsa* againe to the matter (lest shee should too much take heede to our discourses) but principally, if it were possible, to gather some comfort out of her answers, I kneeled downe to the Princeesse, and humbly besought her to moue *Mopsa* in my behalfe, that shee would vnarme her noble heart of that steely resistance against the sweete blowes of Loue: that since all her parts were decked with some particular ornament; her face with beautie, her head with wisdom, her eyes with maiestie, her countenance with gracefulness, her lips with loueliness, her tongue with victorie; that shee would make her heart the



the throne of pittie, being the most excellent raiment of the most excellent part. *Pamela* without shew either of fauour or disdain, either of heeding or neglecting what I had said, turned her speech to *Mopsa*, and with such a voice and action, as might shew shee spake of a matter which little did concerne her; Take heed to your selfe (said shee) *Mopsa*, for your shepheard can speake well: but truly, if he do fully proue himselfe such as he saith, I meane, the honest shepheard *Menalcas* his brother and heire, I know no reason why you should thinke scorne of him. *Mopsa*, though (in my conscience) shee were euen then farr spent towards mee, yet shee answered lye, That for all my quaine speeches, shee would keepe her honestie close enough: And that as for the way of matrimonie, shee would stepp neuer a foote further, till my Master her Father had spoken the whole word himselfe, no shee would nor. But euer and anon turning her muzzell towards mee, shee threw such a prospect vpon me, as might well haue giuen a surfeit to any weake louers stomacke. But Lord what a foole am I, to mingle that driuels speeches among my noble thoughts! but because she was an Actor in this Tragedie, to giue you a full knowledge, and to leaue nothing (that I can remember) vnrepeated.

Now the Princeesse being about to withdraw her selfe from vs, I tooke a Jewell made in the figure of a Crab-fish, which, because it lookes one way and goes another, I thought it did fitly paterne out my looking to *Mopsa*, but bending to *Pamela*. The word about it was, *By force, not choise*; and still kneeling, besought the Princeesse that shee would vouchsafe to giue it *Mopsa*, and with the blessednesse of her hand to make acceptable vnto her that toy which I had found, following of late an acquaintance of mine at the plough. For (said I) as the earth was turned vp, the plow-share lighted vpon a great stone: wee puld that vp, and so found both that and some other pretty things, which wee had diuided betwixt vs.

*Mopsa* was benumbed with ioy when the Princeesse gaue it her: but in the Princeesse I could finde no apprehension of what I either said or did, but with a calme carelesnesse letting each thing slide, (inst as we doe by their speeches who neither in matter nor person doe any way belong vnto vs) which kinde of cold temper, mixt with that lightning of her naturall maiestie, is of all others most terrible vnto mee; for yet if I found shee contemned me, I would desparately labour both in fortune and vertue to overcome it; if shee only misdoubted me, I were in heaven; for quickly I would bring sufficient assurance: lastly, if shee hated mee, yet I should know what passion to deale with; and either with infinitenesse of desert I would take away the fewell from that fire; or if nothing would serue, then I would giue her my heart bloud to quench it. But this cruel quietnesse, neither retiring to dislike, nor proceeding to fauour; gracious, but gracious still after one maner, all her courtesies hauing this engrauen in them, that what is done, is for vertues sake, not for the parties (euer keeping her course like the Sun, who neither for our praises, nor curses, will spur or stop his horses.) This (I say) heauenlinesse of hers (for howsoeuer my misery is, I cannot but so entitle it) is so impossible to reach vnto, that I almost begin to submit my selfe to the tyrannie of dispaire, not knowing any way of perswasion, where wisdome seemes to be vn sensible. I haue appeared to her eyes like my selfe, by a denice I vsed with my Master, perswading him that we two might put on certaine rich apparell I had prouided, and so practise something on horsebacke before *Pamela*, telling him, it was apparell I had gotten for playing well the part of a king in a Tragedie at *Athens*: my horse indeed was it I had left at *Menalcas* house, and *Dametis* got one by friendship out of the Princes stable. But howsoeuer I shew, I am no base bodie, all I doe is but to beate a rocke and get some.

But

But as *Dorus* was about to tell further, *Dametas* (who came whistling, and counting vpon his fingers, how many loades of hay seuentene fat oxen eate vp in a yeare) desired *Zelmene* from the King that shee would come into the lodge, where they stayed for her. Alas (said *Dorus*, taking his leaue) the summe is this, that you may well finde you haue beaten your sorrow against such a wall, which with the force of rebound may well make your sorrow stronger. But *Zelmene* turning her speech to *Dametas*, I shall grow (said she) skilfull in countrie matters, if I haue often conference with your seruant. In sooth (answered *Dametas* with a gracelesse scorn) the Lad may proue well enough, if he ouerspoone thinke not too well of himselfe, & will beare away that he heareth of his elders. And therewith as they walked to the other lodge, to make *Zelmene* finde she might haue spent her time better with him, he began with a wilde Methode to runne ouer all the art of husbandrie: especially imploying his tongue about well dunging of a field: while poore *Zelmene* yeelded her eares to those tedious strokes, not warding them so much as with any one answer, till they came to *Basilus*, and *Gynecia*, who attended for her in a coach to carrie her abroad to see some sports prepared for her. *Basilus*, and *Gynecia* sitting in the one end, placed her at the other, with her left side to *Philoclea*. *Zelmene* was moued in her minde, to haue kissed their feet for the fauour of so blessed a seat: for the narrownesse of the coach made them ioyne from the foote to the shoulders very close together; the truer touch whereof though it were barred by their enuious apparell, yet as a perfect Magnes, though bur in an iuorie boxe, will through the boxe send forth his imbracing vertue to a beloued needle; so this imparadised neighborhood made *Zelmene*'s soule cleaue vnto her, both thorow the iuory case of her body, and the apparell which did ouercloude it. All the bloud of *Zelmene*'s bodie stirring in her, as wine will doe when sugar is hastily put into it, seeking to suck the sweetness of the beloued guest: her heart, like a Lyon new imprisoned, seeing him that restraines his libertie, before the grate; not panting, but struiuing violently (if it had beene possible) to haue leapt into the lappe of *Philoclea*. But *Dametas*, euen then proceeding from being master of a Cart, to bee doctor of a Coach, nor a little proude in himselfe, that his whippe at that time guided the rule of *Arcadia*, draue the coach (the couer whereof was made with such ioynts, that as they might) to auoid the weather (pull it vp close when they listed, so when they would they might put each end downe, and remaine as discouered and open sighted as on horseback) till vpon the side of the Forrest they had both Grey hounds, Spaniels, and Hounds: whereof the first might seeme the Lords, the second the Gentlemen, and the last the yeomen of dogges; a cast of Merlins there was besides, which flying of a gallant height ouer certaine bushes, would beate the birds (that rose) downe vnto the bushes, as Falcons will doe wild-foule ouer a riuer. But the sport which for that day *Basilus* would principally shew to *Zelmene*, was the mountie at a Hearne, which getting vp on his waggling wings with paine, till hee was come to some height (as though the ayre next to the earth were not fit for his great body to sie through) was now growne to diminish the sight of himselfe, and to giue example to great persons, that the higher they be, the lesse they should shew: when a Ierfaulcon was cast off after her, who streight spying where the prey was, fixing her eye with desire, and guiding her wing by her eye, vied no more strength than industrie. For as a good builder to a high tower will not make his stayre vp right, but winding almost the full compasse about, that the steepe nesse bee the more vsensible: so shee, seeing the trowing of her pursued chafe, went cirkling, and compassing about, rising so with the lesse sense of rising, and yet finding that way scantily serue the greedinesse of



of her haste, as an ambitious bodie will goe farre out of the direct way, to win to a point of height which he desires; so would shee (as it were) turne taile to the Heron, and flie out quite another way, but all was to returne in a higher pitch; which once gotten, shee would either beate with cruell assaults the Heron, who now was driuen to the best defence of force, since flight would not serue; or else clasping with him, come down together, to be parted by the ouer-partiall beholders.

Diuers of which flights *Basilus* shewing to *Zelmane*, thus was the riches of the time spent, and the day deceased before it was thought of, till night like a degenerating successour made his departure the better remembred. And therefore (so constrained) they willed *Dametis* to driue homeward, who (halfe sleeping, halfe musing about the mending of a wine-presse) guided the horses so ill, that the wheele coming ouer a great stub of a tree, it ouerturned the coach. Which though it fell violently vpon the side where *Zelmane* and *Gynecia* sate, yet for *Zelmanes* part, shee would haue beene glad of the fall, which made her beare the sweet burthen of *Philoclea*, but that she feared she might receiue some hurt. But indeed neither shee did, nor any of the rest, by reason they kept their armes and legs within the coach, sauing *Gynecia*, who with the onely bruze of the fall, had her shoulder put out of ioynt; which though, by one of the Faulkeners cunning, it was set well againe, yet with much paine was she brought to the lodge; and paine (fetching his ordinary companion, a feuer with him) draue her to entertaine them both in her bed.

But neither was the feuer of such impatient heate, as the inward plague-fore of her affection, nor the paine halfe so noy some, as the ielousie shee conceived of her daughter *Philoclea*, lest this time of her sicknes might giue apt occasion to *Zelmane*, whom she misdoubted. Therefore shee called *Philoclea* to her, and though it were late in the night, commanded her in her eare to goe to the other lodge, & send *Miso* to her, with whom she would speake, & she to lie with her sister *Pamela*. The meane while *Gynecia* kept *Zelmane* with her, because she would be sure, shee should be out of the lodge, before she licenced *Zelmane*. *Philoclea* not skild in any thing better than obedience, went quietly downe; and the Moone then full (not thinking scorne to be a torch-bearer to such beaurie) guided her steppes, whose motions beare a mind which bare in it selfe farre more stirring motions. And alas (sweete *Philoclea*) how hath my penne till now forgot thy passions, since to thy memory principally all this long matter is intended: pardon the slackenesse to come to those woes, which hauing caused in others, thou didst feele in thy selfe.

The sweet minded *Philoclea* was in their degree of well doing, to whom the not-knowing of euill serueth for a ground of vertue, and hold their inward powers in better forme with an vnspotted simplicitie, than many, who rather cunningly seeke to know what goodnesse is, than willingly take into themselves the following of it. But as that sweete and simple breath of heavenly goodnesse, is the easier to be altered, because it hath not passed through the worldly wickednesse, nor feelingly found the euill, that euill carries with it; so now the Lady *Philoclea* (whose eyes and senses had receiued nothing, but according as the naturall course of each thing required; whose tender youth had obediently, liued vnder her parents behests, without framing out of her owne will the fore-choosing of any thing) when now shee came to a point, wherein her iudgement was to be proued, in knowing faultinesse by his first tokens, she was like a yong Faune, who coming in the wind of the hunters, doth not know whether it bee a thing or no to bee eschewed; whereof at this time she began to get a costly experience. For after that *Zelmane* had a while liued in the lodge with her, and that her onely being a noble stranger had bred a kinde of

heedfull attention; her comming to that lonely place (where shee had no body but her parents) a willingnesse of conuersation; her wit and behauiour a liking & silent admiration; at length the excellencie of her naturall gifts, ioyned with the extreame shewes she made of most deuout honouring *Philoclea* (carrying thus in one person, the onely two bands of good will, loueliness and louingnesse) brought forth in her heart a yeelding to a most friendly affection; which when it had gotten so full possession of the keyes of her minde, that it would receiue no message from her senses, without that affection were the interpreter; then straight grew an exceeding delight stil to be with her, with an vnmeasurable liking of all that *Zelmae* did: matters being so turned in her, that where at first liking her manners did breede good-will, now good-will became the chiefe cause of liking her manners: so that within a while *Zelmae* was not prized for her demeanure, but the demeanure was prized because it was *Zelmaes*. Then followed that most naturall effect of conforming her selfe to that, which shee did like, and not onely wishing to be her selfe such another in all things, but to ground an imitation vpon so much an esteemed authoritie: so that the next degree was to marke all *Zelmaes* doings, speeches, and fashions, and to take them into her selfe, as a patterne of worthie proceeding. Which when once it was enacted, not onely by the cominaltie of Passions, but agreed vnto by her most noble Thoughts, and that Reason it selfe (not yet experienced in the issues of such matters) had granted his royall assent; then Friendship (a diligent officer) tooke care to see the statute thoroughly obserued. Then grew on that not onely shee did imitate the sobernesse of her countenance, the gracefulness of her speech, but euen their particular gestures: so that as *Zelmae* did often eye her, she would often eye *Zelmae*, and as *Zelmaes* cyes would deliuer a submissiue, but vehement desire in their looke, she, though as yet shee had not the desire in her, yet should her eyes answer in like piercing kindnesse of a looke. *Zelmae* as much as *Gynecias* ieaousie would suffer, desired to bee neere *Philoclea*; *Philoclea*, as much as *Gynecias* ieaousie would suffer, desired to be neere *Zelmae*. If *Zelmae* tooke her hand, and softly strained it, shee also (thinking the knots of friendship ought to bee mutuall) would (with a sweete fastnesse) shew she was loth to part from it. And if *Zelmae* sighed, she would sigh also; when *Zelmae* was sad, she deemed it wisdom, and therefore she would be sad too. *Zelmaes* languishing countenance with crost armes, and sometimes cast-yp eyes, shee thought to haue an excellent grace: and therefore she also willingly put on the same countenance: till at the last (poore soule, ere she were aware) shee accepted not onely the badge, but the service; not onely the signe, but the passion signified. For whether it were, that her wit in continuance did finde, that *Zelmaes* friendship was full of impatient desire, hauing more than ordinarie limits, & therefore she was content to second *Zelmae*, though her selfe knew not the limits, or that in truth, true loue (well considered) hath an infectiue power; at last shee fell in acquaintance with loues harbinger, wishing: First she would wish, that they two might liue all their liues together, like two of *Diana's* Nymphes. But that wish, she thought not sufficient, because she knew, there would be more Nymphs besides them, who also would haue their part in *Zelmae*. Then would she wish, that she were her sister, that such a naturall band might make her more speciall to her. But against that, she considered, that, though being her sister, if shee happened to be married, she should be robbed of her. Then grown bolder, she would wish either her selfe, or *Zelmae* a man; that there might succcede a blessed mariage betwene them. But when that wish had once displayed his ensigne in her minde, then followed whole squadrons of longings, that so it might be, with a

maine



maine battell of mislikings, and repinings against their creation, that so it was not. Then dreames by night began to bring more vnto her, than shee durst wish by day, where out waking did make her know her selfe the better by the image of those fancies. But as some diseases when they are easie to bee cured, they are hard to bee knowne, but when they grow easie to be knowne, they are almost impossible to bee cured: so the sweete *Philoclea*, while she might prevent it, shee did not feele it, now shee felt it, when it was past preventing; like a river, no rampiers being built against it, till alreadie it haue ouerflowed. For now indeede loue puld off his maske, and shewed his face vnto her, and told her plainly, that she was his prisoner. Then needed she no more paint her face with passions, for passions shone thorough her face; than her rosie colour was often encreased with extraordinarie blushing, and so another time, perfect whitenesse descended to a degree of palenesse: now hot, then cold, desiring shee knew not what, nor how, if shee knew what. Then her minde (though too late) by the smart was brought to thinke of the disease, and her owne prooffe taught her to know her mothers minde; which (as no error giues so strong assault, as that which comes armed in the authoritie of a parent) so greatly fortified her desires, to see, that her mother had the like desires. And the more zealous her mother was, the more shee thought the Iewell precious which was with so many lockes guarded. But that preuailing so farte, as to keepe the two louers from priuate conference, then began shee to feele the sweetnesse of a louers solitarinesse, when freely with words and gestures, as if *Zelmane* were present, she might giue passage to her thoughts: and so as it were, vtter out some smoke of those flames, wnerewith else shee was not onely burned, but smothered. As this night, that going from the one lodge to the other by her mothers commandement, with dolefull gestures and vncertaine paces, shee did willingly accept the times offer, to bee a while alone: so that going a little aside into the wood, where many times before she had delighted to walke, her eyes were saluted with a tuft of trees, so close set together, as with the shade the Moone gaue through it, it might breede a fearefull kinde of deuotion to looke vpon it. But true thoughts of loue banished all vaine fancie of superstition. Full well shee did both remember and like the place; for there had shee often with their shade beguiled *Phobus* of looking vpon her: There had shee enioyed her selfe often, while shee was mistresse of her selfe, and had no other thoughts, but such as might arise out of quiet senses.

But the principall cause that inuited her remembrance, was a goodly white marble stone, that should seeme had beene dedicated in auient time to the *Siluan* gods: which shee finding there a few dayes before *Zelmane*'s comming, had written these words vpon it, as a testimonie of her minde, against the suspicion her captiuitie made her thinke she liued in. The writing was this:

**Y**ou lining powers enlos'd in stately shrine  
Of growing trees: you rauall Gods that wield  
Your scepters here, if so your eares distill  
A voice may come, which troubled soules doth still  
This vow receiue, this vow O Gods maintain  
My virgin life no spotted thought shall stain  
Thou purest stone; whose parentesse doth present  
My purest minde; whose temper hard doth shew  
My tempered heart; by thee my promise sent

*Vnto my selfe let after-liners know.  
 No fancie wine, nor others wrong suspect  
 Make me, O vertuous shame, thy lawes neglect.  
 O Chastitie, the chiefe of beaument lights,  
 Which makst vs most immortall shape to weare,  
 Hold thou my heart, establish thou my sprights:  
 To onely thee my constant course I beare;  
 Till spotlesse soule vnto thy bosome flie.  
 Such life to leade, such death I vowe to die.*

But now that her memory serued as an accuser of her change, and that her owne hand-writing was there, to beare testimonie against her fall; shee went in among those few trees, so closed in the tops together, as they might seeme a little chappell: and there might shee by the helpe of the Moone-light perceiue the goodly stone, which serued as an altar in that woodie deuotion. But neither the light was enough to reade the words, and the inke was alreadye foteborne, and in many places blotted: which as shee perceiued, Alas (said she) faire marble, which neuer receiuedst spot but by my writing: well doe these blots become a blotted writer. But pardon her which did not dissemble then, although shee haue changed since. Enioy, enioy the glorie of thy nature, which can so constantly beare the markes of my inconstancie. And herewith hiding her eyes with her soft hand, there came into her head certaine verses, which if she had had present commoditie, shee would haue adioyned as a retraction to the other. They were to this effect.

*My words, in hope to blazie a stedfast minde,  
 This marble chose, as of like temper knowne:  
 But loe my words deface my fancies blinde;  
 Blots to the stone, shame to my selfe I finde:  
 And witnesse am, how ill agree in one,  
 A womans hand with constant marble stone.  
 My words full weake, the marble full of might;  
 My words in soze, the marble all alone;  
 My words blacke inke, the marble kindly white;  
 My words run soone, the marble still in fight,  
 May witnesse beare, how ill agree in one,  
 A womans hand, with constant marble stone.*

But seeing shee could not see meanes to ioyne as then this recantation to the former vowe (laying all her faire length vnder one of the trees) for a while shee did nothing but turne vp and downe, as if she had hoped to ryme away the fancie that maistred her, and hid her face, as if shee could haue hidden her selfe from her owne fancies. At length with a whispering noie to her selfe, O me vnfortunate wretch (said she) what poysonous heates bee these, which thus torment mee? How hath the sight of this strange guest inuaded my soule? Alas, what entrance found this desire, or what strength had it thus to conquer me? Then a cloud passing between her fight and the Moone, O Diana (said shee) I would either the cloud that now hides the light of my vertue, would as easily passe away, as you will quickly ouercome this



this let; or else that you were for euer thus darkened to serue for an excuse of my outrageous folly. Then looking to the starres, which had perfectly as then beautified the cleere skie: My parents (said shee) haue told me, that in these faire heavenly bodies, there are great hidden deities, which haue their working in the ebbing and flowing of our estates. If it be so; then (O you starres) iudge rightly of me; and if I haue with wicked intent made my selfe a prey to fancie, or if by any idle lusts I framed my heart fit for such an impression, then let this plague daily encrease in mee, till my name be made odious to womankind. But if extreame and vnersistable violence haue oppressed me, who will euer doe any of you sacrifice (O you stars) if you doe not succour me? No, no, you will not helpe me. No, no, you cannot helpe me: Sinne must be the mother, and shame the daughter of my affection. And yet are these but childish obiections (simple *Philoclea*;) it is the impossibilitie that doth torment me: for, vnlawfull desires are punished after the effect of enioying; but vnpossible desires are punished in the desire it selfe. O then, O tenne times vnhappy that I am, since where in all other hope kindleth loue, in me despaire should be the bellowes of my affection: and of all despaire the most miserable, which is drawne from impossibilitie. The most couetous man longs not to get riches out of a ground which neuer can beare any thing, Why? because it is impossible. The most ambitious wight vexeth not his wits to clime into heauen, Why? because it is impossible. Alas then, O Loue, why dost thou in thy beautifull sampler set such a work for my desire to take out, which is as much impossible? And yet alas, why do I thus condemne my fortune, before I heare what she can say for her selfe? What doe I, filly wench, know what Loue hath prepared for me? Doe I not see my mother, as well, at least as furiously as my selfe, loue *Zelmene*? & should I be wiser than my mother? Either shee sees a possibilitie in that which I thinke impossible, or else impossible loues neede not misbecome me. And doe I not see *Zelmene* (who doth not thinke a thought which is not first wayed by wisdom and vertue) doth not she vouchsafe to loue me with like ardour? I see it, her eyes depose it to be true; What then? and if she can loue poore me, shall I thinke scorne to loue such a woman as *Zelmene*? Away then all vaine examinations of why and how. Thou lovest me, most excellent *Zelmene*, and I loue thee: and with that, imbracing the very ground whereon she lay, she said to her selfe (for euen to her selfe she was ashamed to speake it out in words) O my *Zelmene*, gouerne and direct me: for I am wholly giuen ouer vnto thee.

In this depth of mazes, and diuers sorts of discourses, would shee rauingly haue remained, but that *Dametas* and *Miso* (who were round about to seeke her, vnderstanding she was to come to their Lodge that night) came hard by her; *Dametas* saying, that he would not deale in other bodies matters; but for his part, hee did not like, that maids should once stirre out of their fathers houses, but if it were to milke a cow, or saue a chicken from a kites foot, or some such other matter of importance. And *Miso* swearing that if it were her daughter *Mopsa*, shee would giue her a lesson for walking so late, that should make her keep within doores for one fortnight. But their iangling made *Philoclea* rise, and pretending as though she had done it but to sport with them, went with the (after she had willed *Miso* to wait vpon her mother) to the Lodge; where (being now accustomed by her parents discipline, as well as her sister, to serue her selfe) she went alone vp to *Pamela's* chamber, where, meaning to delight her eyes, and ioy her thoughts with the sweet conuersation of her beloved sister, she found her (though it were in the time that the wings of night doth blow sleepe most willingly into mortall creatures) sitting in a chaire, lying backe-

ward, with her head almost ouer the backe of it, and looking vpon a waxe-candle which burnt before her; in one hand holding a letter, in the other her handkerchiefe, which had lately drunke vp the teares of her eyes, leauing in stead of them, crimson circles; like redde flakes in the element, when the weather is hottest, which *Philoclea* finding (for her eyes had learned to know the badges of sorrow) shee earnestly intreated to know the cause thereof, that either shee might comfort, or accompanie her dolefull humour. But *Pamela*, rather seeming sorie that she had perceiued so much, than willing to open any further; O my *Pamela* (said *Philoclea*) who are to me a sister in nature, a mother in counsell, a Princeesse by the law of our countrie, and which name (mee thinkes of all other) is the dearest, a friend by my choise and your fauour, what meanes this banishing mee from your counsels? Doe you loue your sorrow so well as to grudge mee part of it? Or doe you thinke I shall not loue a sad *Pamela*, so well as a ioyfull? Or be my cares vnworthie, or my tongue suspected? What is it (my sister) that you should conceale from your sister, yea and seruant *Philoclea*? These words wanne no further of *Pamela*, but that telling her they might talke better as they lay together; they impouerished their clothes to enrich their bed, which for that night might well scorne the shrine of *Venus*: and there cherishing one another with deare, though chaste embracements; with sweete, though cold kisses; y it might seeme that loue was come to play him there without dart; or that wearie of his owne fires, he was there to refresh himselfe between their sweete breathing lippes. But *Philoclea* earnestly againe intreated *Pamela* to open her griefe; who (drawing the curtaine, that the candle might not complaine of her blushing) was readie to speake: but the breath, almost formed into words, was againe stopt by her, and turned into sighes. But at last, I pray you (said shee) sweete *Philoclea*, let vs talke of some other thing: and tell mee whether you did euer see any thing so amended as our Pastorall sports bee, since that *Dorus* came hither? O loue, how farre thou seest with blinde eyes? *Philoclea* had straight found her, and therefore to draw out more, Indeed (said shee) I haue often wondred to my selfe how such excellencies could be in so meane a person; but belike fortune was afraid to lay her treasures, where they should be stained with so many perfections: onely I maruaile how he can frame himself to hide so rare gifts vnder such a blocke as *Dametas*. Ah (said *Pamela*) if you knew the cause, but no more doe I neither; and to say the truth: but Lord, how are we faine to talke of this fellow? And yet indeede if you were sometimes with mee to marke him, while *Dametas* reads his rusticke lecture vnto him (how to feede his beasts before noone, where to shade them in the extreame heat, how to make the manger handsome for his Oxen, when to vse the goad, and when the voyce; giuing him rules of a heardman, though hee pretend to make him a shepheard) to see all the while with what a grace (which seemes to set a crowne vpon his base estate) he can descend to those poore matters, certainly you would: but to what serues this? no doubt we were better sleep than talke of these idle matters. Ah my *Pamela* (said *Philoclea*) I haue caught you; the constancie of your wit was not wont to bring forth such disioynted speeches: you loue, dissemble no further. It is true (said *Pamela*) now you haue it; and with lesse adoe should, if my heart could haue thought those words futable for my mouth. But indeed (my *Philoclea*) take heed: for I thinke vertue it selfe is no armour of proote against affliction. Therefore learne by my example. Alas thought *Philoclea* to her selfe, your sheares come too late to clip the birds wings that alreadie is flown away. But then *Pamela* being once let in the streame of her loue, went away amain, withall, telling her how his noble qualities had drawne her liking towards him; but



but yet euer waying his meannesse, and so held continually in due limits; till seeing many meanes to speake with her, and euer kept from it (as well because shee shund it, seeing and disdainning his minde, as because of her iealous iaylors) he had at length vsed the finest policie that might bee in counterfainting loue to *Mopsa*, and saying to *Mopsa* whatsoeuer hee would haue her know: and in how passionate manner he had told his owne tale in a third person, making poore *Mopsa* beleue, that it was a matter fallen out many ages before. And in the end, because you shall know my teares come not, neither of repentance nor miserie, who thinke you, is my *Dorus* fallen out to bee? euen the Prince *Musidorus*, famous ouer all *Asia*, for his heroical enterprises, of whom you remember how much good the stranger *Planus* told my father; he not being drowned (as *Planus* thought) though his cousin *Pyrocles* indeed perished. Ah my sister, if you had heard his words, or seene his gestures, when hee made me know what, and to whom his loue was, you would haue matched in your selfe (those two rarely matched together) pittie and delight. Tell me deare sister (for the Gods are my witnesses I desire to do vertuously) can I without the detestable staine of vngatefulnesse abstaine from louing him, who farre exceeding the beautifulnesse of his shape with the beautifulnesse of his minde, and the greatnesse of his estate with the greatnesse of his acts) is content so to abase himselfe, as to become *Dametis*'s seruant for my sake? You will say, but how know I him to be *Musidorus*, since the hand-maid of wisdom is slow of beliefe? That consideration did not want in me: for the nature of desire it selfe is no easier to receiue beliefe, than it is hard to ground beliefe. For as desire is glad to embrace the first shew of comfort, so is desire desirous of perfect assurance: and that haue I had of him, not onely by necessarie arguments to any of common sense, but by sufficient demonstrations. Lastly, he would haue me send to *Thessalia*: but truly I am not as now in minde to doe my honourable loue so much wrong, as so farre to suspect him: yet, poore soule, knowes he no other, but that I doe both suspect, neglect, yea, and detest him. For euery day he findes one way or other to set forth himselfe vn- to me, but all are rewarded with like coldnesse of acceptation.

A few dayes since, he and *Dametis* had furnished themselves very richly to run at the ring before me. O how mad a sight it was to see *Dametis*, like rich Tisfew furd with Lambe-skins? But o how well it did with *Dorus*, to see with what a grace hee presented himselfe before mee on horsebacke, making maiestie wait vpon humblenesse: how at the first, standing still with his eyes bent vpon me, as though his motions were chained to my look, he so staid till I caused *Mopsa* bid him do something vpon his horse: which no sooner said, but (with a kinde rather of quicke gesture, than shew of violence) you might see him come towards mee, beating the ground in so due time, as no dancer can obserue better measure. If you remember the ship we saw once, when the sea went high vpon the coast of *Argos*; so went the beast. But he (as if Centaur-like he had beene one peece with the horse) was no more moued than one with the going of his owne leggs; and in effect so did hee command him, as his owne limmes: for though he had both spurres and wand, they seemed rather markes of soueraignetic, than instruments of punishment, his hand and legge (with most pleasing grace) commanding without threatning, & rather remembering than chastising; at least if sometimes he did, it was so stolne, as neither our eyes could discern it, nor the horse with any change did complaine of it: he euer going so iust with the horse, either forth-right, or turning, that it seemed, as hee borrowed the horses bodie, so he lent the horse his minde: in the turning one might perceiue the bridle-hand something gently stirre. but indeed so gently, as it did rather distill  
vertue,

vertue, than vse violence. Himselfe ( which mee thinkes is strange ) shewing at one instant both steadinesse and nimblenesse ; sometimes making him turne close to the ground, like a cat, when scratchingly she wheelles about after a mouse: sometimes with a little more rising before, now like a Raven leaping from ridgeto ridge, then like one of *Dametas*'s kids bound ouer the hillocks : and all so done, as neither the lusty kinde shewed any roughnesse, nor the easier any idlenesse : but still like a well obeyed master, whose becke is enough for a discipline, euer concluding each thing he did with his face to me-wards, as if thence came not onely the beginning, but ending of his motions. The sport was to see *Dametas*, how hee was tost from the saddle to the mane of the horse, and thence to the ground, giuing his gay apparell almost as foule an outside, as it had an inside. But as before he had euer said, he wanted but horse and apparell to bee as braue a courtier as the best, so now brused with prooffe, hee proclaimed it a folly for a man of wisdom to put himselfe vnder the tuition of a beast ; so as *Dorus* was faine alone to take the Ring. Wherein truely at least my womanish eyes could not discern, but that taking his staffe from his thigh, the descending it a little downe, the getting of it vp into the rest, the letting of the point fall, and taking the Ring, was but all one motion, at least ( if they were diuers motions ) they did so stealingly slippe one into another, as the latter part was euer in hand, before the eye could discern the former was ended. Indeed *Dametas* found fault that hee shewed no more strength in shaking of his staffe : but to my conceite the fine cleanness of bearing it was exceeding delightfull.

But how delightfull soeuer it was, my delight might well bee in my soule, but it neuer went to looke out of the window to doe him any comfort. But how much more I found reason to like him, the more I set all the strength of mind to suppress it, or at least to conceale it. Indeed I must confesse, that as some Physitians haue told me, that when one is cold outwardly, he is not inwardly, so truly the cold ashes layd vpon my fire, did not take the nature of fire from it. Full often hath my breast swollen with keeping my sighes imprisoned ; full often haue the teares I draue back from mine eyes, turned back to drowne my heart. But alas what did that help poore *Dorus* ? whose eyes ( being his diligent intelligencers ) could carry vnto him no other news, but discomfortable. I think no day past, but by some one inuention he would appeare vnto me to testifie his loue. One time he daunced the Marachine daunce in armour ( O with what a gracefull dexteritie ! ) I thinke to make mee see, that he had been brought vp in such exercises : another time he perswaded his master to make my time seem shorter in maner of a Dialogue, to play *Priamus* while he playd *Paris*. Thinke ( sweet *Philoclea* ) what a *Priamus* we had : but truly, my *Paris* was a *Paris*, and more than a *Paris* : who while in a sauage apparell, with naked necke, armes, & legs, hee made loue to *Oenone*, you might well see by his changed countenance, and true teares, that hee felt the part hee playd. Tell me ( sweet *Philoclea* ) did you euer see such a shepherd ? tell me, did you euer heare of such a Prince ? And then tell me, if a small or vnworthy assault haue conquered mee. Truly I would hate my life, if I thought vanitie led mee. But since my parents deale so cruelly with mee, it is time for mee to trust something to my owne iudgement. Yet hitherto haue my looks beene as I told you, which continuing after many of these his fruitlesse trials, haue wrought such change in him, as I tell you true ( with that word shee layd her hand vpon her quaking side ) I do not a little feare him. See what a letter this is ( then drew she the curtaine, and took the letter from vnder the pillow ) which to day ( with an afflicted humblenesse ) hee deliuered mee, pretending before *Mopsa*, that I should reade



reade it vnto her, to mollifie ( forsooth ) her iron stomacke; with that shee reade the letter, contayning thus much:

**M**ost blessed paper, which shalt kisse that hand, where to all blessednesse is in nature a seruant, doe not yet disdaine to carrie with thee the wofull words of a miser now despairing: neither be affraid to appeare before her, bearing the base title of the sender. For no sponer shall that diuine hand touch thee, but that thy basenesse shall bee turned to most high preferment. Therefore mourne boldly my inke; for while shee lookes vpon you, your blacknesse will shine: cry out boldly my lamentation; for while shee reade you, your cries will be musicke. Say then ( O happy messenger of a most vnhappy message ) that the too soone borne, and too late dying creature, which dares not speake, no nor looke, no nor scarcely thinke ( as from his miserable selfe, vnto her heavenly highnesse ) onely presumes to desire thee ( in the time that her eyes and voyce doe exalt thee ) to say, and in this manner to say, not from him, O no, that were not fitte, but of him, thus much vnto her sacred iudgement: O you, the onely honour to women, to men the onely admiration, you that being armed by lone, desie him that armed you, in this high estate wherein you haue placed mee, yet let me remember him to whom I am bound for bringing mee to your presence; and let mee remember him, who ( since hee is yours, how meane soeuer hee bee ) it is reason you haue an account of him. The wretch ( yet your wretch ) though with languishing steppes, runnes fast to his graue; and will you suffer a temple ( how poorely built soeuer, but yet a temple of your deitie ) to be razed? But hee dieth: it is most true, hee dieth; and hee in whom you liue, to obey you, dieth. Whereof though hee plaine, hee doth not complaine: for it is a harme, but no wrong, which hee hath received. Hee dies, because in wofull language all his senses tell him, that such is your pleasure: for since you will not that he liue, alas, alas, what followeth, what followeth of the most ruined *Dorus*, but his end? End then, euill destined *Dorus*, end; and end thou wofull letter, end, for it sufficeth her wisdom to know, that her heavenly will shall bee accomplished.

O my *Philoclea*, is he a person to write these words: and are these words lightly to be regarded? But if you had seen, when with trembling hand he had deliuered it, how he went away, as if he had beene but the coffin that carried himselfe to his sepulchre. Two times ( I must confesse ) I was about to take courtesie into mine eyes, but both times the former resolution stopt the entrie: so that hee departed without obtaining any further kindenesse. But he was no sooner out of the doore; but that I looked to the doore kindly, and truly the feare of him euer since hath put mee into such perplexitie, as now you found mee. Ah my *Pamela* ( said *Philoclea* ) leaue sorrow. The riuer of your teares will soone lose his fountaine; it is in your hand as well to stirch vp his life againe, as it was before to rent it. And so ( though with selfe-grieved minde ) shee comforted her sister, till sleepe came to bathe himselfe in *Pamela's* faire weeping eyes.

Which when *Philoclea* found, wringing her hands, O me, ( said shee ) indeed the onely subject of the destinies displeasure, whose greatest fortunatenesse is more vnfortunate, than my sisters greatest vnfortunatenesse. Alas, she weepes because shee would be no sooner happy; I weepe, because I can neuer be happy; her teares flow from pittie, mine from being too farre lower than the reach of pittie. Yet doe I not enuie thee, deare *Pamela*, I doe not enuie thee; onely I could wish that being thy sister in nature, I were not so faure off a kin in fortune.

But

But the darknesse of sorrow ouer-shadowing her minde, as the night did her eies, they were both content to hide themselves vnder the wings of sleepe, till the next morning had almost lost his name, before the two sweet sleeping sisters awaked from dreames, which flattered them with more comfort, than their walking could, or would consent vnto. For then they were called vp by *Miso*, who hauing bin with *Gynecia*, had receiued commandement to bee continually with her daughters, and particularly not to let *Zelmae*, and *Philoclea* haue any priuate conference, but that shee should be present to heare what passed. *Miso* hauing now her authority increased, but came with skowling eyes to deliuer a slaueing good morrow to the two Ladies, telling them, it was a shame for them to mar their complexions, yea and conditions too, with long lying a bed: and that, when she was of their age, she trowed, shee would haue made a hand kerchiefe by that time aday. The two sweete Princes with a smiling silence answered her entertainment, and obeying her direction, couered their dainry beauties with the glad clothes. But as soone as *Pamela* was ready (and sooner she was than her sister) of the agonie of *Dorus* giuing a fit to her selfe, which the words of his letter (liuely imprinted in her minde) still remembred her of, shee called to *Mopsa*, and willed her to fetch *Dorus* to speake with her; because (shee said) she would take further iudgement of him, before shee would moue *Dametas* to grant her in marriage vnto him: *Mopsa* (as glad as of sweet-meate to goe of such an arrant) quickly returned with *Dorus* to *Pamela*, who entended both by speaking with him to giue some comfort to his passionate heart, and withall to heare some part of his life past; which although fame had already deliuered vnto her, yet shee desired in more particular certainties to haue it from so beloued an historian. Yet the sweetnesse of vertues disposition, ieaious, euen ouer it selfe, suffered her not to enter abruptly into questions of *Musidorus* (whom shee was halfe ashamed shee did loue so well, and more than halfe sorie shee could loue no better) but thought best first to make her talke arise of *Pyrocles*, and his vertuous father: which thus shee did.

*Dorus* (said shee) you told me the last day, that *Plangus* was deceiued in that he affirmed the Prince *Musidorus* was drowned: but withall, you confessed his cosin *Pyrocles* perished, of whom certainly in that age there was a great losse, since (as I haue heard) he was a young Prince, of whom all men expected as much, as mans power could bring forth, and yet vertue promised for him, their expectation should not be deceiued. Most excellent Ladie (said *Dorus*) no expectation in others, nor hope in himselfe could aspire to a higher mark, than to be thought worthy to be praised by your iudgement, and made worthy to be praised by your mouth. But most sure it is, that as his fame could by no means get so sweet & noble an aire to fly in, as in your breath, so could not you (leauing your selfe aside) finde in the world a fitter subiect of commendation; as noble, as a long succession of royall ancestors, famous and famous for victories, could make him of shape most louely, and yet of minde more louely; valiant, courteous, wise, what should I say more? sweet *Pyrocles*, excellent *Pyrocles*. what can my words but wrong thy perfections, which I would to God in some small measure thou hadst bequeathed to him that euer must haue thy vertues in admiration, that masked at least in them, I might haue found some more gracious acceptance: with that he imprisoned his looke for a while vpon *Mopsa*, who therupon fell into a very wide smiling. Truly (said *Pamela*) *Dorus* I like well your minde, that can raise it selfe out of so base a fortune, as yours is, to thinke of the imitating so excellent a Prince, as *Pyrocles* was. Who shootes at the midday Sunne, though he be sure he shall neuer hit the marke; yet as sure he is, he shall shoot higher, than  
who



who aymes but at a bush. But I pray you *Dorus* (said she) tell me (since I perceiue you are well acquainted with that story) what Prince was that *Euarchus* father to *Pyrocles* of whom so much fame goes, for his rightly royall vertues, or by what wayes he got that opinion. And then so descend to the causes of his sending first away from him, and then to him for that excellent sonne of his, with the discourse of his life and losse: and therein you may (if you list) say something of that same *Musidorus* his cosin, because, they going together, the story of *Pyrocles* (which I onely desire) may bee the better vnderstood.

Incomparable Lady (said he) your commandement doth not only giue mee the will, but the power to obey you; such influence hath your excellencie. And first, for that famous king *Euarchus*, he was (at this time you speake of) king of *Macedon*, a kingdome, which in elder time had such a soueraignerie ouer all the Prouinces of *Greece*, that euen the particular kings therein did acknowledge (with more or lesse degrees of homage) some kind of fealty therunto: as among the rest, euen this now most noble (& by you ennobled) kingdome of *Artadia*. But he, when he came to his crown, finding by his latter ancestors either negligence, or misfortune, that in some ages many of those dueties had beene intermitted, would neuer stirre vp old titles (how apparant soeuer) whereby the publike peace (with the losse of many nor guilty soules) should be broken; but contenting himselfe to guide that shippe, wherein the heauens had placed him, shewed no lesse magnanimitie in dangerlesse despising, than others in dangerous affecting the multiplying of kingdomes: for the earth hath since born enow bleeding witness, that it was no want of true courage. Who as hee was most wise to see what was best, and most iust in the performing what he saw, & temperate in abstaining from any thing any way contrary: so thinke I, no thought can imagine a greater heart to see and contemne danger, where danger would offer to make any wrongfull threatening vpon him. A Prince, that indeed especially measured his greatnesse by his goodnesse: and if for any thing hee loued greatnesse, it was, because therein hee might exercise his goodnesse. A Prince of a goodly aspect, and the more goodly by a graue maiestie, wherewith his minde did decke his outward graces; strong of body, and so much the stronger, as he by a well disciplined exercise taught it both to doe and suffer. Of age so as hee was aboue fiftie yeares when his Nephew *Musidorus* tooke on such sheepeheardish apparell for the loue of the worlds paragon, as I now weare.

This king left Orphan both of father and mother, (whose father and grandfather likewise had died young) he found his estate, when he came to the age (which allowed his authoritie) so disioynted euen in the noblest & strongest lims of government, that the name of a king was growne euen odious to the people, his authoritie hauing bin abused by those great Lords, and little kings: who in those betweene times of raigning (by vniust fauouring those that were partially theirs, and oppressing them that would defend their libertie against them) had brought in (by a more felt than Ieene manner of proceeding) the worst kinde of *Oligarchie*; that is, when men are gouerned in deed by a few, and yet are not taught to know what those few be; to whom they should obey.

For they hauing the power of kings, but not the nature of kings, vsed the authority as men do their farmies, of which they see within a yeare they shall go out: making the kings sword strike whom they hated, the kings purse reward whom they loued: and (which is worst of all) making the royall countenance serue to vndermine the royall soueraignerie. For the subiects could taste no sweeter fruits of hauing a king, than grieuous taxation to serue vaine purposes; lawes made rather to finde

finde faults, than to preuent faults: the Court of a Prince rather deemed as a priuiledged place of the vnbridled licentiousnesse, than as the abiding of him, who as a father should giue a fatherly example vnto his people. Hence grew a very dissolution of all estates, while the great men (by the nature of ambition neuer satisfied) grew factious among themselves: and the vnderlings, glad indeed to bee vnderlings to them they hated least, to preserue them from such they hated most. Men of vertue suppressed, least they shining should discouer the others filthinesse; and at length vertue it selfe almost forgotten, when it had no hopefull end wherunto to be directed; old men long nussed in corruption, scorning them that would seeke reformation; yong men very fault-finding, but very faulty: & so giuen to new fanglenesse both of manners, apparell, and each thing else, by the custome of selfe-guiltie euill, glad to change, though oft for worse; merchandise abused, and so Townes decayed for want of iust and naturall libertie; offices, euen of iudging soules, sold; publike defences neglected; and in summe, (least too long I trouble you) all awrie, & (which wried it to the most wrie course of all) witte abused, rather to faine reason why it should be amisse, than how it should bee amended.

In this, and a much worse plight than it is fit to trouble your excellent cares withall, did the king *Euarchus* finde his estate, when hee tooke vpon him the regiment: which by reason of the long streame of abuse, hee was forced to stablsh by some euen extreame seueritie, not so much for the very faults themselves, (which he rather sought to preuent than to punish) as for the faultie ones, who strong, euen in their faults, scorned his youth, and could not learne to digest, that the man which they so long had vsed to maske their owne appetites, should now be the reducer of them into order. But so soone as some few (but indeed notable) examples, had thundered a durie into the subiects hearts, hee soone shewed, no basenesse of suspicion, nor the basest basenesse of enuy, could any whit rule such a Ruler. But then shined forth indeed all loue among them, when an awfull feare ingendred by iustice, did make that loue most louely: his first and principall care being to appeare vnto his people, such as he would haue them be, and to be such as he appeared; making his life the example of his lawes, and his lawes as it were, his axiomes arising out of his deeds. So that within small time, he wanne a singular loue in his people, and engrafted singular confidence. For how could they choose but loue him, whom they found so truly to loue them? He euen in reason disdaining, that they that haue charge of beasts, should loue their charge, and care for them; and that hee that was to gouerne the most excellent creature, should not loue so noble a charge. And therefore, where most Princes (seduced by flatterie to build vpon false grounds of gouernment) make themselves (as it were) another thing from the people; and so count it gaine what they get from them: and (as it were) two counter-ballances, that their estate goes highest when the people goes lowest) by a fallacy of argument thinking themselves most kings, when the subiect is most basely subiected: He contrariwise, vertuously and wisely acknowledging, that hee with his people made all but one politike body, whereof himselfe was the head; euen so cared for them, as he would for his owne limmes: neuer restraining their libertie, without it stretched to licentiousnesse, nor pulling from them their goods, which they found were not imployed to the purchase of a greater good: but in all his actions shewing a delight in their welfare, brought that to passe, that while by force he took nothing, by their loue he had all. In summe (peerlesse Princesse) I might as easily set down the whole Art of gouernement, as to lay before your eyes the picture of his proceedings. But in such sort hee flourished in the sweet comfort of doing much good, when



when by an occasion of leaving his country, hee was forced to bring forth his vertue of magnanimitie, as before he had done of iustice.

He had onely one sister, a Lady (lest I should too easily fall to partiall prayles of her) of whom it may be iustly said, that she was no vnfit branch to the noble stocke whereof she was come. Her he had giuen in marriage to *Dorilus* Prince of *Theffalia*, not so much to make a friendship, as to confirme the friendship betweene their posteritie, which betweene them, by the likenesse of vertue, had beene long before made: for certainly, *Dorilus* could need no amplifiers mouth for the highest point of prayse. Who hath not heard (said *Pamela*) of the valiant, wise, and iust *Dorilus*, whose vntime death doth yet (so many yeares since) draw teares from vertuous eies? And indeed, my father is wont to speake of nothing with greater admiration, than of the notable friendship (a rare thing in Princes, more rare betweene Princes) that so holily was obserued to the last of those two excellent men. But (said she) goe on I pray you. *Dorilus* (said he) hauing married his sister, had his marriage in short time blest (for so are folke wont to say, how vnhappie soeuer the children after grow) with a sonne, whom they named *Musidorus*: of whom I must needs first speake before I come to *Pyrales*, because as he was borne first, so vpon his occasion grew (as I may say accidentally) the others birth. For scarcely was *Musidorus* made partaker of this oft-blinding light, when there were found numbers of Southsayers, who affirmed strange & incredible things should be performed by that child, whether the heauens at that time list to play with ignorant mankind, or that flatterie be so presumptuous, as euen at times to borrow the face of Diuinity. But certainly, so did the boldnesse of their affirmation accompany the greatnesse of what they did affirme (euen descending to particularities, what kingdomes he should overcome) that the king of *Phrygia* (who ouer-superstitiously thought himselfe touched in the matter) sought by force to destroy the Infant, to prevent his after-expectations: because a skilfull man (hauing compared his natiuitie with the child) so tolde him. Foolish man, either vainly fearing what was not to be feared, or not considering that if it were a worke of the superior powers, the heauens at length are neuer children. But so he did, & by the aid of the kings of *Lydia* and *Cress* (ioyning together their armies) inuaded *Theffalia*, and brought *Dorilus* to some behind-hand of fortune, when his faithfull friend & brother *Euarchus* came so mightily to his succour, that with some interchanging changes of fortune, they began of a iust war, the best childe, peace. In which time *Euarchus* made a crosse marriage also with *Dorilus* his sister, and shortly left her with child of the famous *Pyrales*, driuen to return to the defence of his owne countrie, which in his absence (helped with some of the ill contented nobilitie) the mightie king of *Thrace*, & his brother, king of *Pannonia*, had inuaded. The successe of those warres was too notable to be vknowne to your eares, to which it seemes all worthy fame hath glory to come vnto. But there was *Dorilus* (valiantly requiring his friends helpe) in a great battaile deprived of life, his obsequies being no more solemnized by the teares of his partakers, than the bloud of his enemies, with so piercing a sorrow to the constant heart of *Euarchus*, that the newes of his sonnes birth could lighten his countenance, with no shew of comfort, although all the comfort that might be in a child, truth it self in him forth with deliuered. For what fortune onely Southsayers foretold of *Musidorus*, that all men might see prognosticated in *Pyrales*, both Heauens & Earth giuing tokens of the coming forth of an Heroicall vertue. The senate house of the planets was at no time so set, for the decreeing of perfection in a man, as at that time all folks skilfull therein did acknowledge: onely loue was threatned, & promised to him, and so

to his cousin, as both the tempest and haue: of their best yetles. But as death may haue preuented *Pyrocles*, so vnworthinesse must be the death of *Musidorus*. But the mother of *Pyrocles* (shortly after her childe-birth) dying, was cause that *Euarchus* recomended the care of his onely sonne to his sister, doing it the rather because the warre continued in cruel heate, betwixt him and those ill neighbours of his. In which meane time those young Princes (the onely comforters of that vertuous Widow) grew on so, that *Pyrocles* taught admiration to the hardest conceits: *Musidorus* (perchance because among his subiects) exceedingly beloued: and by the good order of *Euarchus* (well performed by his sister) they were so brought vp, that all the sparkes of vertue, which nature had kindled in them, were so blowne to giue forth their vntermost heat, that iustly it may be affirmed, they enflamed the affections of all that knew them. For almost before they could perfectly speake, they began to receiue conceits not vnworthy of the best speakers: excellent deuices being vsed, to make euen their sports profitable; images of battailes, and fortifications being then deliuered to their memorie, which after, their stronger iudgements might dispence, the delight of tales being conuerted to the knowledge of all the stories of worthy Princes, both to moue them to do nobly, & teach them how to doe trobly, the beautie of vertue still being set before their eyes, and that taught them with far more diligent care, than Grammaticall rules, their bodies exercised in all abilities, both of doing and suffering, and their minds acquainted by degrees with dangers, and in summe, all bent to the making vp of princely minds: no seruile feare vsed towards them, nor any other violent restraint, but still as to Princes: so that a habite of commanding was naturalized in them, and therefore the farther from Tyranny: Nature hauing done so much for them in nothing, as that it made them Lords of truth, whereon all the other goods were builded.

Among which nothing I so much delight to recount, as the memorable friendship that grew betwixt the two Princes, such as made them more like than the likeness of all other vertues, and made them more neere one to the other, than the neerenesse of their blood could aspire vnto; which I thinke grew the faster, and the faster was tyed betweene them, by reason that *Musidorus* being elder by three or foure yeares, it was neither so great a difference in age as did take away the delight in societie, and yet by the difference there was taken away the occasion of childlike contentions, till they had both past ouer the humour of such contentions. For *Pyrocles* bare reuerence full of loue to *Musidorus*, and *Musidorus* had a delight full of loue in *Pyrocles*. *Musidorus*, what hee had learned either for bodie or minde, would teach it to *Pyrocles*; and *Pyrocles* was so glad to learne of none, as of *Musidorus*: till *Pyrocles*, being come to sixteene yeeres of age, he seemed so to ouer-run his age in growth, strength, and all things following it, that not *Musidorus*, no nor any man liuing (I thinke) could performe any action, either on horse, or foot, more strongly, or deliuer that strength more nimbly, or become the deliuerie more gracefully, or imploy all more vertuously. Which may well seeme wonderfull: but wonders are no wonders in a wonderfull subiect.

At which time, vnderstanding that the King *Euarchus*, after so many yeeres warre, and the conquest of all *Pannonia*, and almost *Thrace*, had now brought the conclusion of all to the siege of *Bizantium* (to the raising of which siege, great forces were made) they would needes fall to the practice of those vertues, which they before learned. And therefore the mother of *Musidorus* nobly yeelding over her own affects to her childrens good (for a mother shee was in effect to them both) the rather that they might helpe her beloued brother, they brake off all delayes, which

*Musidorus*



*Musidorus* for his part thought already had deuoured too much of his good time, but that he had once granted a boone (before hee knew what it was) to his deere friend *Pyrocles*: that he would neuer seeke the aduentures of armes, vntill he might goe with him: which hauing fast bound his heart (a true slave to faith) he had bid a tedious delay of following his owne humour for his friends sake, till now being both sent for by *Enarchus*, and finding *Pyrocles* able every way to goe thorow with that kinde of life, he was as desirous for his sake, as for his owne, to enter into it. So therefore preparing a nauie, that they might goe like themselves, and not only bring the comfort of their presence, but of their power, to their deere parent *Enarchus*, they recommended themselves to the Sea, leauing the shoare of *Thessalia* full of teares and vowes; and were receiued thereon with so smooth and smiling a face, as if *Neptune* had as then learned falsely to fawne on Princes. The wind was like a seruant, wayting behinde them so iust, that they might fill the sayles as they listed; and the best saylers shewing themselves lesse couetous of his liberalitie, so tempered it, that they all kept together like a beautifull flocke, which so well could obey their masters pipe: without sometimes, to delight the Princes eyes, some two or three of them would strue, who could (either by the cunning of well spending the winds breath, or by the aduantageous building of their mouing houses) leaue their fellows behinde them in the honour of speede: while the two Princes had leifure to see the practice of that, which before they had learned by bookes: to consider the arte of catching the winde prisoner, to no other end, but to ruine away with it; to see how beautie, and vie can so well agree together, that of all the trinkets, wherwith they are attired, there is not one but serues to some necessary purpose. And (O Lord) to see the admirable power and noble effects of Loue, whereby the seeming insensible Loadstone, with a secret beautie (holding the spirit of iron in it) can draw that hard-hearted thing vnto it, and (like a vertuous mistresse) not onely make it bow it selfe, but with it make it aspire to so high a Loue, as of the heavenly Poles; and thereby to bring forth the noblest deedes, that the children of the Earth can boast of. And so the Princes delighting their conceits with confirming their knowledge, seeing wherein the Sea-discipline differed from Land-seruice, they had for a day, and almost a whole night, as pleasing entertainment, as the fellest heart could glue to him he meanes worst to.

But by that the next morning began a little to make a gilden shew of a good meaning, there arose euen with the Sunne, a vaile of darke cloudes before his face, which shortly (like inke powred into water) had blacked ouer all the face of heauen; preparing (as it were) a mournefull stage for a Tragedie to be played on. For forthwith the windes began to speake lowder, and as in a tumultuous kingdom, to thinke themselves fittest instruments of commandement; and blowing whole stormes of haile and raine vpon them, they were sooner in danger, than they could almost be-thinke themselves of change. For then the trayterous Sea began to swell in pride against the afflicted Nauie, vnder which (while the heauen fauoured them) it had layne so calmely, making mountaines of it selfe, ouer which the tossed and tottering ship should clime, to be streight carried downe againe to a pit of hellish darknesse; with such cruell blowes against the sides of the ship (that, which way focuer it went, was still in his malice) that there was left neither power to stay, nor way to escape. And shortly had it so diseuered the louing companie, which the day before had tarried together, that most of them neuer met againe, but were swallowed vp in his neuer-satisfied mouth. Some indeede (as since was knowne) after long wandring, returned into *Thessalia*; other recouered *Bizantium*, and serued *Enarchus* in his

warre. But in the ship wherein the Princes were (now left as much alone as proud Lords be when fortune failes them) though they imployed all industrie to saue themselves, yet what they did, was rather for dutie to nature, than hope to escape. So ougly a darkenes (as if it would preuent the night comming) vsurped the dayes right: which accompanied sometimes with thunders, alwaies with horrible noises of the chafing windes) made the masters and pilors so astonished, that they knew not how to direct; and if they knew, they could scarcely (when they directed) heare their owne whistle. For the sea straued with the windes which should be lowder, and the shrouds of the ship with a ghastrull noise to them that were in it, witnessed, that their ruine was the wager of the others contention, and the heauen roaring out thunders the more amazed them, as hauing those powers for enemies. Certainly there is no danger carries with it more horror, than that which growes in those floating kingdomes. For that dwelling place is vnnaturall to mankind, and then the terribleesse of the continuall motion, the desolation of the far-being from comfort, the eye and the eare hauing ougly images euer before it, doth still vex the minde, euen when it is best armed against it. But thus the day past (if that might be called day) while the cunningest mariners were so conquered by the storm, as they thought it best with stricken sayles to yeeld to be gouerned by it: the valiantest feeling inward dismayednes, and yet the fearfulest ashamed fully to shew it, seeing that the Princes (who were to part from the greatest fortunes) did in their countenances accuse no point of feare, but encouraging them to doe what might bee done (putting their hands to euery most painefull office) taught them at one instant to promise themselves the best, and yet to despise the worst. But so were they carried by the tyrannie of the wind, and the treason of the Sea, all that night, which the elder it was, the more wayward it shewed it self towards them: till the next morning (knowne to be a morning better by the houre-glasse, than by the day cleerenesse) hauing run fortune so blindly, as it selfe euer was painted, lest the conclusion should not answer to the rest of the play, they were driuen vpon a rock: which hidden with those outrageous waues, did, as it were, closely dissemble his cruell minde, till with an vnbeleued violence (but to them that haue tried it) the ship ranne vpon it; and seeming willinger to perish than to haue her course stayed, redoubled her blowes, till she had broken her selfe in pieces; and as it were tearing out her owne bowels to feed the seas greedinesse, left nothing within it, but despair of safetie, and expectation of a lothsome end. There was to be seene the diuerse maner of mindes in distresse: some fate vpon the top of the poupe weeping and wayling, till the Sea swallowed them; some one more able to abide death, than feare of death, cut his owne throat to preuent drowning; some prayed; and there wanted not of them which cursed, as if the heauens could not be more angry than they were. But a monstrous cry begotten of many roaring voyces, was able to infect with feare a minde that had not preuented it with the power of reason.

But the Princes, vsing the passions of fearing euill, and desiring to escape, onely to serue the rule of vertue, not to abandon ones selfe, leapt to a rib of the ship, which broken from his fellowes, floted with more likelyhood to doe service, than any other limme of that ruinous bodie; vpon which there had gotten already two brethren, well knowne seruants of theirs; and straight they foure were carried out of sight, in that huge rising of the Sea, from the rest of the ship. But the piece they were on sinking by little and little vnder them, not able to support the weight of so many, the brethren (the elder whereof was *Lencippus*, the younger *Nelus*) shewed themselves right faithfull and gratefull seruants vnto them, gratefull (I say)

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for this cause: Those two gentlemen had beene taken prisoners in the great warre the king of *Phrygia* made vpon *Theffalia*, in the time of *Musidorus* his infancie; and having beene sold into another countrie (though peace fell after betweene these Realmes) could not be deliuered, because of their valour knowne, but for a farre greater summe, than either all their friends were able, or the Dowager willing to make, in respect of the great expences her selfe and people had beene put to in those warres; and so had they remained in prison about thirteene yeeres, when the two young Princes (hearing speeches of their good deserts) found meanes both by selling all the Jewels they had of a great price, and by giuing vnder their hands great estates when they should come to be Kings (which promises their vertue promised for them should be kept) to get so much treasure as redeemed them from captiuitie. This remembred, and kindly remembred by these two brothers, perchance helped by a naturall dutie to their Princes blood, they willingly left holde of the boord, committing themselves to the Seas rage, and euen when they meant to die, themselves praying for the Princes liues. It is true, that neither the paine nor danger, so moued the Princes hearts as the tendernes of that louing part, farre from glory, hauing so few lookers on; farre from hope of reward, since themselves were sure to perish.

But now of all the royall Nauie they lately had, they had left but one little peece of one ship, whereon they kept themselves, in all truth hauing interchanged their cares, while either cared for other, each comforting and counselling how to labour for the better, and to abide the worse. But so fell it out, that as they were carried by the tyde (which there, seconded by the storme, ran exceeding swiftly) *Musidorus* seeing (as he thought) *Pyrocles* not well vpon the boord, as hee would with his right hand haue helped him on better, he had no sooner vnfastened his holde, but that a waue forcibly spoiled his weaker hand of hold, & so for a time parted those friends, each crying to the other; but the noise of the sea drowned their farewell. But *Pyrocles* (then carelesse of death, if it had come by any meanes, but his own) was shortly brought out of the Seas furie to the Lands comfort, when (in my conscience I know) that comfort was but bitter vnto him: and bitter indeed it fell out euen in it selfe to be vnto him.

For being cast on land much bruised & beaten both with the seas hard farewell, and the shores rude welcome; and euen almost deadly tyred with the length of his vncomfortable labour, as he was walking vp to discouer some booke, to whom he might goe for reliefe, there came straight running vnto him certaine, who (as it was after knowne) by appointment watched (with many others) in diuers places along the coast: who laid hands on him, and without either questioning with him, or shewing will to heare him, (like men fearefull to appeare curious) or which was worse, hauing no regard to the hard plight he was in (being so wet and weake) they carried him some miles thence, to a house of a principall officer of that country. Who with no more ciuilitie (though with much more businesse than those vnder-felloes had shewed) began in captious manner to put interrogatories vnto him. To which (he vnused to such entertainment) did shortly and plainly answer, what he was, and how he came thither. But that no sooner knowne, with numbers of armed men to guard him (for mischiet, nor from mischiet) hee was sent to the kings Court, which as then was not above a daies iourney off, with letters from that officer, contayning his owne seruiceable diligence in discouering so great a personage, adding withall more than was true of his coniectures, because hee would endure his owne seruice.

This countrie whereon hee fell was *Phrygia*, and it was to the king thereof to whom he was sent, a Prince of a melancholy constitution both of body and minde; wickedly sad, euer musing of horrible matters, suspecting, or rather condemning all men of euill, because his minde had no eye to espye goodnesse: and therefore accusing *Sycophants* of all men did best sort to his nature; but therefore not seeming *Sycophants*, because of no euill they said, they could bring any new or doubtfull thing vnto him, but such as already hee had beene apt to determine; so as they came but as proofes of his wisdom: fearefull and neuer secure, while the feare he had figured in his minde had any possibilitie of euent. A tode-like retirednesse, and closenesse of minde; nature teaching the odiousnesse of poyson, and the danger of odiousnesse. Yet while youth lasted in him, the exercises of that age, and his humour (not yet fully discouered) made him something the more frequentable, and lesse dangerous. But after that yeares began to come on with some, though more seldome, shewes of a bloody nature, and that the prophetic of *Musidorus*, destiny came to his eares (deliuered vnto him, and receiued of him with the hardest interpretation, as though his subiects did delight in the hearing thereof.) Then gaue he himselfe indeede to the full current of his disposition, especially after the warre of *Theffalia*, wherein (though in truth wrongly) he deemed his vnsuccesse proceeded of their vnwillingnesse to haue him prosper: and then thinking himselfe condemned (knowing no counterminde against contempt, but terrour) began to let nothing passe which might beare the colour of a fault, without sharpe punishment: and when hee wanted faults, excellencie grew a fault; and it was sufficient to make one guiltie, that he had power to be guiltie. And as there is no humour, to which impudent pouertie cannot make it selfe seruiceable; so were there enow of those of desperate ambition, who would build their houses vpon others ruines, which after should fall by like practices. So as a seruitude came mainly vpon that poore people, whose deedes were not onely punished, but words corrected, and euen thoughts by some meane or other puld out of them; while suspition bred the mind of crueltie, and the effects of crueltie stirred a new cause of suspicion. And in this plight (full of watchfull fearefulness) did the storme deliuer sweete *Pyrocles* to the stormie minde of that Tyrant, all men that did such wrong to so rare a stranger (whose countenance deserued both pitie and admiration) condemning themselves as much in their hearts, as they did brag in their faces.

But when this bloody king knew what he was, & in what order he and his cousin *Musidorus* (so much of him feared) were come out of *Theffalia*, assuredly thinking (because euer thinking the worst) that those forces were provided against him; glad of the perishing (as he thought) of *Musidorus*, determined in publike sort to put *Pyrocles* to death. For hauing quite lost the way of noblenesse, he straued to clime to the height of terriblenesse; and thinking to make all men a dread, to make such one anemie, who would not spare, nor feare to kill so great a Prince; and lastly hauing nothing in him why to make him his friend, he thought he would take him away from being his enemy. The day was appointed, and all things prepared, for that cruell blow, in so solemne an order, as if they would set forth tyrannie in most gorgeous decking. The Princely youth, of inuincible valour, yet so vnjustly subiect to such outrageous wrong, carrying himself in all his demeanour so constantly abiding extremitie, that one might see it was the cutting away of the greatest hope of the world, and destroying vertue in his sweetest growth.

But so it fell out, that his death was prevented by a rare example of friendship in *Musidorus*; who being almost drowned, had beene taken vp by a fisherman belong-

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ing to the kingdome of *Bithinia*; & being there, & vnderstanding the full discouerie (as Fame was very prodigall of so notable an accident) in what case *Pyrocles* was, learning withall, that his hate was farre more to him than to *Pyrocles*, hee found meanes to acquaint himselfe with a Noble man of that Countrey, to whom largely discouering what he was, he found him a most fit instrument to effectuate his desire. For this Nobleman had beene one, who in many warres had serued *Euarthus*; and had been so minde-stricken by the beauty of vertue in that noble king, that (though not borne his subiect) hee euer profest himselfe his seruant. His desire therefore to him was, to keepe *Musidorus* in a strong Castle of his, and then to make the king of *Phrygia* vnderstand that if hee would deliuer *Pyrocles*, *Musidorus* would willingly put himselfe into his hands; knowing well, that how thirsty soeuer hee was of *Pyrocles* bloud, hee would rather drinke that of *Musidorus*.

The Nobleman was loth to preferue one by the losse of another: but time vrging resolution; the importunitie of *Musidorus* (who shewed a minde not to ouerlive *Pyrocles*) with the affection he bare to *Euarthus*, so preuailed, that hee carried this strange offer of *Musidorus*, which by the Tyrant was greedily accepted.

And so vpon securitie of both sides, they were enterchanged. Where I may not omit the worke of friendship in *Pyrocles*, who both in speech and countenance to *Musidorus*, well shewed, that he thought himselfe injured, & not relieved by him; asking him, what hee had euer scene in him, why he could not beare the extremities of mortall accidents as well as any man: and why he should enuy him the glory of suffering death for his friends cause, and (as it were) rob him of his owne possession. But in this notable contention (where the conquest must be the conquerers destruction, and safety the punishment of the conquerours) *Musidorus* preuailed; because he was a more welcome prey to the vniust king; and as cheerefully going towards, as *Pyrocles* went frowardly fromward his death, hee was deliuered to the king, who could not bee enough sure of him, without he fed his owne eyes vpon one, whom he had begun to feare, as soone as the other began to be.

Yet because he would in one act, both make ostentation of his owne felicitie (into whose hands his most feared enemy was fallen) and withall cut off such hopes from his suspected subiects (when they should know certainly he was dead) with much moreskillfull crueltie, and horrible solemnitie hee caused each thing to be prepared for his triumph of tyrannie. And so the day being come, hee was led forth by many armed men (who often had beene the fortifiers of wickednesse) to the place of execution: where comming with a minde comforted in that he had done such seruice to *Pyrocles*, this strange encounter he had.

The excellling *Pyrocles* was no sooner deliuered by the kings seruants to a place of libertie, than he bent his wit and courage (and what would not they bring to passe) how either to deliuer *Musidorus*, or to perish with him. And (finding hee could get in that countrey no forces sufficient by force to rescue him) to bring himselfe to die with him, (little hoping of better euent) hee put himselfe in poore rayment, and by the helpe of some few crownes he rooke of that noble man (who full of sorrow, though not knowing the secreet of his intent, suffered him to goe in such order from him) hee (euen he, borne to the greatest expectation, and of the greatest bloud that any Prince might be) submitted himselfe to bee seruant to the executioner that should put to death *Musidorus*: a farre notabler prooffe of his friendship, considering the height of his minde, than any death could be. That bad officer not suspecting him, being arrayed fit for such an estate, and having his beaurie hidden by many foule spots hee artificially put vpon his face, gaue him leave not onely to weare

weare a sword himfelfe, but to beare his sword prepared for the iustified murder. And so *Pyrocles* taking his time, when *Musidorus* was vpon the scaffold (separated somewhat from the rest, as allowed to say something) hee stept vnto him, and putting the sword into his hand not bound (a point of ciuillie the officers vsed towards him, because they doubted no such enterprise) *Musidorus*, said hee, die nobly. In truth, neuer man betweene ioy before knowledge what to be glad of, and feare after considering his case, had such a confusion of thoughts, as I had, when I saw *Pyrocles*, so neare mee. But with that *Dorus* blushed, and *Pamela* smiled: and *Dorus* the more blushed at her smiling, and she the more smiled at his blushing: because hee had (with the remembrance of that plight he was in) forgotten in speaking of himfelfe to vse the third person. But *Musidorus* turned againe her thoughts from his cheekes to his tongue in this sort: But, said hee, when they were with swords in hands, not turning backes one to the other (for there they knew was no place of defence) but making it a preferuation in not hoping to bee preferred, and now acknowledging themselues subiect to death, meaning onely to doe honour to their Princely birth, they flew amongst them all (for all were enemies) and had quickly either with flight or death, left none vpon the scaffold to annoy them. Wherein *Pyrocles* (the excellent *Pyrocles*) did such wonders beyond beliefe, as was able to lead *Musidorus* to courage, though he had beene borne a coward. But indeed iust rage and desperate vertue did such effects, that the popular sort of the beholders began to bee almost superstitiously amazed, as at effects beyond mortall power. But the king with angry threatnings from out a window (where hee was not affamed the world should behold him a beholder) commanded his guard and the rest of his souldiers to hasten their death. But many of them lost their bodies to loose their soules, when the Princes grew almost so weary, as they were ready to be conquered with conquering.

But as they were still fighting with weake armes and strong hearts, it happened, that one of the souldiers (commanded to go vp after his fellowes against the Princes) hauing received a light hurt, more wounded in his heart, went backe with as much diligence, as he came vp with modestie: which another of his fellowes seeing, to picke a thanke of the king, strake him vpon the face, reuiling him, that so accompanied, he would run away from so few. But he (as many times it falls out) onely valiant, when he was angry, in reuenge thrust him through: which with his death was straight reuenged by a brother of his: and that againe required by a fellow of the others. There began to bee a great tumult amongst the souldiers, which scene, and not vnderstood by the people (vsed to feares, but not vsed to bee bold in them) some began to crie treason; and that voice straight multiplying it selfe, the king (o the cowardise of a guiltie conscience) before any man set vpon him fled away. Wherewith a bruit (either by art of some well meaning men, or by some chance as such things often fall out by) ran from one to the other, that the king was slaine; wherewith certaine young men of the brauest mindes, cried with a loud voice, Libertie, and encouraging the other Citizens to follow them, set vpon the guard and souldiers, as chiefe instruments of tyranny: and quickly ayded by the Princes they had left none of them alieue, nor any other in the city, who they thought had in any sort set his hand to the worke of their seruitude, and (God knowes) by the blindness of rage, killing many guiltlesse persons, either for affinitie to the tyrant, or enmitie to the tyrant-killers. But some of the wiser (seeing that a popular licence is indeed the many-headed tyrannie) preuailed with the rest to make *Musidorus* their chiefe: choosing one of them (because Princes) to defend them, & him because elder and



and most hated of the Tyrant, and by him to be ruled: whom forthwith they lifted vp. Fortune (I thinke) smiling at her worke therein, that a scaffold of execution should grow to a scaffold of coronation.

But by and by there came newes of more certaine truth, that the king was not dead, but fled to a strong castle of his neere hand, where he was gathering forces in all speed possible to suppress his mutinie. But now they had runne themselves too farre out of breath, to goe back againe the same career, and too well they knew the sharpnesse of his memorie to forget such an iniurie: therefore learning vertue of necessitie, they continued resolute to obey *Musidorus*. Who seeing what forces were in the Citie, with them issued against the tyrant, while they were in this heat; before practises might be vsed to discover them: and with them met the king, who likewise hoping little to preuaile by time, knowing and finding his peoples hate, met him with little delay in the field: where himselfe was slaine by *Musidorus*, after he had seene his onely sonne (a Prince of great courage and beauty, but fostered vp in blood by his naughtie father) slaine by the hand of *Pyrracles*. This victorie obtained with great, and truely not vnderfuerd honour to the two Princes, the whole estates of the countrie with one consent, gaue the Crown, and all other markes of soueraignetic to *Musidorus*: desiring nothing more than to liue vnder such a government as they promised themselves of him.

But he, thinking it a greater greatnesse to giue a kingdome, than get a kingdome, vnderstanding that there was left of the blood royall, and next to the succession, an aged Gentleman of approued goodnesse (who had gotten nothing by his cousins power but danger from him, and odiousnesse for him) having past his time in modest secrecy, & as much from intermeddling in matters of government, as the greatnesse of his blood would suffer him, did (after hauing receited the full power to his owne hands) resigne all to the Nobleman; but with such conditions, and cautions of the conditions, as might assure the people (with as much assurance as worldly matters beare) that not onely that gouernour, of whom indeed they looked for all good, but the nature of the gouernment, should be no way apt to decline to tyrannie.

This doing set forth no lesse his magnificence, than the other act did his magnanimitie; so that greatly praised of all, and much beloued of the new king, who in all both words & behauiour protested himselfe their Tenant, & Liegeman, they were drawne thence to reuenge those two seruants of theirs, of whose memorable faith, I told you (most excellent Princesse) in willingly giuing themselves to be drowned for their sakes, but drowned indeed they were not, but gate with painful swimming vpon a rocke, from whence (after being come as neere famishing, as before drowning) the weather breaking vp, they were brought to the main land of *Bithynia*, the same countrie vpon which *Musidorus* also was fallen, but not in so luckie a place.

For they were brought to the king of the countrey, a Tyrant also, not through suspicion, greedinesse, or reuengefulness, as he of *Phrygia*, but (as I may terme it) of a wanton cruelty; inconstant in his choise of friends, or rather neuer hauing a friend but a play fellow; of whom when he was weary, he could not otherwise rid himself than by killing them; giuing sometimes prodigally, not because hee loued them to whom hee gaue, but because he lusted to giue: punishing, not so much for hate or anger, as because he felt not the smart of punishment: delighted to be flattered, at first for those vertues which were not in him, at length making his vices vertues worthy the flattering: with like iudgement glorying, when he had happened to do a thing well, as when he had performed some notable mischief.

Hee chanced at that time (for indeed long time none lasted with him) to haue

next

next in vse about him, a man of the most enuious disposition, that (I thinke) euer infected the ayre with his breath; whose eyes could not looke right vpon any hapie man, nor eares beare the burthen of any bodies praise: contrarie to the natures of all other plagues, plagued with others well being, making happinesse the ground of his vnhappinesse, & good news the argument of his sorrow: in sum, a man whose fauour no man could winne, but by being miserable. And so, because these two faithfull seruants of theirs came in miserable sort to that Court, hee was apt enough at first to fauour them; and the king vnderstanding of their aduenture, (wherein they had shewed so constant a faith vnto their Lords) sodainely falles to take a pride in making much of them, extolling them with infinite prayses, and praying himselfe in his heart, in that he praysed them. And by and by were they made great Courtiers, and in the way of minions, when aduancement (the most mortall offence to enuie) stirred vp their former friend, to ouerthrow his own work in them; taking occasion vpon the knowledge (newly come to the Court) of the late death of the king of Phrygia destroyed by their two Lords, who hauing beene a neere kinsman to this Prince of *Pontus*, by this enuious Counsellour, partly with suspicion of practice, partly with glory of (in part) reuenging his cousins death, the king was sodainly turned (and euery turne with him was a downe-fall) to locke them vp in prison, as seruants to his enemies, whom before hee had neuer knowne, nor (till that time one of his owne subiects had entertained and dealt for them) did euer take heed of. But now earnest in euery present humour, and making himselfe braue in his liking, he was content to giue them iust cause of offence, when they had power to make iust reuenge. Yet did the Princes send vnto him before they entred into warre, desiring their seruants libertie: But he swelling in their humblenesse, (like a bubble blowne vp with a small breath, broken with a great) forgetting, or neuer knowing humanitie, caused their heads to be stricken off, by the aduice of his enuious Counsellour (who now hated them so much the more as he foresaw their happinesse in hauing such, and so fortunate masters) and sent them with vnroyall reproches to *Musidorus* and *Pyrocles*, as if they had done traiterously, and not heroically in killing his tyrannicall cousin.

But that iniurie went beyond all degree of reconcilment; so that they making forces in *Phrygia* (a kingdome wholly at their commandement, by the loue of the people, and gratefulnessse of the king) they entred his countrie; and wholly conquering it (with such deeds as at least Fame said were excellent) tooke the king, and by *Musidorus* commandement (*Pyrocles* heart more enclining to pitie) he was slaine vpon the tombe of their two true seruants, which they caused to be made for them with royall expences, and notable workmanhip to preserue their dead liues. For his wicked seruant, hee should haue felt the like, or worse, but that his heart brake euen to death with the beholding the honour done to their dead carcasses. There might *Pyrocles* quietly haue enioyed that Crowne, by all the desire of that people, most of whom had reuolted vnto him: but hee finding a sister of the late kings (a faire and well esteemed Lady) looking for nothing more, than to be oppressed with her brothers ruines, gaue her in mariage to the Nobleman his fathers old friend; and endowed them with the Crowne of that kingdome. And not content with those publike actions, of princely, and (as it were) gouerning vertue, they did (in that kingdome and some other neere about) diuers acts of particular trialls, more famous, because more perilous. For in that time those regions were full both of cruell monsters, and monstrous men: all which in short time by priuate combats they deliuered the countries of.

Among



Among the rest, two brothers of huge both greatnesse and force, therefore commonly called Giants, who kept themselves in a castle seated vpon the top of a rock, impregnable, because there was no coming vnto it but by one narrow path, where one mans force was able to keepe downe an armie. These brothers had a while serued the king of *Pontus*, & in all his affaires (especially of warre, whereunto they were onely apt) they had shewed, as vnconquered courage, so a rude faithfulness: being men indeed by nature apter to the faults of rage, than of deceit, not greatly ambitious, more than to bee well and vprightly dealt with, rather impatient of iniurie, than delighted with more than ordinarie courtesies, and in iniuries more sensible of smart or losse, than of reproach or disgrace. These men being of this nature (and certainly iewels to a wise man, considering what indeed wonders they were able to performe) yet were discarded by that worthy Prince, after many notable desert, as not worthy the holding. Which was the more euident to them; because it sodainely fell from an excessse of fauour, which (many examples hauing taught them) never stoppt his race till it came to an headlong ouerthrowe: they full of rage, retired themselves vnto this castle: where thinking nothing iustier than reuenge, nor more noble than the effects of anger, that (according to the nature) full of inward brauerie and fiercenesse, scarcely in the glasse of reason, thinking it selfe faire but when it is terrible, they immediately gaue themselves to make all the countrie about them (subject to that king) to smart for their Lords folly: not caring how innocent they were, but rather thinking the more innocent they were, the more it restified their spight, which they desired to manifest. And with vse of euill, growing more and more euill, they tooke delight in slaughter, and pleased themselves in making others wrack the effect of their power: so that where in the time that they obeyed a master, their anger was a seruiceable power of the minde to doe publike good; so now vnbridled, and blinde iudge of it selfe, it made wickednesse violent, and praysed it selfe in excellencie of mischisfe, almost to the ruine of the countrie, not greatly regarded by their carelesse and louelesse king. Till now these Princes finding them so fleshed in cruelty, as not to be reclaimed, secretly vnderooke the matter alone: for accompanied they would not haue suffered them to haue mounted; and so those great fellows scornefully receiuing them, as foolish birds fallen into their net, it pleased the eternall iustice to make them suffer death by their hands: and so they were manifoldly acknowledged the sauers of that countrey.

It were the part of a very idle Orator to set forth the numbers of wel deuised honours done vnto them: but as high honour is not only gotten & borne by paine and danger, but must be nursed by the like, or else vanisheth as soone as it appeares to the world: so the naturall hunger thereof (which was in *Pyrales*) suffered him not to account a resting seat of that, which either riseth or falleth, but still to make one occasion beget another, whereby his doings might send his prayse to others mouthes to rebound againe true contentment to his spirit. And therefore hauing well established those kingdomes vnder good Governours, & rid them by their valour of such Giants and Monsters, as before time armies were not able to subdue, they determined in vnknowne order to see more of the world, and to imploy those gifts esteemed rare in them, to the good of mankind; and therefore would themselves (vnderstanding that the king *Enarchus* was passed all the cumber of his warres) goe priuately to seeke exercises of their vertue, thinking it not so worthy to be brought to heroicall effects by fortune, or necessity, (like *Vlysses* and *Aeneas*) as by ones own choice and working. And so went they away from very vnwilling people to leaue them;

them, making time haste it selfe to be a circumstance of their honour, and one place witness to another of the truth of their doings. For scarcely were they out of the confines of *Panfar*, but that as they rid alone armed, (for alone they went, one setting the other) they met an adventure; which though not so notable for any great effect they performed, yet worthy to be remembered for the vnused examples therein, as well of true naturall goodnesse, as of wretched vngratefulnesse.

It was in the kingdome of *Galatia*, the season being (as in the depth of Winter) very cold, and as then sodainely growne to so extreame and foule a storme, that neuer any winter (I thinke) brought forth a toulter child: so that the Princes were euen compelled by the haile, that the pride of the wind blew into their faces, to seek some shrowding place which a certain hollow rocke offering vnto them, they made it their shield against the tempests fury. And so staying there, till the violence thereof was passed, they heard the speech of a couple, who nor perceiuing them, being hid within that rude canopy, held a strange and pitifull disputation, which made them step out, yet in such sort as they might see vnscene. There they perceiued an aged man, and a young, scarcely come to the age of a man, both poorly arrayed, extremely weather-beaten; the old man blinde, the young man leading him: and yet through all those miseries, in both there seemed to appeare a kind of noblenesse, not futable to that affliction. But the first words they heard, were these of the old man. Wel *Leonatus* (said he) since I cannot perswade thee to leade me to that which should end my griefe, & my trouble, let me now intreat thee to leaue me: feare not, my miserie cannot be greater than it is, and nothing dorth become me but miserie: feare not the danger of my blinde steps, I cannot fall worse than I am: and do not I pray thee, do not obstinately continue to infect thee with my wretchednesse: but flie, flie from this region onely worthy of mee. Deare father (answered hee) doe not take away from me the onely remnant of my happinesse: while I haue power to doe you seruice, I am not wholly miserable. Ah my sonne (said he, and with that he groned, as if sorrow straued to breake his heart) how euill sits it me to haue such a sonne, and how much dorth thy kindnesse vpbraide my wickednesse. These dolefull speeches, and some others to like purpose (well shewing they had not beene borne to the fortune they were in) moued the Princes to goe out vnto them, and aske the younger what they were. Sirs (answered he with a good grace, and made the more agreeable by a certaine noble kinde of pitionnesse) I see well you are strangers, that know not our miserie, so well here knowne, that no man dare know, but that wee must bee miserable. Indeed our state is such, as though nothing is so needfull vnto vs as pitie, yet nothing is more dangerous vnto vs, than to make our selues so knowne as may stirre pitie: but your presence promisseth that crueltie shall not ouer-runne hate: and if it did, in truth our state is sunke below the degree of feare.

This old man (whom I leade) was lately rightfull Prince of this countrie of *Paplagonia*, by the hard-hearted vngratefulnesse of a sonne of his, deprived not onely of his kingdome (whereof no forraigne forces were euer able to spoile him) but of his sight, the riches which Nature grants to the poorest creatures. Wherby, and by other his vnnaturall dealings, he hath beene driuen to such griefe, as euen now hee would haue had mee to haue ledde him to the top of this rocke, thence to cast himselfe headlong to death: and so would haue made mee, who receiued my life of him, to be the worker of his destruction. But noble Gentlemen, said he, if either of you haue a father, and feele what dutifull affection is ingrafted in a sonnes heart, let mee intreat you to conuey this afflicted Prince to some place of rest and security: amongst your worthy acts it shall be none of the least, that a king



of such might and fame, and so vniustly oppressed, is in any sort by you relieved.

But before they could make him answer, his father beganne to speake. Ah my sonne, said hee, how euill an historian are you, that leaue out the chiefe knot of all the discourse: my wickednesse, my wickednesse: and if thou doest it to spare my eares (the onely sense now left me proper for knowledge) assure thy selfe thou doest mistake mee: and I take witnesse of that Sunne which you see (with that he cast vp his blinde eyes, as if he would hunt for light) and wish my selfe in worse case than I doe with my selfe, which is as euill as may be, if I speake vntreuely, that nothing is so welcome to my thoughts, as the publishing of my shame. Therefore know you Gentlemen (to whom from my heart I wish that it may not proue some ominous foretoken of misfortune to haue met with such a miser as I am) that whatsoeuer my son (O God, that truth binds me to reproch him with the name of my son) hath said is true. But besides those truths, this also is true, that hauing had in lawfull marriage, of a mother fit to beare royall children, this sonne (such a one as partly you see, and better shall know by my short declaration) and so enioyed the expectations in the world of him, till hee was growne to iustifie their expectations (so as I needed enuie no father for the chiefe comfort of mortalitie, to leaue another ones selfe after me) I was carried by a bastard sonne of mine (if at least I bee bound to beleue the words of that base woman my concubine, his mother) first to mislike, then to hate, lastly to destroy, or to doe my best to destroy this sonne (I thinke you thinke) vnderferuing destruction. What wayes shee vsed to bring mee to it, if I should tell you, I should tediously trouble you with as much poysonous hypocrisie, desperate fraud, smooth malice, hidden ambition, and smiling enuie, as in any liuing person could be harboured: but I list it not; no remembrance of naughtinesse delights me but mine owne; and me thinke, the accusing his traps might in some manner excuse my fault, which certainly I lothe to doe. But the conclusion is, that I gaue order to some seruants of mine, whom I thought as apt for such charities as my selfe, to leade him out into a forrest, and there to kill him.

But those theeuers (better natured to my sonne than my selfe) spared his life, letting him go to learne to liue poorely: which he did, giuing himselfe to be a private souldier in a country here by: but as he was readie to be greatly aduanced for some noble pieces of seruice which he did, he heard newes of me: who (drunke in my affection to that vnlawfull and vnnaturall sonne of mine) suffered my selfe so to bee governed by him, that all fauours and punishments passed by him, all offices, and places of importance distributed to his fauorites; so that ere I was aware, I had left my selfe nothing but the name of a king: which he shortly weary of too, with many indignities (if any thing may be called an indignity, which was laid vpon me) threw mee out of my Sea, & put out my eyes, and then (proud in his tyranny) let me goe, neither imprisoning, nor killing mee; but rather delighting to make mee feeble my miserie; miserie indeede, if euer there were any, full of wretchednesse, fuller of disgrace, and fullest of guiltinesse. And as he came to the crowne by so vniust meanes, as vniustly he kept it, by force of stranger souldiers in *Cissadels*, the neastes of tyrannie, and murderers of libertie; disarming all his owne country men, that no man durst shew himselfe a wel-willer of mine: to say the truth (I thinke) few of them being so (considering my cruell folly to my good sonne, and foolish kindnesse to my vnkind bastard: ) but if there were any who felt a pitie of so great a fall, and had yet any sparkes of vnslaine duty left in them towards me, yet durst they not shew it, scarcely with giuing mee almes at their doores, which yet was the onely sustenance of my distressed life, no bodie daring to shew so much charitie, as to lend mee a hand to

guide my darke steps: till this sonne of mine (God knowes, worthie of a more vertuous, and more fortunate father) forgetting my abominable wrongs, not reckoning danger, and neglecting the present good way hee was in of doing himselfe good, came hither to doe this kinde office you see him performe towards me, to my vnspeakeable grieve; not onely because his kindnesse is a glasse even to my blind eyes of my naughtinesse, but that about all griefes, it grieues me hee should desperately aduenture the losse of his well-deseruing life for mine; that yet owe more to Fortune for my deserts, as if he would carrie mudde in a chest of Chrystal: for well I know, he that now raigeth, how much soeuer (and with good reason) hee despiseth mee, of all men despised; yet he will not let slip any aduantage to make away him, whose iust title (ennobled by courage & goodnesse) may one day shake the seate of a neuer secure tyrannie. And for this cause I craued of him to lead me to the top of this rocke, indeed I must confesse, with meaning to free him from so serpentine a companion as I am. But he finding what I purposed, onely therein since hee was borne, shewed himselfe disobedient vnto me. And now Gentlemen, you haue the true story, which I pray you publish to the world; that my mischieuous proceedings may be the glory of his filiall pietie, the onely reward now left for so great a merite. And if it may be, let me obtaine that of you, which my sonne denies me: for neuer was there more pitie in sauing any, than in ending mee, both because therein my agonie shall end, and so you shall preferue this excellent yong man, who else wilfully followes his owne ruine.

The matter in it selfe lamentable, lamentably expressed by the old Prince (which needed not take to himselfe the gestures of pitie, since his face could not put off the markes thereof) greatly moued the two Princes to compassion, which could not stay in such hearts as theirs without seeking remedie. But by and by the occasion was presented: for *Plexirtus* (so was the bastard called) came thither with fortie horse, onely of purpose to murder his brother, of whose comming hee had soone aduertisement, and thought no eyes of sufficient credit in such a matter, but his owne, and therefore came himselfe to be actor, and spectator. And as soone as hee came, not regarding the weake (as hee thought) guard but of two men, commanded some of his followers to set their hands to his, in the killing of *Leonatus*. But the yong Prince (though not otherwise armed but with a sword) how falsely soeuer he was dealt with by others, would not betray himselfe; but brauely drawing it out, made the death of the first that assailed him, warne his fellowes to come more warily after him. But then *Pyrocles* and *Malsidorus* were quickly become parties (so iust a defence deseruing as much as old friendship) and so did behaue them among that companie (more iniurious than valiant) that many of them lost their liues for their wicked master.

Yet perhaps had the number of them at last preuailed, if the King of *Pontus* (late-ly by them made so) had not come vnlooked for to their succour. Who (hauing had a dreame which had fixt his imagination vehemently vpon some great danger, presently to follow those two Princes, whom he most dearly loued) was come in all hast, following as well as he could their tracke with a hundred horses in that country, which he thought (considering who then raigned) a fit place enough to make the stage of any Tragedie.

But then the march had bene so ill made for *Plexirtus*, that his ill-led life, and worfe-gotten honour should haue tumbled together to destruction; had there not come in *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, with fortie or fiftie in their suite, to the defence of *Plexirtus*. These two were brothers, of the noblest house of that country, brought vp

from



from their infancie with *Placitus*, men of such prowesse, as not to know feare in themselves, and yet to teach it in others that should deale with them: for they had often made their lives triumph over most terrible dangers; never dismayed, and ever fortunate; and chieflie no more feared in valour, than disposed to goodnesse and iustice, if either they had lighted on a better friend, or could have leaped to make friendship a child, it not the father of *Venus*. But bringing vp rather than choice, having first knit their minds vnto him, in deede craftie enough, either to hide his fautes, or neuer to shew them; but when they might pay him, they willingly held out the course, rather to satisfie him, than all the world, and rather to be good friends, than good men: so as though they did not like the euill he did, yet they liked him that did the euill, and though not counsellors of the offence, yet protectors of the offender. Now they having heard of this sodain going out with so final a company, in a country full of euill-wishing minds toward him (though they knew not the cause) followed him, til they found him in such case, as they were to venture their lives, or else he to lose his: which they did with such force of mind and body, that truly I may iustly say, *Pyrales* and *Misidornes* had neuer till then found any, that could make them so well repeat their hardest lesson in the feares of times. And briefly so they did, that if they ouercame not, yet were they not overcome, but carried away that yongratefull master of theirs to a place of securitie; howsoever the Princes laboured to the contrarie. But this matter being thus farre begun, it became not the constancie of the Princes so to leaue it; but in all hast making forces both in *Parthia* and *Phrygia*, they had in few dayes left him but onely that one strong place where he was. For, feare having bene the only kind that had fastned his people vnto him, that once united by a greater force, they all scattered from him, like so many birds, whose cage had bene broken.

In which season the blind King (having in the chiefe Citie of his Realme seer the crowne vpon his sonnes *Leontus* head) with many teares both of ioy & sorrow setting forth to the whole people his own fault and his sonnes vertue, after he had kist him, and for a his sonnes accept horridum of him (as of his new become subject) even in a moment died, as it should seeme, his heart broken with vnkindnesse and affliction, stretched so farre beyond his limits with this access of comfort, as it was able no longer to keepe fast his vnkind spirits. But the new King (having no less lovingly performed all duties to him dead, than alie) pursued on the siege of his vnnatural brother, as much for the revenge of his father, as the establishing of his owne quiet. In which siege truly I cannot but acknowledge the prowesse of those two brothers, than whom the Princes neuer found in all their trauell two of greater ability to performe, nor of nobler skill to conduct. But *Placitus*, finding that if nothing else, famine would at last bring him to destruction, thought better by humblenesse to creepe, where by pride he could not march. For certainly so his nature formed him, and the exercise of brauery conformed him to all humilitie of sleights; that though no man had lesse goodnesse in his soule than hee, no man could better find the places whence arguments might grow of goodnesse to another, though no man felt lesse pittie, no man could tell better how to stirre pittie, no man more unppudent to denie, where proofes were not manifest, no man more ready to confesse with a repenting maner of aggravating his owne euill, where deniall would but make the fault fouler. Now he took this way, that having gotten a passport for one (that pretended hee would put *Placitus* a line into his hands) to speake with the King his brother, hee himselfe (though fustly against the minds of the valiant brothers, who rather wished to die in brave defence)

with a rope about his necke, bare footed, came to offer himselfe to the discretion of *Leonant*. Where what submission hee vsed, how cunningly in making greater the fault, he made the faultinesse the lesse, how artificially he could set out the torments of his owne conscience, with the burdensome cumber he had found of his ambitious desires, how finely seeming to desire nothing but death, as ashamed to live, hee begg'd life in the refusing it; I am not cunning enough to be able to expresse: but so fell out of it, that though at first sight *Leonant* saw him with no other eye, than as the murderer of his father, and anger already began to paint revenge in many colours, ere long he had not only gotten pitie, but pardon, and if not an excuse of the fault past, yet an opinion of a future amendments: while the poore villaines (chiefe ministers of his wickednesse, now betrayed by the author thereof,) were dedicated to many cruell sorts of death; he so handling it, that it rather seemed, he had more come into the defence of an vnremediable mischance already committed, than that they had done it at first by his consent.

In such sort the Princes left these reconciled brothers (*Alexandus* in all his behaviour carrying him in far lower degree of service, than the ever noble nature of *Demetrius* would suffer him) & taking likewise their leaues of their good friend the king of *Pantus* (who returned to enjoy some benefice, both of his wife and kingdome) they priuately went thence, hauing onely with them the two valiant brothers, who would needes accompanie them through diuers places; they found doing acts more dangerous, though lesse famous, because they were but priuate chivalries: til hearing of the faire & vertuous *Queene Erana* of *Lycia*, besieged by the puissant king of *Armenia*, they bent themselves to her succour, both because the weaker (and weaker as being a Lady) and partly because they heard the king of *Armenia* had in his company three of the most famous men living, for matters of armes, that were knowne to bee in the world. Whereof one was the Prince *Plingus* (whose name was sweetned by your breath, peerelesse Lady, when the last day it pleased you to mention him vnto me:) the other two were two great Princes (though holding of him) *Sarzenes* and *Euardus*, men of Giant-like both hugenesse and force: in which two especially, the trust the king had of victorie was reposed. And of them, those brothers *Tydens* and *Telenor* (sufficient Iudges in war-like matters) spake so high commendations, that the two Princes had such a youthfull longing to haue some triall of their vertue. And therefore as soone as they were entred into *Lycia*, they ioyned themselves with them that faithfully serued the poore *Queene*, at that time besieged: and ere long animated in such sort their almost overthrowne hearts, that they went by force to relieue the Town, though they were deprived of a great part of their strength by the parting of the two brothers, who were sent for in all haste to returne to their old friend and master *Alexandus*, who (willingly hood-winking themselves from seeing his faults, and binding themselves to beleue what he said) often abused the vertue of courage to defend his foule vice of iniustice. But now they were sent for, to aduance a conquest he was about; while *Cyrolles* and *Demetrius* pursued the deliuey of the *Queene Erana*, and thus I haue heard, said *Pamela*: that part of the story of *Plingus*, when he passed through this countie: therefore you may (if you list) passe over that warre of *Erana* & quarrell, least if you speake too much of warre matters, you should wake *Mopsa*, which might happely breed a great broile. He looked, & saw that *Mopsa* indeed saw swallowing of sleepe with open mouth, making such a noyse withall, as no body could lay the stealing of a nap to her charge. Whereupon, willing to see that occasion, I kneeled down, & with humble-heartednes & harty earnestnesse printed in my graces,



ces, Alas, said I, diuine Lady, who haue wrought such miracles in mee, as to make a Prince (none of the basest) to think all principalities base, in respect of the sheephooke which may hold him vp in your sight, vouchsafe now at last to heare in direct words my humble sute, while this dragon sleeps, that keepes the golden fruit. If in my desire I wish, or in my hopes aspire, or in my imagination faue to my self any thing which may bee the least spot to that heavenly vertue, which shines in all your doings; I pray the eternall powers, that the words I speake may bee deadly poysons, while they are in my mouth, & that all my hopes, all my desires, all my imaginations may only worke their own confusion. But if loue, loue of you, loue of your vertues, seeke onely that fauour of you, which becommeth that gratefulnesse, which cannot misbecome your excellencie, O doe nor. He would haue said further, but *Pamela* calling aloud *Mopsa*, shee suddainly start vp, staggering; and rubbing her eyes, ranne first out of the doore, and then backe to them, before she knew how she went out, or why she came in againe: till at length, being fully come to her little selfe, shee asked *Pamela*, why shee had called her. For nothing, said *Pamela*, but that yee might heare some tales of your seruants telling: and therefore now, said she, *Dorus* goe on.

But as I (who found no so good sacrifice, as obedience) was returning to the story of my selfe, *Philoclea* came in, and by and by after her, *Miso*; so as for that time they were faue to let *Dorus* depart. But *Pamela* (delighted euen to preserue in her memorie, the words of so well a beloued speaker) repeated the whole substance to her sister, till their sober dinner being come and gone, to recreate themselves something, (euen tyred with the noy somnesse of *Miso's* conuersation) they determined to goe (while the heate of the day lasted) to bathe themselves (such being the manner of the *Arcadian* Nymphes often to doe) in the riuer of *Ladon*, and take with them a Lute, meaning to delight them vnder some shadow. But they could not stirre, but that *Miso* with her daughter *Mopsa* was after them: & as it lay in their way to passe by the other lodge, *Zelmane* out of her window espied them, and so stole downe after them: which shee might the better doe, because that *Gynecia* was sicke, and *Dafilius* (that day being his birth-day) according to his manner, was busie about his deuotions; and therefore shee went after, hoping to finde some time to speake with *Philoclea*: but not a word could shee beginne, but that *Miso* would be one of the audience: so that shee was driuen to recommend thinking, speaking, and all to her eyes, who diligently performed her trust, till they came to the riuers side, which of all the riuers of *Greece* had the price for excellent purenesse and sweetnesse, insomuch as the very bathing in it, was accounted exceeding healthfull. It ranne vpon so fine and delicate a ground, as one could not easily iudge, whether the Riuer did more wash the grauell, or the grauell did purifie the Riuer; the Riuer not running forth right, but almost continually winding, as if the lower streames would returne to their spring, or that the Riuer had a delight to play with it selfe. The bankes of either side seeming armes of the louing earth, that faue would embrace it; and the Riuer a wanton Nymph which still would slip from it: either side of the banke being fringed with most beautifull trees, which resisted the Sunnes darts from ouer-much piercing the naturall coldnesse of the Riuer. There was the

But amongst the rest a goodly *Cypres*, who bowing her faire head ouer the water, it seemed she looked into it, & dressed her green locks by that running riuer. There the Princesses determining to bathe themselves, though it was so priuiledged a place, vpon paine of death, as no body durst presume to come thither, yet for the more surety, they looked round about, and could see nothing but a water spaniell, who came down the Riuer shew-

ing that he hunted for a ducke, & with a snuffling grace, disdainning that his smelling  
force could not as well preuaile thorow the water, as thorow the ayre, & therefore  
wayning with his eye, to see whether he could espie the duckes getting vp again? But  
then a little below them failing of his purpose, hee got out of the riuer, and shaking  
off the water (as great men doe their friends) now hee had no further cause to vse  
it, inweeded himselfe so, as the Ladies lost the further marking his sportfulness:  
and inuincing *Zelmene* also to wash her selfe with them, and she excusing her selfe  
with having taken a late cold, they began by piece-meale to take away the eclipsing  
of their apparell.

*Zelmene* would haue put to her helping hand, but she was taken with such a qui-  
uering, that she thought it more wisdom to leane her selfe to a tree, and looke on,  
while *Miso* and *Missa* (like a couple of foresworn melters) were getting the pure fil-  
uer of their bodies out of the vre of their garments. But as the rayments went off to  
receiue kisses of the ground, *Zelmene* enuied the happinesse of all, but of the smock  
was euen iealous: and when that was taken away too, and that *Philotea* remained  
(for her *Zelmene* onely marked) like a *Diamond* taken from out the rocke, or rather  
like the *Sunne* getting from vnder a cloud, and shewing his naked beames to the ful  
view, then was the beautie too much for a patient sight, the delight too strong for a  
staied conceit: so that *Zelmene* could not chooseth but runne, to touch, embrace and  
kisse her. But conscience made her come to her selfe, and leaue *Philotea*, who blush-  
ing and withall smiling, making shamefastnesse pleasant, & pleasure shamefast, ten-  
derly moued her feete, vnwonted to foote the naked ground, till the touch of the  
cold water made a prettie kinde of shugging come ouer her bodie, like the twink-  
ling of the fairest among the fixed starres. But the riuer in selfe gaue way vnto her,  
so that shee was streight breast high, which was the deepest that there about shee  
could bee: and when cold *Ladon* had once fully imbraced them, himselfe was no  
more so cold to those Ladies, but as if his cold complexion had bene heated with  
loue, so seem'd hee to play about euery part he could touch.

Ah sweete, now sweetest *Ladon*, (said *Zelmene*) why dost thou not stay thy course  
to haue more full tast of thy happines? But the reason is manifest, the vpper streams  
make such hast to haue their part of imbracing, that the neather (though lothly)  
must needs giue place vnto them. O happy *Ladon*, within whom she is, vpon whom  
her beautie falls, through whom her eye pierceth. O happy *Ladon*, which art now an  
vperfect mitror of all perfection, canst thou ever forget the blessednes of this im-  
pression? if thou do, then let thy bed be turned from fine grauell to wetts and mud;  
if thou do, let some vnjust niggards make weres to spoile thy beautie; if thou doe, let  
some greater riuer fall into thee, to take away the name of *Ladon*. Oh *Ladon*, happy  
*Ladon*, rather slide than run by her, lest thou shouldst make her legs slip from her;  
& then, O happy *Ladon*, who would then call thee, but the most cursed *Ladon*. But  
as the Ladies playd; then in the water, sometimes striking it with their hands, the wa-  
ter (making liues in his face) seemed to smile at such beating, and with twentie  
bubbles not to be content to haue the picture of their face in large vpon him, but he  
would in each of those bubbles set forth the miniature of them.

But *Zelmene*, whose sight was gaine said by nothing but the transparant vail of  
*Ladon* (like a chamber where a great fire is kept, though the fire bee at one stay, yet  
with the continuance continually hath his heate encreased) had the coales of her  
affection so kindled with wonder, and blowne with delight, that now all her parts  
grudged, that her eyes should doe more homage, than they, to the Princeesse of  
them. In so much, that taking vp the Lute, her wit began to bee with a diuine furie  
inspired;



inspired; her voice would in so beloued an occasion second her wit; her hands accorded the Lutes musicke to the voice; her panting heart daunced to the musicke; while I thinke her feet did beate the time; while her body was the roome where it should bee celebrated; her soule the Queene which should bee delighted. And so together went the vtterance and the inuention, that one might iudge, it was *Phileas*'s beaurie which did speedily write it in her eyes, or the sense thereof, which did word by word indite it in her minde, whereto since (but as an organ) did onely lend vtterance. The song was to this purpose:

**W**hat tongue can her perfection tell,  
In whose each part all pens may dwell?  
Her haire fine threads of finest gold,  
In curled knots mans thoughts to hold:  
But that her fore-head says in mee  
A whiter beantie you may see;  
Whiter in deede, more white than snow,  
Which on cold winters face doth grow:  
That doth present those euen browes,  
Whose equall line their angles bowes;  
Like to the Asone when after change  
Her horned head abroad doth raunge:  
And arches be so heauenly lids,  
Whose winke each bold attempt forbids.  
For the blacke barres those spheares containe,  
The matchlesse paire, euen praise doth staine:  
No lampe whose light by Art is got,  
No Sonne which shines, and sceth not,  
Can liken them without all peere,  
Same one as much as other deere:  
Which onely thus unhappy be,  
Because themselves they cannot see.  
Her cheekes with kindly claret staind,  
Aurora-like new out of bed;  
Or like the fresh Queene apples side,  
Blushing at sight of Phcebus pride.  
Her nose, her chinne pure and meere,  
No purer than the prettie eare.  
So that therein appeares some blood,  
Like wine and milke that mingled stood:  
In whose Incirelets if ye gaze,  
Your eyes may tread a Louers maze:  
But with such turnes the voice to stray,  
No talke vntaught can finde the way.  
The tippe no icewell needs to weare,  
The tippe is icewell of the eare.  
But who those ruddie lips can kisse,  
Which blessed still themselves doe kisse:  
Rubies, Cberries, and Roses were,  
In worth, in taste, in perfect were.

which

which neuer part, but that they shew  
 Of precious pearle the double row,  
 The second sweetly-fenced ward,  
 Her beaueuly-dew'd tongue to guard,  
 whence neuer ward in waine did flow,  
 Faire under these dosh flatly grow,  
 The handle of this precious worke,  
 The necke, in which strange graces lurke.  
 Such be I thinke the sumptuous towers  
 which skill dosh make in Princes bowers.

So good a say inuities the eye,  
 A little downeward to espie,  
 The liuely clusters of her breasts,  
 Of Venus babe the wanton nests:  
 Like pomels round of Marble cleere,  
 where azurde veines well mixt appeere,  
 with dearest tops of porphyrie.

Betwixt these two a way dosh lie,  
 A way more worthie beauties fame,  
 Than that which beares the Milkie name.  
 This leads into the ioyous field:  
 which onely still dosh Lillies yeeld:  
 But Lillies such whose natins smell  
 The Indians odours dosh excell.  
 waste it is call'd, for it dosh waste  
 Mens lines, untill it be imbraste.

There may one see, and yet not see  
 Her ribbes in white all armed bee,  
 More white than Neptunes fomie face,  
 When struggling rockes he would imbrace.

In those delights the wandring thought  
 Might of each side astray be brought,  
 But that her nanel dosh unite,  
 In curious circle, busie sight;  
 A daintie seale of virgin-waxe,  
 where nothing but impression lackes.

Her bellie their glad sight dosh fill,  
 Instly intitled Cupids bill.

A bill most fit for such a master,  
 A spotlesse mine of Alabaster.  
 Like Alabaster faire and sleeke,  
 But soft and supple fatten like.

In that sweet seate the boy dosh sport:  
 Loath, I must leane his chiefe resort,  
 For such a use the world hath gotten,  
 The best things still must be forgotten.

Tet neuer shall my song omit  
 Her thighes, for Ouids song more fit,  
 which flank'd with two sugred flanks,



Lift up her stately swelling banks  
 That Albion cliftes in whitensse  
 With hanches smooth as looking glass,  
 But bow all knees, now of her knees  
 My tongue doth tell what fancies feed  
 The knots of joy, the gemmes of love,  
 whose motion makes all grace move,  
 whose bought incan'd loob would fash  
 Like cunning Painter shadowing white.

But as I came was coming  
 Some water-fountain which before had run  
 glows, whose fine proportion shew'd  
 be lodged. It was a delight to  
 ted, and to let him goe a little way  
 among certain trees and bushes, which  
 came againe, and amongst the  
 gaining their coming out the dog light  
 of paper, and was beating that way too.  
 portance it might be of, and after the  
 might be the dog deliver'd to a  
 coming in the Gentlemen to  
 pretended himselfe vnto her, I  
 for the thought, in her selfe, she had  
 whom strong making took not  
 deed such a right manlike man as I  
 make. But when there had a while  
 him to deliver backe the glove and  
 telling him himselfe, that she would  
 that prohibited place, while they  
 they would be mortally offended  
 the complaint is already past, since I  
 But for these things, I assure you  
 tion. With that he came backe the  
 Ladie Philisbea, a fine meeke  
 part from it. And I pray you tell  
 owerie, that I will direct my life  
 (cried out I came, madded with  
 make her a messenger, which said  
 owerie, I will make thy love, though  
 out her word, which was like  
 him selfe into an open place from  
 he offered to deliver it vnto her,  
 against you, if I be not deceiv'd,  
 descended my Ladie, and with  
 life in killing the Lion: therefore  
 ing my selfe bound to obey you. But  
 Ladie, for that she was with a  
 than his life should answer it. A  
 which hath ever tried to turne it  
 parking

How all this is but a faire Inn  
 Of fairer guests, which dwell therein  
 Of whose high prayse, and praisefull blisse,  
 Goodnesse the penne, heauen paper and  
 The inke immortall fame doth testifie  
 As I began, so must I end.  
 No tongue can her perfection tell  
 In whose each part all things are well

But as *Zelmene* was comming to the latter end of her song, she might see the same water-spaniel which before had hunted some of forth away one of *Philoclea's* gloues, whose fine proportion, shewed well in that day's light, was wont there to be lodged. It was a delight to *Zelmene*, to see that the dog was there with delight, and so let him goe a little way withall, who quickly carried in out of sight among certaine trees and bushes, which were very close together. But by and by he came againe, and amongst the instruments (like and as if being preparing sheetes against their comming out) the dog lighted upon a little booke of foure or fiue leaues of paper, and was bearing that away too. But when *Zelmene* (not knowing what importance it might be of) ran after the dog, who going straight to those bushes, she might see the dog deliuer it to a Gentleman, who secretly lay there. But she hastily comming in, the Gentleman rose vp, & with a courteous thought full countenance presented himselfe vnto her. *Zelmene's* eyes straight willed her mind to marke him: for she thought, in her selfe, she had neuer seen a man of a more goodly presence, in whom strong making tooke not away delicacie, nor became fierce: being indeed such a right manlike man, as Nature often crying, yet in good would faine make. But when shee had a while (not without admiration) viewed him, she desired him to deliuer backe the gloue and paper, because they were the *Ladie Philoclea's*, telling him withall, that she would not willingly let her know of his close lying in that prohibited place, while they were hiding themselves: because she knew they would be mortally offended withall. Fair Ladie, answered he, the worst of the complaint is already passed, since I feel of my fault in my selfe the punishment. But for these things, I assure you, it was my dogs watch holding in my presumption. With that he gaue her backe the paper, but for the gloue, said he, since it is my *Ladie Philoclea's*, giue mee leaue to keep it, for my heart can not part with it selfe to part from it. And I pray you tell the *Ladie* (but in deed of all my desires) that owes it, that I will direct my life to her. O villaine (cried out *Zelmene*, maddened with finding an ill looked for Rascal) what he would make her a messenger) dispatch, said she, the deliuering of my life of her that owes it, I wil make thy soule (though too be a price) pay for it. And with that drew out her sword, which (*Amazon*-like) shee curst at about her. The gentleman retired himselfe into an open place from among the bushes, and then drawing out his too, he offered to deliuer it vnto her, saying withall, Good fortune should vs my sword against you, sith (if I bee not deceiued) you are the same *Amazon*, that both defended my *Ladies* iust title of beauty against the valiant *Phobus*, and saued her life in killing the *Lion*: therefore I am rather to kiss your hands, with acknowledging my selfe bound to obey you. But this courtesie was worse than a lightning to *Zelmene*: so that againe with ragefull eyes shee had trindred him. For no lesse than his life should answer it. A hard case (said he) to teach my sword that lesson, which hath euer vsed to turne it selfe to a shield in *Ladies* presence. But *Zelmene* harkening



harkening to no more wordes, began with such wittie furie to pursue him with blowes and thrustes, that Nature and Vertue commanded the Gentleman to looke to his safetie. Yet still courtesie, that seemed incorporate in his heart, would not bee perswaded by danger to offer any offence, but onely to stand vpon the best defensive guard he could; sometimes going backe, being content in that respect to take on the figure of cowardise; sometime with strong and well-met wards; sometimes cunning avoydings of his body; & sometimes faining some blowes, which himselfe puld backe before they needed to bee withstood. And so with play did he a good while fight against the fight of *Zelmene*, who (more spited with that courtesie, that one that did nothing should bee able to resist her) burned away with cholere any motions, which might grow out of her own sweete disposition, determining to kill him if he fought no better; & so redoubling her blowes, draue the stranger to no other shift than to ward, and goe backe; at that time seeming the image of innocencie against violence. But at length he found, that both in publike & private respects, who stands onely vpon defence, stands vpon no defence: for *Zelmene* seeming to strike at his head, & he going to ward it, withall stept backe as he was accustomed: she kept her blow in the ayre, and sodainly turning the point, ran full at his breast; so as hee was driuen with the pommel of his sword (hauing no other weapon of defence) to beare it downe: but the thrust was so strong, that he could not so wholly beare it away, but that it met with his thigh, thorow which it ran. But *Zelmene* retiring her sword, and seeing his bloud, victorious anger was conquered by the before-conquered pittie; and hartily sorie, & euen ashamed with her selfe she was, considering how little he had done, who well she found could haue done more. In so much that shee said, Truly I am sorry for your hurt; but your selfe gaue the cause, both in refusing to deliuer the gloue, and yet not fighting as I know you could haue done. But (said she) because I perceiue you disdain to fight with a woman, it may be before a yeare come about, you shal meete with a neerer kinsman of mine, *Pyrocles* Prince of Macedonia, and I giue you my word, he for me shall maintaine this quarrell against you. I would (answered *Amphialus*) I had many more such hurts to meete and know that worthy Prince, whose vertue I loue and admire, though my good destinie hath not bene to see his person.

But as they were so speaking, the yong Ladies came, to whom *Mopsa* (curious in any thing, but her own good behauiour) hauing followed and seene *Zelmene* fighting, had cried, what shee had seene, while they were drying themselves; and the water (with some drops) seemed to weepe, that it should part from such bodies. But they carefull of *Zelmene* (assuring themselves that any *Arcadian* would beare reuerence to them) *Pamela* with a noble minde, and *Philoclea* with a louing/hastily hiding the beauries, whereof Nature was proude, and they ashamed) they made quicke worke to come to saue *Zelmene*. But alreadie they found them in talke, and *Zelmene* careful of his wound. But when they saw him, they knew it was their cosin germaine, the famous *Amphialus*; whom yet with a sweete-graced bitterness they blamed for breaking their fathers commandement, especially while themselves were in such sort retired. But he craued pardon, protesting vnto them that hee had onely bene to seeke solitarie places, by an extreame melancholy that had a good while possesst him, & guided to that place, by his spaniell, where while the dog hunted in the riuer, he had with drawne himselfe to pacifie with sleepe his ouerwatched eyes: till a dreame waked him, and made him see that whereof he had dreamed, and withall not obscurely signified, that he felt the smart of his owne doings. But *Philoclea* (that was euen ialous of her selfe for *Zelmene*) would needes haue her gloue;

gloue, and not without so mightie a lowre as that face could yeeld. As for *Zelmane* when shee knew it was *Amphialus*, Lord *Amphialus* (said she) I haue long desired to know you heretofore I must confesse with more good will, but still with honouring your vertue, though I loue not your person: and at this time I pray you let vs take care of your wound, vpon condition you shal hereafter promise, that a more knightly combat shalbe performed between vs. *Amphialus* answerd in honorable sort, but with such excusing himselfe, that more and more accused his loue to *Philoclea*, and prouoked more hate in *Zelmane*. But *Mopsa* had already called certain sheepeards not farre off (who knew & wel obserued their limits) to come & help to carrie away *Amphialus*, whose wound suffered him not without danger to straine it: and so hee leauing himselfe with them, departed from them, faster bleeding in his heart, than at his wound: which bound vp by the sheetes, wherewith *Philoclea* had been wrapped, made him thanke the wound, and blesse the sword for that fauour.

He being gone, the Ladies (with merry anger talking, in what naked simpliciry their cousin had seene them) returned to the lodge-ward: yet thinking it too early (as long as they had any day) to breake off so pleasing a companie, with going to performe a cumberfome obedience, *Zelmane* inuited them to the litle arbour, only reserved for her, which they willingly did: and there sitting, *Pamela* hauing a while made the Lute in his language shew how glad it was to bee touched by her fingers, *Zelmane* deliuered vp the paper, which *Amphialus* had at first yeelded vnto her: and seeing written vpon the backside of it, the complaint of *Plangus*, remembring what *Dorus* had told her, and desiring to know how much *Philoclea* knew of her estate, she tooke occasion in presenting of it, to aske whether it were any secret or no. No truely (answered *Philoclea*) it is but euen an exercise of my fathers writing, vpon this occasion: He was one day (somewhile before your comming hither) walking abroad, hauing vs two with him, almost a mile hence; & crossing a high-way, which comes from the Citie of *Magalopolis*, he saw this Gentleman, whose name is there written, one of the proprest and best-graced men that euer I saw, being of middle age and of a meane stature. Hee lay as then vnder a Tree, while his seruants were getting fresh post-horses for him. It might seeme he was tyred with the extreme trauaile he had taken, and yet not so tyred, that hee forced to take any rest; so hasty hee was vpon his iourney: and withall so sorrowful, that the very face therof was painted in his face; which with pittifull motions, euen groanes, teares and passionate talking to himselfe, moued my Father to fall in talke with him: who at first not knowing him, answered him in such a desperate phrase of griefe, that my Father afterward took a delight to set it down in such forme as you see: which if you read, what you doubt of, my sister and I are able to declare vnto you. *Zelmane* willingly opened the leaues, and reade it being written Dialogue-wise in this manner.

*Plangus.                      Basilus.*

*Plangus.* **A** Las how this pilgrimage doth last?  
 What greater ills haue now the heauens in store,  
 To couple comming harmes with sorrowes past?  
 Long since my voice is hoarse, and th' oate is sore,  
 With cries to skies, and curses to the ground,  
 But more I plaine, I feele my woes the more.  
 Ah where was first that cruell cunning sound,  
 To frame of Earth a vessell of the minde,  
 Where it should be safe, selfe-destruction bound?

what



What needed so high spirits such mansions blinde?  
 Or wrapt in flesh what doe they heere obtaine,  
 But glorious name of wretched humane kinde?  
 Balles to the flarres, and thralls to Fortunes raigne;  
 Turn'd from themselves, infected with their cage,  
 Where death is feard, and life is held with paine.  
 Like Players plac't to fill a filthy stage,  
 Where change of thoughts one foole to other shewes,  
 And all but iests saue onely sorrowes rage.  
 The child feesles that; the man that feeling knowes,  
 Which cries first borne, the presage of his life,  
 Where wit but serues, to haue true taste of woes.  
 A Shop of shame, a Booke where blot be rise,  
 This bodie is: this bodie so compos'd,  
 As in it selfe so nourish mortall strife.  
 So diuers be the Elements dispos'd  
 In this weake worke, that it can neuer bee  
 Made uniforme to any state repos'd.  
 Griefe onely makes his wretched state to see  
 (Euen like a toppe which nought but whipping wones)  
 This man, this talking beast, this walking tree,  
 Griefe is the stone which finest iudgement proues:  
 For who grieues not hath but a blockish braine,  
 Since cause of griefe no cause from life remoues.

Basilus How long wilt thou with mournesfull musicke staine  
 The cheerefull notes these pleasant places yeeld,  
 Where all good haps a perfect state maintaine?

Plangus Curs't be good haps, and curs't be they that build  
 Their hopes on haps, and doe not make despaire  
 For all these certaine blowes the surest shield.  
 Shall I that saw Erona's shining haire  
 Torne with her hands, and those same hands of snow  
 With losse of purest bloud themselves to reare?  
 Shall I that saw those breasts, where beauties flom,  
 Swelling with sighes, made pale with mindes disease,  
 And saw those eyes (those Sunnes) such shewes to show,  
 Shall I, whose eares her mournesfull words did seaze,  
 Her words in syrup laid of sweetest breath,  
 Relents those thoughts which then did so displease?  
 No, no: Despaire my daily lesson saith,  
 And saith, although I seeke my life to flie,  
 Plangus must liue to see Erona's death.  
 Plangus must liue some helpe for her to trie  
 (Though in despaire) for lone saith, I see.  
 Plangus doth liue, and shall Erona die?  
 Erona die? O heauen (if heauen there be)  
 Hath all thy whirling course so small effect?

Serne all thy starrie eyes this shame to see?  
 Let dolts in haste some altars faire erect  
 To these high powers, which idly sit above,  
 And vertue doe in greatest need neglect.

Bafilus O man, take heed, how thou the Gods doe moue  
 To cause full wrath, which thou canst not resist.  
 Blasphemous words the speaker vaine doe prone.  
 Alas while we are wrapt in foggie mist  
 Of our selfe-loue (so passions doe deceiue)  
 We thinke they hurt, when most they doe assist.  
 To harme vs wormes should that high Iustice leane  
 His nature? nay, himselfe? for so it is,  
 What glory from our losse can he receiue?  
 But still our dazled eyes their way doe misse,  
 While that we doe at his sweet scourge repine,  
 The kindly way to beate vs on to blisse.  
 If she must die, then hath she past the line  
 Of lothsome dayes, whose losse how canst thou mone,  
 That dost so well their miseries define?  
 But such we are with inward tempest blowne  
 Of windes quite contrarie in waues of will:  
 We mone that lost, which had we did bemone.

Plangus And shall she die? shall cruell fire spill  
 Those beames that set so many hearts on fire?  
 Hath she not force enen death with loue to kill?  
 Nay enen cold death enflam'd with hot desire  
 Her to enioy where ioy it selfe is thrall,  
 Will spoyle the earth of his most rich attire.  
 Thus death becomes a riuall to vs all,  
 And hopes with soule embracements her to get,  
 In whose decay Vertues faire shrine must fall.  
 O Vertue weak, shall death his triumph set  
 Vpon thy spoiles, which neuer should lye waste?  
 Let Death first die, be thou his worthy let.  
 By what eclipse shall that Sunne be defect?  
 What mine hath erst throwne downe so faire a tower?  
 What sacriledge hath such a Saint disgrac't?  
 The world the garden is, she is the flower  
 That sweetens all the place, she is the guest  
 Of rarest price, both heauen and earth her bower.  
 And shall (O me) all this in ashes rest?  
 Alas, if you a Phoenix new will haue  
 Burnt by the Sunne, she first must build her nest.  
 But well you know, the gentle Sunne would save  
 Such beames so like his owne, which might haue might  
 In him the thoughts of Phaetons damme to graue.  
 Therefore, alas, you vse vile Vulcans spight,

which



which nothing spare, to melt her with his sighs,  
 which while it is, it is all that light,  
 O Mars, for what dost thou thus wound her,  
 To let that wit- old beast of sense in sinners,  
 Thy Venus child, whose beauty Venus loves,  
 O Venus, if her praise no enemy frames,  
 In thy high minde, ges her thy husbands grace,  
 Sweet speaking oft a curst beavre reclaimes,  
 O eyes of mine, where once she saw her face,  
 Her face which was more linely in my heart,  
 O braine, where thought of her hath onely place,  
 O hand, which toucht her hand when we did part,  
 O lips, that kist that hand with my teares spent;  
 O tongue, then dumbe, not daring tell my paines;  
 O soule whose lone in her is onely spent,  
 what ere you see, thinke, touch, kisse, speake, or looke,  
 Let all for her, and unto her be bent.

Basilius. Thy wailing words doe much my spirit move;  
 They uttered are in such a feeling passion,  
 That sorrowes weeke against my will prone,  
 Me-thinke I am partaker of thy passion;  
 And in thy case doe glasse mine owne debilitie;  
 Selfe-guiltie folke most prone to feeble compassion;  
 Yet reason saith, Reason should have abilitie  
 To hold these worldly things in such proportion,  
 As let them come or goe with euen facilitie;  
 But our desires tyrannicall extortion  
 Dost force vs there to set our chiefe delightfulness,  
 Where but a baiting place is all our portion.  
 But still, although we faile of perfect rightfulness;  
 Seeke we to tame these childish superfluities:  
 Let vs not winkethrough voids of purest foolishness;  
 For what can breed more peenish incongruities,  
 Than man to yeeld to female lamentations?  
 Let vs some Grammar learne of more congruities.

Plangus If through mine eares pierce any consolation,  
 By wise discourse, sweet sounds, or Poets fiction;  
 If ought I cease these hideous exclamations,  
 while that my soule, she, she lyes in affliction;  
 Then let my life long time on earth maintained be,  
 To wretched me, the last worst malediction.  
 Can I, that knew her sacred parts, restrained be  
 From any ioy, know fortunes vile displacing her,  
 In morall rules let raging woes contained be;  
 Can I forget, when they in prison placing her,  
 with swelling heart in spite and due disdainfulness  
 she lay for dead, till I helpe with unlasing her?

Can I forget from how much mourning painfulnesse  
 with Diamond in window-glasse she graced,  
 Erona dye, and end this ugly painfulnesse?  
 Can I forget in how strange place she layed  
 That quickly they should her burie, or smother,  
 As if by death she onely might be saved?  
 Then let me eke forget one hand from other:  
 Let me forget that Plangus I am called:  
 Let me forget I am sonne to my mother:  
 But if my memory must thus be thrall'd  
 To that strange stroke which conquer'd all my senses,  
 Can thoughts still thinking, forrest be appall'd?

**Basilus** Who still doth seeke against himselfe offences,  
 what pardon can auail? or who impleyes him  
 To hurt himselfe, what shield can be defence?  
 Woe to poore man: each outward thing annoyeth him  
 In diuers kinds; yet as he were not filled,  
 He heapes in outward griefe, that most destroys him.  
 Thus is our thought with paines for thistles filled:  
 Thus be our noblest parts dryed up with sorrow:  
 Thus is our mind with too much minding spilled.  
 One day layes up stufte of griefe for the morrow:  
 And whose good liaps doe leaue him vnprouided,  
 Condoling cause of friendship he will borrow,  
 Betwixt the good and shade of good alided,  
 We pittie deeme that which hee weakenes is:  
 So are we from our high creation slid.  
 But Plangus, lest I may your sicknesse misse,  
 Or rubbing hurt the sore, I bore doe end.  
 The asse did hurt when he did thinke to kisse.

When **Zelmene** had read it ouer, maruelling very much of the speech of **Erona's** death, and therefore desirous to know further of it, but more desirous to heare **Philoclea** speake, Most excellent Ladie (said shee) one may bee little the wiser for reading this Dialogue, since it neither sets forth what this **Plangus** is, nor what **Erona** is, nor what the cause should bee which threatens her with death, and him with sorrow: therefore I would humbly craue to vnderstand the particular discourse thereof: because (I must confesse) something in my trauaile I have heard of this strange matter, which I would bee glad to find by so sweet an authoritie confirmed. The truth is (answered **Philoclea**) that after he knew my father to be Prince of this country, while he hoped to preuaile something with him in a great request he made vnto him, hee was content to open fully the estate both of himselfe, and of that Ladie, which with my sisters helpe (said she) who remembers it better than I, I will declare vnto you: and first of **Erona** (being the chiefe subject of this discourse) this storie (with more teares and exclamations than I list to spend about it) he recounted.

Of late there reigned a king in **Lydia**, who had for the blessing of his marriage, this onely daughter of his, **Erona**, a Princess worthy for her beauty, as much prayse,



as beautie may be praise-worthy. This Princeesse *Ereña*, being nineteen yeers of age, seeing the country of *Lydia* so much deuoted to *Cupid*, as that in euery place his naked pictures and images were superstitiously adored (either moued therunto by the esteeming that it could be no Godhead, which could breed wickednesse, or the shamefast consideration of such nakednesse) procured so much of her father, as vnto her to pull downe, and deface all those statues and pictures. Which how terribly he punished (for to that the *Lydians* impute it) quickly after appeared.

For she had not liued a yeere longer, when she was stricken with most obstinate loue, to a young man but of meane parentage, in her fathers court, named *Antiphilus*: so meane, as that he was but the sonne of her Nurse, & by that meanes (without other desert) became knowne of her. Now so euill could shee conceale her fire, and so wilfully persevered she in it, that her father offering her the marriage of the great *Tiridates* king of *Armenia* (who desired her more than the ioyes of heauen) she for *Antiphilus* sake refused it. Many wayes her father sought to withdraw her from it: sometimes perswasions, sometimes threatnings, once hiding *Antiphilus*, & giuing her to vnderstand that he was fled the countrie: lastly making a solemne execution to be done of another, vnder the name of *Antiphilus*, whom he kept in prison. But neither she liked perswasions, nor feared threatnings, nor changed for absence: and when she thought him dead, shee sought all meanes (as well by poyson as knife) to send her soule, at least, to be married in the eternall Church with him. This so brake the tender fathers heart, that (leauing things as he found them) he shortly after died. Then forthwith *Ereña* (being seized of the crowne, and arming her will with authoritie) sought to aduance her affection to the holy title of Matrimonie.

But before shee could accomplish all the solemnities, shee was ouertaken with a war the king *Tiridates* made vpon her, only for her person; towards whom (for her ruine) Loue had kindled his cruel heart, indeed cruell & tyrannous: for (being farre too strong in the field) hee spared no man, woman, and child, but (as though there could be found no foile to set forth the extremitie of his loue, but extremitie of hatred) wrote, as it were, the sonets of his Loue, in the bloud, and tuned them in the cries of her subiects; although his faire sister *Artaxia* (who would accompany him in the armie) sought all meanes to appease his furie: till lastly, he besieged *Ereña* in her best city, vowing to win her, or lose his life. And now had he brought her to the point either of a wofull consent, or a ruinous deniall, when there came thither (following the course which Vertue & Fortune led them) two excellent yong Princes, *Pyrocles* & *Musidorus*, the one Prince of *Macedon*, the other of *Thessalia*: two Princes, as *Plangus* said (and he witnessed his saying with sighes and teares) the most accomplished both in body & mind, that the Sunne euer look'd vpon. While *Philoctea* spake those words, O sweet words (thought *Zelmane* to her selfe) which are not onely a praise to me, but a prayse to praise it selfe, which out of that mouth issueth.

These two Princes (said *Philoctea*) as well to helpe the weaker (especially being a Lady) as to saue a Greek people from being ruined by such, whom we call & count barbarous, gathering together such of the honestest *Lycians*, as would venture their liues to succour their Princeesse: giuing order by a secret message, they sent into the Citie, that they should issue with all force at an appointed time; they set vpon *Tiridates* campe with so well guided a fiercenesse, that being of both sides assailed, hee was like to be ouerthrowne: but that this *Plangus* (being General of *Tiridates* horsemen) especially ayded by the two mighty men *Euardes* and *Barzanes*, rescued the footmen, euen almost defeated: but yet could not barre the Princes (with their succours both of men and victuall) to enter the Citie.

Which when *Tiridates* found would make the war long, (which length seemed to him worse than a languishing consumption) he made a challenge of three Princes in his retinue, against those two Princes and *Antiphilus*: and that thereupon the quarrell should be decided, with compact, that neither side should helpe his fellow: but of whose side the more ouercame, with him the victorie should remaine. *Antiphilus* (though *Erona* chose rather to bide the brunt of warre, than venture him, yet) could not for shame refuse the offer, especially since the two strangers that had no interest in it, did willingly accept it: besides that, he saw it like enough, that the people (wearie of the miseries of war) would rather giue him vp, if they saw him shrink, than for his sake venture their ruine: considering that the challengers were of farre greater worthinesse than himselfe. So it was agreed vpon, and against *Pyrocles* was *Euardes* king of Bithynia, *Barzanes* of Hircania against *Musidorus*; two men, that thought the world scarce able to resist them: and against *Antiphilus* he placed this same *Plangus*, being his owne cousin germane, and sonne to the king of *Iberia*. Now so it fell out, that *Musidorus* slew *Barzanes*, & *Pyrocles* *Euardes*, which victory those Princes esteemed aboue all that euer they had: but of the other side *Plangus* tooke *Antiphilus* prisoner: vnder which colour (as if the matter had beene equall, though indeed it was not, the greater part being ouercome of his side) *Tiridates* continued his warre: and to bring *Erona* to a compelled yeelding, sent her word that he would the third morrow after, before the walles of the towne, strike off *Antiphilus* head, without his suite in that space were granted; adding withall (because hee had heard of her desperate affection) that if in the meane time she did her selfe any hurt, what tortures could be deuised should be laid vpon *Antiphilus*.

Then loif *Cupid* be a god, or that the tyrannie of our owne thoughts seeme as a god vnto vs: but whatsoeuer it was, then it did set forth the miserableness of his effects: she being drawne to two contraries by one cause (for the loue of him commanded her to yeeld to no other: the loue of him commanded her to preserve his life:) which knot might well be cut, but vaited it could not be. So that loue in her passions (like a right make-bate) whispered to both sides arguments of quarrell. What, said he (of the one side) dost thou loue *Antiphilus*, O *Erona*? and shall *Tiridates* enioy thy body? With what eyes wilt thou looke vpon *Antiphilus*, when hee shall know that another possesseth thee? But if thou wilt doe it, canst thou doe it? canst thou force thy heart? Thinke with thy selfe, if this man haue thee, thou shalt neuer haue more part of *Antiphilus* than if he were dead. But thus much more, that the affection shall be still gnawing, and the remorse still present. Death perhaps will coole the rage of thy affection: where thus, thou shalt euer loue, and euer lacke. Think this beside, if thou marry *Tiridates*, *Antiphilus* is so excellent a man, that long he cannot be from being in some high place married; canst thou suffer that too? If another kill him, he doth him the wrong: if thou abuse thy body, thou doest him the wrong. His death is a worke of nature, & either now, or at another time he shall die. But it shall be thy worke, thy shamefull worke, which is in thy power to shun, to make him liue to see thy faith falsified, and his bed defiled. But when loue had well kindled that partie of her thoughts, then went he to the other side. What (said hee) O *Erona*, & is thy Loue of *Antiphilus* come to that point, as thou dost now make it a question, whether he shall die, or no? O excellent affection, which for too much loue, will see his head off. Marke well the reasons of the other side, & thou shalt see, it is but loue of thy selfe which so dispueth. Thou canst not abide *Tiridates*: this is but loue of thy selfe: thou shalt be ashamed to looke vpon him afterwards; this is but feare of shame, and loue of thy selfe: thou shalt want him as much then; this is but



but loue of thy selfe: he shalbe married; if he be well, why should that grieue thee; but for loue of thy selfe? No, no, pronounce these words if thou canst, Let *Antiphilus* die. Then the images of each side stood before her vnderstanding; one time shee thought she saw *Antiphilus* dying: another time shee thought *Antiphilus* saw her by *Tiridates* enioyed: twentie times calling for a seruant to carry message of yeelding, but before he came the minde was altered. Shee blusht when she considered the effect of granting; shee was pale, when she remembered the fruites of denying. For weeping, sighing, wringing her hands, and tearing her haire, were indifferent of both sides. Easily she would haue agreed to haue broken all disputation with her owne death, but that the feare of *Antiphilus* further torments, staid her. At length, even the euening before the day appointed of his death, the determination of yeelding preuailed, especially, growing vpon a message of *Antiphilus*, who with all the coniuring tearmes he could deuise, besought her to saue his life; vpon any conditions. But shee had no sooner sent her messenger to *Tiridates*, but her minde changed, and shee went to the two young Princes, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, and falling downe at their feet, desired them to trie some way for her deliuerance; shewing her selfe resolu'd, not to ouer-lieue *Antiphilus*, nor yet to yeeld to *Tiridates*.

They that knew not what shee had done in priuate, prepared that night accordingly: and as sometimes it falls out, that what is inconstancie, seemes cunning; so did this change indeed stand in as good steed as a witty dissimulation. For it made the king as recklesse, as them diligent: so that in the dead time of the night, the Princes issued out of the towne; with whom she would needes goe, either to die her selfe, or rescue *Antiphilus*, hauing no armour, or weapon, but affection. And I cannot tell you how, by what deuice (though *Plangus* at large described it) the conclusion was, the wonderfull valour of the two Princes so preuailed, that *Antiphilus* was succoured, and the king slaine. *Plangus* was then the chiefe man left in the campe, & therefore seeing no other remedy, conueyed in safetie into her countie *Artaxia*, now Queene of *Armenia*; who with true lamentations, made knowne to the world, that her new greatnesse did no way comfort her in respect of her brothers losse, whom shee studied by all meanes possible to reuenge vpon euery one of the occasioners, hauing (as she thought) ouerthrowne her brother by a most abominable treason. In so much, that being at home shee proclaymed great rewards, to any priuate man, and her selfe in marriage to any Prince, that would destroy *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*. But thus was *Antiphilus* redeemed, and (though against the consent of all her nobilitie) married to *Erona*; in which case the two Greeke Princes (being called away by another aduenture) left them.

But now mee thinkes, as I haue read some Poets, who when they intend to tell some horrible matter, they bid men shun the hearing of it; so if I doe not desire you to stop your ears from me, yet may I well desire a breathing time, before I am to tel the execrable treason of *Antiphilus*, that brought her to this miserie; and withall wish you all, that from all mankind indeed you stop your cares. O most happy were wee, if we did set our loues one vpon another, (And as shee spake that word, her cheekes in red letters writ more than her tongue did speake.) And therefore since I haue named *Plangus*, I pray you sister (said shee) helpe me with the rest, for I haue held the stage long enough; and if it please you to make his fortune knowne, as I haue done *Erona's*, I will after take heart againe to goe on with his fallhood; and so betweene vs both, my Lady *Zelwane* shall vnderstand both the cause and parties of this lamentation. Nay, I besfrow me then (said *Miso*) I will none of that, I promise you, as long as I haue the gouernment, I will first haue my rayle, and then my Lady

Pamela,

*Pamela*, my Lady *Zelmara*, & my daughter *Mopsa* (for *Mopsa* was then returned from *Amphialus*) may draw cuts, and the shortest cut speake first. For I tell you, and this may be suffered, when you are married, you wil haue first and last word of your husbands. The Ladies laughed to see with what an eager earnestnes she looked, hauing threatenng not onely in her ferret eyes, but while shee spake, her nose seeming to threaten her chin, and her shaking lims one to threaten another. But there was no remedy, they must obey, and *Miso* (sitting on the ground with her knees vp, and her hands vpon her knees) tuning her voice with many a quauering cough, thus discoursed vnto them. I tel you true (said she) what soeuer you think of me, you will one day be as I am; & I, simple though I sit here, thought once my penny as good siluer, as some of you do: & if my father had not plaid the hasty foole (it is no lie I tell you) I might haue had another-gaines husband than *Demetrius*. But let that passe, God amend him: and yet I speake it not without good cause. You are full in your rittling of *Cupid*: here is *Cupid*, & there is *Cupid*. I will tell you now what a good old woman told mee, what an old wise man told her, what a great learned Clearke told him, and gaue it him in writing, & here I haue it in my prayer booke. I pray you (said *Philoclea*) let vs see it and reade it. No haste but good (said *Miso*) you shall first know how I came by it. I was a young girle of seuen & twenty yeare old, and I could not goe through the street of our village, but I might heare the yong men talke: O the pretty little eies of *Miso*: o the fine thin lips of *Miso*: o the goodly fat hands of *Miso*: besides, how well a certaine wrying I had of my necke became me. Then the one would winke with one eye, and the other cast daylies at me: I must confesse seeing so many amorous, it made me set vp my peacockes rayle with the highest. Which when this good old woman perceiued (o the good wold woman, wel may the bones rest of the good wold woman) she cald me to her into her house. I remember full wel it stood in the lane as you go to the Barbeis shop; all the towne knew her, there was a great losse of her: she called me to her, and taking first a sop of wine to comfort her heart (it was of the same wine that comes out of *Candia*, which wee pay so deare for now a dayes, and in that good world was very good cheape) shee cald me to her, *Minion* said she (indeed I was a pretty one in those daies, though I say it) I see a number of lads that loue you: well (said she) I say no more; doe you know what Loue is? With that she brought me into a corner, where there was painted a foule fiend I trow: for he had a paire of hornes like a Bull, his feet cloüen, as many eyes vpon his body, as my gray mare hath dappels, and for all the world so placed. This monster sate like a hangman vpon a paire of gallows, in his right hand, he was painted holding a crown of laurell, in his left hand a purse of mony, & out of his mouth hung a lace of two faire pictures, of a man and a woman, & such a countenance hee shewed, as if he would perswade folke by those allurements to come thither and be hanged. I, like a tender-hearted wench, skrieked out for feare of the dinell. Well (said she) this same is euen loue: therefore doe what thou list withall those fellows one after another, & it reckes not much what they doe to thee, so it be in secret; but vpon my charge, neuer loue none of them. Why mother (said I) could such a thing come from the belly of the faire *Venus*? for a few daies before, our Priest (betweene him & me had) told me the whole story of *Venus*. Tush (said she) they are all deceiued: & therewith gaue me this booke, which she said, a great maker of ballads had giuen to an old painter, who for a little pleasure, had bestowed both booke and picture of her. Reade there (said she) & thou shalt see that his mother was a cow, and the false *Argus* his father. And so shee gaue me this booke, and there now you may reade it. With that the remembrance of the good old woman, made her make such a face



to weepe, as if it were not sorrow, it was the carcasse of sorrow that appeared there.  
But while her teares came out, like raine falling vpon durty furrowes, the later end  
of her prayer booke was read among these Ladies, which contayned this.

**P**oore Painters oft with silly Poets ioyne,  
To fill the world with strange but vaine conceits:  
One brings the stuffe, the other stamps the coine,  
Which breeds naught else but glosses of deceits.  
Thus Painters Cupid paints, thus Poets doe  
A naked God, blind, young with arrowes two.  
Is he a God, that ever flies the light?  
Or naked he, disguis'd in all vntrath?  
If he be blind, how hittesth he so right?  
How is he young, that sam'd old Phcebus youth?  
But arrowes two, and tipt with gold or lead?  
Some hurt, accuse a third with hornie head.  
No, nothing so; an old false knaue he is,  
By Argos got on Io, then a Cow:  
What time for her Iuno her loue did misse  
And charge of her to Argus did allow.  
Mercurie kill'd his false fire for this act,  
His damme a beast was pardon'd beastly fall.  
With fathers death, and mothers guiltie shame,  
With loues disdain at such a rinals feed:  
The wretch compeld, a runnegate became,  
And learn'd what ill a miser-state doth breed:  
To lie, to steale, to prie, and to accuse,  
Naught in himselfe each other to abuse.  
Yet beares he still his parents stately gifts,  
A horned head, elouen feet, and thousand eyes,  
Some gazing still, some winking wiliu'sslyste,  
With long large eares, where neuer rumour dies.  
His horned head doth seeme the heauen to spight,  
His elouen foot doth neuer tread aright.  
Thus halfe a man, with man he daily haunts,  
Cloth'd in the shape which soonest may deceiue:  
Thus halfe a beast, each beastly vice he plants,  
In those weake hearts that his aduice receive.  
He prowles each place in new colours decks,  
Sucking ones ill, another to infect.  
Tomorrow breasts he comes all wrapt in gaine:  
To smelling hearts he shines in bayours fire:  
To open eyes all beauties be doth gaine,  
Creeping to each wick flustering of desire.  
But for that Loue is worst which rules the eyes,  
Thereon his name, there his chiefe triumph lies.  
Millions of yeares this old drinell Cupid lines,  
While still more wretch, more wicked, he doth proue:  
Till now at length that Loue him offe gines,

(*At Iuno's suite, who much did Argus loue*)  
*In this our world a hang-man for to be*  
*Of all those fooles, that will haue all they see.*

The Ladies made sport at the description and storie of *Cupid*. But *Zelmanc* could scarce suffer those blasphemies (as she tooke them) to be read, but humbly besought *Pamela* she would performe her sisters request of the other part of the storie. Noble Lady (answered she, beautifying her face with a sweet smiling, & the sweetnesse of her smiling with the beauty of her face) since I am borne a Princes daughter, let me not giue example of disobedience. My Gouvernesse will haue vs draw cuts, and therefore I pray you let vs doe so: and so perhaps it will light vpon you to entertain this company with some storie of your owne; and it is reason our cares should be willing to heare, as your tongue is abler to deliuer. I will thinke (answered *Zelmanc*) excellent Princeesse, my tongue of some value, if it can procure your tongue thus much to fauour me. But *Pamela* pleasantly persisting to haue Fortune their iudge, they set hands, & *Mopsa* (though at the first for squeamishnesse going vp and downe with her head like a bore in a storme) put to her golden gols among them, & blinde Fortune (that saw not the colour of them) gaue her the preheminence: and so being her time to speake (wiping her mouth, as there was good cause) shee thus tumbled into her matter. In time past (said shee) there was a king, the mightiest man in all his countrie, that had by his wife the fairest daughter that did euer eat pap. Now this king did keepe a great house, that euery body might come and take their meate freely. So one day, as his daughter was sitting in her window, playing vpon a harp, as sweet as any Rose; and combing her head with a combe all of precious stones, there came in a knight into the Court, vpon a goodly horse, one haire of gold, and the other of siluer; and so the knight casting vp his eyes to the window, did fall into such loue with her, that he grew not worth the bread he ate; till many a sorrie day going ouer his head, with daily diligence and grieuouse grones, hee wan her affection, so that they agreed to run away together. And so in May when all true hearts reioyce, they stole out of the Castle, without staying so much as for their breakfast. Now forsooth, as they wēt together, often all to kissing one another, the knight told her, he was brought vp among the water-Nymphs, who had so bewitched him, that if he were euer askt his name, he must presently vanish away: and therefore charged her vpon his blessing, neuer to aske him what hee was, nor whither hee would. And so a great while she kept his commandement; till once, passing through a cruell wilderness, as darke as pitch, her mouth so watred, that shee could not chooſe but aske him the question. And then, he making the grieuousest complaints that would haue melted a tree to haue heard them, vanished quite away: and she lay downe, casting forth as pitifull cries as any strich-owle. But hauing laine so (wet by the raine, and burnt by the Sunne) fve dayes, and fve nights, she gat vp and went ouer many a high hill, and many a deepe river, till she came to an Aunts house of hers, & came and cried to her for helpe: and she for pittie gaue her a Nut, and bad her neuer open her Nut, till she was come to the extreamest miserie that euer tongue could speake of; And so she went, and shee went, and neuer rested the euening, where she went in the morning; till she came to a second Aunt; and she gaue her another Nut.

Now good *Mopsa* (said the sweet *Philoxen*) I pray thee at my request keepe this tale, till my marriage day, and I promise thee that the best gowne I weare that day shall be thine. *Mopsa* was very glad of that bargain, especially that it should grow a festiuall tale: so that *Zelmanc*, who desired to finde the vttermost what these Ladies vnderstood



vnderstood touching her selfe, & hauing vnderstood the danger of *Erone* (of which before shee had neuer heard) purposing with her selfe (as soone as this pursuit shee now was in, was brought to any effect) to succour her, intreated againe, that shee might know as well the story of *Plangus*, as of *Erone*. *Philalea* referred it to her sisters perfecter remembrance: who with so sweet a voice, and so winning a grace, as in themselves were of most forcible eloquence to procure attention, in this manner to their earnest request soone condescended.

The father of this Prince *Plangus* as yet liues, and is king of *Iberia*: a man (if the iudgement of *Plangus* may be accepted) of no wicked nature, nor willingly doing euill, without himselfe mistake the euill, seeing it disguised vnder some forme of goodnesse. This Prince, being married at the first to a Princess (who both from her ancestors, and in her selfe was worthy of him) by her had this sonne *Plangus*. Not long after whose birth, the Queene (as though shee had performed the message for which she was sent into the world) returned again vnto her maker. The king (leaving vp all thoughts of loue vnder the image of her memorie) remained a widower many yeares after; recompensing the grieffe of that disioyning from her, in enioyning in himselfe both a fatherly & motherly care toward her onely child *Plangus*. Who being growne to mans age, as our owne eyes may iudge, could not but fertilly require his fathers fatherly education.

This Prince (while yet the errors in his nature were excused by the greennesse of his youth, which tooke all the fault vpon it selfe) loued a priuate mans wife of the principall Citie of that kingdome, if that may bee called loue, which he rather did take into himself willingly, than by which he was taken forcibly. It sufficeth, that the yong man perswaded himselfe he loued her: she being a woman beautiful enough; if it be possible, that the onely outside can iustly entitle a beautie. But finding such a chafe as onely fled to be caught, the yong Prince brought his affection with her to that point, which ought to ingraue remorse in her heart, & to paine shame vpon her face. And so posselt he his desire without any interruption, he constantly fauouring her; and she thinking, that the enameling of a Princes name, might hide the spots of a broken wedlocke. But as I haue seene one that was sicke of a sleeping disease; could not be made wake, but with pinching of him: so out of his sinfull sleepe his minde (vnworthy so to bee lost) was not to be cald to it selfe, but by a sharpe accident. It fell out, that his many-times leauing of the court (in vndue times) began to be noted; and (as Princes eares be manifold) from one to another came vnto the king; who (carefull of his onely sonne) sought and found by his spies (the necessarie euill seruants to a king) what it was, whereby he was from his better delights so diuerred. Whereupon, the king (to giue his fault the greater blow) vsed such meanes by disguising himselfe, that he found them (her husband being absent) in her house together: which he did, to make them the more feelingly ashamed of it. And that way he tooke, laying threatnings vpon her, and vpon him reproches. But the poore yong Prince (deceiued with that yong opinion, that if it be euer lawfull to lie, it is for ones Louer) imployed all his wit to bring his father to a better opinion. And because he might bend him from that (as he counted it) crooked conceit of her, he wrested him, as much as hee could possibly, to the other side: not sticking with prodigall protestations to set forth her chastitie; nor denying his owne attempt, but thereby the more extolling her vertue. His Sophistrie preuailed; his father beleened, and so beleened, that ere long (though he were already steep into the winter of this age) he found himselfe warme in those desires, which were in his son far more excusable. To be short, he gaue himselfe ouer vnto it; and because he would auoyd  
the

the odious comparison of a young riuall) sent away his sonne with an armie, to the subduing of a Province lately rebelled against him; which he knew could not be a lesse worke than of three or foure yeares. Wherein he behaued him so worthily, as euen to this countrie the fame thereof came, long before his owne coming: while yet his father had a speedier successe, but in a farre vnobler conquest. For while *Plangus* was away, the old man (growing onely in age and affection) followed his suite with all meanes of vn honest seruants, large promises, and each thing else that might helpe to counteruaile his owne vnoblineffe.

And she (whose husband about that time died) forgetting the absent *Plangus*, or at least not hoping of him to obtaine so aspiring a purpose, left no Art vnused, which might keep the line from breaking, whereat the fish was already taken; not drawing him violently, but letting him play himself vpon the hook, which he had so greedily swallowed. For, accompanying her mourning garments with a dolefull countenance, yet neither forgetting handsomnesse in her mourning garments, nor sweetness in her dolefull countenance; her words were euer seasoned with sighes, & any fauour she shewed, bathed in teares, that affection might see cause of pittie, and pittie might perswade cause of affection. And being grown skilful in his humors, she was no lesse skilful in applying his humors; neuer suffering his feare to fall to a despaire, nor his hope to hasten to an assurance: she was content he should thinke that she loued him; & a certaine stolne looke should sometimes (as though it were against her will) bewray it. But if thereupon he grew bold, hee streight was encountered with a maske of vertue. And that which seemeth most impossible vnto me (for as neere as I can repeat it as *Plangus* told it) she could not only sigh when she would, as all can do, & weep when she would, as (they say) some can do, but (being most impudent in her heart) she could, when she would, teach her cheeks blushing, & make shamefastnesse the cloke of shamelesnesse. In sum, to leane out many particularities which he recited, she did not only vse so the spur, that his desire ran on, but so the bit, that it ran on euen in such a careere as she would haue it; that within a while the king, seeing with no other eyes but such as she gaue him, and thinking on no other thoughts, but such as she taught him; hauing at first liberall measures of fauors, then shortned of them, when most his desire was inflamed; he saw no other way but marriage to saisfie his longing, & her minde (as he thought) louing, but chastly louing: so that by the time *Plangus* returned from being notably victorious of the Rebels, he found his father, not only married, but already a father of a son & a daughter by this woman. Which though *Plangus* (as he had euery way iust cause) was grieved at; yet did his griefe neuer bring forth either contemning of her, or repining at his father. But she (who besides was growne a mother, and a stepmother, did reade in his eyes her own fault, and made his conscience her guiltinesse) thought still that his presence carried her condemnation: so much the more, as that she (vnchastly attempting his wonted fancies) found (for the reuerence of his fathers bed) a bitter refusall; which breeding rather spite then shame in her, or if it were a shame, a shame not of the fault, but of the repulse, she did not only (as hating him) thirst for a reuenge, but (as fearing harme from him) endeuoured to doe harme vnto him. Therefore did she try the vttermost of her wicked wit how to ouerthrow him in the foundation of his strength which was, in the fauour of his father: which because she saw strong both in nature and desert, it required the more cunning how to vndermine it. And therefore (shunning the ordinarie trade of hinceling *Synophants*) she made her praises of him, to bee accusations, and her aduancing him, to bee his ruine. For first with words (ouerer admiration than liking) she would extoll his excellencies, the goodlineffe



of his shape, the power of his wit, the valianneſſe of his courage, the fortunateſſe of his ſucceſſes; ſo as the father might ſind in her a ſingular love towards him; ſhe ſhunned not to kindle ſome few ſparks of jealousie in him. Thus having gotten an opinion in his father, that ſhee was ſure from meaning miſchiefe to the ſonne, then fell ſhee to praife him with no leſſe vehemencie of affection; but with much more cunning of malice. For then ſhe ſet forth the liberty of his minde, the high flying of his thoughts, the ſtreſſe in him to beare rule, the ſingular love the ſubjects bare him; that it was doubtfull, whether his wit were greater in winning their fauours, or his courage in employing their fauours; that he was not borne to live a ſubject's life, each action of his bearing in it Maieſtie; ſuch a kingly entertainment, ſuch a kingly magnificence, ſuch a kingly heart for enterpriſes, ſpecially remembering thoſe vertues, which in a ſervant are no more honoured by the ſubjects, than ſuſpected of the Princes. Then would ſhe by putting of objections, bring in objections to her husbands head, already infected with ſuſpicion. Nay, would ſhe ſay, I dare take it vpon my death, that he is no ſuch ſon, as many like might have been, who loved greatneſſe ſo well, as to build their greatneſſe vpon their fathers ruine. Indeed Ambition, like Love, can abide no lingering; and ever vrgeth on his own ſucceſſes, hating nothing, but what may ſtop them. But the gods forbid, wee ſhould ever once dream of any ſuch thing in him, who perhaps might be content, that you and the world ſhould know, what he can do; for the more power he hath to hurt, the more adolirable is his praife; that he will not hurt. Thus ever bringing to ſtrengthen the ſuſpicion of his eſtate with private malice of her love, doing him exceſſive honour when he was in preſence, & repudiating his pretty ſpeeches and graces in his abſence; beſides cauſing him to be ſuſpected of ſuch dangerous haſtories, as hither he ſhould periſh in them, or if he preſuiled, they ſhould increaſe his glory; which ſhe made a weapon to wound him, whilſt ſhe found that ſuſpicion beganne already to ſpeake for it ſelfe; and that her husbands eares were growne hungry of rumour; and his eyes playing into euerie ſide.

Then took ſhe help to her of a ſervant, who about her husband, whom ſhe knew to be of a haſty ambition, and ſuch a one, who waiting for ſufficient reaſon to raiſe him, would make a ladder of any miſchiefe. With theſe ſhe ſet to deale more privately, in alledging cauſes of jealousie, making him know the ſecret times when her husband already was ſtired thereby. And ſo they two, with diuers waies, nourished one another, like Muſicians, that ſinging diuers parts make one muſicke. He ſometimes with careful cogitation would deſire the king to look to himſelfe; for that all the Court and Citie were full of whiſperinge, and expectation of ſome ſudden change, vpon what ground himſelfe knew not. At other times he would counſel the king to make much of his ſon, and hold his fauour, for that it was too late now to keepe him in drede of ſome ſeigning to ſeare himſelfe; becauſe he ſaw many loved none of them that were great about his father. Laſtly breaking with him directly, making a ſorrowfull countenance, and with humble geſture beare falſe witneſſe for his true meaning, that he found not only ſouldiers, but people weary of his government; and a ſtrife of affection bent vpon his ſonne, both he and the Queene concurring in ſtrange dreams, and each thing ſeeming to him in deſire already perplexed might be ſeale of ſome ſudden change within a while; all which ſeignifications began to be tranſlated into the language of ſuſpicion.

Which though ſhe ſeign'd ſound, yet could he not miſſe ſuch contraries being directed to drawe one yoke of argument. If he were magnificient, he ſpent much with a ſiſſing ſonne; if he ſpared, he ſeign'd much with an aſpiring ſonne: if he ſpoke

courteouſly,

courteously, he angled the peoples hearts: if he were silent, he mused vpon some dangerous plot. In summe, if he could haue turned himselfe to as many formes as *Proteus*, euery forme should haue been made hidious.

But so it fell out, that a meere trifle gaue them occasion of further proceeding: The King one morning, going to a vineyard that lay along the hill wherupon his castle stood, he saw a vine-labourer, that finding a bough broken, took a branch of the same bough for want of another thing, and tied it about the place broken. The King asking the fellow what he did, Marry (said he) I make the son bind the father. This word (finding the king already superstitious through suspicion) amazed him straight, as a presage of his owne fortune: so that, returning and breaking with his wife how much he misdoubted his estate, shee made such gaine-saying answers as while they straued, straued to be ouercome. But euen while the doubts most boyled, she thus nourished them.

She vnder-hand dealt with the principall men of that country, that at the great Parliament (which was then to be held) they should in the name of all the estates perswade the king (being now steeped deeply into old age) to make *Plangus*, his associate in gouernment with him; assuring them, that not only she would ioybe with them, but that the father himselfe would take it kindly; charging them not to acquaint *Plangus* withall; for that perhaps it might be harmfull vnto him, if the king should finde that he were a party. They (who thought they might do it, not onely willingly, because they loued him; & truly, because such indeed was the minde of the people, but safely, because she who ruled the king was agreed thereto) accomplished her counsell; shee indeede keeping promise of vehement perswading the same; which the more she & they did, the more she knew her husband would feare, and hate the cause of his feare. *Plangus* found this, and humbly protested against such desire or wil to accept. But the more he protested, the more his father thought he dissembled, accounting his integritie to be but a cunning face of falshood: and therefore delaying the desire of his subiects, attended some fit occasion to lay hands vpon his son: which his wife brought thus to passe.

She caused the same minister of hers to go vnto *Plangus*, & (enabling his words with great shew of faith, and endearing them with desire of secretie) to tell him, that he found his ruine conspired by his stepmother, with certain of the noblemen of that countrey, the king himselfe giuing his consent, and that few dayes should passe before the putting it in practice: withall discovering the very truth indeed, with what cunning his stepmother had proceeded. This agreeing with *Plangus* his owne opinion, made him giue him the better credit: yet not so far, as to flye out of his country (according to the naughty fellowes perswasion) but to attend, and to see further. Whereupon the fellow (by the direction of his mistresse) told him one day, that the same night about one of the clocke, the king had appointed to haue his wife, and those noblemen together, to deliberate of their manner of proceeding against *Plangus*: and therefore offered him, that if himselfe would agree, he would bring him into a place where he should heare all that passed, and so haue the more reason both to himselfe, and to the world, to seek his safety. The poor *Plangus* (being subiect to that only disadvantage of honest hearts, credulity) was perswaded by him: & arming himselfe (because of his late going) was closely conueyed into the place appointed. In the meane time, his stepmother, making all her gestures cunningly counterfeite a miserable affliction, she lay almost groueling on the floore of her chamber, not suffering any body to comfort her, vntil they calling for her husband, and he held off with long inquirie, at length, she told him (euen almost cry-

ing



ing out every word) that she was wearie of her life, since shee was brought to this plungeth; either to conuict her husbands murther, or accuse her son, who had euen been more deare, than a sonne vnto her. Then with many interpositions and exclamations she told him, that her sonne *Plangus* (soliciting her in the old affection betweene them) had besought her to put to her helping hand to the death of the King; assuring her, that though all the lawes in the world were against him, he would marry her when he were king.

She had not fully said thus much, with many pitifull digressions, when in comes the same fellow, that brought *Plangus*; and running himselfe out of breath, fell at the kings feete, beseeching him to save himselfe; for that there was a man with a sword drawn in the next room. The king affrighted, went out, & called his guard; who entring the place, found indeede *Plangus* with his sword in his hand, but not naked, yet standing suspiciously enough, to one already suspicious. The king (thinking he had put vp his sword because of the noyse) neuer tooke leasure to heare his answer, but made him prisoner, meaning the next morning to put him to death in the market place.

But the day had no sooner opened the eyes and eares of his friends, & followers; but that there was a little army of them, who came, and by force deliuered him; although numbers on the other side (abused with the fine framing of their report) tooke armes for the king. But *Plangus*, though he might haue vsed the force of his friends, to reuenge his wrong, and get the crown, yet the natural loue of his father, and hard to make their suspicion seeme iust, caused him rather to choose a voluntarie exile, than to make his fathers death the purchase of his life: and therefore went he to *Tiridates*, whose mother was his fathers sister, liuing in his Court euenior twelue yeares, euen hoping by his intercession, and his owne desert, to recover his fathers grace. At the end of which time, the warre of *Erana* happened, which my sister, with the cause thereof, discoursed vnto you.

But his father had so deeply engraued the suspicion in his heart, that he thought his flight rather to proceed of a fearfull guiltinesse, than of an humble faithfulness; and therefore continued his hate, with such vehemency, that he did euen hate his Nephew *Tiridates*, and afterwards his Neece *Artaxia*, because in his Court he receiued countenance, leauing no meanes what attempted of destroying his sonne; among other employing that wicked seruant of his, who undertooke to empoison him. But his cunning disguised him not so well, but that the watchfull seruants of *Plangus* did discouer him. Whereupon the wretch was taken, and (before his well deferred execution) by torture forced to confesse the particularities of this, which in generall I haue told you.

Which confession authentically set down (though *Tiridates* with solemne embassage sent to the king) wrought no effect. For the king hauing put the reines of the gouernment into his wifes hand, neuer did so much as reade it, but sent it straight by her to be considered. So as they rather heaped more hatred on *Plangus*, for the death of their seruant. And now finding, that his absence, & their reports had much diminished the wavering peoples affection towards *Plangus*; with aduancing fit persons for faction; and granting great immunities to the commoners, they prevailed so far, as to cause the sonne of the second wife, called *Palladius*, to be proclaimed successor, & *Plangus* quite excluded: so that *Plangus* was driuen to continue his seruing *Tiridates*, as he did in the warre against *Erana*; & brought home *Artaxia*, as my sister told you, when *Erana* by the treason of *Antiphilus*. But at that word she stopped. For *Basilus*, not able longer to abide their absence, came suddenly

among them; & with smiling countenance, telling *Zelmane* he was afraid she had stolen away his daughters, invited them to follow the Sunnes counsell in going thence to their lodging; for indeed the Sun was ready to set. They yeelded, *Zelmane* meaning some other time to vnderstand the story of *Antiphilus* treason; & *Ereus*' danger, whose cause she greatly tendered. But *Miso* had no sooner espied *Basilus*, but as spitefully, as her rotten voice could utter it, shee set forth the faulnesse of *Amphialus*. But *Basilus* only attended what *Zelmane*'s opinion was: who though she hated *Amphialus*, yet the nobility of her courage preuailed ouer it, & she desired he might be pardoned that youthfull error; considering the reputation he had, to be one of the best knights in the world; so as hereafter he gouerned himselfe as one remembring his fault. *Basilus* giuing the infinite tearmes of praises to *Zelmane* both valour in conquering, and pitifulnesse in pardoning, commanded no more words to be made of it, since such he thought was her pleasure. So brought he them vp to visit his wife, where between her and him, the poore *Zelmane* receiued a tedious entertainment; oppressed with being loued, almost as much, as with louing. *Basilus* not so wise in covering his passion, could make his tongue goe almost no other pase, but to run into those immoderate praises, which the foolish Louer thinks short of his Mistress, though they reach far beyond the heavens. But *Gynecia* (whom womanly modesty did more outwardly bridle, yet did oftentimes vse the aduantage of her sexe in kissing *Zelmane*, as she laye vpon her bed-side by her; which was but still more and more sweete intense, to cast vpon the fire wherein her heart was sacrificed: Once *Zelmane* could not stirre; but that, (as if they had been poppets, whose motion stood only vpon her pleasure) *Basilus* with seruiceable steps, *Gynecia* with greedy eyes would follow her. *Basilus* minde *Gynecia* well knew, & could haue found in her heart to laugh at, if mirth could haue born any proportion with her fortune. But all *Gynecia*'s actions were interpreted by *Basilus*, as proceeding from ieaiousie of his amorousnesse. *Zelmane* betwixt both (like the poor childe, whose father, while he beats him, will make him beleue it is for loue; or like the sicke man, to whom the Physitian sweares, the ill-tasting wallowish medicine he proffers, is of a good tast) their loue was hateful, their coniesse troublesome, their presence cause of her absence thence, where not only her light, but her life consisted. Alas, thought she to her selfe, deare *Dirce*, what odds is there between thy destiny & mine? For thou hast to do in thy pursuite but with shepherdishe folks, who trouble thee with a little enuious care, & affected diligence; But I (besides that I haue now *Miso* the worst of thy dinels, let loose vpon me) am waited on by Princes, and watched by the two wakefull eyes of Loue and Ieaiousie. Alas incomparable *Philoclea*, thou euer seest me, but dost neuer see me as I am: thou hearest willingly all that I dare say, and I dare not say that which were most fit for thee to heare. Alas who euer but I was imprisoned in libertie, and banished being still present. To whom but me haue louers been iaylours, and honor a captiuitie? But the night coming on with her silent steps vpon them, they parted each from other (if at least they could be parted, of whom euery one did line in another) and went about to flatter sleep in their beds, that disdained to bestow it selfe liberally vpon such eyes which by their wil would euer be looking; & in least measure vpon *Gynecia*. Who (when *Basilus* after long tossing was gotten asleepe, and the cheerfull comfort of the lights remoued from her) kneeling vp in her bed, began with a soft voyce, & swoln hart, to reue the curses of her birth; & then in a maner embracing her bed; Ah chastest bed of mine, said she, which neuer heretofore couldst accuse me of one defiled thought; how canst thou now receiue this distressed hanging & happy,



happy, be they only which be not, & my blessednes only in this respect be a mis-  
 fortune, that thou hast no feeling. With that she furiously ran off great part of her  
 faire haire: Take here O forgotten & neglected this miserable sacrifice, while  
 my soule was clothed with modesty, that was a comely ornament: now why should  
 nature crowne that head, which is so wicked, as her only despoile, she cannot be  
 enough wicked: More she would have said, but that *Basilius* (awaked with the noise)  
 took her in his armes, and began to comfort her, the good man thinking it was all  
 for a jealous love of him: & which in more if she would a little have maintained,  
 perchance it might have weakened his now conceived fancy. But he finding her  
 answers wandring from the purpose, & left her to her selfe (glad the next morning  
 to take the advantage of a sleep, which a little before day overwashed with sor-  
 row, her teares had as it were sealed up in her eyes) to have the more conference  
 with *Zelmune*: who baited on this fashion by these two lovers, and ever kept from  
 any meane to declare her selfe, found in her selfe a daily increase of her violent  
 desires, like a river the more swelling, the more his current is stopped.

The chiefe recreation she could finde in her anguish, was sometime to visite that  
 place, where first she was so happy, and see the cause of her unhapp. There would  
 she kisse the ground, & thank the trees, blasse the ayre, & do dutifull reverence to e-  
 very thing that she thought did accompany her at their first meeting: then return  
 againe to her inward thoughts, sometime dispaire darkning all her imaginations,  
 sometimes the active passion of love cheering and clearing her invention, how to  
 ynbarge that combersome hindrance of her two ill matched lovers. But this morn-  
 ing *Basilius* himselfe gave her good occasion to goe beyond them. For having  
 combed and rected himselfe more curiously, than any time forty winters before,  
 counting where *Zelmune* was, he found her given over to her muscalle Muses, to  
 the great pleasure of the good old *Basilius*, who retired himselfe behinde a Tree,  
 while she with a most sweet voyce did utter these passionate verses.

**O**ne I can, and yet complaine of Love:  
 As feeling me, about him I doe.  
 And when I see most Torment, I doe  
 Still seeking Love, Love found as much I doe.  
 Burns in my selfe, I must as others fire  
 What I call wrong, I do the same, and more  
 Hard of my selfe, I have beyond desire  
 I wille for many, and yet am chaste with store.  
 This is thy name, I have used for ever blinde:  
 Though I have found old, a Boy called blind  
 Thou children do the filly, I do the filly  
 With seeking him, and so much I am blind.  
 For this much Love, O Love, I come up there:  
 For me to find, or else not found be.

*Basilius* made no great halt from beyond the trees, till he perceived she had fully  
 ended her musick. But then lo the to lose the precious fruit of time, hee presented  
 himselfe unto her, falling downe upon both his knees: & holding vp his hands, as  
 the old Government of *Darius* is painted, when she suddenly saw the golden shewre,  
 O heavenly woman, or earthly Goddesse (said he) let not my presence bee odious  
 unto you, nor my humble suit seeme of small weight in your eares. Vouchsafe your

riest to descend vpon this miserable old man, whose life hath hitherto bin maintained but to serue as an increase of your beautifull triumphs. You onely haue ouerthrown me, & in my bondage consists my glorie. Suffer not your own worke to be despised of you, but looke vpon him with pitié, whose life serues for your praise. *Zelmane* (keeping a countenance as canst see she vnderstood him not) told him, It became her euill to suffer such excessive reuerence of him; but that it worse became her to correct him, so whom she owed duty: that the opinion she had of his wisdom was such, as made her esteeme greatly of his words; but that the words themselves sounded so, as she could not imagine what they might intend. Intend? said *Basilium* (proud that that was brought in question) what may they intend, but a refreshing of my soule, & a swaging of my heart, & enioying those your excellencies, wherein my life is vpheld, & my death threatned? *Zelmane* lifting vp her face, as if she had receiued a mortall injury of him. And is this the deuotion your ceremonies haue bin bent to? said she: Is it the disdain of my estate, or the opinion of my lightness, that haue emboldned such base fancies towards me? Enioying quoth you? now little ioy come to them that yeeld to such enioying. Poor *Basilium* was so appalled, that his legges bowed vnder him, his eyes lookt as though he would gladly hide himself, & his old bloud going to his heart, a general shaking all ouer his body possessed him. At length with a wan mouth, he was about to give a stammering answer, when it came into *Zelmanes* head by this deuise to make her profit of his folly; and therefore with a relented countenance, thus said vnto him: Your words (mighty Prince) were vsfit either for me to heare, or you to speake: but yet the large testimonie I see of your affection makes me willing to suppress a great number of errors. Only thus much I thinke good to say, that the same words in my Lady *Philoclea's* mouth, as from one woman to another, so as there were no other body by might haue had a better grace; and perchance haue found a gentler receipt.

*Basilium* (whose senses by desire were held open, and conceit was by loue quickened) heard scarcely halfe her answer out, but that (as if speedy flight might saue his life) hee turned away, and ranne with all the speede his bodie would suffer him towards his daughter *Philoclea*: whom hee found at that time dutifully watching by her mother, and *Miso* curiously watching her; having left *Miso* to doe the like seruice to *Pamela*. *Basilium* forthwith calling *Philoclea* aside (with all the coniuering words which Desire could endite and Authority vnder) besought her shee would preferue his life, in whom her life was begun, she would saue his gray hairs from rebuke, and his aged minde from despair; that if she were not cloyed with his company, and that she thought not the earth over-burthened with him, she would coole his fiery grief, which was to be done but by her breath. That in fine, whatsoeuer he was, he was nothing but what it pleased *Zelmane*: all the powers of his spirit depending of her: that if she continued cruell, he could no more sustain his life, than the earth remaine fruitfull in the Sunnes continuall absence. He concluded, she should in one payment require all his deserts: and that she needed not disdain any seruice (though neuer so meane), which was warranted by the sacred name of a father. *Philoclea* more glad than euer she had knowne her selfe, that she might by this occasion, enioy the private conference of *Zelmane*, yet had so sweet a feeling of vertue in her minde, that she would not suffer a vile colour to be cast ouer her faire thoughts, but with humble grace answered her father: That she needed neither promise nor perswasion to her, to make her do her vtmost for her fathers seruice: that for *Zelmanes* fauour, shee would in all vertuous sort seeke to towards him: and that as she would not pierce further into his meaning, than

himselfe



himselfe should declare, so would she interpret all his doings to be accomplished in goodnesse: & therefore desired (if otherwise it were) that he would not impart it to her, who then should be forced to begin by true obedience, a show of disobedience: rather performing his generall commandment, which had euer been to embrace vertue, than any new particular, spring out of passion, & contrarie to the former. *Basilius* content to take that, since hee could haue no more (thinking it a great point, if by her meanes, he could get but a more free access to her) allowed her reasons, and took her proffer thankfully, desiring only a speedy return of comfort. *Philoclea* was parting, & *Miso* straight behind her, like *Alas* following *Proserpina*. But *Basilius* forced her to stay, though with much adoe, she being sharper upon the fulfilling of a shrewd office, in ouer-looking *Philoclea*: and said to *Basilius*, that she did as she was commanded, and could not answer it to *Glyceria*, if she were any whit from *Philoclea*: telling him thus, that he did euill to take her charge from her. But *Basilius* (swearing he would put out her eyes, if she stirred a foote to trouble his daughter) gaue her a stop for that while.

So away departed *Philoclea*, with a new field of fancies for her traailing mind: For wel she saw her father was grown her aduerser party, and yet her fortune such, as she must fauour her. Riual, and the fortune of that fortune such, as neither that did hurt her, nor any contrary meane helpe her.

But she walkt but a little on, before she saw *Zelmira* lying vpon a bank, with her face so bent ouer *Ladon*, that (her teares falling into the water) one might haue thought, that she began meltingly to be metamorphosed to the vnder-running river. But by and by with speech she made knowne, as well that she liued as that she sorrowed. Faire streame, said she, that doe you chafe in your clearnesse to represent vnto me, my blubbered face, let the tribute offer of my teares vnto you, procure your stay a while with me, that I may beginne yet at last to finde something that pities me: and that all things of comfort and pleasure do not flye away from me. But if the violence of your spring command you to hast away, to pay your duties to your great Prince the Sea, yet carry with you these few words, and let the vtmost ends of the world know them. A loue more cleare than yout selues, dedicated to a loue & feare more cold than your selues, with the clearenesse layes a night of sorrow vpon me, & with the coldnesse inflames a world of fire within me. With that she took a willow stick, & wrote in a sandy bank these few verses:

**O**ur shee brookes trailling to soft mine eyes,  
 And eyes, even great in labour with their teares,  
 I haue my face, my face wherein shee liues  
 Clusters of Clouds, which no Sunne can clear,  
 In every glasse my water eyes I see  
 Sorrowes all aside, where sorrowes painted be  
 My thought is prisoner in my secret case,  
 My heart hath breath doesse as if in case  
 The sound of the strange are no longer gone  
 But that in dole with Echoes fence should  
 And make my heart the plaine, I would not alter  
 Thus out would help my inward griefe maintain  
 Now in this sand I would discharge my mind,

And

And cast from the part of my burdenous cares,  
But in the said my tales I should finde,  
And see therein how well the writer fares.

Since streames, ayre, sand, mine eyes and eares conspire,  
What hopes quench, where path shing blowes the fire?

And as soone as shee had written them (a new swarme of thoughts stinging her minde) she was ready with her foote to giue the new-borne letters both death and buriall. But *Philoclea* (whose delight of hearing and seeing was before a stay from interrupting her) gaue her selfe to bee seene vnto her, with such a lighting beauty vpon *Zelmira*, that neither shee could look on, nor would look off. At last *Philoclea* (hauing a little misd how to cut the threede even, between her owne hopelesse affection, and her fathers vnbrialled hope) with eyes, cheekes, and lips (where of each sang their part, to make vp the harmonie of bathfulnesse) beganne to say, My father to whom I owe my selfe, & therefore, when *Zelmira* (making a womanish habite to be the Armour of her boldnesse, giuing vp her life to the lips of *Philoclea*, and taking it againe by the sweetnesse of those kisses) humbly besought her to keepe her speech for a while within the Paradise of her minde. For well she knew her fathers errand, who should soone receiue a sufficient answer. But now she demanded leaue nor to tole this long sought-for commoditie of time, to ease her heart thigs farre, that if in her agonies her destinie was to be condemned by *Philoclea's* mouth, at least *Philoclea* might know, whom she had condemned. *Philoclea* easily yeelded to grant her own desire: and so making the greene banke the situation, and the riuer the prospect of the most beautifull buildings of nature, *Zelmira* doubting how to begin, though her thoughts already had runne to the end, with a minde fearing the vnworthinesse of euery word that should be presented to her eares, at length brought it forth in this manner.

Most beloued Lady, the incomparable excellencies of your selfe (waited-on by the greatnesse of your estate & the importance of the thing (whereon my life consisted) doth require both many ceremonies before the beginning, and many circumstances in the vntering my speech, both bold and fearful. But the small opportunity of eniuous occasion (by the malicious eye hateful *Leone* doth cast vpon me) and the extreme heat of my affection (which will either breake out in words, or breake my heart) compell me, not only to embrace the smallest time, but to passe by the respects due vnto you in respect of your poore rantes life (who is now, or neuer to be preferred. I do therefore vow vnto you hereafter neuer more to omit all dutifull forme: doe you onely now vouchsafe to heare the matter of a minde most perplexed. If euer the sound of *Leone* haue come to your eares, or if euer you haue vnderstood, what force it hath had to conquer the strongest hearts, & change the most settled estates: see me here an example of those strange Tragedies, one, that in himselfe conraineth the particularities of all those misfortunes: and from henceforth belecue that such a thing may befall you shall see it is. You shall see (I say) a liuing image, & a present story of what one can do when he is bent to ruine.

But alas, whither goest thou my tongue: or how doth my heart consent to aduenture the reuealing his neerest touching secrets? But peace Feare, thou comest too late, when already the harme is taken. Therefore I say againe, O onely Princess, attend here a miserable miracle of affection. Behold here before your eies *Pyrocles*, Prince of Macedon, whom you onely haue brought to this game of Fortune, and vnused *Metamorphosis* whom you onely haue made neglect his countrie, and

forget



forget his father; and lastly, for sake to be *Pyrrhus*, the same *Pyrrhus*, who (you heard) was betrayed by being put in a ship, which being burnt, *Pyrrhus* was drowned. O most true presage for this wayward, my eyes, putting me into a ship of Desire, which daily burneth those eyes, I say, which betrayed me, will never leave till they haue drowned me. But be not, be not (most excellent Ladie) you that nature hath made to be the Load-starre of Comfort, be not the Rocks of shipwracke: you whom vertue hath made the Princess of felicitie, be not the minister of ruine: you whom my choice hath made the Goddess of my safety, O let not, let not, from you be powred vpon me destruction. Your faire face hath many tokens in it of amazement at my words: thinke then what his amazement is, from whence they come: since no words can carry with them the life of the inward feeling: I desire that my desire may be wayed in the ballances of honour, and let Vertue hold them. For if the highest Loue in no base person may aspire to gaine, then may I hope your beauty will not be without price. If otherwise you be (alacke let it not be so) resolved, yet shall not my death be comfortlesse, receiving it by your sentence.

The ioy which wrought into *Pigmalion* minde, while hee found his belov'd image, was softer & warmer in his folded armes, till at length it accomplished his gladness with a perfect womans shape (still beautified with the former perfection) was even such, as by each degree of *Zelmans* words creepingly entered into *Philotes* till her pleasure was fully made up with the manifesting of his being; which was such as in hope did overcome Hope. Yet doubt would faine have played his part in her minde, and cald in question how she should be assured that *Zelmans* words *Pyrrhus*. But love straight stood up and deposed, that a lye could not come from the mouth of *Zelmans*. Besides, a certaine sparke of honour, which rose in her well disposed minde, made her fear to be alone with him, with whom alone she desired to be (withall the other contradictions growing in those minds, which neither absolutely clime the rocks of Vertue, nor freely sink into the Sea of Vanitie) but that sparke soone gaue place, or at least gaue no more light in her minde, than a candle doth in the Sunnes presence. But even like with a surfeit of ioy, & fearefull of she knew not what (as he that newly findes high treasures, doubts whether he sleep or no; or like a fearfull Deer, which then looks most about, when he comes to the best feede) with a struggling kinde of tremor through all her principall parts, she gaue these affectionate words for answer. Alas, how painefull a thing it is to a diuided minde to make a wel-joynd answer: how hard it is to bring inward shame to outward confession? & what handsonnesse trow you can be observed in that speech, which is made one knows not to whom? Shall I say *o Zelmans*? Alas your words be against it. Shall I say Prince *Pyrrhus*? wretch that I am, your shew is manifest against it. But this, this I may well say. If I had continued as I ought, *Philotes*, you had either neuer been, or euer been *Zelmans*: you had either neuer attempted this change, set on with hope, or neuer discovered it, stooped with despair. But I feare me, my behauiour ill governed, gaue you the first comfort: I feare me, my affection ill hid, hath given you this last assurance: I feare indeed, the weaknesse of my government before, made you thinke such a maske would be gratefull vnto me: and my weaker government since, makes you to pull off the visor. What should I do then? Shall I seek farre-fetched inuentions? shall I labour to lay marble colours ouer my ruinous thoughts? or rather though the pureness of my virgin mind be stained, let me keep the true simplicity of my word. True it is, alas too true it is, *o Zelmans*, for so I loue to call thee, since in that name my loue first began, and in the shade of that

name

name my loue shall best be hidden) that euen while so thou wert (what eye bewitched me I know not) my passions were fitter to desire, than to be desired. Shall I say then, I am sorry, or that my loue must be turned to hate, since thou art turned to *Pyrocles*? how may that well be? since when thou wert *Zelmire*, the despair thou mightest not be thus, did most torment me. Thou hast then the victory: vse it with vertue. Thy vertue was meet with vertue: preserve me. Dost thou loue me, keep me then still worthy to be loued.

Then held she her tongue, and cast down a selfe-accusing looke, finding, that in herselfe she had, as it were, shot out of the bow of her affection, a more quick opening of her mind, than she minded to haue done. But *Pyrocles* so caried vp with ioy, that he did not enuy the gods felicity, presented her with some iewels of right princely value, as some little tokens of his loue and qualitie: and withall shewed her letters from his father King *Eumachus*, vnto him, which euen in the Sea had amongst his iewels bin preserved. But little needed those proofs to one, who would haue false our with her selfe, rather than make any contrary coniectures to *Zelmire*: speeches, so that with such imbracements, as it seemed their soules desired to meet, and their hearts to kisse, as their mouthes did, they passed the promise of marriage: which faine *Pyrocles* would haue sealed with the chiefe armes of his desire, but *Philotesa* commanded the contrary.

And then at *Philotesa*'s intreaty, who was willing to purloine all occasions of remaining with *Zelmire*, she told her the story of her life, from the time of their departing from *Erebus*; for the rest she had already vnderstood of her sister. For, said she, I haue vnderstood, how you first in the company of your noble cousin *Musidora*, parted from *Theffalia*, and of diuers adventures, which with no more danger than glory you passed through, till your coming to the succour of the Queen *Erebus*, and the end of that warre (you might perceiue by my selfe I had vnderstood of the Prince *Plangus*). But what since was the course of your doings, vntil you came, after so many victories, to make a conquest of poore mee, that I know not; the same thereof hauing rather shewed it by peeces, than deliuered any full form of it. Therefore, dear *Pyrocles*, for what can my eares be so sweetly fed with, as to heare you of you be liberall vnto me of those things, which haue made you indeed precious to the world: and now doubt not to tell of your perils, for since I haue you here out of them, euen the remembrance of them is pleasant. *Pyrocles* easily perceiued shee was content with kindnesse, to put off occasion of further kindnesse, wherein Loue shewed himselfe a cowardly boy, that durst not attempt for feare of offending. But rather Loue proued himselfe valiant, that durst with the sword of reuerent duty gaine stand the force of so many enraged desires. But so it was, that though hee knew this discourse was to entertain him from a more straight patley, yet he durst not but kisse his rod, & gladly make much of that entertainment with shee allotted vnto him: & therefore with a desirous sigh chastening his breast for too much desiring; Sweet Princesse of my life, said he, what Trophies, what Triumph, what Monuments, what Histories might euer make my fame yeeld so sweet a musick to my eares, as that it pleaseth you to lend your minde to the knowledge of any thing touching *Pyrocles*, only therefore of value, because he is your *Pyrocles*. And therefore grow I now so proud, as to thinke it worth the hearing, such you vouchsafe to giue in the hearing. Therefore (only height of my hope) vouchsafe to know, that after the death of *Thridates*, and setting *Erebus* in her gouernment, for settled we left her, howsoeuer since (as I perceiued by your speech the last day) the ingratefull treason of her ill-chosen husband ouerthrew her; a thing in truth neuer till this time

by



by mee either heard, or suspected : for who could thinke, without hauing such a minde, as *Antiphilus*, that so great a beauty as *Eronas* (indeede excellent) could not haue held his affection : so great goodnesse could not haue bound gratefulnesse : and so high aduancement could not haue satisfied his ambition? But therefore true it is, that wickednesse may well be compared to a pottomelesse pit, into which it is farre easier to keepe ones self from falling, than being fallen, to giue ones self any stay from falling infinitely. But for my cousin and me, vpon this cause we parted from *Eronas*.

*Euardes* (the braue and mighty Prince, whom it was my fortune to kill in the combat for *Eronas*) had three Nephewes, sonnes to a sister of his, all three set among the formost ranks of Fame for great mindes to attempt, and great force to performe what they did attempt, especially the eldest, by name *Anaximus*, to whom all men would willingly haue yeelded the height of praise, but that his nature was such, as to bestow it vpon himselfe, before any could giue it. For of so vn-supportable a pride he was, that where his deedes might well stirre emulation, his demeanor did rather breede disdain. And if it be true, that the giants euer made war against Heauen, he had bin a fit ensigne bearer for that company. For nothing seemed hard to him, though impossible, and nothing vniust, while his liking was his iustice. Now he in these wars had flatly refused his aid, because he could not brooke, that the worthy Prince *Plangus* was by his cousin *Thridates* preferred before him. For allowing no other weights, but the sword and spear in iudging of desert, how much he esteemed himselfe before *Plangus* in that, so much would he haue had his allowance in his fertice.

But now that he vnderstood that his vnckle was slaine by me, I thinke rather scorn that any should kill his vnckle, than any kindnesse (an vn-vsed guest to an arrogant soule) made him seek his reuenge, I must confesse in maner gallant enough, For he sent a challenge vnto me to meet him at a place appointed, in the confines of the kingdom of *Lygia*, where he would proue vpon me, that I had by some treachery overcome his vnckle, whom else many hundreds such as I, could not haue withstood. Youth and successe made me willing enough to accept any such bargain, especially, because I had heard that your cousin *Antiphilus* (who for some years had bin vniuersally the name of the best knight in the world, had diuers times fought with him, and neuer beene able to maister him; but so had left him, that every man thought *Anaximus* in that one vertue of courtesie farre short of him, in all other his match, *Anaximus* still deeming himselfe for his superiour. Therefore to him I would goe, and I would needs go alone, because so I vnderstood for certaine, he was, and (I must confesse) desirous to do something without the company of the incomparable Prince *Musidorus*, because in my heart I acknowledge that I owed more to his presence, than to any thing in my self, what euer before I had done. For of him indeed (as of any worldly cause) I must grant, as receiued, what euer there, or may be good in me. He taught me by word, and best by example, giuing me in him so liuely an image of vertue, as ignorance could not cast such mist over mine eyes, as not to see, and to loue it; and all with such deare friendship and care, as (O heauen) how can my life euer requite to him : which made me indeed find in my self such a kind of depending vpon him, as without him I found a weaknesse, and a mistrustfulnesse of my selfe, as one stayed from his best strength, when at any time I mist him. Which humour perceiuing to ouer-rule me, I strake against it, not that I was vnwilling to depend vpon him in iudgement, but by weaknesse I would not, which though it held me to him, made me vnworthy of him. Therefore I desired his leave,

and obtained it, such confidence he had in me, preferring my reputation before his own tenderneſſe, and ſo privately went from him, he determining (as after I knew) in ſecret manner, not to be farre from the place, where we appointed to mee; to prevent any ſoule play that might bee offered vnto me. Full loth was *Eroto* to let vs depart from her (as it were) ſore ſeeling the harmes which after fell to her. But I (rid fully from thoſe cumberſ of kindneſſe, & halfe a dayes iourney in my way toward *Araxim*) met an aduenture, which (though in it ſelfe of ſmall importance) I will tell you at large, becauſe by the occaſion thereof I was brought to a great cumber and danger, as lightly any might eſcape.

As I paſt through a Land (each ſide whereof was ſo bordered both with high timber trees, and copſes of farre more humble growth, that it might eaſily bring a ſolitary minde to looke for no other companions, than the wilde butgeſſes of the forreſt) I heard certain cryes, which coming by pauſes to mine eares from within the wood of the right hand, made mee well aſſured by the greatneſſe of the cry, it was the voyce of a man, though it were a very vnnanlike voyce, ſo to cry. But making mine eares my guide, I left not many trees behinde me, before I ſaw at the bottome of one of them a Gentleman, bound with many garters hand & foot, ſo as well he might tumble and toſſe, but neither ſumme nor reſiſt he could. Vpon him (like ſo many Eagles vpon an Oxe) were nine Gentlewomen, truly ſuch, as one might well enough ſay, they were handſome. Each of them held boodkins in their hands, wherewith continually they pricked him, hauing bene before hand vniſumed of any defence from the waſteward, but onely of his ſhirt: ſo dothe poore man wept and bled, cryed and prayed, while they ſported themſelues in his paine, and delighted in his prayres as the arguments of their victorie.

I was moued to compaſſion, and ſo much the more that he ſtraight cald to mee for ſuccour, deſiring me at leaſt to kill him, to deliuer him from thoſe tormentors. But before my ſelfe could reſolue, much leſſe any other tell what I would reſolve, there came in cholericke haſte towards me about ſeuen or eight knights, the foremoſt of which willed me to get away, and not to trouble the Ladies, while they were taking their due reuenge, but with ſo overmaſtering a manner of pride, as truly my heart could not brooke it, and therefore (anſwering them, that how I would haue defended him from the Ladies I knew not, but from them I would) I began a combat firſt with him particularly, and after his death with the others (that had leſſe good manners jointly. But ſuch was the end of it, that I kept the field with the death of ſome, and flight of others. In ſo much as the women (afraid, what angry victory would bring forth, ſmall away) ſauing only one, who was ſo ſeſlit in me like, that neither during, nor after the fight, ſhe gaue any tract to her cruelty, but ſtill uſed the little inſtrument of her great ſpite, to the wel witneſſ pain of the impatient patient. So was now about to put out his eies, which all this while were ſpared, becauſe they ſhould do him the diſcomfort of ſeeing who preuailed ouer him. When I came in, and after much ado, brought her to ſome conference, (for ſome time it was before ſhe would hearken, more before ſhe would ſpeake, & moſt before ſhe would in her ſpeech let off the ſharpe remembrance of her boodkin) but at length when I ſhild off my head-piece, and humbly intreated her pardon, & knowledge why ſhe was cruell, out of breath more with choler (which increaſed in his own exceſſe) than with ſhe pain ſhe took, much ſo his purpoſe ſhe gaue her griefe vnto my knowledge. Gentleman (ſaid ſhe) much it is againſt my will to forbear any time the executing of my juſt reuenge vpon this naughty creature, a man in nothing, but in deceiuing women. But becauſe I ſee you are young, and like

enough



enough to haue the power (if you would haue the minde) to doe much more mischief, than hee I am content vpon this bad subiect to reade a lecture to your reuerence.

This man called *Pembroke*, in birth I must confesse is noble (but what is that to him, if it shall be a stain to his dead, Ancestors to haue left such an off-spring?) in shape as you see, not vncomely (indeed the fit maske of his disguised falsehood, in conversation wittily pleasant, & pleasantly gamesome, his eyes full of merry simplicity, his words of hearty companableness; and such a one whose head one would not thinke so stayed, as to thinke mischieuously: delighted in all such things, which by imparting the delight to others, makes the vser thereof welcome, as Musick, Dancing, Hunting, Feasting, Riding, and such like. And to conclud, such a one, as who can keepe him at armes end, need neuer with a better companion. But vnder these qualities lies such a poysonous Adder, as I will tell you. For by those gifts of Nature and Fortune (being in all places acceptable) he creeps, nay (to say truly) he flies so into the fauour of poore silly women, that I would be too much ashamed to confesse, if I had not reuenge in my hand, as well as shame in my cheeks. For his heart being wholly delighted in deceiuing vs, we could neuer be warned; but rather one bird caught, serued for a snare to bring in more. For the more he gay, the more still he shewed, that he (as it were) gaue away to his new mistress, when he betrayed his promises to the former. The cunning of his flattery, the readinesse of his tears, the infinitenesse of his vowe, were but among the weakest threads of his net. But the stirring our owne passions; and by the entrance of them, to make him selfe Lord of our forces; there lay his Masters part of cunning, making vs now in loue, now enuious, now proud of what wee had, desirous of more, now giuing one the triumph, to see him that was Prince of many, subiect to her, now with an astringed look, making her sore the losse of that minde, which in deede could neuer be had, & thus working humblenesse and diligence, till he had imbarcked vs in some such illaduantage, as we could not retorne dry-shod, and then suddenly a tyrant, but a crafty tyrant. For so would he vse his imperiousnesse, that we had a delightfull feare & an awe, which made vs loth to lose our hope. And which is strangest (when sometimes with late repentance I thinke of it) I must confesse such in the greatest tempest of my iudgement was I neuer drunke to thinke him excellent; and yet so could set my mind both to get and keep him, as though therein had layd my felicity. Like them I haue (scene play at the ball, grow extremely earnest, who should haue the ball, and yet euerie one knew it was but a ball. But in end, the bitter fruit of this sport was, that we had either our hearts broken with sorrow, or our estates spoyled with being at his direction, or our honours for euer lost, partly by our owne faulces, but principally by his faulty vsing of our faulces. For neuer was there man that could with more sorrowfull eyes behold her, at whose secte he had lately laine, nor with a more vnmanlike bravery vse his tongue to her disgrace, which lately had sung sonnets of her praises: being so naturally inconstant, as I saw well his soule finde not some way to kill his body, where to it had been so long and tedious. For so hath he deale with vs (vnhappy fooles) as we could neuer tell, whether he made greater haste after he once liued, to enioy vs, after he once enioyed, to forsake. But making a glory of his owne shame, and delighted him to be challenged of vnioctednesse, it was a triumph vnto him to haue his mercy called for: & he thought the fresh colours of his beauty were painted in nothing so well, as in the mines of his louers: yet so far had we engaged our selues (vnfortunate fooles) that we list not to complaine, since our complaints could not but carry the greatest accusation to our selues. But euerie one (each for her selfe) laboured all in euill, how to recover

him,

him, while he rather daily sent vs companions of our deceit, than euer returned in any sound and faithfull maner. Till at length he concluded all his wrongs with be-trothing himselfe to one (I must confesse) worthy to be liked, if any worthinesse might excuse so vnworthy a changeablenesse, leauing vs nothing but remorse for what was past, and despaire of what might follow. Then indeed the common iniury made vs all ioyne in fellowship, who till that time had imployed our endeauours one against the other. For we thought nothing was a more condemning of vs, than the iustifying of his loue to her by marriage: then Despaire made Feare valiant, and Reuenge gave Shame countenance: whereupon, we (that you saw herey deuised how to get him among vs alone: which he (suspecting no such matter of them whom he had by often abuses, he thought, made tame to bee still abused) easily gaue vs opportunity to doe.

And a man may see, even in this, how soone Rulers grow proud, and in their pride foolish: he came with such an authority among vs, as if the Planets had done enough for vs, that by vs once he had bin delighted. And when we began in courteous maner, one after the other, to lay his vnkindnes vnto him, he seeing himselfe confronted by so many (like a resolute Orator) went not to deniall, but to iustifie his cruell falshood, & all with such iests, and disdainfull passages, that if the iniury could not be made greater, yet were our conceits made the apter to apprehend it.

Among other of his answers (forsooth) I shall neuer forget, how he would proue it was no inconstancy to change from one loue to another, but a great constancy; and contrary, that which we call constancy, to be most changeable. For (said he) I euer loued my delight, and delighted alwayes in what was lovely: and where-soeuer I found occasion to obtain that, I constantly followed it. But these constant fooles you speake of, though their Mistresse grow by sicknesse foule, or by fortune miserable, yet still will loue her, & so commit the absurdest inconstancy that may be, in changing their loue from fairenesse to foulnesse, and from louelinesse to his contrary; like one not content to leaue a friend, but will straight giue over himselfe to his mortall enemy: where I (whom you call inconstant) am euer constant, to Beauty, in others; and Delight in my selfe. And so in this iolly scoffing brauorie he went ouer vs all, saying he left one, because she was ouer-wayward; another, because she was too soone wonne: a third, because she was not merry enough: a fourth, because shee was ouer-gamesome: the fift, because she was growne with griefe subiect to sicknesse: the sixt, because shee was so foolish, as to be iealous of him: the seuenth, because she had refused to carry a letter for him to another that he loued: the eight, because she was not secret: the ninth, because she was not libe-rall: but to me, who am named *Dido*, and indeed haue met with a false *Answ*, to me, I say (O the vngreatfull villaine) hee could finde no other fault to obiekt, but that (perdie) he met with many fairer.

But when he had thus played the carelesse Prince, we (hauing those seruants of ours in readinesse, whom you lately so manfully ouercame) laid hold of him; beginning at first but that trifling reuenge, in which you found vs busie; but meaning afterwards to haue mangled him so, as should haue lost his credit for euer abusing more. But as you haue made my fellowes flie away, so for my part the greatnes of his wrong, other-shadows, in my iudgement, the greatnesse of any danger. For was it not enough for him to haue deceiued me, and through the deceit abused me, and after the abuse forsaken me, but that he must now, of all the company, and before all the company, lay want of beauty to my charge? Many fairer? I trow euen in your iudgement, Sir, (if your eyes do not beguile me) not many fairer; and I know

(whofocuer



(whosoever sayes the contrary) there are not many fairer. And of whom should I receiue this reproach, but of him who hath best cause to know there are not manie fairer. And therefore how soeuer my fellowes pardon his iniuries, for my part I will euer remember, and remember to reuenge this scorn of all scornes. With that she ro him afresh; and surely would haue put out his eyes (who lay mote for shame) if he did not sometimes cry for feare) if I had not leapt from my horse, and mingling force with entreary, stayed her fury.

But while I was perswading her to meeknesse, comes a number of his friends, to whom he forthwith cried, that they should kill that woman, that had thus betrayed and disgraced him. But then I was faine to forsake the Esquene, vnder which I had before serued, & to spend my vtermost force in the protecting of the Lady, which so well pretailed for her, that in the end there was a faithfull peace promised of all sides. And so I leauing her in a place of security, as she thought, went on my iourney towards *Anaxim*, for whom I was faine to stay two dayes in the appointed place, hee disdayning to wait for me, till he was sure I were there.

I did patiently abide his angry pleasure, till about that space of time he came, indeed, according to promise, alone: and, that I may not say too little, because he is wont to say too much, like a man, whose courage was apt to clime ouer any danger. And as soone as euer hee came neere mee, in fit distance for his purpose, he with much fury, (but with fury skillfully guided) ran vpon me, which I, in the best sort I could, resisted, having kept my selfe ready for him, because I had vnderstood that he obserued few complements in matter of arms, but such as a proud anger did indite vnto him. And so putting our horses into a full career, wee hit each other vpon the head with our Launces: I think he felt my blow, for my part, I must confesse, I neuer receiued the like: but I thinke though my senses were astonied, my mind forced them to quicken themselves, because I had learned of him, how little fauour he is wont to shew in any matter of aduantage. And indeed he was turned, and comming vpon me with his sword drawne, both our staves hauing bin broken at that encounter: but I was so ready to answer him, that truly I know not who gaue the first blow. But whosoever gaue the first, was quickly seconded by the second. And indeed, excellentest Lady, I must say true, for a time it was well fought betweene vs, he vndoubtedly being of singular valour, I would God it were not abased by his too much losinesse: but as by the occasion of the combat, winning and losing ground, wee changed places, his horse hapned to come vpon the point of the broken speare, which fallen to the ground, chanced to stand vpward, so as it lighting vpon his heart the horse died. He driuen to dismount, threatened, if I did not the like, to doe as much for my horse, as fortune had done for his. But whether for that, or because I would not be beholding to Fortune for any part of the victory, I descended. So began our foot-fight in such sort that we were well entred to bloud of both sides, when there comes by that vnicontaine *Pamphilus*, whom I had deliuered (easie to be knowne, for he was bare-faced) with a dozen armed men after him: but before him he had *Dido*, that Lady, who had most sharpely punished him, riding vpon a palfrey, he following her with most vmanlike cruelty, bearing her with wands he had in his hand, shee crying for sense of paine, or hope of succour: which was so pitifull a sight vnto me, that it moued me to require *Anaxim* to deferre our combat till another day, and now to performe the duties of Knight-hood in helping this distressed Lady. But hee that disdaines to obey any thing but his passion, which he calls his mind, bade me leaue off that thought, but when hee had killed me, he would then, perhaps, goe to her succour. But I well finding the

fight would be long between vs (longing in my heart to deliuer the poore *Dido*) giuing him so great a blow, as somewhat stayed him, (to terme it aright) I flarly ran away from him toward my horse, who trotting after the company, in mine armour I was put to some paine, but that vs made me nimble vnto it. But as I followed my horse, *Anaxim* followed me; but his proud heart did so disdain that exercise, that I had quickly ouer-runne him, and ouertaken my horse; being, I must confesse, ashamed to see a number of countrie folkes, who happened to passe there by, who hallowed and howted after me, as at the arrantest coward that euer shewed his shoulders to his enemy. But when I had leapt on my horse, with such speedie agility, that they all cryed; O see how feare giues him wings, I turned to *Anaxim* and aloud promised him to returne thither againe, as soon as I had reliued the iniured Lady. But he rayling at me, with all the base words angry contempt could endite, I said no more, but, *Anaxim*, assure thy self, I neither fear thy force, nor thy opinion. And so vsing no weapon of a knight as at that time but my spurres, I ranne in my knowledge after *Pamphilus*, but in all their conceits from *Anaxim*, which as farre as I could heare, I might well heare testified with such laughers and games, that I was some few times moued to turne backe againe.

But the Ladies misery ouer-ballanced my reputation; so that after her I went, and with sixe houres hard riding, through so wild places, as it was rather the cunning of my horse sometimes, than of my selfe, so rightly to hit the way, I ouergat them a little before night, neer to an old ill-fauoured castle, the place where I perceiued they meant to perform their vnknighly errand. For there they began to strip her of her clothes, when I came in among them, and running through the first with a launce, the iustnesse of the cause so enabled mee against the rest, false-hearted in their own wrong doing, that I had, in as short time almost as I had beene fighting with onely *Anaxim*, deliuered her from those iniurious wretches: most of whom carried news to the other world; that amongst men secret wrongs are not alwaies left vnpunished. As for *Pamphilus*, he hauing once scene, and (as it should seeme) remembred me, euen from the beginning began to be in the rereward, and before they had left fighting, he was too far off to giue them thanks for their paines. But when I had deliuered to the Lady a full liberty, both in effect & in opinion, (for some time it was before shee could assure her selfe shee was out of their hands, who had laid so vehement apprehension of death vpon her) she then told mee, how as she was returning towards her fathers, weakely accompanied, as too soone trusting to the fallshood of reconcilement, *Pamphilus* had set vpon her, & killing those that were with her, carried her selfe by such force, and with such manner as I had seen, to this place, where he meant in cruell and shamefull manner to kill her, in the sight of her owne Father, to whom he had already sent word of it, that out of his castle window (for this castle, she said, was his) he might haue the prospect of his onely childes destruction: if my comming, whom (she said) he feared, as soone as hee knew mee by the armour, had not warranted her from that neere approaching crueltie. I was glad I had done so good a deede for a Gentlowoman not vnhandsome, whom before I had in like sort helped. But the night beginning to perswade some retiring place, the Gentlewoman, euen out of countenance before she began her speech, much after this manner inuited me to lodge that night with her father.

Sir (said she) how much I owe you, can be but abased by words, since the life I haue, I hold it now the second time of you: and therefore need not offer seruice vnto you, but onely to remember you, that I am your seruant; and I would, my being so, might any way yeeld any small contentment vnto you. Now onely I can but desire



desire you to harbour your selfe this night in this castle; because the time requires it, and in truth this countrey is verie dangerous for murthering theeves, to trust a sleeping life among them. And yet I must confesse, that as the loue I beate you makes mee thus inuite you, so the same loue makes mee ashamed to bring you to a place, where you shall be so (not spoken by ceremony but by truth) miserably entertained. With that she told me, that though shee spake of her father (whom she named *Chremes*) she would hide no truth from me, which was in summe, That as he was of all that region the man of greatest possessions and riches; so was he either by nature, or an euill receiued opinion, giuen to sparing; in so vnicasuable sort, that he did not only barre himselfe from the delightfull, but almost from the necessary vse thereof; scarcely allowing himselfe fit sustenance of life, rather than he would spend of those goods for whose sake only he seemed to ioy in life. Which extreame dealing (descending from himselfe vpon her) had driuen her to put her selfe with a great Lady of that country, by which occasion shee had stumbled vpon such mischances, as were little for the honour either of her, or her family. But so wise had he shewed himselfe therein, as while hee found his daughter maintained without his cost; hee was content to bee deafe to anie noise of infamie: which though it had wronged her much more than she deserued, yet she could not deny, but she was driuen thereby to receiue more than decent fauours. She concluded, that there at least I should be free from iniuries, and should be assured to her-ward to abound as much in the true causes of welcomes, as I should finde want of the effects thereof. And when I, who had acquainted my selfe to measure the delicacy of food and rest, by hunger and wearinesse, at that time well stored of both, did not abide long entreaty; but went with her to the Castle: which I found of good strength, hauing a great Mote round about it; the worke of a noble Gentleman, of whose vnthrifric soane he had bought it; the bridge drawne vp, where we were faine to crie a good while before we could haue answer, and to dispute a good while before answer would be brought to acceptance. At length a willingnesse, rather than a ioy to receiue his daughter, whom he had lately scene so neer death, and an opinion brought into his head by course, because hee heard himselfe called Father; rather than any kindnesse that hee found in his owne heart, made him take vs in, for my part by that time growne so weary of such entertainment, that no regard of my selfe, but only the importunity of his daughter, made mee enter. Where I was met with this *Chremes*, a driueling old fellow, lean, shaking both of head and hands, already halfe earth, and yet then most greedy of Earth: who scarcely would giue me thanks for what I had done; for feare, I suppose, that thankfulness might haue an introduction of reward. But with a hollow voice, giuing me a false welcome, I might perceiue in his eye to his daughter, that it was hard to say, whether the displeasure of her company did not ouer-weigh the pleasure of her owne coming. But on hee brought me, into so bare a house, that it was the picture of miserable happinesse, and rich beggerie (serued onely by a company of rusticall villaines, full of sweate and dust, nor one of them other than a labourer) in summe (as he counted it) profitable drudgerie: and all preparations both for foode and lodging such, as would make one detest niggardnesse, it is so sluttish a vice. His talke of nothing but of his potencie, for feare belike lest I should haue proued a young borrower. In summe, such a man, as anie enemy could not wish him worse than to be himselfe. But there that night bid I the burthen of being a tedious guest to a loathsome Oaster, over-heating him sometimes bitterly warne his daughter of bringing such costly mates vnder his rooffe: which shee grieuing at, desired much to know my name, I thinke partly of

kindnesse, to remember who had done some thing for her, and partly, because shee assured her selfe I was such a one as would make euen his miser-minde contented with that he had done. And accordingly shee demanded my name, and estate, with such earnestnesse, that I whom Loue had not as then so robbed me of my selfe, as to be another than I am, told her directly my name and condition: whereof shee was no more glad than her father, as I might well perceiue by some ill fauoured cheerefulnesse, which then first began to wrinkle it selfe in his face.

But the causes of their ioyes were farre different; for as the Shepheard and the Butcher both may look vpon one sheep with pleasing conceits, but the Shepheard with minde to profit himselfe by preferuing, the Butcher with killing him: So shee reioyced to find that mine owne benefits had made me to be her friend, who was a Prince of such greatnesse, & louingly reioyced: but his ioy greiv (as I to my danger after perceiued) by the occasion of the Queen *Artaxia's* setting my head to sale, for hauing slaine her brother *Tiridates*, which being the summe of a hundreth thousand crownes (to whosoever brought mee aliue into her hands) that old wretch, who had ouer-liued all good nature, though he had lying idly by him much more than that, yet about all things louing money, for monies owne sake, determined to betray me, so wel deseruing of him, for to haue that which hee was determined neuer to vse. And so knowing that the next morning I was resolved to go to the place where I had left *Anaxius*, he sent in all speed to a Captaine of a Garrison neere by; which thought it belonged to the king of *Iberia*, (yet knowing the Captaines humour to delight so in riotous spending, as he cared not how he came by the means to maintaine it) doubted not that to bee halfe with him in the gaine, he would play his quarters part in the treason. And therefore that night agreeing of the fittest places where they might surpriseme the morning, the old cartriffe was grown so ceremonious, as hee would needes accompanie me some myles in my way; a sufficient token to me, if Nature had made me apt to suspect; since a churles courtesie rarely comes, but either for gaine, or falshood. But I suffered him to stumble into that point of good manners: to which purpose he came out with all his clowns, horst vpon such cart-iades, & so furnished, as in good faith I thought with my selfe, if that were thrift, I wisht none of my friends or subiects euer to thrue. As for his daughter, the gentle *Dido*, she would also (but in my conscience with a farre better mind) prolong the time of farewell, as long as he.

And so we went on together: he so old in wickednesse, that he could look me in the face, & freely talke with me, whose life he had already contracted for: till coming into the falling of a way which led vs into a place, of each side whereof men might easily keep themselves vndiscovered, I was encompassed sodainly by a great troupe of enemies both of horse and foote, who willed me to yeeld my selfe to the Queene *Artaxia*. But they could not haue vsed worse eloquence to haue perswaded my yeelding, than that, I knowing the little good will *Artaxia* bare me. And therefore making necessity and iustice my best sword & shield, I vsed the other weapons I had as well as I could; I am sure to the little ease of a good number, who trusting to their number more than to their valour, and valuing money higher than equitie, felt, that guiltines is not alwayes with ease oppressed. As for *Chremes*, he withdrew himself, so gilding his wicked conceits with his hope of gaine, that he was content to be a beholder how I should be taken to make his prey.

But I was growne so wearie, that I supported my selfe more with anger than strength, when the most excellent *Musidorus* came to my succour, who hauing followed my trace as well as he could, after he found I had left the fight with *Anaxius*,

came



came to the niggards Castle, where hee found all burned and spoiled by the countrey people, who bare mortall hatred to that covetous man, and now took the time, when the Castle was left almost without guard, to come in, and leaue monuments of their malice therein: which *Musidorus* not staying either to further, or impeach, came vpon the spurre after mee (because with one voyce many told him, that if I were in his company, it was for no good meant vnto mee) and in this extremity found me. But when I saw that Cousin of mine, me thought my life was doubled, and where I before thought of a noble death, I now thought of a noble victory. For who can feare that hath *Musidorus* by him? who, what he did there for mee, how many he killed, not stranger for the number, than for the strange blowes where-with he sent them to a well deserved death, might well delight me to speake of, but I should so hold you too long in euery particular. But in truth, there if euer, and euer, if euer any man, did *Musidorus* shew himselfe second to none in able valour.

Yet what the vnmeasurable excessse of their number would haue done in the end, I know not, but the triall thereof was cut off by the chanceable comming thither of the King of *Iberia*, that same father of the worthy *Plangus*, whom it hath pleased you sometimes to mention: who, not yeelding ouer to old age his countrey delights (especially of Hauking) was at that time (following a Merline) brought to see this iniurie offred vnto vs: and hauing great numbers of Courtiers waiting vpon him, was straight knowne by the souldiers that assaulted vs, to be their King, and so most of them withdrew themselves.

Hee by his authority knowing of the Captaines owne constrained confession, what was the motiue of this mischieuous practice, misliking much such violence should bee offred in his Countrey to men of our ranke, but chiefly disdayning it should be done in respect of his Niece, whom (I must confesse wrongfully) he hated, because hee interpreted that her brother and she had maintained his son *Plangus* against him, caused the Captaines head presently to be striken off, and the old bad *Chremes* to be hanged: though truly for my part, I earnestly laboured for his life, because I had eaten of his bread. But one thing was notable for a conclusion of his miserable life, that neither the death of his daughter, who (alas poore Gentlewoman, was by chance slaine among his clownes, while shee ouer-boldly for her weak sex fought to hold them from me) nor yet his own shamefull end was so much in his mouth, as he was led to execution, as the losse of his goods, and burning of his house; which often, with more laughter than teares of the hearers, hee made pitifull exclamations vpon,

This iustice thus done, and we deliuered, the King in deede in royall sort inuited vs to his Court, not farre thence: in all points entertayning vs so, as truly I must euer acknowledge a beholdingnesse vnto him; although the stream of it fell out not to be so sweete as the spring. For after some daies being there (curing our felues of such wounds as we had receiued, while I, causing diligent search to be made of *Maxim*, could learne nothing, but that he was gone out of the Countrey, boasting in euery place how he had made me run away) we were brought to receiue the fauour of acquaintance with this Queene *Andromana*, whom the Princeesse *Pamela* did in so liuely colours describe the last day, as still me thinks the figure thereof possesseth mine eyes, confirmed by the knowledge my selfe had.

And therefore I shall neede the lesse to make you know what kinde of woman she was; but this onely, that first with the raines of affection, and after with the verie vse of directing, shee had made her selfe so absolute a master of her husbands mind, that a while he would not, & after, he could not tell how to gouerne without being

being gouerned by her: but finding an ease in not vnderstanding, let loose his thoughts wholly to pleasure, entrusting to her the entire conduct of all his royall affaires. A thing that may luckily fall out to him that hath the blessing, to match with some Heroicall minded Lady. But in him it was neither guided by Wisdome, nor followed by Fortune, but therby was slipt insensibly into such an estate, that he liued at her vndiscreet discretion: all his subiects hauing by some years learned, so to hope for good, and feare of harme, onely from her, that it should haue needed a stronger vertue than his, to haue vnwound so deeply an entred vice. So that either not struiuing, because he was contented; or contented, because he would not strue: he scarcely knew what was done in his owne chamber, but as it pleased her Instruments to frame the relation.

Now we being brought knowne vnto her (the time that we spent in curing some verie dangerous wounds) after once we were acquainted (and acquainted we were sooner than our selues expected) shee continually almost haunted vs, till (and it was not long a doing) we discouered a most violent bent of affection: & that so strangely, that we might well see, an euill minde in authoritie, doth not onely follow the sway of the desires already within it, but frames to it selfe new desires, not before thought of. For, with equall ardour she affected vs both: and so did her greatnesse disdaine shamefastnesse, that shee was content to acknowledge it to both. For (hauing many times torne the vaille of modesty) it seemed, for a last delight, that shee delighted in infamie: which often shee had vsed to her husbands shame, filling all mens eares, but his, with his reproach; while hee (hoodwinkt with kindnesse) least of all men knew who strake him. But her first degree was, by setting forth her beauties (truely in nature not to be misliked, but as much aduanced to the eye, as abased to the iudgement by art) thereby to bring vs (as willingly-caught fishes) to bite at her bait. And thereto had shee that scutchion of her desires supported by certaine badly diligent ministers, who often cloyed our eares with her prayses, and would needs teach vs a way of felicitie by seeking her fauour. But when she found, that we were as deafe to them as dumb to her, then she listed no longer stay in the suburbs of her foolish desires, but directly entred vpon them, making her selfe an impudent suter, authorizing her selfe very much with making vs see that all fauour & power in that realme, so depended vpon her, as now (being in her hands) we were either to keepe, or lose our liberty, at her discretion; which yet awhile shee so tempred, as that we might rather suspect, than she threaten. But when our wounds grew so, as that they gaue vs leaue to trauell, and that she found we were purposed to vse all means we could to depart thence, shee (with more & more importunateness) craved, which in all good maners was either of vs to be desired, or not granted. Truely, most faire and euerie way excellent Lady, you would haue wondred to haue seen, how before vs she would confesse the contention in her own mind between that louely, indeed most louely, brownesse of *Musidorus* his face, & this colour of mine, which shee (in the deceiuable stile of affection) would intitle beautifull: but her eyes wandred like a glutton at a feast, from the one to the other; & how her words would begin halfe of the sentence to *Musidorus*, & end the other halfe to *Pyrocles*: not ashamed, seeing the friendship betweene vs, to desire either of vs to be a mediator to the other, as if we should haue played one request at Tennis betweene vs: and often wishing that she might be the angle, where the lines of our friendship might meeete, and bee the knot which might tye our harts together. Which proceeding of hers I do the more largely set before you, most deare Lady, because by the foile thereof, you may see the noblenesse of my desire to you, and the warrantablenesse of your fauour to me.

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At that *Philotea* smiled, with a little nod. But, said *Pyrales*, when shee perceiued no hope by sute to preuaile, then (perswaded by the rage of affection, and encouraged by daring to doe any thing) shee found meanes to haue vs accused to the King; as though wee went about some practise to ouerthrow him in his owne state. Which because of the strange successes wee had had in the Kingdomes of *Phrygia*, *Pontus* and *Galatia*, seemed not vnlkeely to him, who (but skimming anything that came before him) was disciplined to leaue the through-handling of all to his gentle wife: who forthwith caused vs to be put in prison, hauing (while wee slept) deprived vs of our armes: a prison indeed iniurious, because a prison; but else well testifying affection, because in all respects as commodious as a prison might bee: and indeed so placed, as shee might at all houres (not seene by many, though shee cared not much how many had seene her) come vnto vs. Then fell shee to sauce her desires with threatnings, so that we were in a great perplexity, restrained to so vnworthy a bondage, and yet restrained by loue, which (I cannot tell how) in noble mindes, by a certaine dutie, claimes an answering. And how much that loue might moue vs, so much, and more that faultinesse of her minde remoued vs, her beauty being ballanced by her shamelesnesse. But that which did (as it were) tie vs in a captiuitie, was, that to grant had beene wickedly iniurious to him that had saued our liues: and to accuse a Lady that loued vs, of her loue vnto vs, wee esteemed almost as dishonourable: and but by one of those wayes wee saw no likelihood of going out of that place, where the words would be iniurious to your eares, which should expresse the maner of her suite: while yet many times earnestnesse dyed her cheeks with the colour of shamefastnesse, and wanton languishing borrowed of her eyes the downe-cast looke of modestie. But we in the meane time far from louing her, and often assuring her, that we would not so recompence her husbands sauing of our liues; to such a ridiculous degree of trusting her, shee had brought him, that she caused him send vs word, that vpon our liues, we should doe what soeuer shee commanded vs: good man, not knowing any other, but that all her pleasures were directed to the preservation of his estate. But when that made vs rather pitié than obey his folly, then fell shee to seruile entreating vs, as though force could haue beene the schoole of Loue, or that an honest courage would not rather stríue against, than yeeld to iniury. All which yet could not make vs accuse her, though it made vs almost pine away for spight, to lose any of our time in so troublesome an idlenesse.

But while wee were thus full of wearinesse of what was past, and doubt of what was to follow, (Loue that I thinke in the course of my life hath a sport sometimes to poyson mee with Roses, sometimes to heale mee with Wormewood) brought forth a remedy vnto vs: which though it helped mee out of that distresse, alas the conclusion was such, as I must euer while I liue thinke it worse than a wrack to haue beene preserued. This King by his Queen had a sonne of tender age, but of great expectation, brought vp in the hope of himselfe, and already acceptance of the inconstant people, as successor of his fathers crowne: whereof he was as worthy, considering his parts, as vnworthy in respect of the wrong was thereby done against the most noble *Plangus*: whose great deserts now either forgotten, or vngratefully remembered; all men set their sayles with the fauourable winde, which blew on the fortune of this young Prince, perchance not in their hearts, but surely in their mouthes, now giuing *Plangus*, who some yeares before was their onely champion, the poore comfort of calamity pitié. This youth therefore accounted Prince of that region, by name *Palladin*, did with vehemence (as I can) lose a young Lady,

Lady, brought vp in his fathers Court, called *Zelmune*, daughter to that mischieuouly vnhappy Prince *Meximus* (of whom already I haue, and sometimes must make, but neuer honourable mention) left there by her father, because of the iniquitate changeablenesse of his estate, he by the mother side being halfe brother to this Queene *Andromana*, and therefore she willinger committing her to her care. But as Loue (alas) doth not alwayes resist it selfe, so fell it out that this *Zelmune*, (thogh truly reason there was enough to loue *Palladius*) yet could not euer perswade her heart to yeelde therunto, with that paine to *Palladius*, as they feele, that feele an vnloved loue. Yet louing indeede, and therefore constant, hee vsed still the intercession of diligence and faith, euer hoping, because he would not put himselfe into that hell, to be hopelesse vntill the time of our being come, and captiued there, brought forth this end, which truly deserues of mee a further degree of sorrow than teares.

|| Such was therein my ill destiny, that this young Lady *Zelmune* (like some vnwisely liberall, that more delight to giue presents, than pay debts) she chose (alas for the pity) rather to bestow her loue (so much vnderferued, as not desired) vpon mee, than to recompence him, whose loue, besides many other things, might seeme, euen in the Court of Honour, iustly to claime it of her. But so it was: alas that so it was! wherby it came to passe (that as nothing doth more naturally follow his cause than care to preferue, and benefit doth follow vnfaigned affection) she felt with me, what I felt of my capriuity, and streight laboured to redresse my paine, which was her paine: which she could doe by no better meanes, than by vsing the help therein of *Palladius*: who, true Louer, considering what, and not why, in all her commandments, and indeede shee concealing from him her affection (which shee intruded compassion) immediately obeyed to imploy his vttermost credit to relieue vs: with though as great, as a beloued sonne with a mother, faulty otherwise, but not hardhearted toward him, yet it could not preuaile to procure vs liberty. Wherefore he sought to haue that by practice, which he could not by praier. And so being allowed often to visite vs, for indeede our restraints were more, or lesse, according as the age of her passion was either in the fit or intermission; hee vsed the opportunitie of a fit time thus to deliuer vs.

The time of the marrying that Queene was euery year, by the extreame loue of her husband, and the seruiceable loue of the Courtiers, made notable by some publike honours, which did, as it were, proclaim to the world, how deare shee wast to that people. Among other, none was either more gratefull to the beholders, or more noble in it selfe, than Iusts, both with Sword and Launce, maintained for a seden night together: wherein that Nation doth so excell, both for comelinesse and ablenesse, that from neighbour-countries they ordinarily come, some to strine, some to learne, some to behold.

This day it happened that diuers famous knights came thither from the Court of *Helen*, Queene of *Corinth*; a Lady whom Fame at that time was so desirous to honour, that she borrowed all mens mouthes to ioyn with the sound of her Trumpet. For her beauty hath won the prize from all women, that stand in degree of comparison (for as for the two sisters of *Aradia*, they are far beyond all conceit of comparison) so hath her gouernment been such as hath been no lesse beautifull to mens iudgements, than her beauty to the eye-sight. For being brought by right of birth, a woman, a young woman, a faire woman, to gouerne a people, in nature continually proud, & alwaies before so vsed to hard gouernours, as they knew not how to obey without the sword were drawne: Yet could shee for some yeares, so carry her selfe

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among



among them, that they found cause in the delicacy of her sex, of admiration, not of contempt: & which was notable, euen in the time that many countries about her were full of wars, which for old grudges to *Corinth* were thought still would conclude there, yet so handled shee the matter, that the threatned euer smarmed in the threatners; she vsing so strange, and yet so well-succeeding a temper, that she made her people by peace, warlike; her Courtiers by sports; learned; her Ladies by Loue chaste. For by continuall martiall exercises without bloud, she made them perfect in that bloody art. Her sports were such as carried riches of knowledge vpon the streame of delight: & such the behauiour both of her selfe & her Ladies, as builded their chastity not vpon waywardnesse, but choice of worthinesse. So as it seemed, that Court to haue bin the marriage place of Loue & Vertue, & that her selfe was a *Diana* apparelled in the garments of *Venus*. And this which Fame only deliuered vnto me, (for yet I haue neuer seene her) I am the willinge to speake of to you, who (I know) know her better, being your neere neighbour, because you may see by her example (in her selfe wise, and of others beloued) that neither folly is the cause of vehement loue, nor reproach the effect. For neuer, I thinke, was there any woman, that with more vnremoueable determination gaue her selfe to the counsell of loue, after shee had once set before her minde the worthinesse of your cousin *Amphialus*, and yet is neither her wisdom doubted of, nor honour blemished. For (O God) what doth better become wisdom, than to discern what is worthy the louing: what more agreeable to goodnesse, than to loue it so discerned: & what to greatnesse of heart, than to be constant in it oncoloured? But at that time, that loue of hers was not so publicly knowne, as the death of *Philoxenus* and her search of *Amphialus* hath made it: but then seemed to haue such leasure to send thither diuers choice knights of her Court, because they might bring her, at least the knowledge, perchance the honour of that triumph. Wherein so they behaued themselves, as for threedayes they carried the prize, which being come from so far a place to disgrace her seruants, *Palladius* (who him selfe had neuer vsed armes) perswaded the Queene *Andromache* to bee content (for the honour sake of her Court) to suffer vs two to haue our horse and armour, that hee with vs might vndertake the recovery of their lost honour: which shee granted; taking our oath to goe no further than her sonne, nor euer to abandon him. Which shee did not more for sauing him, than keeping vs: and yet not satisfied with our oath, appointed a band of horsemen to haue an eie, that we should not go beyond appointed limits. We were willing to gratifie the young Prince, who (we saw) loued vs. And so the fourth day of that exercise, we came into the field: where, I remember, the maner was, that the forenoon they should run at tilt, one after the other: the afternoon in a broad field in maner of a bartell, till either the strangers, or that country knights wan the field. The first that ran was a braue knight, whose deuice was to come in, all chayned, with a Nymph leading him: his *Impress* was newe painted with blacke, and all lookt on him as if they Against him came forth an *Iberian*, whose manner of entring was, with Bagpipes in stead of Trumpets; a shepheards boy before him for a Page, and by him a dozen apparelled like shepheards for the fashion, though rich in stuffe, who carried his Lances, which though strong to giue a lancely blow indeed, yet so were they coloured with hookes neere the mourne, that they prettily represented sheephooke. His own furniture was deckt ouer with wooll, so enriched with jewells artificially placed, that one would haue thought it a marriage between the lowest and the highest. His *Impress* was a sheepe marked with pitch, with this word, *Spotted as hee knowes*. And because I may tell you out his conceit (though that were not done,

done, till the running of that time was ended) before the Ladies departed from the windowes; among whom there was one (they say) that was the *Star*; whereby his course was onely directed; the shepherds attending vpon *Philisides* went among them; & sang an Eclogue; one of them answering another; while the other shepherds pulling out recorders (which possesse the place of pipes) accorded their musick to the others voice. The Eclogue had great praise: I only remember five verses; while hauing questioned one with the other, of their fellow shepherds so daime growing a man of armes; and the cause of his so doing; they thus said:

**M** *Though he some stauies be mist: if so, not much amiss be:*

*For where he mist would hit, he neuer yet did miss.*

*One said he brake a crosse; full well he so might be:*

*For neuer was there man more crosse the crosse than he.*

*But most cryed, O well he roke: O foule full guilty blots:*

*Where failing was a shame, and breaking is his best.*

Thus *Phaen* digrest, because his manner liked mee well: but when hee began to runne against *Lilius*, he had neede growne (though great loue had euer been betwixt them) to a quarrell. For *Philisides* breaking his stauies; with great commendation, *Lilius* (who was knowne to bee second to none in the perfection of that art) ranne euer ouer his head; but so finely to the skilful eies, that one might well see he shewed more knowledge in missing, than others did in hitting. For with so gallant a grace his staffe came swimming close ouer the crest of the Helmet, as if hee would represent the kisse, and not the stroke of *Arms*. But *Philisides* was much moued with it, while he thought *Lilius* would shew a contempt of his youth: till *Lilius*, (who therefore would satisfie him, because he was his friend) made him know, that to such bondage hee was for so many courtesies by her, whose disgraces to him were graced by her excellency; and whose injuries hee could neuer otherwise returne, than honours.

But so by *Lilius* willing missing was the oddes of the *Librian* side; and continued so in the next by the excellent running of a knight, though so tired so by the *Mist*, as many times the very rusticke people left both their delights and profits to hearken to his songs, yet could he so well performe all armed sports, as if he had neuer had any other pen, than a Lance in his hand. Hee came in like a wilde man; but, such a wilderness, as shewed his eye-sight had ramed him, full of withered leaues, which though they fell not, still threatned falling. His *impresa* was, a mill-horse still bound to goe in one circle; with this word, *Dura fata sequuntur*. But after him the *Librian* knights absolutely preuailed, especially a great nobleman of *Cornish*, whose deuice was to come without any deule, all in white like a new knight, as indeed he was; but so new, as his newnes shamed most of the others long exercise. Then another from whose tent I remember a bird was made flie, with such art to carry a written embassage among the Ladies, that one might say; If a liue bird, how so taught: If a dead bird, how so made. Then he, who hidden man and horse in a great figure liuely representing the *Phoenix*, the fire tooke so artificially as it consumed the bird, and left him to rise as it were, out of the ashes thereof. Against whom was the fire-frosen knight, frosen in despaire; but his armour so naturally representing Ice, and all his furniture so liuely answering thereto, as yet did I neuer see any thing that pleased me better.

But the delight of those pleasing fights, haue carried mee too farre into an vn-  
necessary



necessarie discourse. Let it then suffice (most excellent Lady) that you know, the *Corinthians* that morning in the exercise, as they had done the daies before, had the better; *Palladius* neither suffering vs, nor himselfe, to take in hand the partie till the afternoone; when we were to fight in troupes, nor differing otherwise from earliest, but that the sharpenesse of the weapons was taken away. But in the triall, *Palladius* (especially led by *Musidorus*, and somewhat aided by me) himselfe truly behauing himselfe nothing like a beginner, brought the honour to rest it selfe that night on the *Iberian* side: and the next day, both morning, and afternoone being kept by our partie. He (that saw the time fit for the deliuerie he intended) called vnto vs to follow him; which we both bound by oath, and willing by good-will obeyed: and so the guard not daring to interrupt vs, he commanding passage, we went after him vpon the spur to a litle house in a forrest neere by: which he thought would be the fittest resting place, till we might goe further from his mothers furie, whereat he was no lesse angrie, and ashamed, than desirous to obey *Zelmene*.

But his mother, as I learned since, vnderstanding by the guard her sonnes conveying vs away (forgetting her greatnesse, and resigning modestie to more quiet thoughts) flew out from her place, and cryed to be accompanied, for shee her selfe would follow vs. But what she did, being rather with vehemencie of passion, than conduct of reason, made her stumble while she ran, & by her own confusion hinder her owne desires. For so impatiently she commanded, as a good while no body knew what she commanded; so as we had gotten so farre the start, as to be already past the confines of her kingdome before she ouertooke vs: and ouertake vs she did in the kingdome of *Bythinia*, not regarding shame, or danger of hauing entred into anothers dominions: but (hauing with her about threescore horse-men) straight commanded to take vs aliue, and not to regard her sonnes threatening therein: which they attempted to doe, first by speech, and then by force. But neither liking their eloquence, nor fearing their might, we esteemed few swords in a iust defence, able to resist many vniust assaulters. And so *Musidorus* incredible valour (bearing downe all lets) made both me, and *Palladius*, so good way, that we had litle to doe to ouercome weake wrong.

And now had we the victorie in effect without blood, when *Palladius* (heated with the fight, and angrie with his mothers fault) so pursued our assayers, that one of them, who, as I heard since, had before our comming beene a speciall minion of *Andromanus*, & hated vs for hauing dispossest him of her heart, taking him to be one of vs, with a trayterous blow slew his young Prince: who falling down before our eyes, whom he specially had deliuered, Judge, sweetest Lady, whether anger might not be called iustice in such a case: once, so it wrought in vs, that many of his subjects bodies we left there dead, to wait on him more faithfully to the other world.

All this while disdain, strengthened by the furie of a furious loue, made *Andromanus* stay to the last of the combat: & when she saw vs light down, to see what help we might doe to the helpless *Palladius*, she came running madly vnto vs, then no lesse threatening, when she had no more power to hurt. But when shee perceived it was her onely sonne that lay hurt, and that his hurt was so deadly, as that already his life had lost the vse of the reasonable, & almost sensible part; then only did misfortune lay his own ouglineesse vpon her fault, and make her see what she had done; and to what she was come, especially, finding in vs rather detestation than pittie, (considering the losse of that young Prince) and resolution presently to depart, which still she laboured to stay. But deprived of all comfort, with eyes full of death, she ranne to her sonnes dagger, and before wee were aware of it (who else would

have stayed it) strake her selfe a mortall wound. But then her loue, though not her person, awaked pitie in vs, and I went to her, while *Musidorus* laboured about *Palladius*. But the wound was past the cure of a better Surgeon than my selfe, so as I could but receiue some few of her dying words, which were curfings, of her ill set affection, and wishing vnto mee many crosses and mischances in my loue, whensoever I should loue, wherein I feare, and onely feare that her prayer is from aboue granted. But the noise of this fight, and issue thereof being blazed by the country people to some noble men thereabouts, they came thither, and finding the wrong offered vs, let vs goe on our iourney, we hauing recommended those royall bodies vnto them to be conueied to the king of *Iberia*. With that *Philoctea*, seeing the teares stand in hiseyes with remembrance of *Palladius*, but much more of that which thereupon grew, she would needs drink a kisse from those eyes, & he suck another from her lips, whereat she blushed, and yet kissed him againe to hide her blushing: which had almost brought *Pyrocles* into another discourse, but that she with so sweet a rigor forbad him, that he durst not rebell, though he found it a great warre to keepe that peace, but was faine to goe on in his storie: for so she absolutely bad him, and he durst not know how to disobey.

So (said he) parting from that place before the Sunne had much abased himselfe of his greatest height, wee saw sitting vpon the drie sands (which yeelded at that time a very hot reflection) a faire Gentlewoman, whose gesture accused her of much sorrow, and euery way shewed she cared not what paine she put her body to, since the better part (her minde) was layed vnder so much agonie: and so was she dulled withall, that we could come so neere, as to heare her speeches, & yet she not perceiue the hearers of her lamentation. But well we might vnderstand her at times say, Thou dost kill me with thy vnkind fallhood: and, It grieues me not to die, but it grieues me that thou art the murtherer: neither dorch mine owne paine so much vex me, as thy error. For God knowes, it would not trouble me to be slaine for thee, but much it torments me to be slaine by thee. Thou art vntrue, *Pamphilus*, thou art vntrue, and woe is me therefore. How oft didst thou swear vnto mee, that the Sunne should loose his light, and the rockes runne vp and downe like little kiddes, before thou wouldest falsifie thy faith to me: Sunne therefore put out thy shining, and rockes runne madde for sorrow, for *Pamphilus* is false. But alas the Sunne keeps his light, though thy faith be darkened; the rockes stand still, though thou change like a wethercocke. O foole that I am, that thought I could graspe water, and binde the winde. I might well haue knowne thee by others, but I would not; and rather wished to learne poison by drinking it my selfe, while my loue helped thy words to deceiue me. Well, yet I would thou hadst made a better choise when thou didst forsake thy vnfortunate *Leucippe*. But it is no matter. *Baccha* (thy new Mistres) will reuenge my wrongs. But doe not *Baccha*, let *Pamphilus* liue happy though I dye.

And much more to such like phraze she spake, but that I (who had occasion to know something of that *Pamphilus*) stept to comfort her: and though I could not doe that, yet I got thus much knowledge of her, that this being the same *Leucippe*, to whom the vnconstant *Pamphilus* had betrothed himselfe, which had moued the other Ladies to such indignation as I told you; neither her worthinesse (which in truth was great) nor his owne suffering for her (which is wont to endear affection) could fetter his ficklenesse, but that before his marriage day appointed, hee had taken to wife that *Baccha*, of whom she complained; one, that in diuers places I had heard before blazed, as the most impudently vnchaste woman of all *Asia*; and withall, of such an imperiousnesse therein, that she would not sticke to employ them



them whom she made vnhappy with her fauor, to draw more companions of their folly: in the multitude of whom she did no lesse glorie, than a Captaine would doe of being followed by braue Souldiers: waywardly proud, and therefore holde, because extremely faultie: and yet hauing no good thing to redeeme both these, and other vnlovely parts, but a little beautie, disgraced with wandring eyes & vnwaied speeches, yet had *Pamphilus* (for her) left *Leucippe*, and withall, left his faith: *Leucippe*, of whom one looke (in a cleere iudgement) would haue him more acceptable, than all her kindneses so prodigally bestowed. For my selfe, the remembrance of his cruell handling *Dido*, ioyned to this, stirred me to seeke some reuenge vpon him, but that I thought, it should be a gaine for him to lose his life, being so marched: and therefore (leaving him to be punished by his owne election) we conveyed *Leucippe* to a house there by, dedicated to *Veitall* Nunnes, where shee resolved to spend all her yeares, which her youth promised should be many, in bewayling the wrong, and yet praying for the wrong doer.

But the next morning, we (having striuen with the Sunnes earlinesse) were scarcely beyond the prospect of the high turrets of that building, when there ouertooke vs a young Gentleman, for so he seemed to vs; but indeed, sweet Ladie, it was the faire *Zelmae*, *Plexirtus* daughter; whom vnconsulting affection, vnfortunately borne to me-wards, had made borrow so much of her naturall modestie, as to leaue her more decent rayments, and taking occasion of *Andromanus* tumultuous pursuing vs, had apparelled her selfe like a page, with a pittifull crueltie cutting off her golden haire, leauing nothing, but the short curles, to couer that noble head, but that she ware vpon it a faire head-piecc, a shield at her backe, and a launce in her hand, else disarmed. Her apparell of white, wrought vpon with broken knots, her horse, faire and lustie, which she rid so, at night shew a fearefull boldnes, daring to doe that, which she knew that she knew not how to doe: and the sweetnesse of her countenance did giue such a grace to what shee did, that it did make handsome the vnhandsonnesse, and make the eye force the minde to beleue, that there was a praise in that vnskilfulnesse. But she straight approached me, and with few words, which borrowed the helpe of her countenance to make themselves vnderstood, she desired me to accept her into my seruice telling me she was a Noblemans sonne of *Iberia*, her name *Daiphantus*, who hauing seen what I had done in that court, had stolne from her father, to follow me. I enquired the particularities of the manner of *Andromanus* following me, which by her I vnderstood, she hiding nothing, but her sexe, from me. And still me thought I had seene that face, but the great alteration of her fortune, made her far distant from my memorie: but liking very well the yong Gentleman, such I tooke her to be, admitted this *Daiphantus* about me, who well shewed there is no seruice like his, that serues because he loues. For though borne of Princes blood, brought vp with tenderest education, vnapt to seruice, because a woman, and full of thoughts, because in a strange estate, yet Loue enioyned such diligence, that no apprentice, no, no bondslau would euer be by feare more ready at all commandements, than that yong Princeesse was. How often, alas, did her eyes say vnto me, that they loued; and yet, I not looking for such a matter, had not my conceit open to vnderstand them; how often would she come creeping to me, betwene gladnesse to be neare me, and feare to offend me: Truly I remember, that then I maruailed to see her receiue my commandements with sighes, and yet doe them with cheerefulness: sometimes answering me in such riddles, as I then thought a childish inexperience: but since returning to my remembrance, they haue come more cleere vnto my knowledge: and pardon me, opely deare Lady, that I vse  
 (yleno) Q<sup>2</sup> many

many words: for her affection to me deserues of me an affectionate speech.

But in such sort did she serue me in that kingdome of *Bythinia*, for two moneths space: in which time we brought to good end a cruell warre long maintayned betwene the king of *Bythinia* and his brother. For my excellent cousin, & I (diuiding our selues to either side) found meanes (after some triall we had made of our selues) to get such credite with them, as we brought them to as great peace between themselves, as loue toward vs, for hauing made the peace. Which done, we intended to returne through the kingdome of *Galatia*, called *Thrace*, to ease the care of our father and mother, who (wee were sure) first with the shipwracke, and then with the other dangers we daily past, should haue little rest in their thoughts till they saw vs. But we were not entred into that kingdome, when by the noyse of a great fight, we were guided to a pleasant vally, which like one of those Circusses, which in great Cities some where doth giue a pleasant spectacle of running horses; so of eyther side, stretching it selfe in a narrow length, was it hemd in by wooddie hills, as if indeed Nature had meant therein to make a place for beholders. And there wee beheld one of the cruellst fights betwene two knights, that euer hath adorned the most martiall storie. So as I must confesse, a while we stood bewondred, another while delighted with the rare beautie thereof; till seeing such streames of blood, as threatened a drowning of life, we gallopped toward them to part them. But we were preuented by a dozen armed knights, or rather villains, who vsing this time of their extreame feeblenesse, altogether set vpon them. But common danger brake off particular discord, so that (though with a dying weakenesse) with a liuely courage they resisted, and by our helpe draue away, or slue those murdering attempters: among whom we hapt to take aliue the principall. But going to disarme those two excellent knights, we found, with no lesse wonder to vs, than astonishment to themselves, that they were the two valiant, and indeed famous brothers, *Tydens* and *Tyllouer*; whose aduenture (as afterward wee made that vngracious wretch confesse) had thus fallen out.

After the noble Prince *Leonatus* had, by his fathers death, succeeded in the kingdome of *Galatia*, he (forgetting all former iniuries) had receiued that naughy *Plexirtus* into a stray degree of fauour, his goodnesse being as apt to bee deceiued, as the others craft was to deceiue. Till by plaine prooffe, finding that the vngrateful man went about to poison him, yet would hee not suffer his kindnesse to be overcome, not by iustice it selfe; but calling him to him, vsed words to this purpose: *Plexirtus* (said he) this wickednesse is found by thee; no good deeds of mine haue been able to keep it downe in thee: all men counsell me to take away thy life, likely to bring forth nothing, but as dangerous, as wicked effects; but I cannot finde it in my heart, remembering what fathers sonne thou art: but since it is the violence of ambition, which perchance pulls thee from thine owne iudgement, I will see, whether the satisfying that, may quiet the ill working of thy spirits. Not farre hence is the great citie of *Trebisond*; which, with the territorie about it, anciently pertained vnto this crowne, now vniustly possessed, and as vniustly abused by those, who haue neither title to hold it, nor vertue to rule it. To the conquest of that for thy selfe I will lend thee force, and giue thee my right: Goe therefore, and with lesse vnnaturalnesse glute thy ambition there; and that done, if it be possible, learne vertue.

*Plexirtus*, mingling forsworne excuses with false-meane promises, gladly embraced the offer: and hastily sending backe for those two brothers (who at that time were with vs succouring the gracious *Queene Eryna*) by their vertue chiefly (if not onely)



onely) obtayned the conquest of that goodly dominion: Which indeed done by them, gaue them such an authoritie, that though he raigned, they in effect ruled, most men honouring them, because they onely deserved honour; and many, thinking therein to please *Plexirtus*, considering how much he was bound vnto them; while they likewise (with a certaine sincere boldnes of selfe-warranting friendship) accepted all openly and plainely, thinking nothing should euer by *Plexirtus* be thought too much in them, since all they were was his.

But he (who by the rules of his own mind, could construe no other end of mens doings, but selfe-seeking) sodainly feared what they could doe, and as sodainly suspected what they would doe, and as sodainly hated them, as hauing both might, and mind to doe. But dreading their power, standing so strongly in their owne valour, and others affection, he durst not take open way against them, and as hard it was to take a secret, they being so continually followed by the best, and euery way ablest of that region; and therefore vsed this diuellish sleight (which I will tell you) not doubting (most wicked man) to turne their own friendship toward him to their owne destruction. Hee (knowing that they well knew, there was no friendship betweene him and the new king of *Pontus*, neuer since he succoured *Leonatus* and vs to his ouerthrow) gaue them to vnderstand, that of late there had passed secret defiance betweene them, to meet priuately at a place appointed. Which though not so fit a thing for men of their greatnesse, yet was his honour so engaged, as hee could not goe backe. Yet faining to find himselfe weake by some counterfeited infirmity, the day drawing neere, hee requested each of them to goe in his stead; making either of them sweare to keepe the matter secret, euen each from other, deliuering the selfe same particularities to both; but that he told *Tydus*, the king would meet him in a blew armour; and *Telenor*, that it was a blacke armour: and with wicked subtiltie (if it had beene so appointed) caused *Tydus* to take a blacke armour, and *Telenor* a blew; appointing them wayes how to goe, so as he knew they should not meet, till they came to the place appointed, where each promised to keep silence, lest the king should discouer it was not *Plexirtus*: and there in await had he laid these murderers, that who ouerliued the other, should by them be dispatched: hee not daring trust more than those with that enterprise, and yet thinking them too few till themselves by themselves were weakened.

This we learned chiefly, by the chiefe of those way-beaters, after the death of those two worthie brothers, whose loue was no lesse than their valour: but well we might find much thereof by their pitifull lamentation, when they knew their mis-meeting, and saw each other (in despite of the surgerie we could do vnto them) straining who should run fastest to the goale of death: each bewailing the other, & more dying in the other, than in himselfe: cursing their owne hands for doing, and their breasts for not sooner suffering: detesting their vnfortunately spent time in hauing serued so vngratefull a Tyrant, and accusing their folly in hauing beleeued he could faithfully loue, who did not loue faithfulness: wishing vs to take heed, how we placed our good will vpon any other ground, than prooue of vertue: since length of acquaintance, mutuall secrecies, nor height of benefits could bind a savage heart; no man being good to other, that is not good in himselfe. Then (while any hope was) beseeching vs to leaue the care of him that besought, and onely looke to the other. But when they found by themselves, & vs, no possibility, they desired to be ioyned, & so embracing & craving that pardon each of other, which they denied to themselves, they gaue vs a most sorrowfull spectacle of their death, leauing few in the world behind them, their matches in any thing, if they had soon enough known the

ground & limits of friendship. But with wofull hearts we caused those bodies to be conueyed to the next towne of *Bythinia*, where wee learning thus much (as I haue told you) caused the wicked Historian to conclude his storie with his owne well-deserued death.

(But then (I must tell you) I found such wofull countenances in *Darphantus*, that I could not much maruell (finding them continue beyond the first assault of pittie) how the case of strangers (for further I did not conceiue) could so deeply pierce. But the truth indeed is, that partly with the shame and sorrow, the rooke of her fathers faultinesse, partly with the feare, that the hate I conceived against him, would utterly disgrace her in my opinion, whensoever I should know her, so vehemently perplexed her, that her faire colour decayed, and daily and hastily grew into the very extreame working of sorrowfulnesse: which oft I sought to learne, & help. But she as fearefull as louing, still concealed it; and so decaying still more and more in the excellencie of her fairenesse, but that whatsoeuer weaknesse tooke away, pitie seemed to adde: yet still she forced her selfe to waite on me, with such care and diligence, as might well shew had beene taught in no other schoole but Loue.

While we, returning againe to embarke our selues for *Greece*, vnderstood that the mightie *Otanes* (brother to *Barzanes*, slaine by *Mysdorus*, in the battell of the fixe Princes) had entred vpon the kingdome of *Pontus*, partly vpon the pretences he had to the crown, but principally, because he would reuenge vpon him (whom he knew we loued) the losse of his brother, thinking (as indeed he had cause) that wherefoer we were, hearing of his extremity, we would come to relieue him; in spite whereof he doubted not to preuaile, not onely vpon the confidence of his owne vertue and power, but especially because he had in his company two mighty Giants, sons to a couple, whom we slue in the same realme: they hauing beene absent at their fathers death, and now returned, willingly entred into his seruice, hating (more than he) both vs and that king of *Pontus*. We therefore with all speed went thitherward, but by the way this fell out, which whensoever I remember without sorrow, I must forget withall, all humanitie.

Poore *Darphantus* fell extreme sicke, yet would needes conquer the delicacie of her constitution, and force her selfe to waite on me: till one day going toward *Pontus*, we met one, who in great hast went seeking for *Tydem* and *Telenor*, whose death as yet was not knowne vnto the messenger, who (being their seruant, and knowing how dearly they loued *Plexirtus*) brought them word, how since their departing, *Plexirtus* was in present danger of a cruell death, if by the valiantnesse of one of the best knights of the world, he were not rescued: we enquired no further of the matter (being glad he should now to his losse find what an ynprofitable treason it had been vnto him, to dismember himselfe of two such friends) and so let the messenger part, not sticking to make him know his masters destruction by the falsehood of *Plexirtus*.

But the griefe of that (finding a bodie already brought to the last degree of weaknesse) so ouerwhelmed the little remnant of the spirits left in *Darphantus*, that she fell sodainly into deadly sowndings; neuer coming to her selfe, but that withall she returned to make most pitifull lamentations, most strange vnto vs, because we were farre from ghesling the ground thereof. But finding her sicknesse such as began to print death in her eyes, we made all haste possible to conuey her to the next towne: but before we could lay her on a bed, both we, and she might finde in her selfe, that the harbingers of ouer-hastie death had prepared his lodging in that daingerbody, which she vndoubtedly feeling, with a weak chearefulnesse, shewed



shewed comfort therein: and then desiring vs both to come thither, and that no body else might be present, with pale, and yet (euen in palenesse) lovely lips. Now or neuer, and neuer indeed, but now is it time for me, said she, to speake: & I thanke death which giues me leaue to discover that, the suppressing whereof perchance hath bene the sharpest paine, that hath hastned my rate to this end. Know then my Lords, and especially you my Lord and master *Pyrocles*, than your Page *Daiphantus* is the vnfortunate *Zelmune*, who for your sake caused my (as vnfortunate) lover and cousin *Polladins*, to leaue his fathers Court, and consequently, both him & my Aunt his mother, to lose their liues. For your sake my selfe haue become, of a Princessse, a Page: and for your sake haue put off the apparrell of a woman, and (if you iudge not more mercifully) the modesty. Wee were amazed at her speech, and then had (as it were) new eyes giuen vs to perceiue that, which before had been a present stranger to our minds: for indeed forthwith we knew it to be the face of *Zelmune*, whom before we had knowne in the court of *Iberia*. And sorrow and pite laying her paine vpon me, I comforted her the best I could by the tendernesse of good will, pretending indeed better hope than I had of her recouerie.

But she that had inward embassadors from the tyrant that shortly would oppress her: No, my deare master (said she) I neither hope nor desire to liue. I know you would neuer haue loued mee (and with that word she wept) nor, alas, had it been reason you should, considering many waies my vnworthinesse. It sufficeth me that the strange course I haue taken, shall to your remembrance, witnesse my loue: & yet this breaking of my heart, before I would discouer my paine, will make you, I hope, thinke that I was not altogether vnmodest. Thinke of me so, deare master, and that thought shall be my life, and with that languishingly looking vpon mee. And I pray you (said she) euen by these dying eyes of mine (which are onely sorry to doe, because they shall lose your sight) & by these polled lockes of mine (which while they were long, were the ornament of my sexe, now in their short curls, the testimonie of my seruitude) & by the seruiue I haue done you (which God knowes hath bene full of loue) thinke of mee after my death with kindnesse, though you cannot with loue. And when soeuer ye shall make any other Lady happy with your well placed affection, if you tell her my folly, I pray you speake of it, not with scorne, but with pite: I assure you, deare Princessse, of my life: for how could it bee otherwise: her words and her manner, with the liuely consideration of her loue, so pierced me, that though I had diuers griefes before, yet me thought, I neuer felt, till then, how much sorrow enfeebleth all resolution: for I could not choose but yeeld to the weakenesse of abundant weeping, in truth with such griefe, that I could willingly at that time haue charged lines with her.

But when she saw my teares, O God, said she, how largely am I recompensed for my losses: why then (said she) I may take boldnesse to make some requests vnto you. I besought her to doe, to wing the performatiue, though my life were the price thereof. She shewed great joy: The first, said she, is this, that you will pardon my father the displeasure you haue iustly conceived against him, and for this once, succour him out of the danger wherein he is: I hope he will amend: and I pray you, when soeuer you remember him to be the faultie *Polladins*, remember vnto that he is *Zelmune*'s father. The second is, that when you come once into *Greece*, you will take vnto your selfe his name (though vnlawful) of *Daiphantus*, and vouchsafe to be called by it: for so shall I be sure, you shall haue cause to remember mee: let it please your noble cousin to be called *Polladins*, that I may do that right to the poor Prince, that his name yet may liue vpon the earth, in so excellent a person: and so

betweene you, I trust sometimes your vnluckie Page shall be (perhaps with a sigh) mentioned. Lastly let me bee buried here obscurely, not suffering my friends to know my fortune, till (when you are safely returned to your owne countrie) you cause my bones to bee conueyed thither, and laid (I beseech you) in some place where your selfe vouchsafe sometimes to resort. Alas, final petitions for such a siter, which yet she so earnestly craued, that I was faine to sweare the accomplishment. And then kissing me, and often desiring me not to condemne her of lightnesse, in mine armes shee deliuered her pure soule to the purest place: leauing mee as full of agony, as kindnesse, pittie & sorrow could make an honest heart. For I must confesse for true, that if my starres had not wholly reserved me for you, there else perhaps I might haue loued, and (which had beene most strange) begun my loue after death: whereof let it bee the lesse maruell, because somewhat shee did resemble you, though as farre short of your perfection, as her selfe dying, was of her selfe flourishing: yet something there was, which (when I saw a picture of yours) brought againe her figure into my remembrance, and made my heart as apt to receiue the wound, as the power of your beautie with vnresistable force to pierce.

But we in wofull (and yet priuate) manner burying her, performed her commandement: and then enquiring of her fathers estate, certainly learned that hee was presently to be succoured, or by death to passe the neede of succour. Therefore we determined to diuide our selues; I, according to my vow, to helpe him, and *Musidorus* toward the king of *Pontus*, who stood in no lesse neede than immediate succour: & euen ready to depart one from the other, there came a messenger from him, who after some enquirie found vs, giuing vs to vnderstand, that hee trusting vpon vs two, had appointed the combate betweene him and vs, against *Oranes* and the two Giants. Now the day was so accorded, as it was impossible for me both to succour *Plexirtus*, and be there, where my honour was not onely so farre engaged, but (by the strange working of vniust fortune) I was to leaue the standing by *Musidorus*, whom better than my selfe I loued, to goe saue him, whom for iust causes I hated. But my promise giuen, and giuen to *Zelmene*, and to *Zelmene* dying, preuailed more with me, than my friendship to *Musidorus*: though certainly I may affirme, nothing had so great rule in my thoughts as that. But my promise caried me the easier, because *Musidorus* himselfe would not suffer mee to breake it. And so with beutie mindes (more carefull each of others successe, than of our owne) wee parted; I toward the place, where I vnderstood *Plexirtus* was prisoner to an ancient Lord, absolutely gouerning a goodly castle, with a large territorie about it, whereof he acknowledged no other soueraigne but himselfe, whose hate to *Plexirtus* grew for a kinsman of his, whom hee maliciously had murdered, because in the time that hee reigned in *Galatia*, hee found him apt to practise for the restoring of his vertuous brother *Leonatus*. This old knight still thirsting for reuenge, vsed (as the way to it) a policy, which this occasion I will tell you prepared for him. *Plexirtus* in his youth had married *Zelmenes* mother, who dying of that only child-birth, he a widower, & not yet a king, haunted the Court of *Armenia*, where (as he was cunning to winne fauour) he obtained great good liking of *Artaxia*, which he pursued, till (being called home by his father) he falsly got his fathers kingdome, and then neglected his former loue: till throwne out of that (by our meanes) before he was deeply roored in it, and by and by againe placed in *Trebisond*, vnderstanding that *Artaxia* by her brothers deareh was become Queen of *Armenia*, he was hotter than euer in that pursuit: which being vnderstood by this old knight, he forged such a letter, as might be written from *Artaxia*, intreating his present (but very priuate) repaire thither,

giuing



giving him faithfull promise of presec marriage: a thing farre from her thought, hauing faithfully and publickly protested, that shee would neuer marrie any: but some such Prince who would giue sure prooffe, that by his means we were destroyed. But he (no more wittie to frame, than blind to iudge hopes) bit hastily at the bait, and in private manner posted toward her, but by the way, hee was met by this knight, farre better accompanied, who quickly laid hold of him, and condemned him to a death, cruell enough, if any thing may be both cruell and iust. For hee caused him to be kept in a miserable prison, till a day appointed, at which time he would deliuer him to bee deuoured by a monstrous beast of most ougly shape, armed like a *Rhinoceros*, as strong as an Elephant, as fierce as a Lyon, as nimble as a Leopard, and as cruell as a Tygre: whom he hauing kept in a strong place, from the first yowth of it, now thought no fitter match, than such a beastly monster with a monstrous Tyrant: proclaiming yet withall, that if any so well loued him, as to venture their liues against his beast for him, if they overcame hee should be saued: not caring how many they were (such confidence he had in that monstrous strength) but especially hoping to entrap thereby the great courages of *Tydus* and *Talentus*, whom he no lesse hated, because they had beene principall instruments of the others power.

I dare say, if *Zelmune* had knowne what danger I should haue passed, shee would rather haue let her father to perish, than me to haue bidden that adventure. But my word was past: and truely the hardnesse of the enterprise was not so much a bit as a spurre vnto me, knowing well, that the iourney of high honour lies not in plaine wayes: Therefore going thither, and taking sufficient securitie that *Plexirtus* should be deliuered if I were victorious, I vnderooke the combate: and (to make short, excellent Lady, and not to trouble your eares with recounting a terrible matter) so was my weakenesse blessed from above, that without dangerous wounds I slue that monster, which hundreds durst not attempt: to so great admiration of many (who from a safe place might looke on) that there was order giuen, to haue the fight both by sculpture and picture, celebrated in most parts of *Asia*. And the old noble man so well liked me, that he loued mee, onely bewailing my vertue had beene employed to slay a worse monster than I killed: whom yet (according to faith giuen) he deliuered, & accompanied me to the kingdome of *Pontus*, whither I would needs in all speede goe, to see whether it were possible for me (if perchance the day had beene delayed) to come to the combate: but that (before I came) had beene thus finished.

The vertuous *Leontus* vnderstanding two so good friends of his were to bee in that danger, would perforce be one himselfe, where he did valiantly, and so did the king of *Pontus*. But the truth is, that both they being sore hurt, the incomparable *Musidorus* finished the combat by the death of both the Giants, and the taking of *Orontes* prisoner. To whom as he gaue his life, so he got a noble friend, for so he gaue his word to be, and he is well knowne to thinke himselfe greater in being subiect to that, than in the greatnesse of his Principalltie.

But thither (vnderstanding of our being there) flocked great multitudes of many great persons, and euen of Princes, especially those, whom wee had made beholding vnto vs: as, the Kings of *Phrygia*, *Bythia*, with those two hurt of *Pontus* and *Galatia*, and *Orontes* the prisoner, by *Musidorus* set free: and thither came *Plexirtus* of *Tchisand*, and *Antiphilus* then King of *Lycia*, with as many more great Princes, drawne either by our reputation, or by willingness to acknowledge themselves obliged vnto vs, for what we had done for the others. So as in those parts

of the world, I thinke; In many hundreds of yeares there was not scene so royall an assembly: where nothing was let passe to doe vs the highest honours, which such persons (who might command both purses and intighions) could peforme. All from all sides bringing vnto vs right royall presents, which we, to auoid both vnhindnesse and importunities, liberally receiued; and more content with, would needs accept as from vs their crownes, and acknowledge to hold them of vs: with many other excessive honours, which would not suffer the measure of this short leasure to describe vnto you.

But we quickly awery thereof, hasted to *Greece*, ward, led thither partly with the desire of our Parents, but hastened principally, because I vnderstood that *Amphilus* with open mouth of defumation had gone thither to seeke me, and was now come to *Peloponnesus*, where from Court to Court hee made enquire of mee, doing yet him selfe so noble deeds, as might hap to authorize a will opinion of me. We therefore suffered but short delayes, desiring to take this countrey in our way, so renowned ouer the world, that no prince could pretend height, nor beggar lownesse, to barre him from the sound thereof: renowned indeed, not so much for the ancient prayes attributed thereunto, as for the hauing in it *Agulus* and *Amphilus*, (two knights of such rare prowesse, as wee desired especially to know) and yet by farre not so much for that, as without suffering of comparison for the beautie of you and your sister, which makes all indifferent iudges, that speake thereof, account this countrie as a temple of deities. But these causes indeed mouing vs to come by this land, wee embarqued our selues in the next Port, whither all those Princes (hauing *Amphilus*, who returned, as he pretended, not able to tarry longer from *Erebus*) conueyed vs. And there found we a ship most royally furnished by *Pleuristis*, who had made all things so proper, as well for our defence, as ease, that all the other Princes greatly commended him for it: who, seeming a quite altered man, had nothing but repentance in his eyes, friendship in his gesture, and vertue in his mouth: so that we who had promised the sweet *Zelmans* to pardon him, now not onely forgane, but began to fauour, perswading our selues with a youthfull credulitie, that perchance things were not so euill as we took them, and as it were, desiring our owne memorie that it might be so. But so were wee licenced from those Princes, truly not without teares, especially of the vertuous *Zelmans*, who with the king of *Perthus* would haue come with vs, but that we (in respect of the ones yong wife, and both their new settled kingdomes) would not suffer it. Then would they haue sent whole fleets to guard vs, but we, that desired to passe secretly into *Greece*, made them leaue that motion, when they found that more shippes than one would be displeasing vnto vs. But so committing our selues to the vncertain discretion of the winde, wee (then determining as soone as we came to *Greece*, to take the names of *Daiphantus* and *Palladius*, as well for our owne promise to *Zelmans*, as because wee desired to come vnkowne into *Greece*) lest the *African* shore full of Princely persons, who euen vpon their knees recommended our safeties to the deuotion of their chiefe desires: among whom none had beene so officious, though I dare as firme, all quite contrarie to his vnsatishfulnesse, as *Pleuristis*.

And so hauing sailed almost two daies, looking for nothing but when we might looke vpon the land, a gracie man, whom wee had scene of great trust with *Pleuristis*, & was sent as our principall guide, came vnto vs, and with a certain kinde manner mixt with shame, and repentance, began to tell vs, that he had taken such a loue vnto vs, considering our youth and faire, that though he were a seruant, and a seruant of such trust about *Zelmans*, as that hee had committed vnto him euen those

secrets



secrets of his heart, which abhorred all other knowledge; yet hee rather chose to reueale at this time a most pernicious counsell, than by concealing it bring to ruine those, whom he could not choofe but honour. So went he on, and told vs, that *Plexirtus* (in hope thereby to haue *Artaxia*, endowed with the great kingdome of *Armenia* to his wife) had giuen him order when we were neare *Greece*, to finde some opportunitie to murder vs, bidding him to take vs asleep, because he had scene what we could do waking. Now first (said he) I would rather a thousand times lose my life than haue my remembrance (while I liue) poysoned with such a mischief: and therefore if it were onely I, that knew herein the kings order, then should my disobedience be a warrant of your safetie. But to one more (said he) namely the Captaine of the ship, *Plexirtus* hath opened so much touching the effect of murdering you, though I thinke laying the cause rather vpon old grudge, than his hope of *Artaxia*. And my selfe (before the consideration of your excellencies had drawn loue & pitie into my mind) imparted it to such, as I thought fittest for such a mischief. Therefore I wish you to stand vpon your guard, assuring you, that what I can do for your safetie, you shall see (if it come to the push) by me performed. Wee thanked him, as the matter indeed deserued, & from that time would no more disarme our selues, nor the one sleep without his friends eyes waked for him; so that it delayed the going forward of their bad enterprise, while they thought it rather chance, than prouidence, which made vs so behaue our selues.

But when we came within halfe a dayes sayling of the shore, so that they saw it was speedily, or not at all to be done; then (and I remember it was about the first watch in the night) came to the captaine & whispered the Councillor in the eare: But he (as it should seeme) dissuaded him from it: the Captaine (who had bin a Pyrate from his youth, and often blouded in it) with a loud voyce sware, that if *Plexirtus* bad him, he would not sticke to kill God himselfe. And therewith calld his mates, and in the kings name willed them to take vs aliue or dead, encouraging them with the spoyle of vs, which he said (and indeed was true) would yeeld many exceeding rich iewels. But the Councillor (according to his promise) commanded them they should not commit such a villanie, protesting that he would stand betweene them and the Kings anger therein. Wherewith the Captaine enraged: Nay (said he) then we must begin with this traytor himselfe: and therewith gaue him a sore blow vpon the head, who honestly did the best he could to reuenge himselfe.

But then wee knew it time rather to encounter, than waite for mischief. And so against the Captaine we went, who straight was enuironed with most part of the Souldiers and Mariners. And yet the truth is, there were some, whom eyther the authoritie of the Councillor, doubt of the Kings minde, or liking of vs, made draw their swords of our side: so that quickly it grew a most confused fight. For the narrowesse of the place, the darkenesse of the time, and the vncertaintie in such a tumult how to know friends from foes, made the rage of the swords rather guide than be guided by their masters. For my cousin and mee, truly I thinke wee neuer performed lesse in any place, doing no other hurt than the defence of our selues, and succouring them who came for it, drave vs to: for not discerning perfectly, who were for, or against vs, wee thought it lesse euill to spare a foe, than spoyle a friend. But from the highest to the lowest part of the shippe there was no place left, without cries of murdering, and murdered persons. The Captaine I hapt a while to fight withall, but was driuen to part with him, by hearing the cry of the Counsellour, who receiued a mortall wound, mistaken of one of his owne side. Some of the wiser would call to parley, and wish peace: but while the words of  
peace

peace were in their mouthes, some of their euill auditors gaue them death for their hire. So that no man almost could conceiue hope of liuing, but by being last aliue: and therefore euery one was willing to make himsele roome, by dispatching almost any other: so that the great number in the ship was reduced to exceeding few, when of those few the most part, weary of those troubles, leapt into the boat, which was fast to the ship: but while they that were first were cutting off the rope that tyed it, others came leaping in so disorderly, that they drowned both the boat and themselves.

But while euen in that little remnant, like the children of *Cadmus*, we continued still to slay one another, a fire, which (whether by the desperate malice of some, or intention to separate, or accidentally while all things were cast vp and downe) it should seeme had taken a good while before, but neuer heeded of vs, who onely thought to preserue or reuenge, now violently burst out in many places, and began to master the principall parts of the ship. Then necessitie made vs see, that a common enemy sets at one a ciuill warre: for that little all we are, as if wee had beene waged by some man to quench a fire, straight went to resist that furious enemy by all art & labour: but it was too late, for already it did embrace and deuour from the sterne to the waste of the ship: so as labouring in vaine we were driuen to get vp to the prow of the ship, by the worke of nature seeking to preserue life as long as wee could: while truly it was a strange and vgly sight, to see so huge a fire, as it quickly grew, to bee in the sea, and in the night, as if it had come to light vs to death. And by & by it had burned off the mast, which all this while had proudly borne the saile (the wind, as might seeme, delighted to carie fire and bloud in his mouth) but now it fell ouer boord, and the fire growing neerer vs, it was not onely terrible in respect of what we were to attend, but insupportable through the heat of it.

So that wee were constrained to bide it no longer, but disarming and stripping our selues, and laying our selues vpon such things, as wee thought might helpe our swimming to the land, too farre for our owne strength to beare vs, my cousin and I threw our selues into the Sea. But I had swomme a very little way, when I felt, by reason of a wound I had, that I should not be able to abide the trauell: & therefore seeing the masse, whose tackling had beene burnt off, fote cleare from the ship, I swam vnto it, and getting on it, I found mine owne sword, which by chance, when I threw it away, caught by a peece of canuas, had hung to the masse. I was glad, because I loued it well, but gladder, when I saw at the other end the Captaine of the ship and of all this mischiefe; who hauing a long pike, belike had borne himsele vp with that, till he had set himself vpon the mast. But when I perceined him, Villaine, said I, dost thou thinke to ouerliue so many honest men, whom thy falshood hath brought to destruction? With that bestriding the mast, I gat by little and little towards him, after such a manner as boyes are wont, if euer you saw that sport, when they ride the wilde mare. And he perceiuing my intention, like a fellow that had much more courage than honestie, set himsele to resist: but I had in short space gotten within him, and (giuing him a sound blow) sent him to feed fishes. But there my selfe remained, vntill by Pirates I was taken vp, and among them againe taken prisoner, and brought into *Laconia*.

But what (said *Philoclea*) became of your cousin *Musidorus*? Lost, said *Pyrocles*. Ah, my *Pyrocles*, said *Philoclea*, I am glad I haue taken you. I perceiue you louers doe not alwaies say truly: as though I knew not your cousin *Dorus* the shepheard? Life of my desires (said *Pyrocles*,) what is mine, euen to my soule, is yours: but the secret of my friend is not mine. But if you know so much, then I may truly say, hee is lost,



lost, since he is no more his owne. But I perceiue your noble sister & you are great friends, and well doth it become you so to be. But go forward deare *Pyrocles*, I long to hear outtill your meeting me; for there to me way is the best part of your story. Ah sweet *Philoclea* (said *Pyrocles*) do you thinke I can thinke so precious a leasure as this well spent in talking? Are your eyes as fit booke, thinke you good reader vpon? Is my loue quiet enough to be an historiographer? Dear Princess, be so gracious vnto me. And then he faint would haue remembered to haue forgot himselfe. But she with a sweetly disobeying grace, desired him that how desire (once so chery) might serue, that no spot might disgrace that loue; which shewly she hoped should be to the world warrantable. Faine he would haue heard, till she thought anger; and then the pder louer durst not, because he durst not. Nay, I pray thee, deare *Pyrocles* (said she) let me haue my story. Sweet Princess (said he) giue my thoughts a little respice; and if it please you, since this time must so be spoiled, yet it shall suffer the lesse harme, if you vouchsafe to bestow your vblee; & let me know, how the good Queene *Eroa* was betrayed into such danger, and why *Plangus* fought mee? For indeed I should pity greatly any mischance fallen to that Princess. I will, said *Philoclea*, smiling, so you giue me your word, your hands shall be quiet auditors. They shall, said he, because subject. Then began shee to speake, but with so pretty & delightfull a maiesty, when she set her countenance to tell the matter, that *Pyrocles* could not chuse but rebell so far as to kisse her. She would haue puld her head away, and speake, but while she spake he kist, and it seemed he fed vpon her words; but she gat away. How will you haue your discourse, said she, without you let my lips alone? He yielded, & took her hand. On this, said he, will I reuenge my wrong, and so began to make much of that hand, when her tale, & his delight were interrupted by *Miso*, who taking her time, while *Basilus* backe was turned, came vnto them; & told *Philoclea*, she deserved she knew what, for leaving her mother, being euill at ease, to keep company with strangers. But *Philoclea* telling he that she was there by her fathers commandement, shee went away muttering, that though her backe, and her shoulders, & her neck were broken, yet as long as her tongue would wag, it should do her errand to her mother; and so went vp to *Gynethia*, who was at that time miserably vexed with this matter of dreames. It seemed vnto her to be in a place full of thornes, which so molested her, as she could neither abide standing still, nor tread safely going forward. In this case she thought *Zelmene* being vpon a fair hill, delightfull to the eye, & easie in appearance, called her thither: whither with such anguish being come, *Zelmene* was vanished, & she found nothing but a dead body like vnto her husband, which seeming at the first with a strange smel to infect her, as shee was ready likewise within a while to dye, the dead body shee thought tooke her in his armes, & said, *Gynethia*, leaue all, for here is thy only rest.

With that she awaked, crying very loud, *Zelmene*, *Zelmene*. But remembering her selfe, and seeing *Basilus* by, (her guilty conscience more suspecting, than being suspected) she turn'd her cal, & call'd for *Philoclea*. *Miso* forthwith like a valiant threw looking at *Basilus*, as though she would speake though she died for it, told *Gynethia* that her daughter had bene a whole houre together in secret talk with *Zelmene*. And, sayes she, for my part I could not be heard (your daughters are brought vp in such awe) though I told her of your pleasure sufficiently. *Gynethia*, as if she had heard her last doome pronounced against her, with a side look and changed countenance, O my Lord, said she, what mean you to suffer these yong folkes together? *Basilus* (that aimed nothing at the marke of her suspicion) smilingly took her in his armes. Sweet wife, said he, I thank you for your care of your childe; but they

must be youtnes of other metall than *Zelmans*, that can endanger her. O but, cried *Gynecia*, and therewith she said: for then indeede she did suffer a right conflict betwixt the force of loue, & rage of icalousie. Many times was she about to satisfie the spite of her mind, and tell *Basilius*, how she knew *Zelmans* to be far otherwise than the outward appearance. But those many times were all put back by the manifold obiections of her vehement loue. Faine she would haue bard her daughters hap, but loth she was to cut off her owne hope. But now, as if her life had been set vpon a wager of quicke rising, as weake as she was, she gat vp; though *Basilius* (with a kindnesse flowing only from the fountaine of vnkindnesse, being in deed desirous to win his daughter as much time as might be) was loth to suffer it, swearing he saw sicknesse in her face, and therefore was loth she should aduenture theayre.

But the great and wretched Lady *Gynecia*, possessed with those diuels of Loue and Icalousie, did rid her selfe from her tedious husband: & taking no body with her, going toward them. O Icalousie, said she, the phrensie of wise folkes, the wel-wishing spite, and vnkinde carefulnesse, the selfe-punishment for others fault, and selfe-misery in others happinesse, the cousin of enuie, daughter of loue, and mother of hate, how couldest thou so quietly get thee a seat in the vnquiet heart of *Gynecia*, *Gynecia* (said she sighing) thought wise, and once vertuous. Alas it is thy breeders power which plants thee there: it is the flaming agonie of affection, that works the chilling accessse of thy feuer, in such sort, that nature giues place, the growing of my daughter seemes the decay of my selfe; the blessings of a mother turn to the curses of a competitor, and the fair face of *Philoclea* appears more horrible in my sight than the image of death. Then remembered she this song, which shee thought took a right measure of her present minde.

**W**ith two strange fires of equall heat possesst,  
The one of Loue, the other of Icalousie,  
Both still do worke, in neither I find rest:

For both, alas, their strengths together tie:

The one aloft doth hold, the other bie.

Loue wakes the icalous eye, as thence it manes;

The icalous eye, the more it lookes, it loanes.

These fires increase: in these I daily burne:

They feed on me, and with my wings do flye:

My lovely eyes to dolefull ashes turne:

Their flames mount vp, my powers prostrate lie:

They live in force, I quite consumed die.

One war der yet far passeth my conceits,

The fewell small: how be the fires so great.

But her vnleasured thoughts ran not ouer the ten first words; but going with a pafe not so much too fast for her body, as slow for her mind, she found them together, who after *Miso's* departure had left their tale, & determined what to say to *Basilius*. But full abashed was poore *Philoclea* (whose conscience now began to know cause of blushing) for first salutation, receiuing an eye from her mother, full of the same disdainfull scorn, which *Pallas* shewed to poore *Arachne*, that durst contend with her for the prize of well weaning; yet did the force of loue so much rule her, that though for *Zelmans* sake she did detest her, yet for *Zelmans* sake she vsed no harder



harder words to her, than to bid her go home, and accompanie her solitary father. Then began she to display to *Zelmira* the storehouse of her dradly desires, when suddenly the confused rumour of a mutinous multitude, gave in occasion to *Zelmira* to breake off any such conference, for well she found, they were not friendly voices they heard, & to retire with as much diligence as conveniently they could towards the lodge. Yet before they could win the lodge by twentie paces, they were overtaken by an vntruly sort of clowns, and other rebels, which like a violent flood, were carried, they themselves knew not whither. But as soone as they came within perfect discerning these Ladies, like enraged beasts, without respect of their estates, or pity of their sex, they beganne to runne against them, as right villains, thinking abillitie to do hurt, to be a great advancement: yet so many as they were, so many almost were their minds, all knit together only in madness. Some cried, Take; some, Kill; some, Save: but then they that cried save, ran for company with them that meant to kill. Every one commanded, none obeyed; hee only seemed chiefe Captaine, that was most ragefull, *Zelmira* (whose vertuous courage was ever awake) drew out her sword, which ypon those ill-armed churles giuing as many wounds as blowes, & as many deaths almost as wounds, (lightning courage, and chundering smart vpon them) kept them at a bay, while the two Ladies got themselves into the lodge: out of the which *Mistress* (having put on an armour long vntried) came to prone his authority among his subjects, or at least, to adventure his life with his deare Mistresse, to whom hee brought a shield, while the Ladies trembling attended the issue of this dangerous adventure. But *Zelmira* made them perceive the odds between an Eagle and a Kite with such nimble staydnesse, and an assured rumbernesse, that while one was running backe for feare, his fellow had her sword in his guts. And by and by was both her heart and helpe well increased by the comming of *Diana*, who having been making of hurdles for his masters sheepe, heard the horrible cries of this madde multitude, and having straight represented before the eyes of his carefull Ioue, she perill wherein the soule of his soule might be, he went to *Panels* lodge, but found her in a case hard by, with *Moss* and *Diana*, who at that time would not haue opened the entrie to his sight. And therefore leaving them there (as in a place safe, both for being strong, and unknown) he ranne as the noise guided him. But when he saw his friend in such danger among them, anger and contempt (asking no counsell but of courage) made him runne among them, with no other weapon but his sheephooke, & with that stout knowing one of the villaines, took away a two hand sword from him, and with all help him from ever being ashamed of losing it. Then lifting vp his bare head, & casting terror into their faces, he made armes and legs goe to compleine to the earth, how still their masters had kept them. Yet the multitude still growing, for they were killing wearying them feare, least in long fight they should be conquered with conquering, they drew backe towards the lodge, but drew backe in such sort, that still their terror went forward, like a valiant mastiffe, which when his master pulleth backe by the raine from the beast (with whom he had already in the charged shew full imbracketment) though his pace be backward, his gesture is forward, his teeth and his eyes threatening more in the retreating, than they did in the advancing: so guided they themselves homeward, never stepping step backward; but that they proued themselves masters of the ground where they stood. Yet among the rebels there was a dapper fellow, a Taylor by occupation, who fetching his courage only from their going backe, began to bow his knees & very

fencer-like to draw neere to *Zelmune*. But as he came within her distance, turning his sword very nicely about his crown, *Basilius*, with a side blow, strake off his nose. He being suter to a Seamsters daughter, and therefore not a little grieved for such a disgrace, stooped down, because he had heard, that if it were fresh put to, it would cleave on againe. But as his hand was on the ground to bring his nose to his head, *Zelmune* with a blow sent his head to his nose. That saw a butcher, a butcherly chuffe indeed, who that day was sworn brother to him in a cup of wine, and lifted vp a great leuer, calling *Zelmune* all the vile names of a butcherly eloquence. But she (letting slip the blow of the leauer) bit him so surely vpon the side of his face, that she left nothing but the nether iaw, where the tongue still wagged, as willing to say more, if his masters remembrance had serued. O, said a miller that was half drunke, see the lucke of a good fellow, and with that word, ran with a pitchfork at *Dorus*, but the rimbledness of the wine caried his head so fast, that it made it ouerrunne his feet; so that he fell withall, iust between the legs of *Dorus*: who setting his foote on his necke (though hee offered two milch-kine, and foure fat hogs for his life) thrust his sword quite through, from one eare to the other, which took it very vnkindly, to feele such newes before they heard of them, in stead of hearing, to bee put to such feeling. But *Dorus* (leaving the miller to vomit his foule out in wine & blood) with his two-hand sword strake off another quite by the waist, who the night before had dreamed he was grown a couple, and (interpreting it that he should be married) had bragd of his dream that morning among his neighbours. But that blow astonished quite a poore painter, who stood by with a pike in his hands. This painter was to counterfeite the skirmish between the *Cordurys* and *Lapithes*, & had been very desirous to see some notable wounds, to be able the more liuely to expresse them; so this morning (being carried by the streame of this company) the foolish fellow was euen delighted to see the effect of blowes. But this last (happening neere him) so amazed him, that he stood stock still, while *Dorus*, with a turne of his sword, strake off both his hands. And so the painter returned, well skilful in wounds, but with neuer a hand to performe his skill.

In this manner they recouered the lodge, & gaue the rebels a face of wood of the outside. But they then, though no more furious, yet more outrageous when they saw no resister, went about with pike to the wall, & fire to the gate, to get them selves entrance. Then did the two Ladies mix fear with loue, especially *Philotes*, who euer caught hold of *Zelmune*, so by the folly of loue, hindering the succour which she desired. But *Zelmune* seeing no way of defence, no time to deliberate (the number of those villaines still increasing, and their madnesse still encreasing with their numbers) thought it the onely meanes, to goe beyond their expectation with a valiant boldnesse, and with danger to auoyde danger, and therefore opened againe the gate, and *Dorus* and *Basilius* standing ready for her defence, shee issued againe among them. The blowes she had dealt before, though in generall wast hurt, made each of them in particular take breath, before they brought their suddenly ouercome her, so that she had time to get vp to the iudgement-seate of the Prince, which, according to the custome of that country, was before the Court gate. There she paused a while, making signe with her hand vnto them, & withall, speaking aloud, that she had something to say vnto them, that would please them. But she was answered a while with nothing but shouts & cries, & some beginning to throw stones at her, not daring approach her. But at length, a young farmer (who might do most among the Country folk, & was caught in a little affection towards *Zelmune*) hoping by this kinde of to haue some good of her, desired them, if they

were



were honest men, to heare the woman speake. Fie fellowes, fie (said he) what will all the maides in our towne say, if so many tall men shall be affraid to heare a faire wench? I swear vnto you by no little ones, I had rather giue my teeme of oxen, than we should shew our selues so vnciuill wights. Besides, I tell you true, I haue heard it of old men counted wisdome, to hear much, & say little. His sententious speech so preuailed, that the most part began to listen. Then she, with such efficacy of gracefulness, & such a quiet magnanimitie represented in her face in this vttermost perill, as the more the barbarous people looked, the more it fixed their looks vpon her, in this sort began vnto them.

It is no small comfort vnto me, said she, hauing to speake something vnto you for your own behoofes, to finde that I haue to deale with such a people, who shew indeed in themselves the right nature of valor: which as it leaues no violence vnto attempted, while the choler is nourished with resistance, so when the subject of their wrath doth of it self vnlooked for offer it self into their hands, it makes them at least take a pause before they determine cruelty. Now then first (before I come to the principal matter) haue I to say vnto you, that your Prince *Basilius* himself in person is within this lodge, & was one of the three, whom a few of you went about to fight withall: and (this she said, not doubting but they knew it well enough; but because she would haue them imagine, that the Prince might thinke that they did not know it) by him I am sent vnto you, as from a Prince to his well approoued subjects, nay as from a father to beloued children, to know what it is that hath bred this quarrell among you, or who they be that haue any way wronged you; what it is with which you are displeased, or of which you are desirous? This he requirer: and indeed (for he knows your faithfulness) he commands you presently to set down, and to choose among your selues, some one, who may relate your griefes or demands vnto him.

This, being more than they hoped for from their Prince, assuaged wel their fury, & many of them consented (especially the yong farmer helping on, who meant to make one of the demands that hee might haue *Zelmene* for his wife) but when they began to talk of their griefes, neuer Bees made such a confused humming: the towne dwellers demanding putting down of imposts: the country fellowes laying out of commons: some would haue the Prince keep his Court in one place, some in another. All cryed out to haue new Counsellours: but when they should thinke of any new, they liked them as wel as any other, that they could remember, especially they would haue the treasure so looked to, as that he should neuer need to take any more subsidies. At length they fell to direct contrarieties. For the Artisans they would haue corn & wine set at a lower price, & bound to be kept so still: the plowmen, vine-laborers, & the farmers would none of that. The contrimen demanded that euery man might be free in the chief townes: that could not the burgeses like of. The peasants would haue all the gentlemen destroyed, the citizens (especially such as cooks, barbers, & those other that liued most on gentlemen) would but haue them reformed. And of each side were like diuisions, one neighborhood beginning to find fault with another. But no confusion was greater than of particular mens likings & dislikings: one dispraising such a one, whom another praised, & demanding such a one to be punished, whom the other would haue exalted. No lesse ado was there about chusing him, who should be their spokes-man. The finer sort of Burgeses, as Merchants, Prentises, and Clothworkers, because of their riches, disdain the baser occupations, and they because of their number as much disdain them: all they scorning the countrimens ignorance, & the countrimen

suspecting as much their cunning: So that *Zelmene* (finding that their united rage was now grown; not only to a diuiding; but to a crossing one of another; and that the milke growne among themselves did wel allay the heat against her) made tokens againe vnto them (as though she took great care of their well doing; & were affraid of their falling out) that she would speake vnto them. They now growne ialous one of another (the stay having ingendred diuision, and diuision having manifested their weaknesse) were willing enough to hear, the most part strining to shew themselves willinge rather than their fellowes: which *Zelmene* (by acquaintance first had had with such kind of humors) soone perceiuing, with an angerlesse brauery, and an vnabashed mildenesse, in this manner spake vnto them.

An vnused thing it is, & I thinke not heretofore seene, *o Arcadians*, that a woman should giue publike counsel to men, a stranger to the country people, & that lastly in such a presence by a private person, the regal throne should be possessed. But the strangenesse of your action makes that used for vertue, which your violent necessities imposeth. For certainly, a woman may well speake to such men, who haue forgotten all manlike gouernment: a stranger may with reason instruct such subiects, that neglect due points of subiection: and it is manlike this place is entered into by another, since your own Prince (after thirty yeeres gouernment) dare not shew his face vnto his faithfull people. Heare therefore *O Arcadians*, & be ashamed: against whom hath this zealous rage bin stirred? whither haue bin bent these manly weapons of yours? In this quiet harmlesse lodg there be harbord no *Argians*, your ancient enemies, nor *Laconians* your now feared neighbors. Here be neither hard landlords, nor biting vsurers. Here lodg none, but such, as either you haue great cause to loue, or no cause to hate: here being none, besides your Prince, Princesse, & their children, but my selfe. It is I then, *o Arcadians*, against whom your anger is armed? Am I the marke of your vehement quarrel? if it be so, that innocencie shal not be stop for fury; if it be so, that the law of hospitalitie (so long & holily obserued among you) may not defend a stranger fled to your armes for succor: if in fine, it be so, that so many valiant mens courages can be inflamed to the milchiefe of one silly woman; I refuse not to make my life a sacrifice to your wrath. Exertise in me your indignation, so it go no further, I am content to pay the great fauours I haue receiued among you, with my life, not ill deseruing: I present it here vnto you, *o Arcadians*, if that may satisfie you, rather than you (called ouer the world the wise & quiet *Arcadians*) should be so vain, as to attempt that alone, w<sup>ch</sup> all the rest of your country will abhor, then you should shew your selues so vngrateful, as to forget the fruit of so many years peaceable gouernment; or so vnnatural, as not to haue with the holy name of your natural prince, any fury ouermasted. For such a hellish madnes (I know) did neuer enter into your hearts, as to attempt any thing against his person, which no successor, though neuer so hatefull, will euer leaue for his owne sake) vnreuenged. Neither can your wonted valor be turned to such a basenes, as in stead of a Prince, deliuered vnto you by so many royal ancestors, to take the tyrannous yoke of your fellow subiect, in whom the innatomeannesse will bring forth rauenous couetousnesse, and the newnesse of his estate, suspectfull churly. Imagine, what could your enemies more wish vnto you, than to see your owne estate with your owne hands vndermined? O what would your forefathers say, if they lived at this time, and saw their off-spring defacing such an excellent principallie, which they with much labour and blood so wisely haue established? Do you thinke them fooles, that saw you should not enjoy your vines, your cattel, nor yet your wives & children, without gouernment; and that there could be no gouernment without

Magistrate,



Magistrate, & no Magistrate, without obedience; and no obedience where every one vpon his owne private passion, may interpret the doings of the rulers. Let your wits make your present example a lesson to you. What sweetness in good faith, find you in your present condition? what choice of choice find you, if you had lost *Basilus*? vnder whose ensigne would you go, if your enemies should invade you? If you cannot agree vpon one to speak for you, how will you agree vpon one to fight for you? But with this fear of I cannot tell what one is troubled, & with that passed wrong another is grieved. And I pray you did the Sun ever bring you a fruitfull harvest, but that it was more hot than pleasant. Have any of you children, that be not sometimes cumbersome? Haue any of you fathers, that be not sometime wearisome? What, shall we curse the Sunne, because our children, or disobey our fathers? But what need I vse these words, since I see in your countenances (now verily settled) nothing else but loue and duty to him, by whom for your only sakes the gouernment is embraced? For all what is done, he doth not only pardon you, but thanke you; iudging the action by the mindes, and not the mindes by the action. Your griefes, and desires whatsoeuer, and whensoever you list, he will consider of; & to his consideration it is reason you should refer them. So then to conclude, the vncertainty of his estate made you take armes; now you see him well, with the same iode lay them downe. If dwy but end (as I know you will) he will make no other account of this matter, as of a vehement, I must confesse over vehement affection; the only dominuance might proue a wickednesse. But it is not so, I see very welly on began with zeale, and will end with reuerence.

The action *Zelmune* vsed; being beautifull by nature and apparrelled with skill, her gestures being such that as her words did paint out her mind, so they serued as a shadow to make the picture more liuely and sensible, with the sweet cleerenesse of her voyce, rising and falling kindly as the nature of the word, and efficacy of the matter required, all together in such an admirable person, whose incomparable valour they had well felt, whose beauty did pierce through the thicke dunnesse of their senses; gave such a way into her speech through the rugged wildernesse of their imaginations, who besides they were stricken in admiration of her, as of more than a humane creature, were cold with taking breath, and had learned doubts out of pleasure, that instead of daring cries, there was now heard nothing, but a confused muttering, whether her saying were to be followed, betwixt feare to pursue, and lothnesse to leave, most of them should have been content, it had neuer bin begun; but how to end it, each afraid of his companions, they knew not, finding it far easier to tie than to loose knots. But *Zelmune* thinking it no euill way in such mutinies, to giue the mutinous some occasion of such seruise, as they might think (in their own iudgement) would countermaile their trespass, withall, to take the more assured possession of their mindes, which shee feared might begin to wauer, *Loyall Arcadians*, said she, now do I offer vnto you the manifesting of your duties: all those that haue taken armes for the Princes safety, let them turne their backs to the gate, with their weapons bent against such as would hurt his sacred person. O weak trust of the many-headed multitude, whom inconstancie only doth guide to well doing, who transfer confidence there, where company takes away shame, & each may lay the fault on his fellow? so said a crafty fellow among them, named *Clina*, to himself, when he saw the word goe sooner out of *Zelmunes* mouth, but that there were some shrouke of ioy, with Gods sake *Basilus*, and diuers of them with much idollity growne to be his guard, that but little before meant to be his murderers.

This *Clina* in his youth had been a scholar so farre, as to learne rather words than

than manners, and of words rather plaint than order; and oft had vsed to be an actor in Tragedies, where he had learned, besides a slidingnes of language, acquaintance with many passions, and to frame his face to beare the figure of them: long vsed to the eyes and eares of men, and to reckon no fault, but shamefastnesse in nature, a most noble Coward, and yet more strangely than rarely venturous in private practices.

This fellow was become of neerer trust to *Cecropia*, *Amphialus* his mother, so that he was priuie to all the mischievous deuises, wherewith she went about to ruine *Basilus* and his children, for the aduancing of her sonne: and though his education had made him full of tongue, yet his loue to be doing, taught him in any case to be secret, and had by his mistresse been vsed (euer since the strange retiring of *Basilus*) to whisper rumors into the peoples eares: and this time (finding great aptnesse in the multitude) was one of the chief that set them in the vprore (though quite without the consent of *Amphialus*, who would not for all the kingdomes of the world so haue aduentured the life of *Philactes*). But now perceiuing the flood of their fury began to ebbe, he thought it policy to take the first of the tide, so that no man cried lowder than he vpon *Basilus*. And some of the lustiest rebels not yet agreeing to the rest, hee caused two or three of his mates that were at his commandement to lift him vp, and then as if he had had a prologue to vtter, he began with a titce grauitie to demand audience. But few attending what he said, with vehemence gesture, as if he would reare the starres from the skies, he fell to crying out so lowde, that not onely *Zelmene*, but *Basilus* might heare him. O vnhappy men, more mad than the Gyants that would haue plucked *Iupiter* out of heauen, how long shall this rage continue? Why do you not all throw down your weapons, and submit your selues to our good Prince, or good *Basilus*, the *Pelops* of wisdom, & *Atinas* of all good gouernment? when will you begin to belecue mee, and other honest and faithfull subiects, that haue done all we could to stop your furie.

The farmer that loued *Zelmene* could abide him no longer. For as at the first he was willing to speak of conditions, hoping to haue gotten great soueraignties, and among the rest *Zelmene*: so now perceiuing, that the people, once any thing down the hill from their fury, would neuer stay till they came to the bottome of absolute yeelding, and so that he should be nearer feares of punishment, than hopes of such advancement, hee was one of them that stood most against the agreement: and to begin withall, disdainning this fellow should play the preacher, who had bin one of the chiefest make-bates, strake him a great wound vpon the face with his sword. The cowardly wretch fell down, crying for succour, and (scrambling through the legs of them that were about him) gat to the throne where *Zelmene* took him, and comforted him, bleeding for that was past, and quaking for fear of more.

But as soon as that blow was giuen (as if *Eolus* had broke open the doore to let all his winds out) no hand was idle, each one killing him that was next, for fear he should do as much to him. For being diuided in mindes & not diuided in companies, they that would yeeld to *Basilus* were intermingled with them that would not yeeld. These men thinking their ruine stood vpon it, those men to get fauour of their Prince, conuerter their vngacious motion into their own bowels, & by a true iudgement grew to their own punishers. None was sooner killed than those that had bin leaders in the disobedience: who by being so, had taught them, that they did lead disobedience to the same leaders. And many times it fell out that they killed them that were of their own faction, anger whetting, and doubt hastening their fingers. But then came downe *Zelmene*, and *Basilus* with *Darius* issued, and

sometimes



sometimes seeking to draw together those of their party, sometimes laying indifferently among them, made such havoc (among the rest *Zelmune* striking the Farmer to the heart with her sword, as before she had done with her eyes) that in a while all they of the contrary side were put to flight, & fled to certaine woods upon the frontiers, where feeding wildely, and drinking only water, they were disciplined for their drunken riots, many of them being slain in the chase, about a score only escaping. But when these late rebels, now souldiers, were returned from the chase, *Basilus* calling them together, partly for policie sake, but principally because *Zelmune* before had spoken it (which was to him more than a divine ordinance) he pronounced their generall pardon, willing them to return to their houses, & thereafter be more circumspect in their proceedings, which they did most of them with sharp markes of their folly. But imagining *Clinius* to be one of the chief that had bred this good alteration, he gave him particular thanks, & withall willed him to make him know how this frenzie had entred into the people.

*Clinius* purposing indeede, to tell him the truth of all, saying what did touch himselfe, or *Cecropia*, first dipping his hand in the blood of his wound, Now by this blood, said he, which is more deare to me than all the rest that is in my body, since it is spent for your safety, this tongue, perchance vnfortunate, but neuer false, shall now begin to lie vnto my prince, of me most beloued. Then stretching out his hand & making vehement countenances the vltiers of his speeches, in such manner of termes recounted this accident. Yesterday, said he, being your birth-day, in the goodly Greene two miles hence before the cite of *Enissus*, to do honor to the day, were a foure or five thousand people (of all conditions, as I think) gathered together, spending all the day in dancings & other exercises, & when night came vnder tents & bowes making great cheere, and meaning to obserue a wassaling watch all that night for your sake: *Bacchus*, the learned say, was begot with thunder. I think, that made him euer since so full of stir & debate. *Bacchus* indeed it was which sounded the first trumpet to this rude Alarum. For that barbarous opinion being generally among them, to think with vice to do honor, & with actiuitie in beastlines to shew abundance of loue, made most of them seek to shew the depth of their affection in the depth of their draught. But being once wel chased with wine, having spent all the night, & some peece of the morning in such prorelling, & emboldned by your absented manner of liuing, there was no matter their ears had euer heard of, that grew not to be a subject of their wine conference. I speak it by proofer: for I take witnes of the gods, who neuer leaue peruries unpunished, that I often cried out against their impudencie, & (when that would not serue) stop mine eares, because I would not be partaker of these blasphemies, till with buffers they forced me to haue mine eares & eyes defiled. Publike affaires were mingled with priuat grudges: neither was any man thought of wile, that did not pretend some cause of dislike. Railing was counted the fruit of freedom, & saying nothing had his vtmost praise in ignorance. At the length, your sacred person, alas, why did I live to heare it? alas how doe I breathe to vter it. But your commandment doth not only enioyn obedience, but giue me force, your sacred person, I say, set to be their table talk a proud word swelling in their stomacks, & disdainfull reproches against so great a greatness, hauing put on the shew of greatnes in their little mindes: till at length the very vnbridled vse of words hauing increased fire in their mindes (which God wot thought their knowledge notable, because they had at all no knowledge so condemn their own want of knowledge) they descended (O neuer to be forgotten presumption) to a direct dislike of your liuing from among them. Whereupon it was tedious to

remember

remember their far-fetched constructions. But the sum was, you disdained them; & what were the pompes of your estate, if their armes maintained you not? Who would call you a Prince, if you had not a people? When certain of them of wretched estates, and worse mindes (whose fortunes change could not impaire) began to say, that your gouernment was to be looked into; how the great treasures (you had leuied among them) had been spent; why none but great men and gentlemen could be admitted into counsell, that the commons, forsooth, were too plain headed to say their opinions: but yet their blood and sweat must maintaine all. Who could tell whether you were not betrayed in this place, where you lived: nay whether you did live or no. Therefore that it was time to come and see; and if you were here, to know, if *Arcadia* were grown lothsome in your sight, why you did not rid your selfe of the trouble? There would not want those that would take so faire a cumber in good part. Since the Countrey was theirs, and the gouernment an adherent to the countrey, why should they not consider of the one as well as inhabite the other? Nay rather, said they, let vs begin that, which all *Arcadia* will follow. Let vs deliuer our Prince from danger of practises, and our selues from want of a Prince. Let vs doe that which all the rest thinke. Let it be said, that we only are not astonished with vain titles, which haue their force but in our force. Lastly, to haue said and heard so much, was as dangerous, as to haue attempted: and to attempt they had the glorious name of libertie with them. These words, being spoken, like a furious storm, presently caried away their well inclined braines. What I, & some other of the honefter sort could do, was no more than if with a puffe of breath, one should go about to make a saile go against a mighty winde: or, with one hand, stay the ruine of a mighty Wall. So generall grew this madnesse among them, there needed no drumme, where each man cried, each speak to other that spake as fast to him, and the disagreeing sound of so many voices was the chief token of their vnmeet agreement. Thus was their banquet turned to a battaile, their winy mirths to bloody rages, and the happy prayers for your life to monstrous threatening of your estate, the solemnizing your birth-day, tended to haue bin the cause of your funerals. But as a drunken rage hath, besides his wickednesse, that folly, that the more it seeks to hurt, the less it considers how to be able to hurt; they neuer weighed how to arme themselves, but tooke vp euery thing for a weapon, that fury offered to their hands. Many swords, pikes, and bills there were: others tooke pitchforkes and rakes, conuerting husbandry to souldiery, some caught hold of spirs, things seruiceable for life, to bee the instruments of death. And there was some such one, who held the same pot wherein he dranke to your health, to vse it, as he could, to your mischiefe. Thus armed, thus gouerned, forcing the vnwilling, and heartning the willing, adding fury to fury, and increasing rage with running, they came headlong toward this lodge: no man, I dare say, resolved in his owne heart, what was the vttermost he would doe when he came hither. But as mischiefe is of such nature, that it cannot stand but with strengthning one euill by another, and so multiply in it selfe, till it come to the highest, & then fall with his owne weight: so to their mindes, once passed the bounds of obedience, more and more wickednes opened it selfe, so that they who first pretended to preserue you, then to reforme you, (I speake it in my conscience, and with a bleeding heart, now thought no safety for them; without murdering you. So as if the Gods, who preserue you for the preseruation of *Arcadia*, had not shewed their miraculous power, and that they had not vsed for instruments, both your owne valour (not fit to be spoken of by so meane a mouth as mine) & some, I must confesse, honest minds, (whom alas why should



should I mention, since what we did, reacht not to the hundreth part of our duty: our hands (I tremble to thinke of it) had destroyed all that, for which wee haue cause to reioyce that we are *Aradians*.

With that the fellow did wring his hands, and wrang out teares: so as *Basilius*, that was not the sharpest piercer into masked mindes, took a good liking to him; and so much the more as he had tickled him with praise in the hearing of his Mistresse. And therefore pitying his wound, willed him to get him home, & look well vnto it, and make the best search he could, to know if there were any further depth in this matter: for which he should be well rewarded. But before he went away, certaine of the shepheards being come (for that day was appointed for their pastorals) he sent one of them to *Philanax*, and another to other principall noblemen, and cities thereabouts, to make through inquirie of this vprore, & withall to place such garrisons in all the townes & villages neer vnto him, that he might thereafter keep his solitarie lodge in more securitie, vpon the making of a fire, or ringing of a bell, hauing them in a readinesse for him.

This *Clitias* (hauing his care one way when his eye was another) had perceiued, & therefore hasted away, with mind to tell *Cecropia*, that she was to take some speedy resolution, or else it were danger those examinations would both discouer, and ruine her: and so went his way, leauing that little company with embracements, and praying of *Zelmanus* excellent proceeding, to shew, that no decking sets forth any thing so much, as affection. For as, while she stood at the discretion of those vndiscreete rebels, euery angry countenance any of them made, seemed a knife layed vpon their owne throats; so vnspeakeable was now their ioy, that they saw (besides her safety and their owne) the same wrought, and safety wrought by her meanes, in whom they had placed all their delights. What examples *Gracie* could euer alleage of wit and fortitude, were set in ranke of trifles, being compared to this action.

But as they were in the midst of those vnfeined ceremonies, a Gitterne, il-playd on, accompanied with a hoarse voyce (who seemed to sing mauer the Muses, and to be merry in spite of Fortune) made them look the way of the ill-noysed song. The song was this.

**A** Hatefull cure with hate to heale:  
A bloody helpe with blond so fane:  
A foolish thing with fooles to deale.

Let him be bobd that bobs will haue,

But who by meanes of wisdom he

Hath sau'd his charge? it is euē I.

Let others deck their pride with skarres,

And of their wounds make brane lame shoues:

First let them dye, then passe the skarres,

When rotten Fame will tell their blowes.

But eye from blade, and eare from cry;

who hath sau'd all? it is euē I:

They had soone found it was *Damet*, who came with no lesse lifted vp countenance, than if he had passed ouer the bellies of all his enemies: so wise a point hee thought he had performed in vsing the naturall strength of the caue. But neuer was it

it his doing to come so soone thence, till the coast were more assuredly cleare: for it was a rule with him, That after a great storm there ever fall a few drops before it be fully finished. But *Pamela* (who had now experienced how much care doth sollicite a Louers heart) vsed this occasion of going to her parents and sister, indeede as well for that cause, as being vnquiet, till her eye might be assured how her shepheard had gone through the danger. But *Basilus* with the sight of *Pamela* (of whom almost his head otherwise occupied, had left the wonted remembrance) was suddenly stricken into a deuout kinde of admiration, remembring the Oracle, which (according to the fauning humour of false hope) hee interpreted now his own to his owne best, and with the willing blindness of affection (because his minde ran wholly vpon *Zelmene*) he thought the Gods in their Oracles did principally mind her.

But as he was deeply thinking of the matter, one of the shepherds told him, that *Philanax* was already come with an hundred horse in his company. For hauing by chance rid not far off the little desert, he had heard of this vproare, & so was come vpon the spur gathering a company of gentlemen as fast as he could to the succour of his Master: *Basilus* was glad of it, but not willing to haue him, nor any other of the noblemen, see his Mistris, he himselfe went out of the lodge: and fo giuing order vnto him of placing garrisons, and examining these matters, and *Philanax* with humble earnestnesse beginning to entreate him to leaue off this solitary course (which already had been so dangerous vnto him.) Well, said *Basilus*, it may be ere long I will condescend vnto your desire. In the meane time, take you the best order you can to keep me safe in my solitarinesse. But, said he, doe you remember, how earnestly you wrote vnto mee, that I should not be moued by that Oracles authoritie, which brought me to this resolution? Full well Sir (answered *Philanax*) for though it pleased you not as then to let me know, what the Oracles words were (yet all Oracles hold in (in my conceit) one degree of reputation) it sufficed me to know, it was but an Oracle, which led you from your own course. Well, said *Basilus*, I will now tell you the words; which before I thought not good to doe, because when all the euents fal out (as some already haue done) I may charge you with your incredulitie. So he repeated them in this sort.

**T**hy elder care shall from thy carefull face  
By Princely meane be stolne, and yet not lost.  
Thy younger shall with Natures blisse embrace  
An uncouth loue, which nature hateth most.  
Both they themselues vnto such two shall wed,  
Who at thy beer, as at a barre, shall pleade;  
Why thee (a liuing man) they had made dead.  
In thine own seat a forraime state shall sit,  
And ere that all these blowes thy head do hit,  
Thou, with thy wife, adultery shalt commit.

For you, forsooth, said he, when I told you, that some supernatural cause sent me strange visions, which being confirmed with presagious chances, I had gone to *Delphos*, & there receiued this answer, you replied vnto me, that the only supernatural causes were the humours of my body, which bred such melancholy dreams; & that both they framed a minde full of conceits, apt to make presages of things, which in themselves were meere chancable: and withall, as I say, you remember what  
you



you wrote vnto me, touching the authority of the Oracle: but now I haue some notable triall of the truth thereof, which hereafter I will more largely communicate vnto you. Only now, know that the thing I most feared is already performed; I meane that a forraine state should possesse my throne. For that hath bin done by *Zelmane*, but not as I feared, to my ruine, but to my preseruatiō. But when he had once named *Zelmane*, that name was as good as a pully, to make the clock of his praises run on in such sort, that (*Philanax* found) was more exquisite than the only admiration of vertue breedeth: which his faithful heart inwardly repining at, made him shrink away as soone as he could, to go about the other matters of importance, which *Basilius* had enioyned vnto him.

*Basilius* returned into the Lodge, thus by himselfe construing the Oracle, that in that he said, his elder care should by Princely meane be stolne away from him, and yet not lost, it was now performed, since *Zelmane* had as it were robd from him the care of his first begotten childe, yet was it not lost, since in his heart the ground of it remained. That his younger should with Natures blisse embrace the loue of *Zelmane*, because he had so commanded her for his sake to do; yet should it be with as much hate of Nature, for being so hatefull an opposit to the ieaiousie hee thought her mother had of him. The sitting in his seat hee deemed by her already performed; but that which most comforted him, was his interpretation of the adultery, which he thought he should commit with *Zelmane*, whom afterwards hee should haue to his wife. The point of his daughters mariage, because it threatned his death withall, he determined to prevent with keeping them (while he lived) vnmarried. But hauing, as he thought, gotten thus much vnderstanding of the Oracle, he determined for three daies after to performe certain rites to *Apollo*: and euen then began with his wife and daughters to sing this Hymne, by them yearely vsed.

**A**pollo Great, whose beames the greater world doe light,  
And in our little world doe cleare our inward sight,  
Which euer shine, though hid from earth by earthly shade,  
Whose lights doe euer line, but in our darknesse fade;  
Thou god, whose youth was decks with spoile of *Pythons* skin  
(Soluble knowledge can throw downe the snakish sinne)  
*Larona's* son, whose birth in paine and trauaile long  
Doth teach, to learne the good what trauailes doe belong  
In trauaile of our life (a short but tedious space)  
While bricke houre-glasse runs, guide thou our panting pace:  
Giue vs foresightfull mindes: giue vs mindes to obey  
What foresight sels; our thoughts vpon thy knowledge stay.  
Let so our fruits grow vp that nature be maintaine'd;  
But so our hearts keepe downe, with vice they be not staine'd.  
Let this assured hold our iudgements ouertake,  
That nothing winnes the heauen, but what doth earth forsake.

As soone as he had ended his deuotion (all the priuiledged shepheards being now come) knowing wel enough he might lay all his care vpon *Philanax*, he was willing to sweeten the taste of this passed tumult, with some rurall pastimes. For which while the shepheards prepared themselves in their best manner, *Basilius* tooke his daughter *Philoclea* aside, &c with such haste, as if his eares hunted for words, desired to know how she had found *Zelmane*. She humbly answered him, according to the

agreement betwixt them, that thus much for her sake *Zelmane* was content to descend from her former resolution, as to heare him, whensoever he would speake, & further than that, she said, as *Zelmane* had not granted, so nee neyther did, nor euer would desire. *Basilus* kist her with more than fatherly thanks, and straight (like a hard-kept Warde new come to his lands) would fain haue vsed the benefit of that grant, in laying his sicknesse before his only Physitian. But *Zelmane* (that had not yet fully determined with her selfe, how to beare her selfe toward him) made him in few words vnderstand, that the time in respect of the company was vnfit for such a parley; & therefore to keep his brains the busier, letting him vnderstand what she had learned of his daughters, touching *Erona's* distresse (whom in her trauaile she had knowne, and bin greatly beholding to) she desired him to finish the rest, for so far as *Planus* had told him, Because she said, and she said truely, she was full of care for that Lady, whose desert (only except an ouer-bare choise) was nothing agreeable to misfortune. *Basilus* glad that she would command him any thing, but more glad, that in excusing the vnfitness of that time, she argued an intention to grant a fitter, obeyed her in this manner.

Madam, said hee, it is verie true, that since yeares enabled mee to iudge what is, or is not to be pitied, I neuer saw any thing that more moued me to iustifie a vehement compassion in my selfe, than the estate of that Prince, whom strong against all his owne afflictions (which yet were great as I perceiue you haue heard) yet true and noble loue had so pulled down, as to lye vnder sorrow for another. In so much as I could not temper my long idle pen in that subiect, which I perceiue you haue seen. But then to leaue that vnrepeated, which I find my daughters haue told you: It may please you to vnderstand, since it pleaseth you to demand, that *Antiphilus* being crowned, and so left by the famous Princes *Anfidorus* and *Pyrocles* (led thence by the challenge of *Anaxius*, who is now in these Prouinces of Greece, making a dishonourable enquiry after that excellent Prince *Pyrocles* already perished) *Antiphilus*, I say, being crowned, and deliuered from the presence of those two (whose vertues, while they were present, like good Schoolemasters) suppressed his vanities, he had not strength of mind enough in him to make long delay of discouering what maner of man he was. But streight like one caried vp to so hie a place, that he loseth the discerning of the ground ouer which he is; so was his mind lifted so far beyond the leuell of his owne discourse, that remembring only that himself was in the high seat of a King, hee could not perceiue that hee was a king of reasonable creatures, who would quickly scorne follies, and repine at iniuries. But imagining no so true propertie of soueraigntie, as to do what he listed, and to list whatsoeuer pleased his fancy, he quickly made his Kingdome a Tennis court, where his subiects should bee the balles, not in truth cruelly, but licenciously abusing them, presuming so far vpon himself, that what he did was liked of every body: nay, that his disgraces were fauours, & all because he was a king. For in Nature not able to conceiue the bounds of great matters (suddenly borne into an vnknowne Ocean of absolute power) he was swayed withal, he knew not how, as euery wind of passions puffed him. Wherto nothing helped him better, than that poysonous sugar of flatterie: which some vsed, out of the innate basenesse of their heart, straight like dogs fawning vpon the greatest: others secretly hating him, and disdayning his great rising so suddenly, so vnderferuedly (finding his humour) bent their exalting him only to his overthrow; like the bird that carries the shel-fish high, to breake him the easier with his fall. But his minde (being an apt matter to receiue what forme their amplifying speeches would lay vpon it) danced so pretty a measure to their false musick, that he thought himselfe



himselfe the wisest & worthiest, and best beloued, that euer gave honour to royall title. And being but obscurely borne, he had found our vnblushing pedigree, that made him not only of the bloud royall, but true heire, though vniustly dispossessed by *Erona's* Ancestors. And like the foolish bird, that when it so hides the head that it sees not it selfe, thinkes no body else sees it: so did he imagine that no body knew his basenesse, while he himselfe turned his eyes from it.

Then vaine nesse (a meager friend to gratefulnesse) brought him so to despise *Erona*, as of whom he had receiued no benefit, that within halfe a years marriage he began to pretend barrennesse: & making first an vnlawfull law of hauing no wiues than one, he still keeping *Erona* vnder-hand, by messages sought *Artaxia*: who no lesse hating him, than louing (as vn lucky a choise) the naughty King *Plexirtus*, yet to bring to passe what she purposed, was content to traine him into false hopes, till already his imagination had crowned him King of *Armenia*, and had made that but the foundation of more and more Monarchies; as if fortune had only gotten eyes to churish him. In which time a great assembly of most part of all the Princes of *Asia* being to do honour to the neuer sufficiently praised *Pyrracles* & *Musidorus*, he would be one, not to acknowledge his obligation, which was as great as any of the others, but looking to haue bin yong-mastred among those great estates, as he was among his abusing vnderlings. But so many valorous Princes, indeed far neerer to disdain him than otherwise, he was quickly (as standing vpon no true ground) inwardly out of countenance with himselfe, till his seldom-comfortlesse flatterers (perswading him, it was enuie and feare of his expected greatnesse) made him haste away from that company, and without further delay appointed the meeting with *Artaxia*; so incredibly blinded with the ouer-bright shining of his royaltie, that hee could thinke such a Queene would be content to be ioyned-patent with another to haue such an husband. Poore *Erona* to all this obeyed, either vehemeny of affection making her stoop to so ouer-base a seruitude; or astonished with an vnlooked for fortune, dull to any behoofesfull resolution, or (as many times it falls out euen in great hearts when they can accuse none but themselves) desperately bent to maintaine it. For so went she on in that way of her loue, that (poore Ladie) to bee beyond all other examples of ill set affection, she was brought to write to *Artaxia*, that she was content for the publike good to be a second wife, and yeeld the first place to her; nay to extoll him, and euen woo *Artaxia* for him.

But *Artaxia* (mortally hating them both for her brothers sake) was content to hide her hate, till she had time to shew it: and pretending that all her grudge was against the two paragons of vertue, *Musidorus* and *Pyrracles*, euen met them halfe way in excusing her brothers murder, as not being principall actors; and of the other side, driuen to what they did by the euer pardonable necessitie: and so well handled the matter, as though she promised nothing; yet *Antiphilus* promised himselfe all that she would haue him thinke. And so a solemne enteruiew was appointed: But (as the Poets say) *Hymen* had not there his saffron coloured coat. For *Artaxia* laying men secretly (& easily they might bee seeter, since *Antiphilus* thought shee ouer-ran him in loue) when hee came euen ready to embrace her (shewing rather a countenance of accepting than offering) they came forth, and (hauing much aduantage both in number, valour, & fore-preparation) put all his company to the sword, but such as could flie away. As for *Antiphilus*, shee caused him & *Erona* both to be put in yrons, haling back toward her brothers tombe, vpon which she meant to sacrifice them; making the loue of her brother stand betwene her and all other motions of grace, from which by nature she was alienated.

But great diuerſity in them two quickly diſcouered it ſelfe for the bearing of that affliction: for *Antiphilus* that had no greatneſſe but outward, that taken away, was ready to fall faſter than calamity could thruſt him; with fruitleſſe begging of life (where reaſon might well aſſure him his death was reſolued) and weak be-moaning his fortune, to giue his enemies a moſt pleaſing muſicke, with manie promiſes and proteſtations, to as little purpoſe, as from a little mind. But *Erona* ſad indeed, yet like one rather uſed, than new ſaln to ſadneſſe (as who had the ioyes of her heart already broken) ſeemed rather to welcome than to ſhun that end of miſerie; ſpeaking little, but what ſhe ſpake was for *Antiphilus*, remembreing his guiltineſſe, being at that time priſoner to *Tiridates*, when the valiant Prince ſue him: to the diſgrace of men, ſhewing that there are women both more wiſe to iudge what is to bee expected, and more conſtant to beare it when it is happened.

But her wit endeared by her youth, her affliction by her birth, & her ſadneſſe by her beauty, made this noble Prince *Plangus*, who (neuer almoſt from his Couſin *Artaxia*) was now preſent at *Erona*'s taking, to perceiue the ſhape of louelieneſſe more perfectly in wo, than in ioyfulneſſe (as in a picture which receiues greater life by the darkneſſe of ſhadowes, than by more glittering colours) and ſeeing to like, and liking to loue, and louing ſtraight to feele the moſt incident effects of loue, to ſerue and preſerue. So borne by the haſtie tyde of ſhort leaſure, he did haſtily deliuer together his affection, and affectionate care. But ſhee (as if he had ſpoken of a ſmall matter, when he mentioned her life, to which ſhee had not leaſure to attend) deſired him if hee loued her, to ſhew it, in finding ſome way to ſaue *Antiphilus*. For her, ſhe found the world but a wearifome ſtage vnto her, where ſhe played a part againſt her will: and therefore beſought him, not to caſt his loue in ſo vnfruitfull a place, as could not loue it ſelfe: but for a testimony of conſtancie, and a ſutableneſſe to his word, to doe ſo much comfort to her minde, as that for her ſake *Antiphilus* were ſaued. Hee told mee how much hee argued againſt her tendring him, who had ſo vngratefully betrayed her, and fooliſhly caſt away himſelfe. But perceiuing ſhe did not only bend her very good wits to ſpeak for him againſt her ſelf, but when ſuch a cauſe could be allied to no reaſon, yet loue would needes make it ſelfe a cauſe, and barre her rather from hearing, than yeeld that ſhe ſhould yeeld to ſuch arguments: he likewiſe in whom the power of Loue, as they ſay of ſpirits, was ſubiect to the loue in her, with griefe conſented, and (though backwardly) was diligent to labour the helpe of *Antiphilus*: a man whom he not only hated, as a traytor to *Erona*, but enuied as a poſſeſſor of *Erona*. Yet loue ſware his heart, in ſpite of his heart, ſhould make him become a ſeruant to his riuall. And ſo did he, ſeeking all the meanes of perſwading *Artaxia*, which the authority of ſo neere, and ſo vertuous a kinfman could giue vnto him. But ſhee to whom the eloquence of hatred had given reuenge the face of delight, reiected al ſuch motions; but rather the more cloſely impriſoning them in her chiefe city, where ſhe kept them, with intention at the birth-day of *Tiridates*, which was very neere, to execute *Antiphilus*, and at the day of his death, which was about halfe a yeare after, to uſe the ſame rigour towards *Erona*. *Plangus* much griued, becauſe much louing, attempted the humours of the *Lycians*, to ſee, whether they would come in with forces to ſuccor their Princeſſe. But there the next inheritor to the crown (with the true play that is uſed in the game of kingdomes) had no ſooner his miſtreſſe in captiui ty, but he had vſurped her place, and making her odious to her people, becauſe of the vnfit election ſhe had made, had ſo left no hope there: but which is worſe, had ſent to *Artaxia*, perſwading the iuſtifying her, becauſe that vniuſtice might giue his title the name of iuſtice. Wanting  
that



that way, *Plangus* practised with some deare friends of his, to saue *Antiphilus* out of prison, whose day because it was much nearer than *Erona's*, & that he well found, she had twisted her life vpon the same threed with his, hee determined first to get him out of prison: and to that end hauing prepared all matters as well as in such case he could, where *Artaxia* had set many of *Tiridates* old seruants to haue well-marking eyes, he conferred with *Antiphilus*, as (by the authority he had) he found meanes to do; & agreed with him of the time & maner, how hee should by the death of some of his Taylors escape. But all being well ordered, & *Plangus* willingly putting himselfe into the greatest danger, *Antiphilus* (who, like a bladder, sweld ready to break, while it was full of the wind of prosperity; that being out, was so abiected, as apt to be trod on by euery body) when it came to the point, that with some hazzard, hee might be in apparant likelihood to auoid the vttermost harme, his heart fainted, & (weake foole, neither hoping, nor fearing as hee should) gat a conceit, that with bewraying this practice, he might obtaine pardon: & therefore euen a little before *Plangus* should haue come vnto him, opened the whole practice to him that had the charge, with vnptied teares idely protesting, hee had rather dye by *Artaxia's* commandement, than against her will escape: yet begging life vpon any the hardest, & wretchedest conditions that she should lay vpon him. His keeper provided accordingly, so that when *Plangus* came, he was like himselfe to haue bin entrapped: but that finding (with a luckie in-fight) that it was discovered, he retyred; and (calling his friends about him) stood vpon his guard, as he had good cause. For, *Artaxia* (accounting him most vngratefull, considering that her brother & she had not onely preserued him against the malice of his father, but euer vsed him much liker his birth, than his fortune) sent forces to apprehend him. But hee among martiall men had gotten so great loue, that he could not only keep himself from her malice, but worke in their minds a compassion of *Erona's* aduersitie.

But for the succour of *Antiphilus* hee could get no bodie to ioyne with him, the contempt of him hauing not bin able to qualifie the hatred; so that *Artaxia* might easily vpon him performe her will; which was (at the humble suite of all the women of that Cirie) to deliuer him to their censure, who mortally hated him for hauing made a law of *Polygamie*, after many tortures, forced him to throw himselfe from a high Pyramis, which was built ouer *Tiridates* tombe, and so to end his false-hearted life, which had planted no strong thought in him, but that he could be vnkinde.

But *Plangus* well perceiuing that *Artaxia* stayed only for the appointed day, that the faire *Erona's* body (consumed to ashes) should make a notorious testimony, how deeply her brothers death was engrauen in her breast, he assembled good numbers of friends, whom his vertue, though a stranger, had tyed vnto him, by force to giue her liberty. Contrariwise, *Artaxia*, to whom Anger gaue more courage than her sexe did feare, vsed her regall authority (the most she could) to suppress that sedition, and haue her will: which, shee thought, is the most Princely thing that may be. But *Plangus*, who indeed, as all men witnesse, is one of the best Captaines (both for policie and valour) that are trayned in the schoole of *Mars*, in a conflict ouerthrew *Artaxia's* power, though of farre greater number: and there tooke prisoner a base sonne of her brothers, whom she dearely affected, & then sent her word that he should runne the same race of fortune, what soeuer it was, that *Erona* did: & happy was that threatning for her; for else *Artaxia* had hastened the day of her death, in respect of those tumults.

But now (some principall Noblemen of that Country interposing themselves)

it was agreed, that all persons else fully pardoned, and all prisoners (except *Erona*) deliuered, she should be put into the hands of a principall Nobleman, who had a castle of great strength, by oath, if by the day two yeare from *Tiridates* death, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* did not in person combate, and ouercome two Knights, whom she appointed to maintaine her quarrell against *Erona* and them, of hauing by treason destroyed her brother, that then *Erona* should be that same day burned to ashes: but if they came, and had the victorie, she should be deliuered; but vpon no occasion neither freed, nor executed till that day. And hereto of both sides, all took solemne oath, and so the peace was concluded; they of *Plangus* party forcing him to agree, though he himselfe the sooner condiscended, knowing the courtesie of those two excellent Princes, not to refuse so noble a quarrell, & their power such, as two more (like the other two) were not able to resist. But *Artaxia* was more, and vpon better ground, pleased with this action; for she had euen newly receiued newes from *Plexirtus*, that vpon the sea he had caused them both to perish, & therefore she held her selfe sure of the match.

But poore *Plangus* knew not so much, and therefore seeing his party (as most times it falls out in like case) hungry of any conditions of peace, accepted them; & then obtained leaue of the Lord, that indifferently kept her, to visit *Erona*, whom he found full of desperate sorrow, suffering neither his vnworthinesse, nor his wrongs, nor his death (which is the naturall conclusion of all worldly acts) either to couer with forgetfulness, or diminish with consideration, the affection she had born him: but euen glorying in affliction, & shunning all comfort, she seemed to haue no delight, but in making her selfe the picture of misery. So that when *Plangus* came to her, she fell in deadly traunces, as if in him she had seen the death of *Antiphilus*, because he had not succoured him: and yet (her vertue strining) she did at one time acknowledge her self bound, & professe her self iniured; in stead of allowing the conclusion they had made, or writing to the Princes (as he wisht her to do) crauing nothing but som speedy death, to follow her (in spite of iust hate) beloued *Antiphilus*.

So that *Plangus* hauing nothing but a rauisht kisse from her hand at their parting, went away toward *Greece*, whitherward he vnderstood the Princes were embarked. But by the way it was his fortune to intercept letters, written by *Artaxia* to *Plexirtus*: wherein shee signified her accepting him to her husband, whom shee had euer fauoured; so much the rather, as hee had performed the conditions of her marriage, in bringing to their deserued end her greatest enemies: withall, thanking the sea, in such tearmes as hee might well perceiue it was by some treason wrought in *Plexirtus* ship. Whereupon (to make more diligent search) he tooke ship himselfe, and came into *Laconia*, enquiring, and by his enquiry finding, that such a ship was indeede with fight and fire perished, none (almost) escaping. But for *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, it was assuredly determined that they were cast away: for the name of such Princes (especially in *Greece*) would quickly else haue bin a large witnesse to the contrary. Full of griefe with that, for the losse of such, who left the world poor of perfection: but more sory for *Erona's* sake, who now by them could not be relieved; a new aduertisement from *Armenia* ouertooke him, which multiplied the force of his anguish. It was a message from the Nobleman who had *Erona* in ward, giuing him to vnderstand, that since his departure, *Artaxia*, vsing the benefit of time, had besieged him in his Castle, demanding present deliuerie of her, whom yet for his faith giuen, he would not, before the day appointed, if possibly he could resist; which he foresaw, long he should not do for want of victuall, which he had not so wisely provided, because he trusted vpon the generall oath taken for two yeares

space:



space: and therefore willed him to make haste to his succour, and come with no small forces; for all they that were of his side in *Armenia* were consumed, and *Artaxia* had increased her might by marriage of *Plexirtus*, who now crowned King there, stickt not to glory in the murder of *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, as hauing iust cause thereto, in respect of the deaths of his sister *Andromana*, her son his Nephew, and his owne daughter *Zelmane*: all whose losse hee vniustly charged them withall, and now openly stickt not to confesse; what a reuenge his wit had brought forth. *Plangus* much astonished herewith, bethought himselfe what to doe: for to returne to *Armenia* was vaine, since his friends there, were vtterly ouerthrowne. Then thought he of going to his father; but he had already (euen since the death of his stepmother and brother) attempted the recouering of his fauour, and all in vaine. For they that had before ioyned with *Andromana* to doe him the wrong, thought now no life for them if he returned; and therefore kept him still (with new forged suspitions) odious to his father. So that *Plangus* reseruing that for a work of longer time, than the sauing of *Erona* could beare, determined to goe to the mightie and good king *Euarchus*: who lately hauing (to his eternall fame) fully, not onely conquered his enemies, but established good gouernment in their countries, he hoped he might haue present succour of him, both for the iustnesse of the cause, and reuenge of his childrens death, by so haynous a treason murdered. Therefore with diligence he went to him, and by the way (passing through my countrey) it was my hap to finde him, the most ouerthrowne man with grieffe, that euer I hope to see againe. For still it seemed hee had *Erona* at a stake before his eyes; such an apprehension hee had taken of her danger; which in despite of all the comfort I could giue him, hee powred out in such lamentations, that I was moued not to let him passe till he had made full declaration, which by peeces my daughters & I haue deliuered vnto you. Faine he would haue had succour of my self; but the course of my life being otherwise bent, I only accompanied him with some that might safely guid him to the great *Euarchus*; for my part hauing had some of his speeches so feelingly in my memorie, that at an idle time (as I told you) I set them downe Dialogue-wise, in such manner as you haue seene. And thus, excellent Lady, I haue obeyed you in this story: wherin if it well please you to consider what is the strange power of Loue, & what is due to his authority, you shall exercise therein the true nobleness of your iudgement, and doe the more right to the vnfortunate Historian. *Zelmane* (fighing for *Erona's* sake, yet inwardly comforted in that she assured her selfe *Euarchus* would not spare to take in hand the iust deliuering of her, ioyned with the iust reuenge of his childrens losse) hauing now what shee desired of *Basilus*, to auoide his further discourses of affection, encouraged the shepheards to begin, whom shee saw already ready for them.

## THE SECOND ECLOGUES.

THE rude tumult of the *Enispians* gaue occasion to the honest shepheards to begin their Pastorals this day with a daunce, which they called the skirmish betwixt Reason & Passion. For seuen shepheards (which were named the reasonable shepheards) ioyned themselues, foure of them making a square, & the other two going a little wide of either side, like wings for the maine battell, and the seuenth man formost, like the forlorne hope, to begin the skirmish. In like order came out the seuen appassioned shepheards, all keeping the pace of their foot by their voice, and sundry consoorted instruments they held in their armies. And first, the formost of the Reason side began to sing:

Reason

Reason. *Thou rebell vile, come, to thy master yeeld.*  
And the other that met with him answered :

Passion. *No, Tyrant, no ; mine, mine shall be the field.*  
R. *Can Reason then a Tyrant counted be ?*  
P. *If Reason will, that Passions be not free.*  
R. *But Reason will, that Reason governe most.*  
P. *And Passion will, that Passion rule the rest.*  
R. *Your will is will, but Reason reason is.*  
P. *Will hath his will, when Reasons will doth misse.*  
R. *Whom Passion leades, unto his death is bent.*  
P. *And let him die, so that he dye content.*  
R. *By nature you to Reason faith have sworne.*  
P. *Not so, but fellow-like together borne.*  
R. *Who Passion doth ensue, lyes in annoy.*  
P. *Who Passion doth forsake, lyes void of ioy.*  
R. *Passion is blinde, and treades an unknowne trace.*  
P. *Reason hath eyes to see his owne ill case.*

Then as they approched nearer, the two of Reasons side, as if they shot at the other, thus sang :

R. *Dare Passions then abide in Reasons light ?*  
P. *And is not Reason dim with Passions might ?*  
R. *O foolish thing which glory doth destroy.*  
P. *O glorious title of a foolish toy.*  
R. *Weaknesse you are, dare you with our strength fight ?*  
P. *Because our weaknesse weakneth all your might.*  
R. *O sacred Reason, helpe our vertuous toyles.*  
P. *O Passion, passe on feeble Reasons spoyles.*  
R. *We with our selues abide a daily strife.*  
P. *We gladly vse the sweetnesse of our life.*  
R. *But yet our strife sure peace in end doth breed.*  
P. *We now haue peace, your peace we doe not need.*

Then did the two square battailes meete, and in stead of fighting embrace one another, singing thus :

R. *We are too strong : But Reason seekes no blood.*  
P. *Who to bee weake, doe faine they be too good.*  
R. *Though we cannot orecome, our cause is iust.*  
P. *Let vs orecome, and let vs be vniust.*  
R. *Yet Passions yeeld at length to Reasons stroke.*  
P. *What shall we win by taking Reasons yoke ?*  
R. *The ioyes you haue shall be made permanent.*  
P. *But so we shall with grieffe learne to repent.*  
R. *Repent indeed, but that shall be your blisse.*  
P. *How know we that, since present ioyes we misse ?*  
R. *You know it not : of Reason therefore know it.*  
P. *No Reason yet had euer skill to shew it.*  
R. *Then let vs both to heavenly rules giue place.*  
P. *Which Passions kill, and reason doe deface.*

Then



Then embraced they one another, & came to the king, who framed his praises of them according to *Zelmanes* liking; whose vnrestrained parts, the mind & eye, had their free course to the delicate *Philoclea*, whose look was not short in well requiting it, although shee knew it was a hatefull sight to her iealous mother. But *Dicus* (that had in this time taken a great liking of *Dorus*, for the good parts hee found aboue his age in him) had a delight to taste the fruits of his wit, though in a subiect which he himselfe most of all other despised: and so entred to speech with him in the manner of this following Eclogue.

Dicus.

Dorus.

Dorus, tell me, where is thy wonted motion,  
To make these woods resound thy lamentation?  
Thy Saint is dead, or dead is thy deuotion.  
For who doth hold his loue in estimation,  
To witnesse that he thinkes his thoughts delicious,  
Thinks to make each thing badge of his sweet passion.

Dorus. But what doth make thee Dicus, so suspicious,  
Of my due faith, which needs must be immutable?  
Who others vertue doubts, themselves are vicious,  
Not so; although my metall were most mutable,  
Her beames haue wrought therein most faire impression,  
To such a force soone change were nothing suitable.

Dicus. The heart well set doth neuer shunne confession:  
If noble be thy bands make them notarion:  
Silence doth seeme the maske of base oppression.  
Who glories in his loue, doth make Loue glorious:  
But who doth feare, or bide th' hate wilfully,  
Shewes, guilty heart doth deeme his state opprobrious.  
Thou then, that fram'st both words and voyce most skilfully,  
Teeld to our eares a sweet and sound relation,  
If Loue tooke thee by force, or caught thee guilefully,

Dorus. If Sunnie beames shame heau'nly habitation,  
If three leau'd grasse seeme to the sheepe vnseasonie.  
Then base and sowre is Loues most high vocation,  
Or if sheepes cries can helpe the Sunnes owne bragerie,  
Then may I hope, my pipe may haue ability,  
To helpe her praise, who decks me in her slauerie.  
No, no: no words ennoble selfe nobility,  
As for your doubts, her voyce was it deceined me,  
Her eye the force beyond all possibility.

Dicus. Thy words well voyced, well grac'd had almost beword me,  
Quite from my selfe to lone Loues contemplation,  
Till of these thoughts thy sodaine end bereaued me,  
Goe on therefore, and tell vs by what passion  
In thy owne proofe thou get'st so strange possession,  
And how possessest he strengthens his passion.

**Dorus.** *Sight is his roote, in thought is his progression,  
His childhood wonder, prentizship attention,  
His youth delight, his age the soules oppression,  
Doubt is his sleepe, he waketh in inuention,  
Fancie his soode, his clothing is of carefullnesse;  
Beauty his booke, his play lowers dissention:  
His eyes are curious search, but vaild with warefullnesse:  
His wings desire oft clipt with desperation.  
Largeesse his hands could neuer skill of sparefullnesse:  
But how he doth by might, or by perswasion  
To conquer, and his conquest how to ratifie,  
Experience doubts, and schooles hold disputacion.*

**Dicus.** *But so thy sheepe may thy good wishes satisfie  
With large encrease, and wool of fine perfection,  
So she thy loue, her eyes thy eyes may gratifie,  
As thou wilt giue our soules a deare refection,  
By telling how she was, how now she framed is  
To helpe, or hurt in thee her owne infection.*

**Dorus.** *Blest be the name wherewith my mistris named is:  
Whose woundes are salues, whose yokes please more than pleasure doth:  
Her staines are beames; vertue the fault she blamed is,  
The heart, eye, eare, here onely finde his treasure doth.  
All numbring arts her endlesse graces number not:  
Time, place, life wit, scarcely her rare gifts measure doth.  
Is she in rage? so is the Sunne in summer hot,  
Yestharneft brings. Doth she, alas! absent her selfe?  
The Sunne is hid: his kindly shadowes cumber not.  
But when to giue some grace she doth content her selfe,  
O then it shines, then are the heauens distributed,  
And Venus seemet to make up her, she spent her selfe.  
Thus then (I say) my mischieses haue contributed  
A greater good by her diuine refection,  
My harmes to me my blisse to her attributed.  
Thus she is fram'd: her eyes are my direction,  
Her loue my life, her anger my destruction:  
Lastly, what so she is, that is my protection.*

**Dicus.** *Thy safety sure is wrapped in destruction,  
For that construction shine omne words doe beare:  
A man to feare a womans moodie eye,  
Makes Reason lye a slane to seruile sense,  
A wake doth sleepe, where meaneless is thy force,  
So is remorse in folly dearely bought.*

**Dorus.** *If I had thought to heare blasphemous words,  
My breast to sword, my soules she hath sold  
I rather would than thus mine eares defile*



with words so vile, which viler breath doth breed.

O Heards rakeheed; for I a Wolfe have found,

who hunting round the strongest for to kill,

His breast doth fill with earth of others woe:

And laden so pull's downe, pull'd downe destroys.

O shepheards boyes, eschue these tongues of venom,

which doe envenome both the soule and senses.

Our best defenses are to flye these Adders.

O tongues like ladders made to climbe dishonour,

who iudge that honour which hath scope to slander!

Dicus.

Dorus you wander farre in great reproches,

So Loue encroches on your charmed reason,

But it is season for to end our singing.

Such anger bringing: as for me, my fancie

In sicke-mans frenzie rather takes compassion,

Than rage for rage: rather my wish I send to thee,

Thou soone may haue some helpe, or change of passion.

She oft her lookes, the stars her fauour bend to thee;

Fortune store, Nature health, Loue grant persuasion.

A quiet minde none but thy selfe can lend to thee,

Thus I commend to thee all our former Loue.

Dorus.

well doe I prone, error lyes oft in zeale,

Yet it is zeale, though error of true heart.

Nought could impart such heates to friendly minde,

But for to finde thy words did her disgrace,

whose onely face the little beauen is:

which who doth misse, his eyes are but delusions,

Barr'd from their chiefest object of delightfulnesse,

Throwne on this earth, the Chaos of confusion;

As for thy wish, to my enraged spitefulnesse

The louely blow, with rare reward, my prayer is

Thou maist loue her, that I may see thy sightfulnesse.

The quiet mind (whereof my selfe empairess,

As thou dost thinke) should most of all disquiet me

without her loue, than any minde who sauer is,

Her onely cure from surfer woes can diet me.

She holds the ballance of my contentation:

Her cleared eyes, nought else in stormes can quiet me.

Nay rather than my ease discontentation

Should breed to her, let me for aye deuoted be

From any ioy, which might her grieffe occasion.

With so sweet plagues my happy harmes infected be:

Paine wills me dye, yet will of death I mortifie.

For though life irkes, in life my loues protected be,

Thus for each change my changelesse bears I fortifie.

When they had ended, to the good pleasing of the assistants, especially of  
Zelmane,

Zelmaue, who neuer forgate to giue due commendations to her friend Dorus, Basilus called for Lamon to end his discourse of Strephon & Klaius, wherewith the other day he marked Zelmaue to haue been exceedingly delighted. But him sicknesse had stayed from that assembly : which gaue occasion to Hissor and Damon two young shepherds, taking vpon them the two friendly riuals names, to present Basilus with some other of their complaints Eclogue-wise, and first with this double Sestine.

Strephon.

Klaius.

Strephon. **Y**E Gore-beard Gods, that loue the grazie mountaines,  
Ye Nymphs that haunt the springs in pleasant vallies,  
Ye Satyrs ioy'd with free and quiet Forrests,  
Vouchsafe your silent eares to plaining musicke,  
Which to my woes giue still an early morning,  
And drawes the dolour on till weary euening.

Klaius. O Mercurie, foregoer to the euening,  
O heavenly huntresse of the sauege mountaines,  
O louely star, entialed of the morning,  
While that my voice doth fill these wofull vallies,  
Vouchsafe your silent eares to plaining musicke,  
Which oft hath Echo'd in secret Forrests.

Strephon. I that was once free burgesse of the Forrests,  
Where shade from Sunne, and sports I sought at euening,  
I that was once esteem'd for pleasant musicke,  
Am banisht now among the manstrom mountaines  
Of huge despaire, and soule afflictions vallies,  
Am growne a shrill-owle to my selfe each morning.

Klaius. I that was once delighted eery morning,  
Hunting the wilde inhabitants of Forrests :  
I that was once the musicke of these vallies,  
So darkened am, that all my day & euening,  
Heart broken so, that molehills seeme high mountaines,  
And fill the vales with cries in stead of musicke.

Strephon. Long since alas, my deadly swannish musicke  
Hath made it selfe a cryer of the morning  
And hath with wailing straggle alim'd high and low mountaines :  
Long since my thoughts more desyre be than Forrests :  
Long since I see my ioyes come to their euening  
And late throwne downe to ouer troden vallies.

Klaius. Long since the happy dwellers of these vallies,  
Haue pray'd me leaue my strange exclaiming musicke,  
Which troubles their dayes worke, and ioyes of euening :  
Long since I hate the night, more hate the morning :  
Long since my thoughts chase me like beasts in Forrests,  
And make me wish my selfe laid under mountaines.



Strephon. Me seemes I see the high and stately mountaines,  
Transforme themselves to lowe diuersed vallies:  
Me seemes I heare in those ill changed Forrests,  
The Nightingales doe learne of Owles their musike:  
Me seemes I feel the comfort of the morning,  
Turn'd to the most all sorow of an evening.

Klaius. Me seemes I see a filthy clondie evening,  
As soone as Sunne begins to climbe the mountaine:  
Me seemes I feel a wayfome feare, the morning  
When I doe smell the flowers of these vallies:  
Me seemes I heare, when I doe heare sweet musike,  
The dreadfull cryes of murdered men in Forrests.

Strephon. I wish to fire the trees of all those Forrests,  
I gine the Sunne a last farewell each evening,  
I curse the fiddling finders out of musike,  
With enuie I doe hate the lustie mountaine:  
And with despite despise the humble vallies:  
I doe detest night, evening, day and morning.

Klaius. Curse to my selfe my prayer is, the morning:  
My fire is more than can be made with Forrests,  
My state more base, than are the basest vallies:  
I wish no euening more to see, each euening,  
Shamed I hate my selfe in sight of mountaine,  
And flap mine eares, lest I grow mad with musike.

Strephon. For she whose parts maintaine a perfect musike,  
Whose beautie shin'd more than the blissing morning,  
Who much did passe in state the stately mountaine,  
In straightnesse past the Cedars of the Forrests,  
Hath cast me wretched into eternall evening,  
By taking her two Sunnes from these darke vallies.

Klaius. For she, to whom compar'd, the Alpes are vallies,  
She, whose least word brings from the spheres their musike,  
At whose approach the Sunne rose in the evening,  
Who where she went there in her forehead morning,  
Is gone, is gone, from these our spayled Forrests,  
Turning to deserts our best pasture mountaine.

Strephon. These mountaine witness shall, shall these vallies,  
These Forrests chaunge made wretched by your musike.

Klaius. Our morning hymne is this, and song at evening.

But, as though all this had bin but the taking of a taste of their wailings, Strephon againe began this Dizaine, which was answered vnto him in that kinde of verse which is called the crowne:

T

Strephon

Strephon.      Klaius.

**Strephon.** *I loy in grieffe, and doe detest all ioyes:  
Despise delight, am tyr'd with thought of ease:  
I turne my minde to all formes of annoyes,  
And with the change of them my fancie please,  
I studie that which may me most displease,  
And in despite of that displeasures might,  
Embrace that most, that most my soule destroyes,  
Blinded with beames, fell darkenesse is my sight:  
Dwell in my ruine, feed with sucking smart,  
I thinke from me, not from my woes to part.*

**Klaius.** *I thinke from me, not from my woes to part,  
And loath this time, call'd life, my thinke, that life  
Nature to me for torment did impart;  
Think, my hard haps haue blunted deaths sharpe knife,  
Not sparing me, in whom his markes be rife:  
And thinking this, thinke nature, life, and death  
Place Sorrowes triumph on my conquered heart,  
Whereto I yeeld, and seeke none other breath,  
But from the scent of some infectious grane:  
Nor of my fortune ought, but mischiefe craue.*

**Strephon.** *Nor of my fortune ought but mischiefe craue,  
And seeke to nourish that, which now contains  
All what I am: if I my selfe will saue,  
Then must I saue, what in me chiefly raines,  
Which is the basefull web of sorrowes paines.  
Sorrow then cherish me, for I am sorrow:  
No being now, but sorrow I can haue:  
Then decke me as thine owne, thy helpe I borrow,  
Since thou my riches art, and that thou haste  
Enough to make a fertile minde lye waste.*

**Klaius.** *Enough to make a fertile minde lye waste,  
Is that huge storme, which powres it selfe on me;  
Hailestones of teares, of sight a monstrous blasp,  
Thunders of cryes, lightnings my wilde lookes be,  
The darkened heau'n my soule, which nought can see;  
The flying sprits which trees by roots up teare,  
Be those despaires which haue my hopes quite wast.  
The difference is, all folkes those stormes forbear,  
But I cannot; who then my selfe should sue,  
So close vnto my selfe my wrackes doe lie.*

**Klaius.** *So close vnto my selfe my wrackes doe lie,  
Both cause, effect, beginning, and the end*



Are all in me: what helpe then can I erie:  
 My ship, my selfe, whose carcase alone doth bend;  
 Sore beaten doth her mast of comfort spend:  
 Her cable, Reason, breakes from anchor Hope:  
 Fancie her tackling, forne away doth flie:  
 Ruine, the wind, hath blowne her from her seape:  
 Brased with waues of Cares, but broken is  
 On rocke Despaire, the buriall of my blisse.

Klaius.

On rocke Despaire, the buriall of my blisse,  
 I long doe plowe with plough of deepe despaire:  
 The seed Fast meaning is, no truth so misse:  
 I harrow it with Thoughts, which all conspire,  
 Favour to make my chiefe and onely hire.  
 But woe is me, the yeare is gone about,  
 And now I saine would reape, the cape has shitt  
 Hatefully growne, Absence new sprang out:  
 So that I see, although my sight impaire,  
 Vaine is their paine, who labour in despaire.

Strephon. Vaine is their paine, who labour in despaire.

For so did I, when with my angle skill,  
 I sought to catch the fish Torpeda faire.  
 Euen then Despaire did Hope alreadie kill:  
 Yet fancie would perforce employ his skill,  
 And this hath got, the catcher now is caught.  
 Lam'd with the angle, which it selfe did beare,  
 And wnto death, quite drown'd in dolours, brought:  
 To death, as then disguis'd in her faire face:  
 Thus, thus, alas, I had my losse in chase.

Klaius.

Thus, thus, alas, I had my losse in chase,  
 When first that crowned Basiliske I knew;  
 Whose foot steps I wish kisses oft did trace,  
 Till by such hap, as I must euer rue,  
 Mine eyes did light upon her shining hue,  
 And hers on me, astonisht with that sight.  
 Since then my heart did lose his wonted place,  
 Infect'd so with her sweet poysons might,  
 That, leaning me for dead, to her it went:  
 But ah! her flight hath my dead reliques spent.

Strephon. But ah! her flight hath my dead reliques spent.

Her flight from me, from me, though dead to me,  
 Yet living still in her, while her beames lent  
 Such vitall sparke, that her mine eyes might see:  
 But now those living lights absented be,  
 Full dead before, I now to dust should fall,  
 But that eternall paines my soule haue bent.

And keepe it still within this body thrall:  
That thus I must while in this death dwell,  
In earthly feters feele a lasting hell.

Klarius.

In earthly feters feele a lasting hell  
Alas I doe, from which to finde release,  
I would the earth, I would the heauens sell;  
But vaine it is to thinke these paines should cease,  
Where life is death, and death cannot breed peace.  
O faire, O onely faire, from thee alas,  
These soule, most soule, disasters to me fall;  
Since thou from me (O me) O Sonne didst passe,  
Therefore esteeming all good blessings toyes,  
I ioy in grieve, and doe desire all ioyes.

Strephon.

I ioy in grieve, and doe desire all ioyes,  
But now an end, (O Klarius) now an end:  
For euen the hearbes our hatefull musicke strays,  
And from our burning breath the trees doe bend.

So well were these wailefull complaints accorded to the passions of all the princely hearers, while euery one made what he heard of another the ballance of his own fortune, that they stood a good while stricken in a sad & silent consideration of them. Which the old Geron no more marking than condemning in them, desirous to set forth what counsels the wisdom of age had laid vp in store against such fancies (as he thought) follies of youth, yet so as it might not appeare that his words respected them, bending himselfe to a young shepheard named *Philisides*, (who neither had daunced nor sung with them, and had all this time laine vpon the gronnd at the foot of a *Cypresse* tree, leaning vpon his elbow with so deepe a melancholy, that his senses carried to his mind no delight from any of their objects) he strake him vpon the shoulder with a right old mans grace, that will seeme liuelier than his age will afford him. And thus began vnto him his *Elogue*.

Geron.

*Philisides.*

Geron.

**V**P, vp *Philisides*, let sorrowes go,  
Who yeelds to woe, doth but encrease his smart.  
Doe not thy heart to plaintfull custome bring:  
But let vs sing, sweet tunes doe passions ease,  
An old man heare, who would thy fancies raise.

*Philisides.*

Who minds to please the mind drown'd in annoyes  
With outward ioyes, which inly cannot sinke,  
As well may thinke with oyle to coole the fire;  
Or with desire to make such foe a friend,  
Who doth his soule to endlesse malice bind.

Geron.

Yet sure an end to each thing time doth giue,  
Though woes now line, at length thy woes must die:  
Then vertue trie, if she can worke in thee

That



That which we see in many times hath wrong  
And weakest hearts to constant temper brought.

Philifides. *who euer taught a skillesse man to teach,  
Or stop a breach, that neuer Cannon saw?  
Sweet vertues law barres not a causefull man:  
Time shall in one my life and sorrowes end,  
And me perchance your constant temper lend.*

Geron. *what can amend where physike is refuse?  
The wits abuse which will no counsaile take.  
Yet for my sake discover vs thy grieve.  
Oft comes reliefe when most we seeme in trap,  
The starres thy state fortune may change thy hap.*

Philifides. *If fortunes lappe became my dwelling place,  
And all the starres conspired in my good,  
Still were I lone, this still should be my case,  
Ruines relique, rare, and sorrowes food:  
Since she saue force to such a state we call,  
Whose wit the starres, whose fortune, fortune thralls.*

Geron. *Alas what falls are false unto thy minde:  
That there where thou dost see thy mischief lies,  
Thy wit dost use still still more harmes to finde.  
Whom wit makes vaine, or blinded with his eyes,  
What counsaile can prevaile, or light give light?  
Since all his force against himselfe he tries.  
Then each conceit that enters in his sight,  
Is made, forsooth, a Iarce of his wits,  
Earth, sea, ayre, fire, heauen, hell, and a silly sprite.  
Then cries to senselesse things, which neither knowes  
What ayleth thee, and if they knew thy minde  
Would scorne in man (their king) such feeble show.  
Rebell, Rebell, in golden fetters binde  
This tyrant Loue, or rather doe suppress  
Those rebell thoughts which are thy flames by kind:  
Let not a glittering name thy fancy dresse  
In painted clothes, because they call it love,  
There is no hate that can bee more oppresse.  
Begin (and halfe the worke is done) to prone  
By rising vp, upon thy selfe to stand.  
And thinke that she is she, that doth thee moue.  
He water plowes, and soweeth in the seed,  
And hopes the sickning winde will be to hold,  
who hath his hopes laid upon womans hand.  
What man is he that hath his freedome solde?  
Is he a manlike man, doth not know man  
Hath power that Sex with bridle to with-hold?*

A sickle Sex, and true in trust to no man,  
 A servant Sex, soone proud if they be coy'd;  
 And to conclude, thy mistresse is a woman.

Philifides. O gods, how long this old faule hath annoy'd  
 My wearied cares! O gods yet grant me this,  
 That soone the world of his false tongue be void.  
 O noble age who place their onely blisse  
 In being heard vntill the hearer dye,  
 Vttring a serpents mind with serpents bisse.  
 Then who will heare a well autoris'd lye,  
 (And patience hath) let him goe learne of him  
 What swarmes of vertues did in his youth flye  
 Such hearts of brasse, wise heads, and garments trim  
 Were in his dayes: which heard, one nothing beares,  
 If from his words the fallhood be dar' skinn.  
 And herein most their folly vaine appears,  
 That since they still alledge, When they were yong:  
 It shewes they fetch their wit from youthfull yeares.  
 Like beast for sacrifice, where saue the tongue  
 And belly nought is left, such sure is he,  
 This life-dead man in this old dungeon slong.  
 Old houses are throwne downe for new we see:  
 The oldest Rammes are culled from the stocke:  
 No man doth wish his horse should aged bee.  
 The ancient oke well makes a fired blocke:  
 Old men themselues, doe loue yong wines so choofe:  
 Onely fond youth admires a rotten stocke.  
 Who once a white long beard, well handle does;  
 (As his beard him, not he his beard did beare).  
 Though cradle witted, must not honour lose.  
 Oh when will men leane off to iudge by haire;  
 And thinke them old that haue the oldest mind,  
 With vertue fraught and full of holy feare!

Geron.

If that thy face were hid, or I were blinde,  
 I yet should know a young man speaketh thus,  
 Such wandring reasons in thy speech I finde,  
 He is a beast, that beasts use will allow  
 For prooffe of man, who sprung of heau'nly fire  
 Hath strongest soule, when most his raines doe bowe.  
 But fondlings fond, know not your owne desire  
 Loth to dye young, and then you must be old.  
 Fondly blame that to which your selues aspire.  
 But this light cholere that doth make you bold,  
 Rather to wrong than vnto iust defence,  
 Is past with me, my blond is waxed cold.  
 Thy words, though full of malapert offence,  
 I weigh them not, but still will thee advise.



How thou from foolish love maist purge thy sense,  
 First thinke they erre, that thinke them gaily wise,  
 who well can see a passion out so shew:  
 Such sight haue they that see with goggling eyes,  
 Passion beares high when puffing wit doth blow,  
 But is indeed a toy, if not a toy,  
 True cause of euils; and cause of canselesse woe.  
 If once thou maist that fauie glosse destroy  
 within thy selfe, thou soone wilt be ashamed  
 To be a player of thine owne annoy.  
 Then let thy minde with better bookes be ramed,  
 Seeke to espie her fautes as well as praise,  
 And let thine eyes to other sports be framed:  
 In hunting fearefull beautes, doe spend some dayes;  
 Or catch the birds with pisfals, or with lynes;  
 Or traîne the Foxe that traines so cruell layes.  
 Lie but to sleepe, and in the early prime  
 Seeke skill of herbes in hills, haunts brookes neere night,  
 And trye with bayt how fish will bite sometime.  
 Goe graft againe, and seeke to graft them right,  
 Those pleasant plants, those sweet and fruitfull trees,  
 which both the palate, and the eyes delight.  
 Cherish the hives of wisely painfull Bees:  
 Let speciall care vpon thy flocke be staid,  
 Such active mind but seldome passion feares.

Philisides. Hath any man heard what this old man said?

Truely not I, who did my thought engage,  
 where all my paines one looke of her hath paid.

Geron was euen out of countenance, finding the words he thought were so wise, win so little reputation at this young mans hands; & therefore sometimes looking vpon an old acquaintance of his called *Mastix*, one of the repiningst fellows in the world, & that beheld no body but with a mind of millike (saying still the world was amisse, but how it should be amended he knew not) sometimes casting his eyes to the ground, euen ashamed to see his gray haire despised, at last he spied his two dogs, whereof the elder was called *Melampus*, and the younger *Lelaps*, (indeed the iewels he euer had with him) one brawling with another; which occasion he took to restore himselfe to his countenance, and rating *Melampus*, hee began to speake to his dogs, as if in them a man should find more obedience, than in vnbridled yong men

Geron.

Mastix.

Geron.

**D** Owne, downe *Melampus*, whate your fellow like?  
 I set you ore the flocke I dearely looe,  
 Them to defend, not with your felons roght.  
 Doe you not thinke this will the wolues remove  
 From former feare, they had of your good minde,  
 when they shall such diuided weakenesse proue?

What

what if Lælaps a better morsell find  
 Than you earst knew: & as her sake part with him  
 Than iarle: lo, lo, euen these how euill blinde,  
 And then Lælaps let not pride make thee bring;  
 Because thou hast thy fellow ouergone,  
 But thanke the cause, thou seest where he is dim.  
 Here Lælaps, here indeed against the foe  
 Of my good sheepe, thou neuer truce time toke:  
 Be as thou art, but be with mine at one.  
 For though Melampus like a wolfe doe looke,  
 (For age doth make him of a beluifish hew)  
 Yet haue I seene when well a wolfe he shooke.  
 Foole that I am, that wish my dogges speake grew,  
 Come neere good Mastix, tis now full tway score  
 Of yeares (alas) since I good Mastix knew.  
 Thou hearest euen now a young man such me sore,  
 Because I red him, as I would my sower.  
 Touth will haue will: Age must to age therefore.

**Mastix.**

what maruell if in youth such faults be done,  
 Since that we see our saddest Shepheards one  
 Who haue their lesson sa long time begonne?  
 Quickly secure, and easily in doubt;  
 Eytther asleepe be all if nought affaile,  
 Or all abroad if but a Cub start out.  
 We shepheards are like them that vnder saile  
 Doe speake high words, when all the east we leaue,  
 Yet to a passenger will bonnet waille.  
 I can thee thanke to whom thy dogges be deare,  
 But commonly like curre we them entreat,  
 Saue when great need of them perforce appeare,  
 Then him we kisse, whom late before we beat  
 With such intemperance, that each may growe  
 Hate of the first, contempt of latter feat;  
 And such discord twixt greatest shepheards floures,  
 That spart it is to see with how great art,  
 By iustice worke they their owne faultes disclose:  
 Like busie layes, to win their Tutors heart,  
 One saith, he mockes; the other saith he playes,  
 The third his lesson mist, till all doe sware.  
 As for the rest, how shepheards spend their dayes,  
 At blow-point, hot-cockles, or else at keeles,  
 While, Let vs passe our time each shepheard sayes.  
 So small account of time the shepheard feoles,  
 And doth not feele, that life is nought but time,  
 And when that time is past, death holts his heeles,  
 To age thus doe they draw their youthfull prime,  
 Knowing no more, than what poore tryall shewes,  
 As fish sure tryall haue of muddie times.

This



This pasture ne good, vnto our children goes,  
For what they see their parents love or hate,  
Their first taught sense prefers to teachers blows.  
These cockling's cocked we bewaile too late,  
When that we see our off-spring gaily bent,  
Women man-wood, and men effeminate.

**Chon.** Pyman, pyman, what words hath thy tongue sent?  
For thou art mickle wase than ere was I,  
Thy too much zeale, I feare thy braine hath spent,  
We oft are angry with the feeble fle  
For to sinasse, where it pertaynes him not,  
That with the poisonous rodes that quiet lie.

I pray thee what hath ere the Parrot got?

And yet they say he talkes in great mens bowers.

A Cage (gilded perchance) is all his lot,

Who of his tongue the liquor gladly powers,

A good soile call'd with paine perhaps may be,

But euen for that shall suffer mightie Lowers;

Let swannes example sike or seru for thee,

Who once all birds, in sweetly singing past,

But now so silence turn'd his minstrel sic.

Far he could sing, but others were defaite;

The Peacocks pride, the Pies pitie flatterie,

Cormorants glady, Kites spoile, king fishers waste,

The Faulcons fiercenesse, Sparrowes lecherie,

The Cockowes shame, the Gooles good intent,

Euen cartle toucht he with hypocrisie,

And worse of other more, till by assent

Of all the birds, but namely those were griened;

Offailes there call'd was a Parliament;

There was the swan of dignitie deprived,

And statute made he neuer should haue voyce:

Since when I thinke he hath in silence liued,

I marue thee therefore (since thou maist haue choyce)

Let not thy tongue become a fierie watch,

No sword so bites as that with pale annoyes.

Let our vnpartiall eyes a little watch

Our owne demeanour, and soone we wonder shall,

That hunting fault, our felons we did not catch.

Into our mindes let vs a little fall,

And we shall finde more spots than Leopards skin.

Then who makes vs such iudges ouer all?

But farewell now, thy fault is no great sinne,

Come, come my curren, sit late I will goe in.

And away with his dogges straight he went, as if he would be sure to haue the last word; all the assembly laughing at the lustinesse of the old fellow who departed muttering

muttering to himselfe he had seene more in his dayes than twenty of them. But *Basilus*, who neuer before had heard *Philisides* (though hauing seldome fayled to be at these meetings) desired him he would begin some Eclogue with some other of the shepheards, according to the accustomed guise. *Philisides*, though very vnwilling, at the kings commandement offered to sing with *Thyrsis*. But he directly refused him, seeing he should within few daies be married to the faire *Kala*, and since he had gotten his desire he would sing no more. Then the King willed *Philisides* to declare the discourse of his owne fortunes vnknewe to them, as being a stranger in that countrie; but he prayed the King to pardon him, the time being satre too ioyfull to suffer the rehearfall of his miseries. But to satisfie *Basilus* some way, he began an Eclogue betwixt himselfe & the *Echo*, framing his voyce so in those desert places, as what words he would haue the *Echo* reply vnto, those he would sing higher than the rest; and so kindly framed a disputation betwixt himselfe and it, which with these hexameters in the following order he vttered.

*Philisides.*

*Echo.*

*Philisides.* Faire rocks, goodly riuers sweet woods, when shall I see peace & Peace.  
Peace? what barres me my tongue? who is it that countes me so my P.  
Oh! I do know what guest I haue met, it is *Echo*. 'tis *Echo*.  
Well met *Echo*, approach: then tell me thy will too. I will soon be out.

*Echo.* what doe I get yeelding my spirit to my grieues? *Philisides.*  
what medicine may I find for a griefe that draves me to death? *Death*.

O poisonous medicine! what worse to me can be than in? *Philisides.*

In what state was I then, when I took this deadly disease? *Philisides.*

And what manner a mind which had to that humane swaine? *Philisides.*

Hath not reason enough vehemence the desire to reprove? *Philisides.*

Oft prone I: but what salue, when reason seekes to be gone? *Philisides.*

Oh! what is it? what is it that may be a salue to my Love? *Philisides.*

What doe louers seeke far long seeking for so enioy? *Philisides.*

What be the ioyes which for to enioy they went to the paines? *Philisides.*

Then to an earnest Love what doth best victorie lend? *Philisides.*

End? but I can neuer end, lone will not giue me leaue? *Philisides.*

How be the minds disposed that cannot taste thy physike? *Philisides.*

Tet say againe thy aduise for th' euils that I told thee? *Philisides.*

Doth th' infected wretch of his harmes th' extremitie know? *Philisides.*

But if he know not his harmes, what guides hath he whilst he be blind? *Philisides.*

What blinde guides can he haue that leaues so fancie? *Philisides.*

Can fancies want eyes, or be full that steppeth aloft? *Philisides.*

What causes first made these torment vnto me to light? *Philisides.*

Can then a cause be so light that for a while a man may die? *Philisides.*

Tet tell what light thing I had in me to draw me to dye? *Philisides.*

Eye-sight made me to yeeld, but what first pierc'd to my eyes? *Philisides.*

Eyes hurters, eyes hurt, but what from them to me fallers? *Philisides.*

But when I first did fall, what brought most full to my heart? *Philisides.*

Art? what can be that art that thou dost meane by thy speech? *Philisides.*

What be the fruits of speaking art? what grows by the words? *Philisides.*

O much more than mard: it shewes forth seru' d more to blisse. *Philisides.*



Oh when shall I be knowne, where most to be knowne I doe long? Long.  
 Long be thy woes for such never, but how reck'st thou my thoughts? Oughters.  
 Then when what I doe gaine, since unto her will I doe mindet wote.  
 Winde, tempests, and stormes; yet in end what giues she desire? Tre.  
 Silly reward! yet among women hath she of vertue the most. Tre.  
 What great name may I giue to so beauly a woman? A woman.  
 No, but seems to me, that agrees to my thoughts. I thought so.  
 Think'st thou of my desired blisse it is onely the course? Oughters.  
 Curs'd be thy selfe for cursing that which leads me to ioyes. Tre.  
 What be the sweet creatures where lowly demands be not heard? Hard.  
 What makes them to be kinde, speaks for all blisse and ioyes? Tre.  
 Whence can pride come, where such springs of beautie be thence? Tre.  
 Horrible is this blasphemy, on the most holy. Oughters.  
 Thou'lt say false Echo, their minde is verie be iust. Tre.  
 Mock'st thou those Diamonds which only be matcht by the gods? Ods.  
 Ods? what an ods is there since them to be beautie I preferre? Erre.  
 Tell yet againe me the names of those faire forms that doe enuill? Denills.  
 Denill? if in hell such denill doe abide, so the hell I doe goe. Cor.

Philisides was commended for the plying of his Echo, but little did he regard their prayles, who had set the foundation of his honour there, where he was most despised: and therefore returning againe to the traine of his desolate pensiuenesse, Zelmane seeing no body offer to fill the Stage, as if her long restrained conceits did now burst out of prison: she thus desiring her voice should be accorded to nothing, but to Philoclea's cares, threw downe the burden of her minde in *Phaenians* kind of verses.

My Muse what ayles this ardour?  
 To blase my onely secrets?  
 Alas it is no glory  
 To sing mine owne decayd state:  
 Alas it is no comfort,  
 To speake without an answer:  
 Alas it is no wisdom  
 To shew the wound without cure.

Go sing the fall of old Thebes,  
 The warres of ougly Centaures,  
 The life, the death of Hector;  
 So may the song be famous;  
 Or if to loue thou art bent,  
 Recount the rape of Europe;  
 Adonis and Venus wee,  
 The sleepe, the kisse the Madnes state:  
 So may the song be pleasant.

My Muse what ayles this ardour?  
 Mine eyes be dim, my limbe shake,  
 My voyce is hoarse, my throat scorche,  
 My tongue to this my roafe cleaues,  
 My fancie amaz'd, my thoughts dull;  
 My heart doth ake, my life faints,  
 My soule begetnes to take leaue:  
 So great a passion all feeles,  
 To thinke a soare so deadly  
 I should so rashly rip up.

My Muse what ayles this ardour?  
 To blase my onely secrets?  
 wherein doe only flourish  
 The sorte fruits of anguish.  
 The song thereof eye lust will;  
 The tunes be cries, the words plaints;  
 The singer is the songs theme,  
 wherein no care can beare it;  
 Nor eye receiue due iustice  
 No pleasure here, no fame got.

My Muse what ayles this ardour?  
 If that to sing thou art bent;

My Muse what ayles this ardour?

Alas

*Alas she saith I am thine,*  
*So are thy paines my paines too,*  
*Thy beated heart my seat is*  
*Wherein I burpe: thy breath is*  
*My voyce, so hot to keepe in.*  
*Besides, loe here the author*  
*Of all thy harmes: Loe here she,*  
*That onely can redresse thee,*  
*Of her will I demand help.*

*Basilus* when she had fully ended her song, fell prostrate vpon the ground, & thanked the Gods they had preserved his life so long, as to heare the very musicke they themselves vsed, in an earthly bodie. And then with like grace to *Zelmune* neuer left intreating her, til she had taking a *Lyra* *Basilus* held for her, sung these *Rhaleiciakes*:

*Reason tell me thy mind, if here be reason*

*In this strange violence, to make resistance*

*Where sweet graces erect the stately hanner*

*Of vertues regiment, shining in harnesse*

*Of fortunes Diadems, by beauty mistred:*

*Say then Reason, I say, what is thy counsell?*

*Her loose chaires be the shott, she beastes the pikes be,*

*Some each motion is, the bands be barresmen,*

*Her lips are the riches the warres to maintaine,*

*Where well couched abides a coffer of pearle,*

*Her legges carriage is of all the sweet campe:*

*Say then Reason, I say, what is thy counsell?*

*Her Canons be her eyes, mine eyes the walls be,*

*Which at first voly gave too open entrie,*

*Nor ramper did abide, my braine was vp blowne,*

*Vndermin'd with a speech the piercer of thoughts,*

*Thus weakened by my selfe, no helpe remaineth:*

*Say then Reason, I say, what is thy counsell?*

*And now fame the herald of her true honour,*

*Doth proclaim with a sound made all by mens mouths,*

*That nature saueraine of earthly dwellers,*

*Commands all creatures to yeeld obaysance,*

*Vnder this, this her own, her onely dearling,*

*Say then Reason, I say, what is thy counsell?*

*Reason sighes, but in end be thus doth answer:*

*Nought can reason auail in beauenly masters.*

*Thus naturas Diamond receiue thy conquest,*

*Thus pure pearle, I doe yeeld my senses and soule.*

*Thus sweet paine, I doe yeeld what ere I can yeeld,*

*Reason looke on thy selfe, I serue a goddesse.*



Dorcas had long he thought kept silence from saying somewhat which might tend to the glorie of her in whom all glorie to his seeming was included, but now hee brake it, singing these verses called *Asleep-like*.

O sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse!  
O how much I doe like your solitarinesse!  
Where men's minds hath a freed consideration  
Of goodnesse to receive lonely direction.  
Where senses do behold the order of heavenly hoste,  
And wise thoughts do behold what the Creator is:  
Contemplation here holdeth his only seate:  
Bounded with no limits, borne with a wing of hope  
Clymes even unto the starres, Nature is under it.  
Nought disturbs thy quiet, all to thy service yeelds,  
Each sight drawes on a thought, thought mother of science,  
Sweet birds kindly do grant harmonie unto thee,  
Faire trees shade is enough fortification,  
Nor danger to thy selfe if be not in thy selfe.

O sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse!  
O how much I doe like your solitarinesse!  
Here nor treason is hid, veiled in innocence,  
Nor enuies snake eye, findes any harbour here,  
Nor flatterers' venomous insinuations,  
Nor cunning humors' pulled opinions,  
Nor courtous ruine of proffered usurie,  
Nor time prattled away, cradle of ignorance,  
Nor causelesse duty, nor comber of arrogance,  
Nor trifling ritle of vanitie dazleth vs,  
Nor golden manacles, stand for a Paradise.  
Here wrongs name is unheard: slander a monster is,  
Keepe thy sprite from abuse, here no abuse doth haue.  
What man grafts in a tree dissimulation?

O sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse!  
O how well I doe like your solitarinesse!  
Yet deare soile, if a soule clea' d' in a mansion  
As sweet as violets, faire as a lilly is,  
Streight as a Cedar, a voyce staines the Canary birds,  
Whose shade safety doth hold danger awaydeth her:  
Such wisdom, that in her lyes speculation:  
Such goodnesse, that in her simplicitie triumphs:  
Where enuies snake eye, winketh or else dyeth,  
Slander wants a pretext, flatterie gone beyond:  
Oh! if such a one haue bent, to a lonely life,  
Her steps glad we receive glad we receive her eyes.  
And thinke not she doth hurt our solitarinesse,  
For such company deek's such solitarinesse.

The other Shepheards were offering themselves to haue continued the sports, but the night had so quietly spent the most part of her selfe among them, that the king for that time licensed them. And so bringing *Zelmana* to her lodging, who would much rather haue done the same for *Philusca*, of all sides they went to counterfeite a sleep in their bed, for a true one their agonies could not afford them. Yet there they lay (so might they be most solitarie for the food of their thoughts) till it was neere noone the next day, after which *Raslinus* was to continue his *Apollo* deuotions, and the other to meditate vpon their priuate desires.

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*The end of the second Eclogues.*

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THE



# THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE COUNTESSSE OF PEM- BROKES ARCADIA.



His last daies danger, hauing made *Pamela's* loue discern  
what a losse it should haue suffered if *Dorus* had been destroy-  
ed, bred such tendernesse of kindnesse in her toward him,  
that she could no longer keep hold from looking out through  
her eyes, and going forth in her words, whom before as a  
close prisoner shee had to her heart onely committed, so as  
finding not onely by his speeches and letters, but by the pi-  
tiffull oration of a languishing behauiour, and the easily disci-  
phered character of a sorrowfull face, that despaire began now to threaten him  
destruction, she grew content both to pite him, and let him see shee pited him, as  
well by making her owne beautifull beames to thaw away the former yceinesse of  
her behauiour, as by entertaining his discourses (whensoeuer hee did vse them) in  
the third person of *Musidorus*, to so farre a degree, that in the end shee said, that if  
shee had been the Princessse whom that disguised Prince had vniuiously loued, shee  
would haue requited his faith with faithfull affection; finding in her heart, that no-  
thing could so heartily loue as vertue: with many more words to the same sense of  
noble fauour, and chaste plainenesse. Which when at the first it made that expected  
blisse shine vpon *Dorus*, hee was like one frozen with extremitie of cold, over-  
hastily brought to a great fire, rather oppressed than relieued with such a lightning  
of felicitie. But after the strength of nature had made him able to feele the  
sweetnesse of ioyfullnesse, that againe being a childe of Passion, and neuer ac-  
quainted with mediocritie, could not set bounds vpon his happinesse, nor bee  
content to gine desire a kingdome, but that it must be an vnlimited Monarchie. So  
that the ground he stood vpon being over-high in happinesse, & slipperie through  
affection, he could not hold himselfe from falling into such an error, which with  
sighes blew all comfort out of his breast, and wast away all cheerefulnessse, of his  
cheare with teares. For this fauour filling him with hope, Hope encouraging his  
desire, & Desire considering nothing but opportunitie: one time (*Mopsa* being cal-  
led away by her mother, and he left alone with *Pamela*) the sudden occasion called  
Loue, and that neuer stayed to aske Reasons leane, but made the too-much louing  
*Dorus* take her in his armes, offering to kisse her, and as it were to establish a trophee  
of his victorie. But shee, as if shee had beene ready to drinke a wine of excellent  
taste and colour, which suddenly shee perceiued had poison in it, so did shee put  
him away from her: looking first vp to heauen, as amazed to finde her selfe so be-  
guiled in him: then laying the cruell punishment vpon him of angry Loue, & low-  
ring beauty, shewing disdain, & a despising disdain, Away (said she) vnworthy

man to loue or to be loued. Assure thy selfe, I hate my selfe for being so deceiued; iudg then what I do thee for deceiuing me. Let me see thee no more, the only fall of my iudgement, and staine of my conscience. With this she called *Mopsa*, not staying for any answer (which was no other but a flood of teares) which she seemed not to marke (much lesse to pitie) and chid her for hauing so left her alone.

It was not a sorrow but it was euen a death, which then laid hold of *Dorcas*; which certainly at that instant would haue killed him, but that the feare to tarry longer in her presence (contrary to her commandement) gaue him life to carry himself away from her sight, & to run into the woods, where throwing himselfe down at the foot of a tree, he did not fall into lamentation (for that proceeded of pitying) or grieving for himselfe (which he did no way) but to curses of his life, as one that detested himselfe. For finding himselfe not only vnhappy, but vnhappy after being fallen from all happinesse: and to be fallen from all happinesse, not by any misconceiuing, but by his owne fault, & his fault to be done to no other but to *Pamela*; he did not tender his owne estate, but despised it; greedily drawing, into his minde, all conceits which might more and more torment him. And so remained hee two daies in the woods, disdainning to giue his bodie foode, or his minde comfort, louing in himselfe nothing, but the loue of her. And indeede that loue onely straued with the furie of his anguish, telling it, that if it destroyed *Dorcas*, it should also destroy the image of her that liued in *Dorcas*: and when the thought of that was crept in vnto him, it began to winne of him some compassion to the shrine of that image, & to bewaile not for himselfe (whom he hated) but that so notable a loue should perish. Then began he only so farre to wish his owne good, as that *Pamela* might pardon him the fault, though not the punishment: & the vttermost height he aspired vnto, was, that after his death shee might yet pitie his error, and know that it proceeded of loue, and not of boldnesse. That conceit found such friendship in his thoughts, that at last he yeelded, since he was banished her presence, to seek some meanes by writing to shew his sorrow, & testifie his repentance. Therefore getting him the necessary instruments of writing, he thought best to counterfeite his hand (fearing that as already she knew his, she would cast it away as soone as she saw it) and to put it in verse, hoping that would draw her on to reade the more, chusing the *Elegiac* as fittest for mourning. But neuer pen did more quakingly performe his office; neuer was paper more double moistened with inke & teares; neuer words more slowly married together, & neuer the Muses more tied than now with changes & rechanges of his deuices: fearing how to end, before he had resolued how to beginne, mistrusting each word, condemning each sentence. This word was not significant, that word was too plaine: this would not bee conceiued, the other would be ill conceiued: here sorrow was not enough expressed, there he seemed too much for his own sake to be sorry: this sentence rather shewed art than passion; that sentence rather foolishly passionate, than forcibly mouing. At last, marring with mending, and putting out better than he left, he made an end of it; and being ended, was diuers times readie to teare it; till his reason assuring him, the more hee studied, the worse it grew, he folded it vp, deuoutly inuoking good acceptation vnto it; and watching his time, when they were all gone one day to dinner, sauing *Mopsa*, to the other Lodge, stole vp into *Pamela's* chamber, and in her standish (which first hee kissed, & craued of it a safe and friendly keeping) left it there; to be seene at her next vsing her inke (himselfe returning again to be true prisoner to desperate sorrow) leauing her standish vpon her beds head, to giue her the more occasion to marke it: which also fell out.



For the finding of her after some time in another place than she left it, opened it. But when she saw the letter, she then gave her from whence it came. And therefore clapping it to again, she went away from it as if it had been a contagious garment of an infected person: and yet was not long away, but that she wished she had read it, though she were loath to read it. Shall I, said she, second his boldness so far, as to read his presumptuous letters? And yet I am the less free me not now to grow the bolder thereby: for how can I tell whether they be presumptuous? The paper came from him, and therefore not worthy to be received: and yet the paper, she thought, was not tainted, as he had concluded, it were not much amiss to look it over, that shee might out of his words picke some further quarrell against him. Then she opened it, and threw it away, & took it up againe, till ere she were aware, her eyes would needs read it, containing this matter.

**V**Nice things are wrought, when long affliction holds,  
And a long while before we be quite perished,  
Grant me grace, for a little yet to live, and then to die,  
O yes, I have a little yet to live, and then to die,  
Dread not a while, O youth, that little may enter  
Into thy heart, by the side of the Epistle sent:  
And so refuse to be of those, whose names are set  
Least to be read, and then to be set forth to shame.  
(Vnto thy selfe, I have a little yet to live, and then to die,  
gratefull as the Epistle sent, that little may enter  
Such things as I have sent, O youth, that little may enter  
Despaire not, for a little yet to live, and then to die,  
Such things as I have sent, O youth, that little may enter  
hard like a rich man's house, that little may enter  
Can those eyes that are set forth to shame, be set forth to shame,  
(teares and sighs, O youth, that little may enter)  
Can those eyes that are set forth to shame, be set forth to shame,  
which in thy heart, O youth, that little may enter  
Ah, that, that do I not know, O youth, that little may enter  
more than I have sent, O youth, that little may enter  
Ah, that, that do I not know, O youth, that little may enter  
then I have sent, O youth, that little may enter  
But, but, but, O youth, that little may enter  
not that he hopes for a little yet to live, and then to die,  
But, but, but, O youth, that little may enter  
a great and noble world, O youth, that little may enter  
Right soon, O youth, that little may enter  
bubbling out, O youth, that little may enter  
Now that he is set forth to shame, O youth, that little may enter  
and that he is set forth to shame, O youth, that little may enter  
O faire, O faire, O faire, O youth, that little may enter  
can I be set forth to shame, O youth, that little may enter  
Must I be set forth to shame, O youth, that little may enter  
shall prove that I am set forth to shame, O youth, that little may enter  
Shall I be set forth to shame, O youth, that little may enter  
with mortal affliction, O youth, that little may enter.

Vengeance? O sweete, on a wretch wilt thou be revenged  
 shall such high Plagues: and yet the losse of a worme?  
 And so revenge who do bend, would in that kind be revenged  
 with offence was done, and yet beyond if becom.  
 All my offence was done: with love then must I be chastised:  
 and with more, by the lawes that vengeance doth requite  
 If thus love be a fault, more fault in you so be faulty:  
 Love never had me oppress, but that I saw to be lov'd.  
 To be the cause that I lov'd: whose Reason blith with a shadow  
 that with a body: it goes? since by a body it is  
 If that love you did hate, you should your heart have hidde:  
 you should those faire eyes have with a veile covered:  
 But foole, foole that I am, those eyes would shine from a darke cave:  
 what veiles then do preveile, but is a more miracle?  
 Or those golden locks, those locks which locke me to bondage,  
 some you should disperse unto the blasts of a winde.  
 But foole, fool that I am, though I had but a hair of her head found,  
 en'n as I am, so I should undo that haire be a thrall.  
 Or with faire hands myles: a hand which myles me to this death  
 you should have your face, since love will, blotted.  
 O wretch, what do I say? should that faire face be defaced?  
 should my too much sight cause so much a Sun to be lost?  
 First let Cimmerian darkness be my night, but as soon  
 first be mine eyes sold out, first be my braine perished:  
 Ere that I should consent to dye, or sinne a damage  
 unto the earth, by the hurt of thy har heauenly smell.  
 O no, but such love you say you could not afford:  
 as might learne Temperance void of a rage of mirth:  
 O sweet simplicity, from whence should love be so learned?  
 unto Cupid that boy shall a Radoote be found?  
 Well: but faultie I was: Reason I saw? of sinne yielded:  
 Reason unto my rage, Reason to a hasty revenge.  
 But what? this for a fault, for which such fault to be blissh?  
 such faith, so stainelesse, inviolate, violent:  
 Shall I not? O yes, I not: thus yet refresh the remembrance, not  
 what sweeter I ever had once, and what a place I did hold?  
 Shall I not once againe that you, you granted a favour  
 unto the man, who on my such miseries you would?  
 Bend your thought to the dear sweet words which then I sayd:  
 thinke what a world I am, thinke who hath loved her best?  
 What? was I then worthy such good, now worthy such a will?  
 now she, then she should? then I say, now I am worthy:  
 Did not a good breath from lips of a good proceeding  
 say, that I well should finde in what a case I was?  
 O wish much more: Now what do I find but Care to be barr'd?  
 Care that I sinke in griefe, Care that I live banished?  
 And banished do I live, nor yet will I see a requite,  
 since she will, whose will is to me more than a law.  
 If then a man in malice, or a may give you a fault:





acceptations will interpret to be delightfull. We have been at the other Lodge: but finding them there busied in weightier affaires, our trust is, that you will not deny the shining of your eyes vpon vs. The Ladies stood in some doubt whether they should go or not, lest *Asilus* might bee angry with all. But *Miso* (that had bene at none of the Pastorals, & had a great desire to lead her old scots abroad to some pleasure) told them plainly, they should nor will nor choole, but go thither, & make the honest country people know, that they were not so squeamish as folkes thought of them. The Ladies glad to be warranted by her authority, with a smiling humbleness obeyed her: *Pamela* only casting a looking tooke, whether she could see *Derus* (who poor wretch, wandred halfe mad for sorow in the woods, crying for pardon of her who could not heare him, but indeed was grieved for his absence, having giuen the wound to him through her own heart. But so the three Ladies & *Miso* went with those sixe *Nymphs* conquering the length of the way with the force of musick, leaving only *Asilus* behind, who disgraced weeping with her countenance, because her mother would not suffer her to shew her new scoured face among them. But the place appointed, as they thought, met them halfe in their way, so well were they pleased with the sweet tunes and pretty conuersation of their inuiers. There found they in the midst of the thickest part of the wood, a little square place, not burthened with trees, but with a boord, covered & beautified with the pleasantest fruits, that *Incuburn* *Asarus* could deliver to them. The maids besought the Ladies to sit down & taste of the smelling grapes, which seem'd great with child of *Amor*, & of the diuers coloured plums, which gaue the eye a pleasant taste before they came to the mouth. The Ladies would not shew to scorn their provision, but ate & drank a little of their roole wine, which seemed to laugh for ioy to come to such lips. But after the collation was ended, and that they looked for the coming forth of such devices as were prepared for them, there rust out of the woods twentie armed men, who round about enuironed them, and laying hold on *Zelmara* before she could draw her sword, and taking it from her, put hoodes over the heads of all foure, and so muffled, by force set them on horsebacke and carried them away, the sisters in vaine crying for succour, while *Zelmara*'s heart was rent in picces with rage of the iniurie, & disdain of her fortune. But when they had caried them a four or five mile further, they left *Miso* with a gagge in her mouth, and bound hand and foot, so to take her fortune: and brought the three Ladies (by that time the night seemed with her silence to conspire to their treason) to a Castle about ten mile from the Lodges: where they were faine to take a boate which waited for them: for the Castle stood in the midst of a great lake vpon a high rocke, where partly by Art, but principally by Nature, it was by all men esteemed impregnable. But at the Castle gate their faces were discoered, & there were met with a great number of torches, after whom the sisters knew their Aunt in law *Cecropia*. But that sight increased the deadly terrout of the Printesses, looking for nothing but death, since they were in the power of the wicked *Cecropia*: who yet came vnto them, making courteous the outside of malice, and desiring them not to be discomfited: for they were in a place dedicated to their seruice. *Philistia* (with a look where Loue shined through the mist of Feare) besought her to be good vnto them, hauing neuer deserved euill of her. But *Pamela*'s high heart disdainng humbleness to iniury, Aunt, said she, what you haue determined of vs, I pray you do it speedily: for my part I look for no seruice, where I finde violence.

But *Cecropia*, vsing no more words with them, conuoyed them all three to several lodgings. *Zelmara*'s heart so swelling with spite, that she could not bring forth a

(word)



word and so left them: first taking from them their knives, because they should doe themselves no hurt, before she had determined of them; and then giving such order that they wanted nothing but libertie and comfort, he went to her sonne, who yet kept his bed, because of his wound hee had receiued of *Zelmune*; and told him, whom now he had in his power; *Amphias* was but then returned from strange countries, where he had won immortall fame both of courage and courtesie, when he met with the Princelless, and was hurt by *Zelmune*; so as hee was utterly ignorant of all his mothers wicked deuises, to which he would neuer haue consented, being (like a rose out of a briar) an excellent sonne of a euill mother. And now, when he heard of this, was as much amazed, as if he had (seen the Sun fall to the earth. And therefore desired his mother that she would tell him the whole discourse; how all these matters had happened. Sonne, said she, I will doe it willingly; and since all is done for you, I will hide nothing from you. And how soever I might be ashamed to tell it strangers, who would thinke it wickednesse, yet what is done for your sake (how euill soeuer to others) to you is vertue. To begin then euen with the beginning, this doting foole *Basilus* that now reignes, hauing liued vnmarried till he was nigh threescore yeares old (and in all his speeches affirming, and in all his doings assuring, that he neuer would marry) made all the eyes of this countrey to be bent vpon your Father, his onely brother (but yonger by thirtie yeares) as vpon the vndoubted successor, being indeed a man worthy to reigne, thinking nothing enough for himselfe: where this goose (you see) puts down his head, before there be any thing neere to touch him. So that he holding place and estimation as heire of *Arcadia*, obtained me of my father the king of *Argos*, his brother helping to the conclusion, with protesting his batchelery intention: for else you may be sure the king of *Argos*, nor his daughter would haue suffered their Royall blood to be stained with the base name of subiection. So that I came into this country as apparant Princelless thereof, and accordingly was courted, and followed of all the Ladies of this countrey. My port and pompe did well become a king of *Argos* daughter: In my presence their tongues were turned into eares; and their eares were captiues vnto my tongue. Their eyes admired my Maiestie, & happy was he of the, on whom I would suffer the beames thereof to fall. Did I go to Church? It seemed the very Gods waited for me, their deuotions not being solemnized till I was ready. Did I walke abroad to see my delight? Nay, my walking was the delight it self: for to it was the concourse, one thrusting vpon another, who might shew himself most diligent and seruiceable towards me; my steppes were inquired after, and my wakings neuer vn-saluted: the very gate of my house full of principall persons, who were glad, if their presents had received a gratefull acceptance. And in this felicitie wert thou borne, the very earth submitting it selfe vnto thee to be troden on as by his Prince; and so that passe had my husbands vertue (by my good helpe) within short time brought it, with a plot wee layd, as wee should not haue needed to haue waited the tedious worke of a naturall end of *Basilus*, when the heavens (I thinke enuying my great felicitie) then stopp thy fathers breath, when he breathed nothing but power and soueraigntie. Yet did not thy orphanie, or my widowhood, deprive vs of the delightfull prospect, which the hill of honour doth yeeld, while expectation of thy succession did binde dependencies vnto vs.

But before, my sonne, thou wert come to the age to feele the sweetnesse of authoritie, this beast (whom I can neuer name with patience) falsly and foolishly married this *Gynecia*, then a yong gyrl, and brought her to sit about mee in all feasts, to turne her shoulder to me-ward in all our solemnities. It is certaine, it is not so great

great a spire to be surmounted by strangers, as by ones owne allies. I thinke then what my minde was, since with all there is no question, The fall is greater from the first to the second, than from the second to the vnder most. The rage did swell in my heart, so much the more as it was faine to be suppressed in silence, & disguised with humblenesse. But about all the rest, the griefe of grieues was, when with these two daughters, now thy prisoners, she cut off all hope of thy succession: It was a tedious thing to me, that my eyes should looke lower than any bodies, that (my self being by) anothers voice than mine, should be more respected. But it was insupportable vnto me, to thinke that not only I, but thou shouldst spend all thy time in such misery, & that the Sunne should see my eldest sonne lesse than a Prince. And though I had bin a Saint I could not choose, finding the change this change of forme bred vnto me, for now from the multitude of followers, silence grew to be at my gate, and absence in my presence. The guesse of my minde would preuaile more before, than now many of my earnest requests. And thou (thy deare sonne) by the sickle multitude no more than an ordinary person (some of the most of the people) regarded. But I (remembering that in all miseries weeping becomes fooles, and practice wise folkes) haue tried diuers means to pull vs out of the mire of subiection. And though many times fortune failed me, yet didd neuer faile my selfe. Wilde beasts I kept in a cage hard by the Lodges, which I caused by night to be fed in the place of their Pastorals, I as then living in my house hard by the place, and against the houre they were to meete (hauing kept the beasts withour meate) then let them loose, knowing that they would seeke their food there, & deuour what they found. But blinde Fortune hating sharpe-fighted inuentions, made them valuckily to be killed. After I vsed my seruant *Clinia* to stirre a notable tumult of country people: but those louts were too grosse instruments for delicate conceits. Now lastly, finding *Philanax* his examinations grow dangerous, I thought to play double or quits: and with a sleight I vsed of my fine-witted wench *Antesia*, with other maides of mine, would haue sent these goodly inheritrices of *Arctalis*, to haue pleaded their cause before *Pluto*, but that over-fortunately for them, you made me know the last day how vehemently this childish passion of loue doth torment you. Therefore I haue brought them vnto you, yet wishing rather hate than loue in you. For hate often begetteth victorie; Loue commonly is the instrument of subiection. It is true, that I would also by the same practice haue entrapped the parents, but my maides faild of it, not daring to tary long about it. But this sufficeth, since (these being taken away) you are the vndoubted inheritor, & *Basilus* will not long ouer-lie this losse.

O mother, said *Amphialus*, speak not of doing them hurt, no more than to mine eyes, or my heart, or if I haue any thing more dear than eyes, or heart vnto me. Let others finde what sweetnes they will in euer fearing, because they euer are feared: for my part, I will thinke my self highly intitled, if I may be once by *Philaxus* accepted for a seruant. Well, said *Cecropia*, I would I had born you of my minde, as well as of my bodie: then should you not haue sunke vnder these base weakenesses. But since you haue tied your thoughts in so wilfull a knot, it is happy my policie hath brought matters to such a passe, as you may both enioy affection, & vpon that build your so-ueraigntie. Alas, said *Amphialus*, my heart would faine yeeld you thanks for setting me in the way of felicity, but that feare kils them in me, before they are fully borne. For if *Philaxus* be displeased, how can I be pleased: if he count it vnkindnes, shall I giue tokens of kindnes: perchance she condemnes me of this action, & shall I triumph: perchance she drownes now the beauties I loue with sorrowfull teares, and where is then my reioycing? You haue reason, said *Cecropia* with a fained grauity, I will



will therefore send her away presently, that her contentment may be recovered. No good mother, said *Amphialus*, since she is here, I would not for my life constrain presence, but rather would I dy than consent to absence. Pretty intricate follicies, said *Ceropia*, but get you vp, and see how you can preuaile with her, while I goe to the other sister. For after, we shall haue our hands full to defend our selues, if *Basilus* hap to besiege vs. But remembering her selfe, shee turned backe and asked him what hee would haue done with *Zelmae*, since now he might be reuenged of his hurt? Nothing but honorably, answered *Amphialus*, hauing deserved no other of me, especially being (as I hear) greatly cherished of *Philotea*: & therefore I could wish they were lodged together. O no, said *Ceropia*, company confirms resolutions, & loueliness breeds a wearines of ones thoughts, & so a sooner consenting to reasonable profers.

But *Amphialus* (taking off his mother *Philotea*'s kniues, which he kept as a relique since she had worne them) gar vp, & calling for his richest apparell, nothing seemed sumptuous enough for his mistresses eies, and that which was costly, he feared were not dainty: and though the inuention were delicate, he misdoubted the making. As carefull he was to be of the colour, lest if gay, he might seeme to glorie in his iniurie, and her wrong; if mourning, it might strike some euill presage vnto her of her fortune. At length he tooke a garment more rich than glazing, the ground being black velvet, richly embroidered with great pearle, and precious stones, but they set so among certaine tuffes of cypres, that the cypres was like black clouds, through which the stars might yeeld a dark lustre. About his neck he wore a brode and gorgeous collar, wherof the pieces interchangeably answering, the one was of diamonds & pearle, set with a white enamell, so as by the cunning of the workman it seemed like a shining ice, and the other piece beeing of Rubies, & Opalls, had a fiery glistering, which he thought pictured the two passions of Feare & Desire, wherein he was chainde. His hurt, not yet fully well, made him a little halt, but he straued to giue the best grace he could vnto his halting.

And in that sort he went to *Philotea*'s chamber: whom hee found (because her chamber was over-light some) sitting of that side of her bedde which was from the window; which did cast such a shadow vpon her, as a good Painter would bestow vpon *Venus*, when vnder the trees shee bewailed the murder of *Adonis*, her hands and fingers (as it were) indented one within the other: her shoulder leaning to her beddes head, and ouer her head a scarfe, which did eclipse almost halfe her eyes, which vnder it fixed their beames vpon the wall by, with so steddye a manner, as if in that place they might well change; but not mend their object: and so remained they a good while after his comming in, he not daring to trouble her, nor she perceiuing him, till that (a little varying her thoughts something quickning her senses) she heard him as he hapned to stirre his vpper garment: and perceiuing him, rose vp, with a demeanure, where in the Booke of beauty there was nothing to be read but Sorrow: for Kindnesse was blotted out, and Anger was neuer there.

But *Amphialus* that had entrusted his memory with long and forcible speeches, found it so locked vp in amazement, that he could pickle nothing out of it, but the beseeching her to take what was done in good part, and to assure her selfe there was nothing but honour meant vnto her person. But shee making no other answer, but letting her hands fall one from the other, which before were loyned (with eyes something cast aside, and a silent sigh) gaue him to vnderstand, that considering his doings, shee thought his speech as full of incongruities, as her answer would be voyde of purpose: whereupon he kneeling downe, and kissing her hand (which

(which she suffered with a countenance witnessing captiuitie, but not kindnesse) hee besought her to haue pity of him, whose loue went beyond the bounds of conceit, much more of uttering: that in her hands the ballance of his life or death did stand; whereto the least motion of hers would serue to determine, shee being indeed the mistresse of his life, and he her eternall slaue; and with true vehemencie besought her that he might heare her speake, whereupon she suffered her sweet breath to turn it selfe into these kinde of words.

Alas cousin, said shee, what shall my tongue bee able to doe, which is informed by the eares one way, and by the eyes another? You call for pitie, and vse crueltie; you say you loue me, and yet doe the effects of enmitie. You affirme your death is in my hands, but you haue brought mee to so neare a degree to death, as when you will, you may lay death vpon me: so that while you say, I am mistresse of your life, I am not mistresse of mine owne. You entitle your selfe my slaue, but I am sure I am yours. If then violence, iniurie, terrour, and depriving of that which is more deare than life it selfe, libertie, be fit orators for affection, you may expect that I will bee easily perswaded. But if the nearnesse of our kindred breede any remorse in you, or there be any such thing in you, which you call doe toward me, then let not my fortune be disgraced with the name of imprisonment: let not my heart waste it selfe by being vexed with feeling euill, and fearing worse. Let not mee bee a cause of my parents wofull destruction; but restore mee to my selfe, and so doing, I shall account I haue receiued my selfe of you. And what I say for my selfe, I say for my deare sister, and my friend *Zelmira*; for I desire her well-being, without they may bee partakers. With that her teares rained downe from her heavenly eyes, and seemed to water the sweete and beautifull flowers of her face.

But *Amphialus* was like the poore woman, who louing a tame Doe she had aboue all earthly things, hauing long played withall, and made it feed at her hand and lap, is constrained at length by famine (all her flocke being spent, and shee fallen into extreame pouertie) to kill the Deere, to sustaine her life. Many a pitifull looke doth shee cast vpon it, and many a time doth shee draw backe her hand before she can giue the stroke. For euens so *Amphialus* by a hunger-starued affection, was compelled to offer this iniurie, and yet the same affection made him with a tormenting grieve, thinke vnkindenesse in himselfe, that hee could finde in his heart any way to restraine her freedome. But at length, neither able to grant, nor deny, he thus answered her: Deare Ladie, said he, I will not say vnto you (how iustly soeuer I may doe it) that I am neither author, nor accessory vnto this your with-holding. For since I doe not redresse it, I am as faulty as if I had begun it. But this I protest vnto you (and this protestation of mine, let the heauens heare, and if I lie, let them answer me with a deadly thunderbolt) that in my soule I wish I had neuer seen the light; or rather, that I had neuer had a father to beget such a child, than that by my means those eies should ouerflow their own beauties, than by my means the skie of your vertue should be ouercrowded with sorrow. But woe is me, most excellent Ladie, I finde my selfe most willing to obey you: neither truly do mine eares receiue the least word you speake, with any lesse reuerence, than as absolute, & vnrefutable commandements. But alas, that tyrant Loue (which now possesseth the hold of all my life and reason) will no way suffer it. It is Loue, it is Loue, nor I, which disobey you. What then shall I say? but that I, who am ready to lye vnder your feete, to venture, nay to lose my life at your least commandement: I am not the stay of your freedome, but Loue, Loue, which ties you in your own knot. I say  
you



you your selfe, that imprison your selfe: it is your beauty which makes these castle walls embrace you: it is your owne eyes, which reflect vpon themselves this iniurie. Then is there no other remedy, but that you some way vouchsafe to satisfie this Loues vehemencie, which (since it grew in your selfe) without question you shall finde it (farre more than I) tractable.

But with these words *Philotea* fell to so extreame a quaking, and her swetly whitenesse did degenerate to such a deadly palenesse, that *Amphilus* feared some dangerous traunce: so that taking her hand, and feeling that it (which was wont to bee one of the chiefe firebrands of *Cupid*) had all the sense of it wrapt vp in coldnesse, he began humbly to beseech her to put away all feare, and to assure her selfe vpon the vow hee made thereof vnto God, and her selfe, that the vtermost forces hee would euer employ to conquer her affection, should bee Desire, and Desert. That promise brought *Philotea* againe to her selfe, so that slowly lifting vp her eyes vpon him, with a countenance euer courteous, but then languishing, shee told him, that he should doe well to doe so, if indeed he had euer tasted what true loue was: for that where now shee did beare him good will, shee should (if hee tooke any other way) hate, and abhorre the very thought of him: assuring him withall, that though his mother had taken away her kniues, yet the house of death had so many doores, as shee would easily flye into it, if euer she found her honour endangered.

*Amphilus* hauing the cold ashes of Care cast vpon the coales of Desire, leauing some of his mothers Gentlewomen to waite vpon *Philotea*, himselfe indeede a prisoner to his prisoner, and making all his authoritie to bee but a foot-stoole to Humblenesse, went from her to his mother. To whom with words which Affection endited, but Amazement vttered, hee deliuered what had passed betwene him and *Philotea*: beseeching her to trie what her perswasions could do with her, while he gaue order for all such things as were necessary against such forces, as hee looked daily *Basilius* would bring before his castle. His mother bad him quiet himselfe, for shee doubted not to take fir times. But that the best way was, first to let her owne Passion a litle tire it selfe.

So they calling *Clinia*, and some other of their counsell, aduised vpon their present affaires. First, he dispatched priuate letters to all those principall Lords & Gentlemen of the countrey, whom he thought either alliance, or friendship to himselfe might draw; with speciall motions from the generall consideration of dutie: not omitting all such, whom either youthfull age, or youthlike mindes did fill with vnlimited desires: besides such whom any discontentment made hungrie of change, or an ouer-spended want, made want a ciuill warre: to each (according to the counsell of his mother) conforming himselfe after their humors. To his friends, friendliness, to the ambitious, great expectations, to the displeased, reuenge, to the greedy, spoyle: wrapping their hopes with such cunning, as they rather seemed giuen ouer vnto them as partakers, than promises sprung of necessitie. Then sent he to his mothers brother, the king of *Argos*; but he was then so ouer-laid with warre himselfe, as from thence he could attend small succour.

But because he knew how violently rumors do blow the sailes of popular iudgements, and how few there bee that can discern betwene truth and truthlikenesse, betwene shewes and substance; hee caused a iustification of this his action to bee written, wherof were sowed abroad many copies, which with some glosses of probability, might indeede hide the fowlnesse of his treason, and from true commonplaces, fetch downe most false applications. For, beginning how much the duty

which is owed to the country, goes beyond all other duties, ſince in it ſelfe it contains them all; and that for the reſpect thereof, not only all tender reſpects of kindred, or whatſoeuer other friendships are to bee laid aſide, but that euen long-held opinions (rather builded vpon a ſecret of government, than any ground of truth) are to be forſaken; he fell by degrees, to ſhew, that ſince the end wherto any thing is directed, is euer to bee of more noble reckning, than the thing thereto directed: that therefore the weale-publike was more to bee regarded, than any perſon or Magiſtrate that thereunto was ordained. The feeling conſideration whereof, had moued him (though as neere of kinne to *Baſilius* as could bee, yet) to ſet principally before his eyes, the good eſtate of ſo many thouſands, ouer whom *Baſilius* reigned: rather than ſo to hood-winke himſelfe with affection, as to ſuffer the Realme to runne to manifeſt ruine. The care whereof, did kindly appertaine to thoſe who being ſubaltern magiſtrates & officers of the crown, were to be employed, as from the Prince, ſo for the people; & of all other, eſpecially himſelfe, who being deſcended of the Royall race, and next heire male, Nature had no ſooner opened his eyes, but that the ſoyle whereupon they did looke was to looke for at his hands a continuall carefulneſſe: which as from his child hood he had euer carried, ſo now finding that his Vncle had not only giuen ouer all care of government, but had put it into the hands of *Philanax* (a man neither in birth comparable to many, nor for his corrupt, proud, and partiall dealing, liked of any) but beſide, had ſet his daughters, in whom the whole eſtate, as next heires thereunto, had no leſſe intereſt than himſelfe, in ſo vnſit and ill-guarded a place, as it were not only dangerous for their perſons, but (if they ſhould bee conueyed to any forraine countrey) to the whole common-wealth pernicious: that therefore he had brought them into this ſtrong caſtle of his: which way, if it might ſeem ſtrange, they were to conſider, that new neceſſities require new remedies: but there they ſhould be ſerued & honoured as belonged to their greatneſſe, vntill by the generall aſſembly of the eſtates, it ſhould bee determined how they ſhould to their beſt (both priuate, and publique) aduantage be matched, vowing al faith & duty both to the father & children, neuer by him to be violated. But if in the mean time, before the eſtates could be aſſembled, he ſhould be aſſailed, he would then for his own defence take arms: deſiring all, that either tendered the dangerous caſe of their country, or in their harts loued iuſtice, to defend him in this iuſtification. And if the Prince ſhould command them otherwiſe, yet to know, that therein he was no more to be obeyed, than if he ſhould call for poiſon to hurt himſelfe withall: ſince all that was done, was done for his ſeruice, howſoeuer hee might (ſeduced by *Philanax*) interpret of it: hee proteſſing, that whatſoeuer hee ſhould do for his own defence, ſhould be againſt *Philanax*, & no way againſt *Baſilius*.

To this effect, amplified with arguments & examples, & painted with rethoricall colours, did hee ſow abroad many diſcourſes: which as they preuailed with ſome of more quick than ſound conceit, to runne his fortune with him, ſo in many did it breed a cooleneſſe, to deale violently againſt him, & a falſe-minded neutrality to expect the iſſue. But beſides the waies he vſed to weaken the aduerſe party, he omitted nothing for the ſtrengthening of his own. The chiefe truſt wherof, becauſe he wanted men to keep the field, he reposed in the ſurety of his caſtle, which at leaſt would win him much time; the mother of many mutations. To that therefore he bent both his outward and inward eyes, ſtriving to make Art ſtrive with Nature, to whether of them two that fortification ſhould bee moſt beholding. The ſeate Nature beſtowed; but Art gaue the building: which as his rocky hardneſſe would not yeeld to vndermining force, ſo to open aſſaults he took counſell of ſkill, how to make all approaches;



approches, if not impossible, yet difficult, as well as the foot of the castle, as round about the lake, so give victuals lodgings to them, whom only crunity would make neighbours. Then omitted hee nothing of defence, as well simple defence, as that which had defence by offending, fling instruments of mischief to places, whence the mischief might be most liberally bestowed. Neither was his smallest care for victuals, as well for the providing that which should suffice, both in store & goodnesse, as in well preserving it, and wary distributing it, both in quantity and quality, spending that first which would keep least.

But wherein he sharpened his wits to the piercingest point, was touching his men (knowing them to be the weapon of weapons, and master-spring, as it were, which makes all the rest to stirre, & that therefore in the Art of man stood the quintessence and ruling skill of all prosperous governments, cyther peaceable, or military) hee chose in number as many as without peering (and so danger of infection) his victuall would serve for two yeares to maintaine; all of able bodies, and some few of able mindes to direct, not seeking many Commanders, but contenting himselfe, that the multitude should have obeying wittes, every one knowing whom hee should command, and whom hee should obey; the place where, and the matter wherein, distributing each office as neere as he could, to the disposition of the person that should exercise it: knowing no loue, danger, nor discipline can suddenly alter an habit in nature. Therefore would hee not employ the soft man to a shifting practice, nor the liberal man to be a dispenser of his victuall, nor the kind-hearted man to be a punisher: but would exercise their vertues in sorts, where they might be profitable, employing his chiefe care to know them all particularly & thoroughly, regarding also the constitution of their bodies, some being able better to abide watching, some hunger, some labour, making his benefit of each ability, and not forcing beyond power. Time to every thing by just proportion he allotted, and as well in that, as in every thing else, no small effort wint he, lest greater should be animated. Even of vices he made his profit, making the cowardly *Eximius* to have care of the watch, which he knew his owne feare would make him very wakefully performe. And before the sieg began he himselfe caused rumors to be sowed, and libels to be spread against himselfe, fuller of malice, than wary persuasion: partly to know those that would be apt to stumbe at such motions; that hee might cull them from the farrther band; but principally, because in necessity they should not know when any such things were in earnest attempted, whether it were, or not of his owne invention. But even then (before the enemies were come neere to breed any terrour) did he exercise his men daily w<sup>th</sup> their charges, as if Danger had presently presented his most hideous presence, himselfe rather instructing by example, than precept, being neither more sparing to transire, nor spending in diet, than the meane soldier: his hand and body sustaining no base manners, nor shrinking from the heate.

The onely oddes was, that when others took breath, hee sighed, and when others rested, hee rost his aniel. For Loue passing thorow the eyes of Danger, and tumbling it selfe in the dust of Labour, yet still made him remember that were denied, and beaustfull image. Often when hee had begun to command one, some what before halfe the sentence were ended, his inward gush did so exceed his min, that hee would break it off, and a pretty while after end new hee had to the marvell of the standers by) sent himselfe to take with his owne thoughts. Sometimes when his hand was lifted up to doe something, as it was the sight of a wall, hee had beene suddenly turned into a stone, so would hee there abide with his eyes

planted, & hands lifted, till at length coming to the vse of himself, he would look about whether any had perceiued him: then would he accuse, and in himselfe condemn all those wits, that durst affirme Idleness to bee the well-spring of Loue. O would he say, all you that affect the title of wisdom, by vngateful scorning the ornaments of Nature, am I now piping in a shadow, or doe sloathfull feathers now enwrap me: Is not hate before me, and doubt behinde me: Is not danger of the one side, and shame of the other? And doe I not stand vpon paine and trauell, and yet ouer all, my affection triumphs? The more I sitte about vrgent affaires, the more mee thinkes the very sitting breeds a breath to blowe the coales of my loue: the more I exercise my thoughts, the more they increase the appetite of my desires. O sweete *Philaslea* (with that hee would cast vp his eyes, wherein some wate r did appeare, as if they would wash themselves against they should see her) thy heavenly face is my Astronomy, thy sweete vertue, my sweete Philosophy: let me profite therein, and farewell all other cogitations. But alas, my minde mis-giues me, for your planets beare a contrary aspect vnto me. Woe, woe is me, they threaten my destruction: and whom doe they threaten this destruction? even him that loues them, and by what meanes will they destroy, but by louing them: O deare (though killing) eyes, shall death head his dart with the gold of *Cupid*'s arrow? Shall death take his ayme from the rest of Beauty? O beloued (though hating) *Philaslea*, how if thou beest mercifull, hath cruelty stolne into thee? Or how if thou beest cruell, doth cruelty looke more beautifull than euer mercy did? Or alas, it is my destiny that makes mercy cruell: like an euill vessell which turnes sweet liquor to sowernesse, so when thy grace falls vpon me, my wretched constitution makes it become fiercenesse. Thus would he exercise his eloquence, when shee could not heare him, and be dumbe-stricken, when her presence gaue him fit occasion of speaking: so that his wit could find out no other refuge, but the comfort and counsell of his mother, desiring her whose thoughts were vaperplexed to yie for his sake the most preuailling manners of intercession.

Shee seeing her longer safety depend thereon, though her pride much disdaind the name of a desirer, took the charge vpon her, not doubting the easie conquest of an vnexpert Virgin, who had already with subtilty and impudency begun to vndermine a Monarchie. Therefore weighing *Philaslea*'s resolutions by the counterpoise of her owne youthfull thoughts, which she then called to minde, she doubted not at least to make *Philaslea* to receive the poyson distilled in sweete liquor, which she with little disguising had dranke vp thirstily. Therefore shee went softly to *Philaslea*'s chamber, & peeping through the side of the doore, then being a little open, shee saw *Philaslea* sitting low vpon a cushion, in such a giuen-over manner, that one would haue thought sleries, solitarinesse, and melancholy were come there, vnder the ensigne of mirth, to conquer delight, & diuie him from his naturall seate of beauty: her teares came dropping downe like raine in Sunneshine, and she not taking heed to wipe the teares, they hung vpon her cheekes and lips, as vpon cherries which the dropping troe bedeweth. In the dressing of her haire and apparel, she might see neither a carefull Art, nor an Art of carelesnesse, but euen left to a neglected chance, which yet could no more vnperfect her perfections, than a Doe any way cast, could lose his squarenesse.

*Cecropia* (stirred with no other pique, but for her owne) came in, and haling kindness into her countenance. What ayle this sweet Lady, said shee, will you marre do good eyes with weepings, shall teares take away the beauty of that complexion, which the women of *Arden* wish for, and the men long after. Eie of this piewith



sadnesse, in looth it is vntimely for your age. Looke vpon your owne body, and see whether it deseruet to pine away with sorrow: see whether you will haue these hands (with that shee tooke one of her hands, and kissing it, looked vpon it as if she were enamoured with it) fade from their whitenesse, which makes one desire to touch them; and their softnesse, which rebounds againe a desire to looke on them, and become drie, leane and yellow, and make euery body wonder at the change, and say, that sure you had vsed some Art before, which now you had left; for if the beauties had beene naturall, they would neuer so soone haue beene blemished. Take a glasse, and see whether these teares become your eyes: although I must confesse, those eyes are able to make teares comely. Alas Madam, answered *Philotes*, I know not whether my teares become mine eyes, but I am sure mine eyes thus beteaured, become my fortune. Your fortune, said *Cecropia*, if she could see to attire her selfe, would put on her best rayments. For I see, and I see it with griefe, and (to tell you true) vnkindnesse: you misconstrue euery thing that onely for your sake is attempted. You thinke you are offended, and are indeed defended: you esteeme your selfe a prisoner, and are in truth a mistresse: you fear hate, and shall find loue. And truly, I had a thing to say to you, but it is no matter: since I find you are so obstinately melancholy, as that you woo his fellowship, I will spare my paines, and hold my peace. And so staid indeede, thinking *Philotes* would haue had a female inquisitiuenesse of the matter. But she, who rather wished to vnknew what she knew, than to burthen her heart with more hopeles knowledge, onely desired her to haue pitie of her, and if indeede she did meane her no hurt, then to grant her liberty: for else the very griefe and feare, would proue her vnappointed executioners. For that, said *Cecropia*, beleue me vpon the faith of a kings daughter, you shall be free, so soone as your freedome may bee free of mortall danger, being brought hither for no other cause, but to preuent such mischiefes as you know not of. But if you thinke indeed to winne me to haue care of you, euen as of mine own daughter, then lend your cares vnto me, and let not your minde arme it selfe with a wilfulnesse to be flexible to nothing. But if I speake reason, let Reason haue his due reward, perswasion. Then sweete Neece (said shee) I pray you presuppose, that how euen in the midst of your agonies, which you paint vnto your selfe most horrible, wishing with sighes, and praying with vowes, for a soone & safe deliuerie. Imagine Neece (I say) that some heavenly spirit should appeare vnto you, & bid you follow him through the door, that goes into the garden, assuring you, that you should thereby returne to your deare mother, & what other delights soeuer your mind esteems delights: would you (sweet Neece) would you refuse to follow him: & say, that if he led you not through the chiefe gate, you would not enjoy your ouer-desired libertie: Would you not drinke the Wine you thirst for, without it were in such a glasse as you especially fancied: tell me (dear Neece: ) but I will answer for you, because I know your reason & wit is such, as must needs conclude, that such nicenesse can no more be in you, to disgrace such a minde, than disgracefulnesse can haue any place in so faultlesse a beautille. Your wisdom would assuredly determine, how the marke were hit, nor whether the bow were of Ewe or no, wherein you shot. If this be so, & thus sure (my deare Neece) it is, then (I pray you) imagine, that I am that same good Angell, who grieuing in your griefe, and in truth not able to suffer, that bitter sighs should be sent forth with so sweete a breath, am come to lead you, not only to your desired, and imagined happinesse, but to a true & essentiall happinesse: not onely to liberty, but to liberty with commandement. The way I will shew you, which if it be not the gate builded hitherto in your private choise, yet shall it be a doore to bring

you through a garden of pleasures, as sweet as this life can bring forth; nay rather, which makes this life to be a life: My sonne (let it be no blemish to him that I name him my son, who was your fathers own nephew: for you know I am no small kings daughter) my sonne, I say, farre passing the neerenesse of his kindred, with neerenesse of good will, and striving to match your matchlesse beautie with a matchlesse affection, doth by me present vnto you the full enioying of your liberty, so as with this gift you will accept a greater, which is, this castle, with all the rest which you know he hath in honourable quantity, and will confirme his gift, and your receit of both, with accepting him to be yours. I might say much both for the person & the matter; but who will cry out the Sun shines? It is so manifest a profit vnto you, as the meanest iudgement must straight apprehend it: so farre it is from the sharpnesse of yours, thereof to be ignorant. Therefore (sweet Neece) let your gratefulnesse be my intercession, and your gentlenesse my eloquence, and let me cary comfort to a heart which greatly needs it. *Philoclea* looked vpon her, and cast downe her eye againe: Aunt, said she, I would I could be so much a mistresse of my own mind, as to yeeld to my cousins vertuous request: for so I construe of it. But my heart is already set (& staying a while on that word, she brought forth afterwards) to lead a virgins life to my death: for such a vow I haue in my selfe deuoutly made. The heauens prevent such a mischiefe, said *Cecropia*. A vow, quoth you? no, no, my deare Neece, Nature, when you were first borne, vowed you a woman, and as she made you childe of a mother, so to do your best to be mother of a childe: shee gaue you beautie to moue loue; shee gaue you wit to know loue; shee gaue you an excellent body to reward loue: which kind of liberall rewarding is crowned with an vnspokeable felicity. For this, as it bindeth the receiuer, so it makes happy the bestower: this doth not impouerish, but enrich the giuer. O the sweet name of a mother: O the comfort of comforts, to see your children grow vp, in whom you are, as it were, eternized! if you could conceiue what a heart-tickling ioy it is to see your own little ones, with awfull loue come running to your lap, & like little models of your selfe stil cary you about them, you would think vnkindnesse in your own thoughts, that euer they did rebel against the meane vnto it. But perchance I set this blessednes before your eyes, as Captaines doe victorie before their souldiers, to which they must come through many paines, griefes & dangers. No, I am content you shrinke from this my counsell, if the way to come vnto it, be not most of all pleasant. I know not (answered the sweet *Philoclea*, fearing lest silence would offend for fullennesse) what contentment you speak of: but I am sure the best you can make of it (which is marriage) is a burdensome yoke. Ah, deare Neece (said *Cecropia*) how much you are deceiued: A yoke indeed we all bear, laid vpon vs in our creation, which by mariage is not increased; but thus farre eased, that you haue a yoke-fellow to help to draw through the cloddy cumbers of this world. O widow-nights, beare witness with me of the difference. How often alas do I embrace the orphan-side of my bed, which was wont to be imprinted by the body of my deare husband, and with teares acknowledge, that I now enioy such a libertie as the banisht man hath, who may, if he list, wander ouer the world, but is for euer restrained from his most delightfull home: that I haue now such a libertie as the sceled dove hath, which being first deprived of eyes, is then by the falconer cast off: For belecue me, neece, belecue me, mans experience is womans best eye-sight. Haue you euer seene a pure Rosewater kept in a crysall glasse? how fine it looks, how sweet it smells, while that beautiful glasse imprisons it? break the prison, & let the water take his owne course, doth it not embrace dust, and lose all his former sweetnesse & fairenesse? Truly so are wee, if wee haue not the stay,

rather



rather than the restraint of Crystalline marriage. My heart melts to thinke of the sweete comforts I in that happy time receiued, when I had neuer cause to care, but the care was doubled: when I neuer reioyced, but that I saw my ioy shining in another eyes. What shall I say of the free delight, which the heart might embrace, without the accusing of the inward conscience, or feare of outward shame: and is a solitary life as good as this? then can one string make as good musick as a consort: then can one colour set forth a beauty. But it may be, the generall consideration of marriage doth not so much mislike you, as the applying of it to him. He is thy sonne, I must confesse, I see him with a mothers eyes, which if they doe not much deceiue me, he is no such one, ouer whom Contempt may make any iust challenge. Hee is comely, he is noble, he is rich; but that which in it selfe should cary all comeliness, nobilitie, & riches, He loues you: & he loues you who is beloued of others. Drive not away his affection (Sweet Lady) & make no other Lady hereafter proudly brag, that she hath robbed you of so faithfull & notable a seruant. *Philotea* heard some peeces of her speeches, no otherwise than one doth when a tedious prater combats the hearing of a delightfull musick. For her thoughts had left her eares in that captiuitie, & conqueied themselves to behold (with such eyes as imagination could lend them) the estate of her *Zelmene*: for whom how well she thought many of those sayings might haue bene vsed with a farre more gratefull acceptation. Therefore lifting not to dispute in a matter whereof her selfe was resolved, and desired not to informe the other, she only told her that whilst she was so captiued, she could not conceiue of any such perswasions (though neuer so reasonable) any otherwise, than as constraints: & as constraints must needs euen in nature abhor them, which at her libertie in their own force of reason, might more preuaile with her: & so fine would haue returned the strength of *Cecropia's* perswasions, to haue procured freedom.

But neither her witty words in an enemye, nor those words, made more than eloquent with passing through such lips, could preuaile in *Cecropia*, more than her perswasions could winne *Philotea* to disauow her former vow, or to leave the prisoner *Zelmene*, for the commanding *Amphialus*. So that both sides being desirers, and neither granters, they brake off conference. *Cecropia* sucking vp more and more spite out of her deniall, which yet for her sonnes sake, shee disguised with a visard of kindenesse, leaving no office vnperformed, which might either witnesse, or endear her sonnes affection. Whatsoeuer could be imagined likely to please her, was with liberrall diligence performed: Musickes at her window, and especially such Musickes, as might (with dolefull embassage) call the mind to thinke of sorrow, and think of it with sweetnesse; with ditties so sensibly expressing *Amphialus* case, that euery word seemed to be but a diuersifying of the name of *Amphialus*. Daily presents, as it were oblations, to pacifie an angry Deitie, sent vnto her: wherein, if the workmanship of the forme had stricken with the sumptuousnesse of the matter, as much did the inuention, in the application, contend to haue the chief excellencie: for they were as so many stories of his disgraces, and her perfections; where the richnesse did inuite the eyes, the fashion did entertaine the eyes, and the deuice did teach the eyes, the present miserie of the presenter himselfe awfully seruiceable: which was the more notable, as his authority was manifest. And for the bondage wherein she liued, all meanes vsed to make knowne, that if it were a bondage, it was a bondage only knit in loue-knots: but she in heart already vnderstanding no language but one, the Musicke wrought indeede a dolefulnesse, but it was a dolefulnesse to be in his power: the dittie intended for *Amphialus*, she translated to *Zelmene*: the presents seemed so many tedious clogs of a thrall'd obligation: and

his seruice, the more diligent it was, the more it did exprobate (as shee thought) vnto her, her vnworthy estate: that euen he that did her seruice, had authority of commanding her, onely construing her seruitude in his owne nature, esteeming it a right, and a right bitter seruitude: so that all their shots (how well soeuer leuelled) being carried awry from the mark, by the storme of her dislike, the Prince *Amphilas* affectionately languished, and *Cecropia* spitefully cunning, disdained at the barrenesse of their successe.

Which willingly *Cecropia* would haue reuenged, but that she saw, her hurt could not be diuided from her sonnes mischief: wherefore, shee bethought her selfe to attempt *Pamela*, whose being equall, she hoped, if she might be wonne, that her sons thoughts would rather rest on a beautifull gratefulnesse, than still bee tormented with a disdainning beauty. Therefore giuing new courage to her wicked inuentions, and vsing the more industry, because she had mist in this, & taking euen precepts of preuailing in *Pamela*, by her sayling in *Philoclea*, she went to her chamber, and (according to her own vngracious method of subtile proceeding) stood listning at the doore, because that out of the circumstance of her present behaviour, there might kindly arise a fit beginning of her intended discourse.

And so she might perceiue that *Pamela* did walk vp & down, full of deep (though patient) thoughts. For her looke & countenance was settled, her pace soft & almost still of one measure, without any passionate gesture, or violent motion: til at length (as it were) awaking, & strengthening her selfe, Well, said she, yet this is the best, and of this I am sure, that howsoeuer they wrong mee, they cannot ouer-master God. No darknesse blinds his eyes, no goayle bars him out. To whom then else should I flie, but to him for succour? And therewith kneeling downe, euen where she stood, she thus said: O All-seeing Light, and eternall Life of all things, to whom nothing is either so great, that it may resist, or so small, that it is contemned: looke vpon my misery with thine eye of mercy, and let thine infinite power vouchsafe to limir out some proportion of deliuerance vnto me, as to thee shall seeme most conuenient. Let not iniury, O Lord, triumph ouer mee, and let my fautes by thy hand bee corrected, and make not mine vniust enemy the minister of thy lustice. But yet my God, if in thy wisdom, this be the aptest chastisement for my vnexcusable folly, if this low bondage be fittest for my ouer-high desires, if the pride of my not enough humble heart, be thus to bee broken, O Lord, I yeeld vnto thy will, & ioyfully embrace what sorrow thou wilt haue me suffer. Only thus much let me craue of thee (let my crauing, O Lord, bee accepted of thee, since euen that proceeds from thee) let me craue, euen by the noblest title, which in my greatest affliction I may giue my selfe, that I am thy creature, & by thy goodnesse (which is thy selfe) that thou wilt suffer some beame of thy Maiesty so to shine into my minde, that it may still depend confidently on thee. Let calathity be the exercise, but not the overthrow of my vertue: let their power preuaile, but preuaile not to destruction: let my greatnesse be their prey: let my paine be the sweetnesse of their reuenge: let them (if so it seem good vnto thee) vexe me with more and more punishment. But, O Lord, let neuer their wickednesse haue such a hand, but that I may carry a pure minde in a pure body. (And pausing a while) And O most gracious Lord, said shee, what euer become of me, preserue the vertuous *Musidorus*.

The other part *Cecropia* might well heare: but this latter prayer for *Musidorus*, her heart held it, as so iewel-like a treasure, that it would scarce trust her owne lippes withall. But this prayer, sent to heauen, from so heavenly a creature, with such a fervent grace, as if deuotion had borrowed her body, to make of it selfe a most beautiful representation



representation, with her eies so lifted to the skie ward, that one would haue thought they had begun to flie thitherward, to take their place among their fellow starres; her naked hands raising vp their whole length, & as it were kissing one another, as if the right had been the picture of *Zeus*, and the left of *Humblenesse*, which both vnted themselves to make their suites more acceptable. Lastly, all her senses being rather tokens than instruments of her inward motions, altogether had so strange a working power, that euen the hard-hearted wickednesse of *Ceropia*, if it found not a loue of that goodnesse, yet it felt an abashment at that goodnesse; and if shee had not a kindly remorse, yet had shee an irksome accusation of her owne naughtinesse, so that shee was put from the byas of her fore-intended lesson. For well she found there was no way at that time to take that minde, but with some, at least, image of Vertue; and what the figure thereof was, her heart knew not.

Yet did she prodigally spend her vttermoost eloquence, leaning no argument vnproued, which might with any force inuade her excellent iudgement: the iustnesse of the request being, but for marriage; the worthinesse of the suiter: then her owne present fortune, which should not only haue amendment, but felicity: besides falsely making her beleue, that her sister would thinke her selfe happy, if now shee might haue his loue which before she contemned; and obliquely touching what danger it should be for her, if her sonne should accept *Philoclea* in marriage; and so match the next heire apparant, shee being in his power: yet plentifully periuring how extremely her sonne loued her, and excusing the litle shewes he made of it, with the dutifull respect hee bare vnto her, and taking vpon her selfe that she restrained him, since she found she could set no limits to his passions. And as she did to *Philoclea*, so did she to her, with the tribute of gifts seeke to bring her minde into seruitude: and all other meanes, that might eyther establish a beholdingnesse, or at least awake a kindnesse, doing it so, as by reason of their imprisonment, one sister knew not how the other was wooed, but each might thinke that only she was sought. But if *Philoclea* with sweet and humble dealing did auoid their assaults, she with the Maiesty of Vertue did beate them off.

But this day their speech was the sooner broken off by reason that he, who stood as watch vpon the top of the keepe, did not onely see a great dust arise (which the earth sent vp, as if it would strue to haue clouds as well as the ayre) but might see sometimes, especially when the dust wherein the naked wind did partell it selfe, was carried aside from them, the shining of armour, like flashing of lightning, which with the clouds, did seeme to bee with child; which the Sunne guiding with his beames, in gaue a sight delightful to my, but to them that were to abide the terror. But the watch gaue a quick Alarm to the souldiers within, whom practice already hauing prepared, began each, with vnabashed hearts, or at least countenances, to looke to their charge or obedience, which was allotted vnto them.

Onely *Clinia* & *Amphibolus* did exceede the bounds of mediocrity: the one in his naturall coldnesse of cowardise, the other in heat of courage. For *Clinia* (who was bold onely in busie whisperings, & euen in that whisperingnesse rather indeed confident in his cunning, that it should not bee betrayed, than any way bold; if euer it should bee betrayed) now that the enemy gaue a dreadfull sight vnto the castle, his eies saw no terrour, nor eare heard any martiall sound, but that they multiplied the hideousnesse of it to his mated mind. Before their coming he had many times felt a dreadfull expectation, but yet his minde (that was willing to ease it selfe of the burden of feare) did sometime faile vnto it selfe possibility of let; as the death of *Belium*, the discord of the nobility, and (when other cause failed him)

the

the nature of chance sent as a cause vnto him: and sometimes the hearing other men speake valiantly, and the quietnesse of his vnassailed senses, would make himselfe beleue, that he durst doe something. But now, that present danger did display it selfe vnto his eye, and that a dangerous doing must bee the onely meane to prevent the danger of suffering, one that had marked him would haue iudged, that his eyes would haue runne into him, and his soule out of him; so vnkindly did either take a sent of danger. Hee thought the lake was too shallow, and the wals too thin: hee misdoubted each mans treason, and coniectured euery possibility of misfortune, not onely fore-casting likely perils, but such as all the planets together could scarcely haue conspired: and already began to arme himselfe, though it was determined he should tarry within doors; & while he armed himselfe, imagined in what part of the vault he would hide himselfe, if the enemies wonne the castle. Desirous he was that euery body should doe valiantly, but himselfe; and therefore was affraid to shew his feare, but for very feare would haue hid his feare; lest it should discomfort others: but the more he fought to disguise it, the more the vnsubtlenesse of a weake broken voice to high braue words, and of a pale shaking countenance to a gesture of animating, did discouer him.

But quite contrarily *Amphialus*, who before the enemies came was carefull, prudently diligent, and not sometimes without doubting of the issue, now the beeter danger approached (like the light of a glow-worme) the lesse still it seemed: and now his courage began to boyle in choler, and with such impatience to desire to powre out both vpon the enemy, that hee issued presently into certaine boates hee had of purpose, & carrying with him some choise men, went to the fortresse he had vpon the edge of the lake, which hee thought would bee the first thing, hat the enemy would attempt, because it was a passage, which commanding all that side of the country, and being lost would stop victuall, or other supply, that might be brought into the castle: and in that fortresse hauing some force of horsemen, hee issued out with two hundred horse, and five hundred footemen, embusht his footemen in the falling of a hill, which was ouer-shadowed with a wood, hee with his horsemen went a quarter of a mile further; aside hand of which hee might perceiue the many troupes of the enemy, who came but to view where best to encampe themselves.

But as if the sight of the enemy had been a Magnes stone to his courage, he could not containe himselfe, but shewing his face to the enemy, and his backe to his soldiers, vied that action, as his onely oration, both of denouncing warre to the one, and perswading helpe of the other. Who faithfully following an example of such authority, they made the earth to groane vnder their furious burden, & the enemies to begin to be angry with them, whom in particular they knew not. Among whom there was a yong man, yongest brother to *Philanus*, whose face as yet did not betray his sexe, with so much as shew of haire; of a minde hauing no limits of hope, nor knowing why to feare, full of iollity in conuersation, and lately growne a Lover. His name was *Agas*, of all that army the most beautifull: who hauing ridden in sportfull conuersation among the foremost, all armed seeing that his beauer was vp, to haue his breath in more freedom, seeing *Amphialus* come a pretty way before his company, neither staying the commandement of the Capitaine, nor reckning whether his face were armed, or no, let spurs to his horse, & with youthfull brauery casting his staffe about his head, put it then in his rest, as carefull of comely carying it, as if the marke had beene but a Ring, and the lookers on Ladies. But *Amphialus* lance was already come to the last of his descending line, & began to make the full point



point of death against the head of this young Gentleman, when *Amphialus* perceiving his youth and beauty, Compassion so rebated the edge of Choler, that he spared that faire nakednesse, & let his staffe fall to *Agonors* vampaile: so as both with braue breaking should hurtlesly haue performed that match, but that the pitifull Launce of *Amphialus* (angry with being broken) with an vn lucky counterblow full of vnsparring splinters, lighted vpon that face farre fitter for the combats of *Pentus*; giuing not only a sudden, but a fowle death, leauing scarcely any tokens of his former beauty: but his hands abandoning the reynes, and his thighes the saddle, he fell sideward from the horse. Which sight comming to *Leontius*, a deare friend of his, who in vaine had lamentably cried vnto him to stay, when hee saw him begin his carriere, it was hard to say, whether pitie of the one, or reuenge against the other, held as then the soueraignetic in his passions. But while hee directed his eye to his friend, & his hand to his enemy, so wrongly comforted a power could not resist the ready minded force of *Amphialus*: who perceiving his ill-directed direction against him, so paid him his debt before it was lent, that he also fell to the earth, only hap- pie that one place, and one time, did finish both their loues and liues together.

But by this time there had beene a furious meeting of either side: where after the terrible salutation of warlike noise, the shaking of hands was with sharp weapons: Some Launces according to the metall they met, and skill of the guider, did staine themselves in blond; some flew vp in peeces, as if they would threaten heaven, because they fayled on earth. But their office was quickly inherited, eyther by (the Prince of weapons) the sword, or by some heauie mace, or biting axe; which hunting stil the weakest chafe, sought euer to light there where smallest resistance might worke preuent mischief. The clashing of armour, and crushing of stauces, the iustling of bodies, the resounding of blowes, was the first part of that ill agreeing misfick, which was beautified with the grislinesse of wounds, the rising of dust, the hideous falls and the grones of the dying. The very horses angry in their Masters anger, with loue and obedience brought forth the effects of hate and resistance, and with mindes of seruitude, did as if they affected glory. Some lay dead vnder their dead Masters, whom vn knightly wounds had vnjustly punished for a faithfull dutie. Some lay vpon their Lords by like accidents, and in death, had the honour to be borne by them, whom in life they had borne. Some hauing lost their commanding burthens, ranne scattered about the field, abashed with the madnesse of mankind. The earth it selfe (wont to bee a buriall of men) was now, as it were, buried with men: so was the face thereof hidden with dead bodies, to whom death had come masked in diuers maners. In one place lay disinherited heads, dispossessed of their naturall seignories: in another, whole bodies to see to, but that their hearts wont to bee bound all ouer so close, were now with deadly violence opened: in others, fowler deaths had ouglyly displayed their trayling guts. There lay armes, whose fingers yet moued, as if they would feele for him that made them feele: and legges, which contrary to common reason, by being discharged of their burden, were growne heauier. But no sword payed so large a tribute of soules to the eternal Kingdome, as that of *Amphialus*: who like a Pigre, from whom a companie of Woodes did seeke to rauish a new gotten prey; so hee (remembering they came to take away *Philotes*) did labour to make valour, strength, choler, and hatred, to answer the proportion of his loue, which was infinite.

There died of his hand the old knight *Eschylus*, who though by yeares might well haue beene allowed to vse rather the exercises of wisdom, than of courage; yet hauing a lusty body and a merry heart, he euer tooke the summons of Time in  
left;

iest, or else it had so creepingly stolne vpon him, that hee had heard scarcely the noise of his feet, and therefore was as fresh in apparell, and as forward in enterprises, as a far yonger man: but nothing made him bolder, than a certaine prophcie had been told him, that hee should die in the armes of his sonne, and therefore feared the lesse the arme of an enemy. But now when *Amphialus* sword was passed through his throate, he thought himselfe abused; but that before he died, his sonne, indeede seeing his father begin to fall, held him vp in his armes, till a pitilesse souldier of the other side, with a mace brained him, making father and sonne become twins in the neuer againe dying birth. As for *Drialus*, *Memnon*, *Nisus* and *Policrates*; the first had his eyes cut out so, as he could not see to bid the neer following death welcome: the second had met with the same Prophet that old *Eschylus* had, and hauing found many of his speeches true, beleueed this too, that hee should neuer bee killed, but by his owne companions: and therefore no man was more valiant than he against an enemy, no man more suspicious of his friends: so as he seemed to sleep in security, when he went to a battell, and to enter into a battell, when hee began to sleep, such guards he would set about his person; yet mistrusting those very guards lest they would murder him. But now *Amphialus* helped to vnriddle his doubts; for he ouerthrowing him from his horse, his owne companions comming with a fresh supply, pressed him to death. *Nisus* grasping with *Amphialus*, was with a short dagger slaine. And for *Policrates*, while hee shunned as much as hee could, keeping onely his place for feare of punishment, *Amphialus* with a memorable blow strake off his head: where, with the conuulsions of death setting his spurs to his horse, he gaue so braue a charge vpon the enemy, as it grew a Prouerbe, that *Policrates* was onely valiant after his head was off. But no man escaped so well his hands as *Phobius* did: for he hauing long loued *Philoclea*, though for the meannesse of his estate he neuer durst reueale it, now knowing *Amphialus*, setting the edge of a riual vpon the sword of an enemy, he held strong fight with him. But *Amphialus* had already in the dangeroulest places disarmed him, and was lifting vp his sword to send him away from himselfe; when hee thinking indeede to die, O *Philoclea*, said hee, yet this ioyes me, that I die for thy sake. The name of *Philoclea* first stayed his sword: & he heard him out, though he abhord him much worse than before, yet could he not vouchsafe him the honour of dying for *Philoclea*, but turned his sword another way doing him no hurt for ouer-much hatred. But what good did that to poore *Phobius*, if escaping a valiant hand, he was slaine by a base souldier, who seeing him so disarmed, thrust him through?

But thus with the wel-followed valour of *Amphialus* were the other almost ouerthrowne, when *Philanax* (who was the Marshall of the Armie) came in, with new force renewing the almost decayed courage of his souldiers. For crying to them (and asking them whether their backs or their armes were better fighters) he himselfe thrust iust into the presse, & making force & fury wait vpon discretion and government, he might seeme a braue Lion, who taught his yong Lionets, how in taking of a prey, to ioyne courage with cunning. Then Fortune (as if she had made chafes enow of the one side of that bloody Tennis court) went of the other side the line, making as many fall downe of *Amphialus* followers, as before had done of *Philanax*, they losing the ground, as fast as before they had won it, only leauing them to keep it, who had lost themselues in keeping it. Then those that had killed, inherited the lot of those that had been killed, and cruell deaths made them lie quietly together, who most in their liues had sought to disquiet each other; & many of those first ouerthrowne, had the comfort to see their murtherers ouerrun them to *Charons* ferry.

*Codrus*,



*Codrus*, *Cressiphon*, and *Attila*, lost their liues vpon *Philanax*'s sword: but no bodies case was more pitied, than of a young squire of *Amphialus*, called *Ismenus*, who neuer abandoning his Master, and making his tender age aspire to acts of the strongest manhood, in this time that his side was put to the worst, and that *Amphialus*'s valour was the onely stay of them from deliuering themselves ouer to a most shamefull flight, hee saw his masters horse killed vnder him. Whereupon asking aduice of no other thought, but of faithfullnesse and courage, hee presently lighted from his owne horse, and with the helpe of some chiefe and faithfull seruants, gat his master vp. But in the multitude that came of either side, some to succour, some to saue *Amphialus*, hee came vnder the hand of *Philanax*: and the youth perceiuing hee was the man that did most hurt to his party (desirous euen to change his life for glorie) strake at him, as he rode by him, and gaue him a hurt vpon the leg, that made *Philanax* turne towards him, but seeing him so young, and of a most louely presence, hee rather tooke pittie of him, meaning to take him prisoner, and then to giue him to his brother *Agenor* to bee his companion, because they were not much vnlke, neither in yeeres, nor countenance. But as hee looked downe vpon him with that thought, hee espied where his brother lay dead, and his friend *Lerinus* by him, euen almost vnder the squires feet. Then sorrowing not onely his owne sorrow, but the past comfort sorrow which hee foreknew his mother would take (who with many teares, and misgiuing sighs had suffered him to goe with his elder brother *Philanax*) blotted out all figures of pittie out of his minde, & putting forth his horse (while *Ismenus* doubled two or three more valiantly than well set blowes) saying to himselfe, Let other mothers bewaile an vntimely death as well as mine, he thrust him through. And the boy since though beautiful, and beautiful though hidling, notable to keepe his falling foete, fell downe to the earth, which hee bit for anger, repining at his fortune, and as long as hee could, resisting death, which might seeme vnwilling too; so long hee was in taking away his young struggling soule.

*Philanax* himselfe could haue wished the blow vngiuin, when hee saw him fall like a fall apple, which some vncautious body (breaking his bough) should throw downe before it were ripe. But the case of his brother made him forget both that, and himselfe: so as ouerhastily pressing vpon the scuffling enemies, hee was (ere hee was aware) further engaged, than his owne souldiers could relieue him: where being overthrowne by *Amphialus*, *Amphialus* glad of him kept head against his enemies, while some of his men carried away *Philanax*. But *Philanax*'s men, as if with the losse of *Philanax* they had lost the fountaine of their valour, had their courages so dried in feare, that they began to set honour at their backs, and to vse the vertue of patience in an vntimely time, when into the presse comes (as hard as his horse, more affraide of the spurre, than the sword, could carie him) a knight in armour as darke as blacke, that hee could make in, followed by none, and adomed by nothing, so faire without authoritie, that hee was without knowledge. But vertue quickly made him knowne, and admiration bred him such authoritie, that though they of whose side hee came knew him not, yet they all knew it was fit to obey him: & while hee was followed by the valiantest, hee made way for the rest. For taking part with the besiegers, hee made the *Amphialians* bloud serue for a carillon to his horse, and a decking to his armour. His arme no ofter gaue blowes, than the blowes gaue wounds, than the wounds gaue deaths: so terrible was his force, & yet was his quicknesse more terrible than his force, and his iudgement more quick than his quicknesse. For though his sword went faster than

eye-sight

eye-sight could follow it, yet his owne iudgement went still before it. There died of his hand *Serpellon*, *Plismonax*, *Strophilus*, and *Hippolitus*, men of great prooffe in warres, and who had that day vndertaken the guard of *Amphialus*. But while they sought to faine him, they lost the fortresses that Nature had placed them in. Then slew he *Megalus*, who was a little before proud, to see himself stained in the blood of his enemies: but when his owne blood came to bee married to theirs, hee then felt, that crueltie doth neuer enjoy a good cheape glory. After him sent he *Palemon*, who had that day vowed (with foolish braverie) to be the death of ten: & nine already he had killed, and was carefull to performe his (almost performed) vow, when the blacke knight helpe him to make vp the tenth himselfe.

And now the often changing Fortune began also to change the hue of the battels. For at the first, though it were terrible, yet Terror was deckt so bravely with rich furniture, gilt swords, shining armours, pleasant pensils, that the eye with delight had scarce leisure to be affraide: But now all vniuersally defiled with dust, blood, broken armour, mangled bodies, tooke away the maske, and set forth Horror in his owne horrible manner. But neither could danger bee dreadful to *Amphialus* his vndimayable courage, nor yet seeme ougly to him, whose truly affected minde, did still paint it ouer with the beautie of *Philoclea*. And therefore hee, rather enflamed than troubled with the increase of dangers, and glad to finde a worthy subiect to exercise his courage, sought out this new knight, whom hee might easily finde: for hee, like a wanton rich man, that throwes downe his neighbours house, to make himselfe the better prospect, so had his sword made him so spacious a roome, that *Amphialus* had more cause to wonder at the finding, than labour for the seeking: which as it stirred hate in him, to see how much harme hee did the one side, so prouoked as much emulation in him, to perceiue how much good hee did to the other side. Therefore, they approaching one to the other, as in two beautifull folkes, Love naturally stirs a desire of ioyning, so in their two courages Hate stirred a desire of trial. Then began there a combate betwene them, wisely to haue had more large listes, and more quiet beholders: for with the spur of Courage, and the bite of Respect, each so guided himselfe, that one might well see, the desire to overcome, made them not forget how to overcome: in such time and proportion they did employ their blowes, that none of *Ceres* seruants could more cunningly place his flayle: While the left foot spurge let forward his owne horse, the right let backward the contrarie horse, euen sometimes by the aduantage of the enemies legges, while the left hand (like him that held the sterne) guided the horses obedient courage: All done in such order, that it might seeme, the minde was a right Prince, indeede, who sent wise and diligent Lieutenants into each of those well gouerned parts. But the more they fought, the more they desired to fight, and the more they smarted, the lesse they felt the smart: and now were like to make a quicke prooffe, to whom Fortune or Valour would seeme most friendly, when in comes an olde Gouvernour of *Amphialus*, alwayes a good Knight, and carefull of his charge, who giuing a fore wound to the blacke Knights thigh, while hee thought not of him, with another blow slew his horse vnder him, *Amphialus* cried to him, that hee dishonoured him: You say well (answered the olde Knight) to stand now like a prauncie souldier, forcing your credit vpon particular fighting, while you may see *Asilius* with all his hoste, is getting betwene you and your Towne. Hee looked that way, and found that was indeede, that the enemy was beginning to encompass him about, and stoppe his returne: and therefore causing



the retreat to be sounded, his Gouvernour ledde his men homeward, while hee kept himselfe still hindmost, as if he had stood at the gate of a sluice, to let the streame goe, with such proportion, as should seeme good vnto him: and with so manfull discretion performed it, that (though with losse of many of his men) hee returned himselfe safe, and content, that his enemies had felt, how sharpe the sword could bite of *Philoclea's* Louer. The other partie being sorrie for the losse of *Philanax*, was yet sorrier when the Blacke Knight could not be found: For hee hauing gotten a horse, whom his dying Master had bequeathed to the world, finding himselfe sore hurt, and not desirous to be knowne, had in the time of the enemies retyring, retyred away also: his thigh not bleeding bloud so fast, as his heart blédde renenge. But *Basilus* hauing attempted in vaine to barre the safe returne of *Amphialus*, encamped himselfe as strongly as he could, while hee (to his griefe) might heare the joy was made in the towne by his owne subjects, that hee had that day spedde no better. For *Amphialus* (being well beloued of that people) when they saw him not vanquished, they esteemed him as victorious, his youth setting a flourishing shew vpon his worthinesse, and his great nobilitie ennobling his dangers.

But the first thing *Amphialus* did, being returned, was to visite *Philoclea*, and first presuming to cause his dreame to be sung vnto her (which hee had seene the night before he fell in loue with her) making a fine boy he had accord a pretty dolefulnes vnto it. The song was this:

**N**OW was our beaunty vault deprived of the light  
With Sunnes depart: and now the darkness of the night  
Did light those beaunty stars, which greater light did darke:  
Now each thing that enjoyes that fire quickning sharke  
(which life is eate) were mou'd their spirits to repose,  
And wanting use of eyes, their eyes began to close:  
A silence sweet each where with one consent embrac'd  
(A musike sweet to one in carefull musing plac'd)  
And mother earth now clad in mourning weeds did breath  
A dull desire to kisse the image of our death:  
When I, disgrac'd wretch, not wretched then did giue  
My senses such reliefe, as they which quiet liue,  
whose braines brayle not in woes, nor breasts with beatings ake,  
With natures praise are wont in safest home to take,  
Far from my thoughts was ought, whereso their minds aspire,  
Who vnder courtly pompes doe hatch a base desire,  
Free all my powers were from those captiuing snares,  
which beaunty purest gifts defile with muddie cares,  
Ne could my soule it selfe accuse of such a fault,  
As tender conscience might with furious pangs assault.  
But like the feeble flower (whose stalk cannot sustaine  
His weightie top) his top downward doth draoping leane:  
Or as the silly bird in well acquainted nest  
Doth hide his head with cares but onely how to rest:  
So I in simple course, and vntangled minde,  
Did suffer drowsie lids mine eyes, then cleare, to blinde;  
And laying downe my head, did natures rule obserue,

They first their use forgot, then fancies lost their force;  
 Till deadly sleepe at length possess my living corse.  
 A living corse I lay: but, ah, my wakefull minde  
 (which made of heav'nly stuffe, no mortall change doth blinde)  
 Flew up with freer wings of fleshy bondage free,  
 And having plac'd my thoughts, my thoughts thus plac'd me.  
 Me thought, say I, I was, I was in fairest wood  
 Of Samothica land; a land which while some flood  
 In banour to the world, while Honour was their end,  
 And while their time of yeares they did in vertue spend.  
 But there I was, and there my calme thoughts I fed  
 On Natures sweet repast, as healthfull senses led.  
 Her gifts my study was, her beauties were my sport:  
 My wake her wakes to know, her dwelling my resort.  
 Those lamps of heav'nly fire so fixed motion bound,  
 The ever-turning spheres, the never-moving ground;  
 What essence dost thou have, if fortune be or no,  
 Whence our immortall soules to mortall earth doe flow:  
 What life it is, and how that all these lines doe gather,  
 With outward makers force, or like an inward father.  
 Such thoughts, me thought, I thought, and strain'd my single mind,  
 Then void of neerer cares, the depth of things to find;  
 When lo with hugest noise (such noise a tower makes  
 When it blowne downe with wind a fall of ruine takes)  
 (Or such a noise it was, as highest thunders send,  
 Or cannons thunder-like, all shot together, lend)  
 The Moone asunder rent; whereout with sudden fall  
 (More swift than falcons sloop to feeding Faltours call)  
 There came a chariot faire, by doves and sparrows guided,  
 Whose stormelike course staid not till hard by me it bided.  
 I wretch astonish'd was, and thought the deathfull doome  
 Of heaven, of earth, of hell, of time and place was come.  
 But streight there issued forth two Ladies (Ladies sure  
 They seem'd to me) on whom did waite a Virgin pure.  
 Strange were the Ladies weedes; yet more vnsit than strange.  
 The first with cloath tuckt up, as Nymphes in woods doe range;  
 Tuckt up even with the knees, with bowe and arrowes prest:  
 Her right arme naked was, discover'd was her brest.  
 But heavy was her pace, and such a meagre cheere,  
 As little hunting mind (God knowes) did there appeere.  
 The other had with Art (more than our women know,  
 As stuffe meant for the sale set out to glaring show)  
 A wanton womans face, and with curld knots had twin'd  
 Her haire, which by the helpe of painters canning shind.  
 When I such guests did see come out of such a house,  
 The mountaine great with child I thought brought forth a mouse.  
 But walking forth, she first thus to the second said,  
 Venus come on: said she, Dian you are obaid.  
 Those names abash't me much, when those great names I heard:

A'lough



Although their fames (me seemed) from truth had greatly hard.  
 As I thus musing stood, Diane came to her  
 The waiting Nymph, a Nymph that did excell as farre  
 All things that eare I saw, as orient pearles excide  
 That which their mother bight, or else their silly seedes  
 Indeed a perfect beu, indeed a sweet consente  
 Of all those Graces gifts the heavens haue ever lent,  
 And so she was attir'd, as one that did not price  
 Too much her peerlesse parts, nor yet could them despise  
 But said, she came apace, apace wherein did moue  
 The band of beauties all, the little world of Loue.  
 And bending humble eyes (O eyes the Summe of sight)  
 She waited mistresse will: who thus disclos'd her spright,  
 Sweet Mira mine (quoth she) the pleasure of my mind,  
 In whom of all my rules the perfect prooffe I find,  
 To only thee thou seest we graunt this speciall grace  
 Vs to attend in this most priuate time and place  
 Be silent therefore now, and so be silent still  
 Of that thou seest close up in scenes I was thy will.  
 She answer'd was with looks, and well perform'd behest:  
 And Mira I admir'd: her shape saue in my brest  
 But thus with irefull eyes, and face that shooke with spite  
 Diana did begin. what mou'd more to haue  
 Your presence (sister deare) first to my Moony pleasure,  
 And hither now, vouchsafe to take with willing care.  
 I know full well you know, what discord long hath reign'd  
 Betwixt vs two; how much that discord soule hath stain'd  
 Both our estates, while each the other did depraue,  
 Prooffe speaks too much to vs, that feeling triall haue  
 Our names are quite forgot, our temples are desol'd  
 Our offerings spoil'd, our priests from priesthood are displac'd  
 Is this the fruit of strife? of such a Church should be  
 Those thousand altars faire now in the dust so lie  
 In mortall mindes our mindes but planets names preserve:  
 No knees once bowed, forsooth, for them they say we serue:  
 Are we their seruants growne? no doubt a noble stay:  
 Celestiall powers so worser, Loues children serue so clay.  
 But such they say we be: this praise and discord bred,  
 While we for mutuell spite, a struing passion fed.  
 But let vs wiser be, and what soule discord brake,  
 So much more strong againe let fastest concord make.  
 Our yeares doe it require, you see we both doe feele  
 The weakning worke of times for euer whirling wheele.  
 Although we be diuine, our grandfire Saturne is  
 With ages force decay'd, yet once the heauen was his.  
 And now before we seeke by wise Apollo's skill,  
 Our young yeares to renew (for so he saith he will)  
 Let vs a perfect peace betwixt vs two resolu:  
 Which lest the raiment want of gouernment dissolu:

Lettune the Printesse be, so be the other yeeld  
 For waine equality: it is but Contentions field  
 And let her haue the gifts that should in both remaine  
 In her let beautie both, and chastnesse fully reign.  
 So as if I preuaile, you giue your gifts to me:  
 If you, on you I lay what in my office be.  
 Now resteth onely this, which of us two is she,  
 To whom precedence shall of both accorded be.  
 For that (so that you like) hereby doth lie a yauke  
 (She beckned vnto me) as yet of spotlesse truth,  
 Who may this doubt discerne: for better, wis, than los  
 Becommeth vs: in vs fortune determines nos.  
 This crowne of amber faire (an amber crowne she held)  
 To worthiest let him giue, when both he hath beheld:  
 And be it as he saith. Venus was glad to beare  
 Such proffer made, which she well shew'd with smiling beare.  
 As though she were the same, as when by Paris doome  
 She had chiefe Goddesses in beautie overcome.  
 And smirklly thus gan say, I neuer sought debate  
 Diana deare, my minde to loue and not to hate  
 Was euer apt: but you my pastimes did despise.  
 I neuer spied you, but thought you otherwise.  
 Now kindnesse proferd is, none kinder is than I:  
 And so most ready am this meane of peace to trie.  
 And let him haue our iudge: the lad doth please me well.  
 Thus both did come to me, and both began to tell  
 (For both together spake, each loth to be behinde)  
 That they by solemn oath their Deities would binde,  
 To stand vnto my will: their wills they made me know.  
 It that was first agast, when first I saw their show,  
 New bolder waxt, waxt proude, that I such sway must beare:  
 For neare acquaintance doth diminish reuerent feare.  
 And hauing bound them fast by Stryx, they should obey  
 To all that I decreede, did thus my verdict say.  
 How ill both you can rule, well both your discord taught:  
 Ne yet for ought I see, your beauties merit ought.  
 To yonder Nymph therefore (so Mira I did point)  
 The crowne about you both for euer I appoint.  
 I would haue spoken out: but out they both did erie;  
 Fie, fie, what haue we done: vngodly rebell, fie.  
 But now we needs must yeeld, to that our oathes require.  
 Yet thou shalt not goe free (quoth Venus) such a fire  
 Her beautie kinde shall within thy foolish minde,  
 That thou full oft shalt wish thy iudging eyes were blinde.  
 Nay then (Diana said) shee chastelesse I will giue  
 In ashes of despaire (though burnt) shall make thee liue.  
 Nay thou (said both) shalt see such beames shine in her face,  
 That thou shalt neuer dare seeke helpe of wretched case.  
 And wish that cursed curse away to heauen they fled.



(sloppen First having all their gifts upon faire Misa spread. And then  
 The rest I cannot tell, for there withall I wak'd, And  
 And found with deadly feare that all my sinewes shak'd  
 was it a dreame? O dreame, how hast thou wrought in mee,  
 That I things erst w<sup>th</sup> scene should fir thin dreaming see  
 And thou O traitour Sleepe, made for to be our rest,  
 How hast thou framde the paine wherewith I am oppress'd  
 O coward Cupid thus dost thou thy honour keepe,  
 Vnward (alas) vnward to take a man asleepe?

Laying not onely the conquests, but the heart of the conquerour at her feete. But  
 shee receiuing him after her wonted sorrowfull (but otherwise vnmooued) manner,  
 it made him thinke, his good successe was but as a pleasant monument of a dolefull  
 buriall: Joy to selfe seeming bitter vnto him, since it agreed not to her taste.  
 Therefore, still crauing his mothers helpe to perswade her, hee himselfe sent for  
*Philanax* vnto him, whom hee had not onely long hated, but now had his hate  
 greatly encreased by the death of his Squire *Ismenus*. Besides hee had made him as  
 one of the chiefe causes that moued him to this rebellion, and therefore was encli-  
 ned (to colour the better his action, and the more to embrew the hands of his  
 accomplices by making them guiltie of such a trespasse) in some formall sort to  
 cause him to bee executed: being also greatly egged thereunto by his mother, and  
 some other, who long had hated *Philanax*, onely because he was more worthy, than  
 they to be loued.

But while that deliberation was handled, according rather to the humour than  
 the reason of each speaker, *Philoxea* comming to the knowledge of the hard plight  
 wherein *Philanax* stood, shee desired one of the gentlewomen appointed to waite  
 vpon her, to go in her name and beseech *Amphialus*, that if the loue of her had any  
 power of perswasion in his mind, he would lay no further punishment, than impris-  
 onment vpon *Philanax*. This message was deliuered euen as *Philanax* was entring  
 to the presence of *Amphialus*, comming (according to the warning was given him)  
 to receiue iudgement of death. But when he with manfull resolution attended the  
 fruit of such a tyrannicall sentence, thinking it wrong; but no harme to him that  
 should die in so good a cause; *Amphialus* turned quire the forme of his pretended  
 speech, and yeelded him humble thanks, that by his meanes hee had come to that  
 happinesse, as to receiue a commandement of his Ladie: and therefore he willingly  
 gaue him libertie to returne in safetie, whither he would, quitting him; not onely  
 of all former grudge, but assuring him that hee would bee willing to doe him any  
 friendship and seruice: onely desiring thus much of him, that hee would let him  
 know the discourse and intent of *Basilus* his proceeding.

Truely my Lord (answered *Philanax*) if there were any such, knowne to mee,  
 secret in my masters counsell, as that the revealing thereof might hinder his good  
 successe, I should loath the keeping of my bloud, with the losse of my faith, and  
 would thinke the iust name of a traitour a hard purchase of a few yeares living. But  
 since it is so; that my master hath indeede no way of priue practise, but meanes  
 openly & forcibly to deale against you, I will not sticke in few words to make you  
 required declaration. Then told he him in what a maze of amazement, both *Basilus*  
 & *Gyldest* were, when they mist their children & *Zelmune*. Sometimes apt to suspect  
 some practise of *Zelmune*, because shee was a stranger, sometimes doubting some  
 relics of the late mutiny, which doubt was rather increased, than any way satisfied.

by *Miso*: who (being found almost dead for hunger, by certaine countrey people) brought home word, with what cunning they were trayned out, & with what violence they were caried away. But that within a few dayes they came to knowledge where they were, by *Amphialus* his own letters sent abroad to procure confederates in his attempts. That *Basilus* his purpose was neuer to leaue the siege of this Town, till he had taken it, & reuenged the iniury done vnto him. That he meant rather to win it by time, & famine, than by force of assault, knowing how valiant men he had to deale withall in the towne: that he had sent order, that supplies of souldiers, pioneers, and all things else necessary, should daily be brought vnto him: so as my Lord (said *Philanax*) let me now, hauing receiued my life by your grace, let me giue you your life and honour by my counsell; protesting vnto you, that I cannot chuse but loue you, being my master his Nephew; and that I wish you well in all causes: but this. You know his nature is as apt to forgiue, as his power is able to conquer. Your fault passed is excusable, in that loue perswaded, & youth was perswaded. Doe not vrge the effects of angrie victorie, but rather seeke to obtaine that constantly by courtesie, which you can neuer assuredly enioy by violence. One might easily haue scene in the cheare of *Amphialus*, that disdainfull choler would fauour haue made the answer for him, but the remembrance of *Philoclea* serued for forcible barriers betwene anger, and angrie effects: so as he said no more, but that hee would not put him to the trouble to giue him any further counsell; but that he might returne as he listed, presently. *Philanax* glad to receiue an vncorrupted libertie, humbly accepted his fauourable conuoy out of the town; and so departed, not visiting the Princesses, thinking it might be offensive to *Amphialus*, & no way fruitfull to them who were no way but by force to bee rescued:

The poore Ladies indeed, not suffered either to meet together, or to haue conference with any other, but such as *Cecropia* had already framed to sing all their songs to her tune, shee her selfe omitting no day, and catching hold of euery occasion to moue forward her sonnes desire, and remoue their owne resolutions: vsing the same arguments to the one sister, as to the other; determining that whom she could winne first, the other should (without her sonnes knowledge) by poison be made away. But though the reasons were the same to both, yet the handling was diuers, according as she saw their humors to prepare a more or lesse aptnesse of apprehension. This day hauing long speech to *Philoclea*, amplifying not a little the great durifulnesse her son had shewed in deliuering *Philanax*: of whom shee could get no answer, but a silence sealed vp in vertue, & so sweetly graced, as that in one instant it caried with it both resistance, and humblenesse: *Cecropia* threatning in her selfe to runne a more rugged race with her, went to her sister *Pamela*: who that day hauing wearied her selfe with reading, & with the height of her heart disdainng to keep company with any of the Gentlewomen appointed to attend her, whom she accounted her iaylors, was working vpon a purse certaine roses & lillies, as by the finenesse of the worke, one might see shee had borrowed her wits of the sorrow that then owed them, and lent them wholly to that exercise. For the flowers shee had wrought, caried such life in them, that the cunningest painter might haue learned of her needle: which with so pretty a maner made his carciers ro & fro through the cloth, as if the needle it selfe would haue beene loth to haue gone from ward such a mistresse, but that it hoped to return thitherward very quickly againe: the cloth looking with many eyes vpon her, & lovingly embracing the wounds she gaue it: the sheares also were at hand to behead the silke, that was growne too short. And if at any time shee put her mouth to bite it off, it seemed, that where she had beene long in making of a rose with her hands, she would



would in an instant make roses with her lips; as the lillies seemd to haue their whiteness, rather of the hand that made them, than of the matter wherof they were made; and that they grew there by the Suns of her eyes, & were refreshed by the most (in discomfort) comfortable ayre, which an vnawares sigh might bestow vpon them. But the colours for the ground were so well chosen, neither sullenly darke, nor glaringly light some, & so well proportioned, as that, though much cunning were in it, yet it was but to serue for an ornament of the principall work; that it was not without maruell to see, how a mind which could cast a carelesse semblant vpon the greatest conflicts of Fortune, could command it selfe to take care for so small matters. Neither had she neglected the daintie dressing of her selfe: but as if it had beene her marriage time to Affliction, she rather seemed to remember her owne worthinesse, than the vnworthinesse of her husband. For well one might perceiue she had not rejected the counsell of a glasse, and that her hands had pleased themselves, in paying the tribute of vndeceiuing skill, to so high perfections of nature.

The sight wherof so diuers from her sister (who rather suffered sorrow to dresse it selfe in her beaurie, than that shee would bestow any entertainment of so vnwelcome a guest) made *Cecropia* take a sudden assurednesse of hope, that she should obtaine somewhat of *Pamela*: thinking according to the squaring out of her owne good nature) that beaurie, carefully set foorth, would soone proue a signe of an vnrefusing harborough. Animated therewith, shee sat downe by *Pamela*, and taking the purse, and with affected curiositie looking vpon the worke, Full happie is he (said shee) at least if he knew his owne happinesse, to whom a purse in this manner, and by this hand wrought, is dedicated. In faith he shal haue cause to account it, not as a purse for treasure, but as a treasure it selfe, worthy to be pursed vp in the purse of his owne heart. And thinke you so indeede (said *Pamela* halfe smiling:) I promise you I wrought it, but to make some tedious houres beleene, that I thought not of them: for else I valued it but euen as a very purse. It is the right nature (said *Cecropia*) of Beaurie, to worke vnwitting effects of wonder. Truly (said *Pamela*) I neuer thought till now, that this outward glosse, intituled Beaurie, which it pleaseth you to lay to my (as I thinke) vnguiltie charge, was but a pleasant mixture of naturall colours, delightfull to the eye, as musicke is to the eare, without any further consequence: since it is a thing, which not onely beasts haue, but euen stones and trees many of them doe greatly excell in it. That other things (answered *Cecropia*) haue some portion of it, takes not away the excellencie of it, where indeed it doth excell; since we see, that euen those beasts, trees, & stones are in the name of Beaurie onely highly praised. But that the beaurie of humane persons is beyond all other things, there is great likelihood of reason: since to them onely is giuen the iudgement to discerne Beaurie: and among reasonable wights, as it seemes, that our sexe hath the preheminance, so that in that preheminance, Nature counteruailes all other liberalities, wherein shee may bee thought to haue dealt more fauourably toward mankind. How doe men crowne (thinke you) themselves with glory, for hauing either by force brought others to yeeld to their mind, or with long studie, and premeditated orations, perswaded what they would haue perswaded: And see, a faire woman shall not onely command without authoritie, but perswade without speaking. She shall not neede to procure attention, for their owne eyes will chaine their eares vnto it. Men venture liues to conquer, shee conquers liues without venturing. She is serued, and obeyed, which is the most notable, not because the lawes so command it, but because they become lawes themselves to obey her; not for her parents sake, but for her owne sake. She need not dispute, whether to gouern by Peace

of Loue, since without her thinking thereof, their loue will bring forth feare, and their feare will fortifie their loue: and she need not seek offensive, or defensive force, since her onely lips may stand for ten thousand shields, and ten thousand vneuitable shot go from her eyes. Beautie, Beautie (deare Neece) is the crowne of the feminine greatnesse, which gift, on whom soeuer the heauens (therein most niggardly) doe bestow, without question, she is bound to vse it to the noble purpose, for which it is created: not onely winning, but preserving; since that indeed is the right happinesse which is not onely in it selfe happy, but can also deriue the happinesse to another. Certainly Aunt (said *Pamela*) I feare me you will make mee not onely thinke my selfe fairer than euer I did, but thinke my fairenesse a matter of greater value than heretofore I could imagine it. For I euer (till now) conceiued these conquests you speake of, rather to proceed from the weaknesse of the conquered, than from the strength of the conquering power: as they say, the Cranes overthrow whole battels of *Pygmies*, not so much of their Cranish courage, as because the other are *Pygmies*, and that we see yong babes thinke babies of wonderfull excellencie, & yet the babies are but babies. But since your elder yeares, & abler iudgement, find Beautie to bee worthy of so incomparable estimation, certainly me thinks it ought to be held in dearenesse, according to the excellencie, and (no more than we would do of things which we account precious) neuer to suffer it to bee defiled.

Defiled? (said *Cecropia*) Mary God forbid that my speech should tend to any such purpose, as should deserue so soule a title. My meaning is to ioyne your beautie to loue, your youth to delight. For truely, as colours should bee as good as nothing if there were no eyes to behold them: so is Beautie nothing, without the eye of Loue behold it; & therefore so far is it from defiling it, that it is the only honouring of it, the onely preserving of it: for Beautie goes away, deuoured by Time, but where remains it euer flourishing, but in the heart of a true louer? And such a one (if euer there were any) is my sonne: whose loue is so subiected vnto you, that rather than breed any offence vnto you, it will not delight it selfe in beholding you. There is no effect of his loue (answered *Pamela*) better pleaseth me than that; but as I haue often answered you, so, resolutely I say vnto you, that he must get my parents consent, & then he shall know further of my mind; for, without that, I know I should offend God. O sweet youth (said *Cecropia*) how vntimely subiect it is to deuotion? No, no sweet neece, let vs old folkes thinke of such precise considerations; do you enioy the heaven of your age, whereof you are sure: & like good householders, which spend those things that would not be kept, so do you pleasantly enioy that, which else will bring an ouerlate repentance, when your glasse shall accuse you to your face, what a change there is in you. Do you see how the spring-time is full of flowers, decking it selfe with them, and not aspiring to the fruits of of *Autumn*? what lesson is that vnto you, but that in the April of your age, you should be like *April*? let not some of them for whom already the graue gapeth, and perhaps enuy the felicitie in you, which themselves cannot enioy, perswade you to loose the hold of occasion, while it may not onely be taken, but offers, nay sues to be taken: which if it be not now taken, will neuer hereafter be ouertaken. Your selfe know how your father hath refused all offers made by the greatest Princes about you, and will you suffer your beautie to be hidden in the wrinkles of his peeuisht thoughts? If he be peeuish (said *Pamela*) yet is he my father, and how beautifull soeuer I be, I am his daughter: so as God claymes at my hands obedience, and makes me no iudge of his imperfections.

These often replies vpon conscience in *Pamela*, made *Cecropia* thinke, that there was no righter way for her, than as shee had (in her opinion) for her in liking of Beautie,



Beautie, with perswasion not to suffer it to be void of purpose, so if shee could make  
 her lesse feeling of those heauenly conceits, that then she might easily winde her to  
 her crooked byas. Therefore, employing the vtermost of her mischieuous wit, and  
 speaking the more earnestly, because shee spake as she thought, shee thus dealt with  
 her; Deare neece, or rather, deare daughter, if my affection and wish might preuaile  
 therein, how much doth it increase (trow you) the earnest desire I haue of this  
 blessed match, to see these vertues of yours knit fast with such zeale of Deuotion (in-  
 deed the best bond) which the most pollicke wits haue found, to hold mans wit in  
 well doing? For, as children must first by feare be induced to know that, which after  
 (when they doe know) they are most glad of: So are these bug-bears of opinions  
 brought by great Clarke's into the world, to serue as shewells to keep them from  
 those faults, whereto else the vanitie of the world, and weakenesse of senses might  
 pull them. But in you (Neece) whose excellencie is such, as it need not to bee held  
 vp by the staffe of vulgar opinions, I would not you should loue Vertue scumilly  
 for feare of I know not what, which you see not: but euen for the good effects of  
 vertue which you see. Feare, and indeed, foolish feare, and feare full ignorance, was  
 the first inuenter of those conceits. For when they heard it thunder, not knowing  
 the naturall cause, they thought there was some angrie bodie aboue, that spake so  
 loud: and euen the lesse they did perceiue, the more they did conceiue. Wherof  
 they knew no cause, that grew straight a miracle: foolish folkes, not marking that  
 the alterations be but vpon particular accidents, the vniuersality being alwayes one.  
 Yesterday was but as to day, and to morrow will weade the same footsteps of his  
 foregoers: so as it is manifest enough, that all things follow but the course of their  
 owne nature, saying only vnto him, who while by the pregnantie of his imagination he  
 struiues to things supernaturall, mean while he loseth his owne naturall felicity. Be-  
 wise, and that wisdom shall be a God vnto thee, be comforted, and that is thy trea-  
 surer: for else so thinke that those powers, if there be any such, whose are misued  
 either by the eloquence of our prayers, or in a chase at the folly of our actions, tries  
 as much reason as if flies should thinke, that men take great care which of them  
 hums sweetest, and which of them flies nimblest. *For so & qu' vnto or vnto bloud*  
 She would haue spoken further to haue enlarged, and confirmed her discourse,  
 when *Pamela* (whose cheeks were dyed in the beautifullest graine of venous anger,  
 with eyes which lighted forth beames of disdainfull rebul) interrupted her. Peace  
 (wicked woman) peace, vnworthy to breath, that dost not acknowledge the breath-  
 ing, most vnworthy to haue a tongue, which speakest against him, through whom  
 thou speakest: keepe your affection to your selfe, which like a beuyred dog, would  
 defile with fawning. You say yesterday was as to day: O foolish woman, and most  
 miserably foolishly, since we make you foolish. What doth that argue, but that  
 there is a constancie in the euermourning gouernour. Would you haue an inconstant  
 God, since we count a man foolish that is inconstant. Hee is not seene you say, and  
 would you thinke him a God, who might bee seene by so wicked eyes, as yours  
 which yet might see enough if they were not like fith, who for sport sake willingly  
 hood-winke themselves to receiue blowes the easier. But though I speake to you  
 without any hope of fruit in so rotten a heart, and therefore nobody else heere to  
 iudge of my speeches, yet be thou my witness, & captiuitie, that my eares shal not be  
 willingly guilty of my creatures blasphemy, you say, because we know not the causes  
 of things, therefore feare was the mother of superstition, may, because we know that  
 each effect hath a cause, that hath engendred a true & linealy deuotion. For this good-  
 ly worke of which we are, & in which we liue, hath moe his being by *Glance* than  
 which

which opinion it is beyond manuaile by what Chance any braine could stumble. For if it be eternall (as you would seeme to conceive of it) Eternitie & Chance are things vn-sufferable together. For that is chanceable which happeneth; & if it happen, there was a time before it happened, when it might haue not happened; or else it did not happen; & so if chanceable, not eternall. And as absurd it is to think that if it had a beginning, his beginning was deriued from Chance: for Chance could neuer make all things of nothing; and if there were substances before, which by chance should meete to make vp this worke, thereon followes another bottomlesse pit of absurdities. For then those substances must needs haue beene from euer, and so eternall; and that eternall causes should bring forth chanceable effects, is as sensible, as that the Sun should be the author of darkenes. Againe, if it were chanceable, then was it not necessary, wherby you take away all consequents. But we see in all things, in some respect of other, necessitie of consequence: therefore in reason we must needs know that the causes were necessarie. *Imaginemus* to shew this clearly, Chance is variable, or else it is not to be called Chance: but wee see this worke is steady and permanent; If nothing but Chance had glewed those pieces of this All, the heauy parts would haue gone infinitely downward, the light infinitely upward, and sooner haue met to haue made vp this goodly body. For before there was a heauen or earth, there was neither a heauen to stay the height of the ring, or an earth, which (in respect of the round walls of heauen) should become a center. Lastly, perfect order, perfect beautie, perfect constancie, if these be the children of Chance, let wisdom be counted the roote of wickednes. But you will say, It is so by nature, as much as if you said, it is so, because it is so. If you meane of many natures conspiring together, as in a popular gouernment to establish this faire estate, as if the Elementall and ethereall parts should in their towne-house set downe the bounds of each ones office, then consider what followes: that there must needs haue beene a wisdom which made them concur: for their natures being absolutely contrary, in nature rather would haue sought each others ruine, than haue serued as well conserued parts to such an vnexpressible harmonic. For that contrary things should meete to make vp a perfection without force and wisdom aboue their powers, is absolutely impossible; vnlesse you will stie to that billed-out opinion of Chance againe. But you may perhaps as firme, that one vniuersall Nature (which hath bene foreuer) is the knitting together of these many parts to such an excellent vniue. If you bein a Nature of wisdom, goodnesse, & prouidence, which knowes what it doth, then say you that, which I seek of you, & cannot conclude those blaspheemies, with which you defiled your mouth, and misbecares. But if you meane a Nature, as we speake of the fire, which goeth vpward, it knowes not why; and of the nature of the sea which in rising & flowing seems to obserue so iust a dancie; and yet vnderstands no musick, it is but still the same absurditie superscribed with another title. For this word, One being attributed to that which is All, is but one mingling of many, and many ones; as in a lesse matter, when wee say one kingdom which containes many cities; or one citie which containes many persons, where in the vnder ones (if there be not a superiour power and wisdom) cannot by nature regard to any preferation but of themselves: no more we see they doe, since the water willingly quenches the fire, and drownes the earth, so farre are they from a conspired vniue: but that a right heauenly Nature indeede, as it were vn-naturing them, doth so bridle them. *quod si rationem adiret, vniuersa rationis esset* to  
 Againe, it is as absurd in nature, that from an vniue many contraries should proceed still kept in an vniue: as that from the number of contrarieties any vniue should arise



and. I say still, if you banish both a singularity, and plurality of iudgement from among them, then (if so earthly a minde can lift it selfe vp so high) doe but conceiue, how a thing whereto you giue the highest, and most excellent kind of being (which is eternitie) can bee of a base and vilest degree of being, and next to a not-being; which is so to bee, as not to enioy his owne being: I will not here call all your senses to witnesse, which can heare, nor see nothing, which yeldes not most euident euidence of the vspeakeablenesse of that Wisdome: each thing being directed to an end, and an end of preservation: so proper effects of iudgement, as speaking, and laughing are of mankind.

But what mad fury can euer so inueagle any conceit, as to see our mortall and corruptible felues to haue a reason, and that this vniuersality (wherof wee are but the least peeces) should be vtiually deuoid thereof? As if one should say, That ones foote might bee wise, and himselfe foolish. This heard I once alledged against such a godlesse mind as yours, who being driuen to acknowledge this beastly absurdity, that our bodies should bee better than the whole world, if it had the knowledge, wherof the other were voide; hee sought (not able to answer directly) to shift it off in this sort: that if that reason were true, then must it follow also, that the world must haue in it a spirit, that could write and read too, & bee learned, since that was in vs commendable. Wretched foole, not considering that Bookes be but supplies of defects; and so are prayd, because they helpe our want, and therefore cannot be incident to the eternal intelligence, which needs no recording of opinions to confirme his knowledge, no more than the Sunne wants waxe to bee the fewell of his glorious lightfulness. This world therefore cannot otherwise consist but by a mind of Wisdome, which gouernes it, which whether you will allow to bee the Creator thereof, as vndoubtedly hee is, or the soule and gouernour thereof, most certaine it is, that whether hee gouerne all, or make all, his power is aboute either his creatures, or his gouernement. And if his power bee aboute all things, then consequently it must needs bee infinite, since there is nothing aboute it to limit it. For beyond which there is nothing, must needs bee boundlesse, and infinite: if his power bee infinite, then likewise must his knowledge bee infinite: for else there should be an infinite proportion of power which hee should not know how to vse, the vsensiblenesse wherof I thinke euen you can conceiue: and if infinite, then must nothing, no not the estate of flies (which you with so vsauory scorn did least) bee vnkowne vnto him. For if there were, then there were his knowledge bounded, & so not infinite: if his knowledge & power be infinite, then must needs his goodnesse and iustice march in the same ranke: for infinitenesse of power, and knowledge, without like measure of goodnesse, must necessarily bring forth destruction and ruine, and not ornament and preservation. Since then there is a God, and an All-knowing God, so as hee seeth into the darkest of all naturall secrets, which is the heart of Man, and sees therein the deepest dissembled thoughts, nay sees the thoughts before they be thought: since he is iust to exercise his might, and mighty to performe his iustice, assure thy selfe, most wicked woman (that hast so plaguily a corrupted minde, as thou canst not keepe thy sickness to thy selfe, but must most wickedly infect others) assure thy selfe, I say (for what I say depends of euermlasting and vnmoueable causes) that the time will come, when thou shalt know that power by feeling it, when thou shalt see his wisdome in the manifesting thy ougly shamefulnessse, and shalt onely perceiue him to haue bene a Creator in thy destruction.

Thus shee said, thus shee ended, with so faire a manifestic of vnconquered vertue,  
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that captiuitie might seeme to haue authoritie ouer tyrannie: so foule was the filthinesse of impietie discovered by the shining of her vnstained goodnesse, so farre, as either *Cecropia* saw indeed, or else the guilty amazement of a selfe-accusing conscience made her eyes yntre iudges of their naturall obiect, that there was a light more than humane, which gaue a lustre to her perfections. But *Cecropia*, like a Bat (which though it haue eyes to discerne that there is a Sunne, yet hath so euill eyes that it cannot delight in the Sun) found a truth, but could not loue it. But as great persons are wont to make the wrong they haue done, to be a cause to doe the more wrong, her knowledge rose to no higher point, but to enuie a worthier, and her will was no otherwise bent, but the more to hate, the more shee found her enemy provided against her. Yet all the while shee spake (though with eyes cast like a horse that would strike at the stirrop, and with colour which blushed through yellownesse, shee sate rather still than quiet, and after her speech rather muttered, than replied: for the warre of wickednesse in her selfe, brought forth disdainfull pride to resist cunning dissimulation, so as, saying little more vnto her, but that she should haue leysure enough better to bethinke her selfe; shee went away repining, but not repenting; condemning greatly (as she thought) her sons ouer-feeble humblenesse, and purposing to egge him forward to a course of violence. For her selfe, determining to deale with neither of them both any more in manner of a suter: for what maiestie of vertue did in the one, that did silent humblenesse in the other. But finding her sonne ouer-apt to lay both condemnation, and execution of sorrow vpon himselfe, shee sought to mitigate his minde with feigned delayes of comfort, who (hauing this inward ouerthrow in himselfe) was the more vexed, that he could not vtter the rage thereof vpon his outward enemies.

For *Basilus*, taught by the last daies triall, what dangerous effects chosen courages can bring forth, rather vsed the spade, than the sword; or the sword, but to defend the spade, girding about the whole towne with trenches, which beginning a good way off from the towne, with a number of well directed Pioners, he still carried before him till they came to a neere distance, where hee builded Forts, one answering the other, in such sort, as it was a pretty consideration in the discipline of war, to see building vsed for the instrument of ruine, and the assayer entrenched as if he were besieged. But many sallies did *Amphialus* make to hinder their working. But they (exercising more melancholy, than choler in their resolution) made him finde, that if by the aduantage of the place, few are able to defend themselves from many, that many must needs haue power (making themselves strong in fear) to repell few, referring the reuenge rather to the end, than to a present requitall. Yet oftentimes they dealt some blowes in light skirmishes, each side hauing a strong retiring place, and rather fighting with many alarums, to vex the enemy, than for any hope of great successe.

Which euery way was a tedious comber to the impatient courage of *Amphialus*: till the fame of this warre, bringing thither diuers, both strangers, and subiects, as well of Princely, as noble houses, the gallant *Phalantus*, who refrained his sportfull delights as then, to serue *Basilus* (whom hee honoured for receiued honours) when he had spent some time in considering the *Arcadian* manner in marching, encamping, and fighting, and had learned in what points of government, and obedience their discipline differed from others, & so had satisfied his minde in the knowledges, both for the cutting off the enemies helps, and furnishing ones selfe, which *Basilus* orders could deliuer vnto him, his yong spirits (wearie of wanting cause to be wearie) desired to keepe his valour in knowledge, by some private act, since the publike



publike policie restrained him; the rather because his old mistresse *Artesia* might see, whom she had so lightly forsaken: & therefore demanding & obtaining leaue of *Basilius*, he caused a Herauld to be furnished with apparell of his office, & tokens of a peaceable message, & so sent him to the gate of the towne to demand audience of *Amphialus*: who vnderstanding thereof, caused him both safely & courteously to be brought into his presence: who making lowly reuerence vnto him, presented his Letters, desiring *Amphialus*, that whatsoeuer they contained, he would consider that he was onely the bearer, & not the enditer. *Amphialus* with noble gentlenesse assured him, both by honourable speeches, and a demeanour which answered for him, that his reuenge, whensoeuer, should sort vnto it selfe a higher subiect. But opening the letters, he found them to speake in this manner.

**P***halantus* of *Corinth*, to *Amphialus* of *Arcadia*, sendeth the greeting of a hateless enemy. The liking of martiall matters without any dislike of your person, hath brought me rather to the company, than to the minde of your besiegers: where languishing in idlenesse, I desire to retresh my mind with some exercise of arms, which might make knowne the doers, with delight of the beholders. Therefore if there be any Gentleman in your Towne, that either for the loue of Honour, or honour of his Loue, will armed on horsebacke, with Launce, & sword, winne another, or loose himselfe, to bee a prisoner at discretion of the conquerour, I will to morrow morning by Sunne-rising, with a trumpet and a Squire onely, attend him in like order furnished. The place I thinke fittest, the Iland within the Lake, because it stands so well in the view of your Castell, as that the Ladies may haue the pleasure of seeing the combat: which though it be within the commandement of your Castell, I desire no better security, than the promise I make to my selfe of your vertue. I attend your answer, & wish you such successe as may be to your honour, rather in yeelding to that which is iust, than in maintaining wrong by violence.

**A***mphialus* read it with cheerefull countenance, and thinking but a little with himselfe, called for inke and paper, and wrote this answer.

**A***mphialus* of *Arcadia*, to *Phalantus* of *Corinth*, wisheth all his own wishes, sauing those which may be hurtfull to another. The matter of your letters so fit for a worthy mind, & the maner so suitable to the noblenesse of the matter, giue me cause to thinke how happy I might account my selfe, if I could get such a friend, who esteeme it no small happinesse to haue met with so noble an enemy. Your challenge shalbe answered, & both time, place, & weapon accepted. For your securitie from any treachery (hauing no hostage worthy to counteruaile you) take my word, which I esteem aboue all respects. Prepare therefore your armes to fight, but not your heart to malice; since true valour needs no other whetstone, than desire of honour.

**H**auing writt and sealed his letter, hee deliuered it to the Herauld, and with all tooke a faire chaine from off his own necke, and gaue it him. And so with safe conuoy sent him away from our his Citie: and hee being gone, *Amphialus* shewed vnto his mother, and some other of his chiefe Counsellors, what hee had receiued, and how hee had answered: telling them withall, that hee was determined to answer the challenge in his owne person. His mother, with prayers authorized by motherly commandement; his olde gouernour, with perswasions mingled with reprehensions (that hee would rather affect the glorie of a private fighter,

fighter, than of a wise Generall) *Clinias* with falling downe at his feete, and beseeching him to remember, that all their liues depended vpon his safetie, sought all to dissuade him. But *Amphialus* (whose heart was enflamed with courage, and courage enflamed with affection) made an imperious resolution cut off the tediousnesse of replies, giuing them in charge what they should doe vpon all occasions, and particularly to deliuer the Ladies, if otherwise than well happened vnto him: only desiring his mother, that she would bring *Philoclea* to a window, whence shee might with ease perfectly discerne the combat. And so as soone as the morning began to draw dew from the fairest greens to wash her face withall, against the approach of the burning Sunne, he went to his stable, where himselfe chose out a horse, whom (though he was neere twenty yeeres old) hee preferred for a peece of sure seruice, before a great number of younger. His colour was of a browne bay, dappled thicke with blacke spots; his forehead marked with a white starre; to which, in all his bodie there was no part satable, but the left foot before; his mane and tayle blacke and thicke, of goodly, and well proportioned greatnesse. Hee caused him to bee trimmed with a sumptuous saddle of tawnie, and gold enamell; enriched with precious stones: his furniture was made into the fashion of the branches of a tree, from which the leaues were falling: and so artificially were the leaues made, that as the horse moued, it seemed indeede that the leaues wagged, as when the wind playes with them; and being made of a pale cloth of gold, they did beare the straw-coloured liuerie of ruine. His armour was also of tawnie and gold, but formed into the figures of flames darkned, as when they newly brake the prison of a smokie furnace. In his shield hee had painted the *Torpedo* fish. And so appointed, hee caused himselfe with his trumpet and squire (whom hee had taken since the death of *Ismenus*) to bee ferried ouer into the Iland: a place well chosen for such a purpose. For, it was so plaine, as there was scarcely any bush, or hillocke, either to vncleuell, or shadow it: of length and breadth enough, to trie the vitermost both of Launce and Sword, and the one end of it facing the Castle, the other extending it selfe toward the campe, and no access to it, but by water; there could no secret treacherie be wrought, and for manifest violence, either side might haue time enough to succour their partie.

But there he found *Phalantus*, already waiting for him vpon a horse, milke white but that vpon his shoulder and withers, hee was freckled with red staines, as when a few strawberries are scattered into a dish of creame. Hee had caused his mane and tayle to be dyed in carnation, his reynes were vine branches, which ingendring one with the other, at the end, when it came to the bit, there for the bosse brought forth a cluster of grapes, by the workman made so liuely, that it seemed, as the horse champed on his bit, he chopped for them, & that it did make his mouth water, to see the grapes so neere him. His furniture behinde was of vines, so artificially made, as it seemed the horse stood in the shadow of the vine, so pretily were clusters of rubie grapes dispersed among the trappers which imbraced his sides. His armour was blew, like the heauen, which a Sun did with his rayes (proportionately deliuered) gild in most places. His shield was beautified with this deuice, A greyhound which ouer-running his fellow, and taking the Hare, yet hurts it not when it takes it. The word was, *The glory, not the prey.*

But as soone as *Amphialus* landed, he sent his squire to *Phalantus*, to tell him, that there was the knight, ready to know whether he had anything to say to him. *Phalantus* answered, that his answer now must bee in the language of Lances; and so each attended the warning of the trumpets, which were to sound at the appointment



appointment of foure iudges, who with consideration of the same, had diuided the ground. *Phalantus* his horse yong, & feeling the youth of his master, stood correcting, which being well governed by *Phalantus*, gaue such a glittering grace, as when the Sun in a cleere day shines vpon a wauing water. *Amphialus* horse stood pawing vpon the ground, with his further foot before, as if he would for his masters cause begin to make himselfe angrie: till the trumpets sounding together, Together they set spuries to their horses, together took their Launces from their thighs, conueyed them vp into the rest together, together let them sinke downward, so as it was a delectable sight in a dangerous effect, and a pleasant consideration, that there was so perfect agreement, in so mortall disagreement: like a musicke made of cunning discords. But their horses keeping an euen line their masters had skillfully allotted vnto them, passed one by another without encountering, although either might feeble the angrie breath of the other. But the staues being come to a iust descent, euen when the marke was readie to meete them, *Amphialus* was runne through the vamplate, & vnder the arme: so as the staue appearing behind him, it seemed to the beholders he had been in danger. But he strake *Phalantus* iust vpon the gorget, so as he battred the lammis thereof, and made his head almost touch the backe of his horse. But either side hauing stayed the spur, & vsed the bir to stop their horses fury, casting away the troncheons of their staues, & drawing their swords, they attended the second summons of the death-threatening trumpeter, which quickly followed; and they assone making their horses answer their hands, with a gentle gallop, set one toward the other, till they being come to the neerenesse of little more than a staues length. *Amphialus* trusting more to the strength, than to the nimblenes of his horse, put him forth with speedy violence, & making his head ioyne to the others flanke, guiding his blow with discretion, and strengthening it with the course of his horse, strake *Phalantus* vpon the head, in such sort, that his feeling sense did both dazel his sight, and astonish his hearing. But *Phalantus* (not accustomed to bee vngratefull to such benefits) strake him vpon the side of his face, with such force, that hee thought his iaw had bene cut a sunder: though the faithfullnesse of his armour indeede guarded him from further dammage. And so remained they a while, rather angry with fighting, than fighting for anger, till *Amphialus* horse leaning hard vpon the other, & winning ground, the other horse feeling himself prest, began to rise a little before, as he was wont to doe in his coruet: which aduantage *Amphialus* taking, set forward his owne horse with the further spur, so as *Phalantus* horse came ouer with his master vnder him. Which *Amphialus* seeing, lighted; with intention to helpe *Phalantus*. But his horse that had faulced, rather with vntimely Art, than want of force, gat vp from burdning his burden, so as *Phalantus* (in the fall hauing gotten his feet free off the stirrop) could (though something bruised) arise, and seeing *Amphialus* neer him, he asked him, Whether he had giuen him any helpe in remouing his horse. *Amphialus* said No, Truly said *Phalantus*, I asked it, because I would not willingly haue fought with him, that had had my life in his mercy. But now (said *Phalantus*) before we proceed further, let me know who you are, because neuer yet did any man bring to me the like fortune. *Amphialus* listing to keepe himselfe vnknowne, told him he was a Gentleman, to whom *Amphialus* that day had giuen armour and horse to try his valour, hauing neuer before been in any combat worthy remembrance. Ah (said *Phalantus* in a rage) And must I be the exercise of your prentice-age? & with that, choler tooke away either the bruise, or the feeling of the bruise, so as he entred a fresh into the combat, & boiling into his arms the disdain of his heart, strake so thick vpon *Amphialus*, as if euery blow would faine

haue bene formost. But *Amphialus* (that many like trials had taught, great spending to leaue small remnants) let passe the storme with strong wards, and nimble auoydings: till seeing his time fit, both for distance and nakednesse, he strake him so cruel a blow on the knee, that the poore Gentleman fell downe withall in a swoone.

But *Amphialus*, pittying approoued valour, made precious by naturall courtesie, went to him, & taking off his head: piece to giue him ayre, the yong knight (disdayning to buy life with yeelding) bad him y<sup>e</sup> his fortune: for he was resolu'd neuer to yeeld. No more you shall (said *Amphialus*) if it be not to my request, that you will account your selfe to haue great interest in mee. *Phalantus* more overcome by his kindnesse, than by his fortune, desired yet once againe to know his name, who in his first beginning had shed such fury in his force, & yet such stay in his fury. *Amphialus* then named himselfe, telling him withall, he would thinke his name much bettered, if it might be honoured by the title of his friend. But no Balme could be more comfortable to his wound, than the knowledge thereof was to his mind, when hee knew his mishap should be excused by the renowned valour of the other. And so promising each to other assurednesse of good will, *Phalantus* (of whom *Amphialus* would haue no other ransom but his word of friendship) was conueyed into the campe, where hee would but little remaine among the enemies of *Amphialus*: but went to seeke his adventures other-where.

As for *Amphialus*, hee was receiued with triumph into the Castle; although one might see by his eyes (humbly lifted vp to the window where *Philoclea* stood) that he was rather suppliant than victorious: which occasion *Cecropia* taking (who as then stood by *Philoclea*, and had lately left *Pamela* in another roome, whence also shee might see the combat) Sweet Lady (said she) now you may see, whether you haue cause to loue my sonne, who then lies vnder your feete; when hee stands vpon the necke of his brauest enemies. Alas, said *Philoclea*, a simple seruice to mee, me thinks it is, to haue those who come to succour me, destroyed: if it bee my duty to call it loue, be it so: but the effects it brings forth, I confesse I account hatefull. *Cecropia* grew so angry with this vnkind answer, that she could not abstaine from telling her, that shee was like them that could not sleepe, when they were softly layed: but that if her sonne would follow her counsell, hee should take another course with her; and so slang away from her.

Yet (knowing the desperate melancholy of *Amphialus* in like cases) framed to him a very thankefull message, powdring it with some hope-giuing phrases, which were of such ioy to *Amphialus*, that he (though against publike respect, and importunitie of disswaders) presently caused it to bee made knowne to the campe, that whatsoever Knight would trie the like fortune as *Phalantus* did, he should in like sort be answered: so as diuers of the valiantest, partly of themselves, partly at the instigation of *Basilus*, attempted the combat with him: & according to euery ones humour, so were the causes of the challenge grounded: one laying treason to his charge, another preferring himselfe in the worthinesse to serue *Philoclea*; a third, exalting some Ladies beautie beyond either of the sisters; a fourth laying disgraces to loue it selfe, naming it the bewitcher of the witte, the Rebelle to Reason, the betrayer of resolution, the defiler of thoughts, the vnderminer of magnanimitie, the flatterer of vice, the slaue to weakenesse, the infection of youth, the madnesse of age, the curse of life, & reproch of death; a fifth disdaining to cast at lesse than at all, would make the cause of his quarrell the causers of loue, and proclaime his blasphemies against womankind; that namely that sexe was the ouersight of Nature, the disgrace of reasonablenesse, the obstinate cowards, the slaue-born tyrants, the shops of vanities;



vanities, the gilded wether-cocks, in whom conscience is but peevishnesse, chastitie waywardnesse, & gratefulnesse a miracle. But all these challenges (how well soever endited) were so well answered, that some by death taught others, though past learning themselves; & some by yeelding gaue themselves the lie for hauing blasphemed; to the great griefe of *Basilius*, to see his Rebelle preuaile, and in his owne fight to crowne himselfe with deserued honour.

Whereupon thirsting for reuenge, & else not hoping to preuaile, the best of his camp being already ouerthrown, he sent a messenger to *Argalus*, in whose approved courage & force, he had (& had cause) to haue great confidence, with a letter, requiring him to take his quarrel in hand, from which he had hitherto spared him in respect of his late marriage. But now his honour, & (as he esteemed it) felicitie standing vpon it, he could no longer forbear to challenge of him his faithfull seruice.

The messenger made speed, & found *Argalus* at a Castle of his owne, sitting in a parler with the faire *Parthenia*, he reading in a booke the stories of *Hercules*, shee by him, as to heare him read; but while his eyes looked on the booke, shee looked on his eyes, and sometimes staying him, with some pretty question, not so much to bee resolved of the doubt, as to giue him occasion to looke vpon her. A happie couple, he ioying in her, shee ioying in her selfe, but in her selfe, because she enioyed him: both increased their riches, by giuing to each other, each making one life double, because they made a double life one; where desire neuer wanted satisfaction, nor satisfaction euer bred facietie, he ruling, because she would obey: or rather because she would obey, she therein ruling.

But when the messenger came in with letters in his hand, and hast in his countenance, though she knew not what to feare, yet she feared, because shee knew not, but she rose, and went aside, while he deliuered his letters and message, yet a farre off she looked, now at the messenger, and then at her husband: the same feare, which made her loth to haue cause of feare, yet making her seeke cause to nourish her feare. And well she found there was some serious matter; for her husbands countenance figured some resolution between lothsomnesse and necessitie: & once his eye cast vpon her, and finding hers vpon him, hee blushed, and she blushed, because hee blushed, and yet streight grew pale, because she knew not why he had blushed. But when hee had read, & heard and dispatched away the messenger (like a man in whom Honour could not be rocked asleepe by affection) with promise quickly to follow; he came to *Parthenia*, and as sorie as might be for parting, and yet more sorie for her sorow, he gaue her the letter to reade. Shee with fearefull slownesse took it, & with fearefull quicknesse read it; and hauing read it, Ah my *Argalus* (said she) & haue you made such hast to answer: & are you so soone resolved to leaue me? But he discoursing vnto her, how much it imported his honour (which since it was deare to him, he knew it would be deare vnto her) her reason ouerclouded with sorrow, suffered her not presently to reply, but left the charge thereof to teares, and sighes, which he not able to beare, left her alone, and went to giue order for his present departure.

But by that time he was armed & ready to goe, she had recovered a little strength of spirit againe, and comming out, and seeing him armed, and wanting nothing for his departure but her farewell, shee ran to him, tooke him by the arme, and kneeling downe without regard who either heard her speech, or saw her demeanour, My *Argalus*, my *Argalus* (said she) do not thus forsake me. Remember, alas, Remember that I haue interest in you, which I will neuer yeeld shalbe thus aduentured. Your valour is already sufficiently known: sufficiently haue you already done for your country: enow, enow there are beside you to lose lesse worthy liues: Woe is me, what shall become

become of me, if you thus abandon me? Then was it time for you to follow these adventures, when you adventured no body but your selfe, and were no bodies but your owne. But now pardon me, that now, or neuer, I claime mine owne, mine you are, and without me you can vnder take no danger: & will you endanger *Parthenia*? *Parthenia* shall be in the battell of your fight: *Parthenia* shall smart in your pain, & your blood must be bled by *Parthenia*. Deare *Parthenia* (said he) this is the first time, that euer you resisted my will: I thanke you for it, but perseuer not in it; and let not the tears of those most beloued eyes be a presage vnto me of that, which you would not should happen. I shall liue, doubt nor: for so great a blessing, as you are was not giuen vnto me, so soone to be depriued of it. Looke for me therefore shortly, and victorious; & prepare a ioyfull welcome, & I will wish for no other triumph. Shee answered not, but stood as it were thunder-stricken with amazement: for true Loue made obedience stand vp against all other passions. But when hee tooke her in his armes, and sought to print his heart in her sweet lippes, she fell in a swoond, so as he was faine to leaue her to her Gentlewomen: and caried away by the tyranny of Honour, though with many a backe-cast looke, and heartie grone, went to the campe. Where vnderstanding the notable victories of *Amphialus*, hee thought to giue him some daies respite of rest, because he would not haue his victory disgraced by the others wearinesse. In which dayes, he fought by all meanes (hauing leaue to parley with him) to dissuade him frō his enterprise: & then imparting his mind to *Basilus*, because he found *Amphialus* was inflexible, wrote his desie vnto him in this maner.

**R**ight famous *Amphialus*, if my perswasion in reason, or prayer in good will, might preuaile with you, you should by better meanes bee like to obtaine your desire. You should make many braue enemies become your faithfull seruants, and make your honour flie vp to heauen, being caried vp by both wings of valour & iustice; wherof now it wants the latter. But since my suite nor counsel can get no place in you, disdain not to receiue a mortall challenge, from a man so far inferiour vnto you in vertue, that I doe not so much mislike of the deed, as I haue the doer in admiration. Prepare therefore your selfe, according to the noble maner you haue vsed, & think not lightly of neuer so weake an arme, which strikes with the sword of iustice.

*To this he quickly receiued this answer.*

**M**uch more famous *Argalus*, I whom neuer threatnings could make afraid, am now terrified by your noble courtesie. For wel I know, from what height of vertue it doth proceed, & what cause I haue to doubt such vertue bent to my ruine: but Loue, which iustificth the vniustice you lay vnto me, doth also animate mee against all dangers, since I come full of him by whom your self haue been (if I be not deceiued) sometimes conquered. I will therefore attend your appearance in the Ile, carying this aduantage with me, that as it shall be a singular honour, if I get the victorie, so there can be no dishonour in being overcome by *Argalus*.

The challenge thus denounced, & accepted, *Argalus* was armed in a white armor, which was all guilded ouer with knots of womans haire, which came downe from the crest of his head-piece, and so spred it selfe in rich quantitie ouer all his armour: his furniture was cut out into the fashion of an Eagle, wherof the beake (made into a rich iewell) was fastened to the saddle, the tayle couered the crooper of the horse, and the wings serued for trappers; which falling of each side, as the horse stirred, the bird seemed to flie. His petrell and raines, were embrodered with feathers futable vnto



vnto it; vpon his right arme he ware a sleeue, which his dear *Parthenia* had made for him, to be worne in a Iusts, in the time that successe was vngratefull to their well-deserued loue: it was full of bleeding hearts, though neuer intended to any bloudy enterprife. In his shield (as his owne deuice) hee had two Palme-trees, neere one another, with a word signifying, *In that sort flourishing*. His horse was of a fierie sort, with blacke feete, and blacke list on his backe, who with open nostrils breathed warre, before hee could see an enemy: and now vp with one legge, and then with another, seemed to complaine of Nature, that she had made him any whit earthie.

But he had scarcely viewed the ground of the Iland, and considered the aduantages (if any were) thereof, before the Castle boate had deliuered *Amphialus*, in all points prouided to giue a hard entertainment. And then sending each to other their Squires in honourable maner, to know whether they should attend any further ceremonye, the trumpets sounding, the horses with smooth running, the stauers with vnshaked motion, obediently performed their cholericke commandements. But when they drew neere, *Argalus* horse being hot, prest in with his head: which *Amphialus* perceiuing, knowing if he gaue him his side, it should be to his disaduantage, prest in also with him, so as both the horses and men met shoulder to shoulder, so as the horses (hurt as much with the striking, as being striken) tumbled downe to the earth, dangerously to their masters, but that they by strength nimble, and by vse skilfull in the falling, shunned the harme of the fall, and without more respite, drew out their swords with a gallant brauery, each struiuing to shew himselfe the lesse endamaged, and to make knowne that they were glad: they had now nothing else to trust to, but their owne vertue. True it is, that *Amphialus* was the sooner vp, but *Argalus* had his sword out the sooner: and then fell they to the cruellest combat, that any present eye had seene. Their swords first, like Canons, battering down the wals of their armour, making breaches almost in euery place for troupes of wounds to enter. Among the rest, *Argalus* gaue a great wound to *Amphialus* disarmed face; though part of the force of it *Amphialus* warded vpon his shield, and withall (first casting his eye vp to *Philocles*'s Window, as if he had fetched his courage thence) feyning to intend the same sort of blow, turned his sword, & with a mighty reuerse, gaue a cruell wound to the right arme of *Argalus*, the vnfaithfull armour yeelding to the sword's strong guided sharpnesse. But though the blood accused the hurt of *Argalus*, yet would he in no action of his confesse it: but keeping himself in a lower ward, stood watching with timely thrusts to repaire his losse, which quickly he did. For *Amphialus* (following his fawning fortune) layd on so thicke vpon *Argalus*, that his shield had almost fallen piece-meale to the earth, when *Argalus* comming in with his right foot, and something stouping to come vnder his armour, thrust him into the belly dangerously; & mortally it would haue beene, but that with the blow before, *Amphialus* had ouer-stricken himselfe so, as he fell side-ward down, and with falling saued himselfe from ruine; the sword by that meanes slipping aside, & not piercing more deeply. *Argalus* seeing him fall, threatening with voice & sword, bad him yeeld. But he struiuing without answer to rise, *Argalus* strake with all his might vpon his head. But his hurt arme not able to master so sound a force, let the sword fall so, as *Amphialus*, though astonished with the blow, could arise: which *Argalus* considering ran in to grasp with him, & so closed together, falling so to the ground, now one getting aboute, and then the other; at length, both wearie of so vnlovely embracements, with a dissenting consent gate vp, and went to their swords: but happened, each of his enemies: where *Argalus* finding his foes sword garnished in blood, his heart rase with the same sword to reuenge it, and on that blade to allie their

their bloods together. But his minde was euill wayted-on by his lamed force, so as he receiued still more and more wounds: which made all his armour seem to blush, that it had defended his master no better. But *Amphialus* perceiuing it, and weighing the small hatefulnesse of their quarrell, with the worthinesse of the Knight, desired him to take pittie of himselfe. But *Argalus*, the more repining, the more hee found himselfe in disaduanrage, filling his veines with spite in stead of blood, and making courage arise against faintnesse (like a Candell, which a little before it goes out, giues then the greatest blaze) so did he vnite all his force, that casting away the little remnant of his shield, and taking his sword in both hands, he strooke such a notable blow, that he cleft his shield, armour, and arme almost to the bone.

But then *Amphialus* forgot all ceremonies, and with cruell blowes made more of his best blood succeed the rest; till his hand being stayed by his eare, his eare filled with a pitifull crie, the crie guided his sight to an excellent faire Lady, who came running as fast as she could, & yet because she could not as fast as she would, she sent her lamentable voice before her: & being come, and being knowne to them both to be the beautifull *Parthenia* (who had that night dreamed shee saw her husband in such estate, as shee then found him, which made her make such hast thither) they both maruailed. But *Parthenia* ran between them (feare of Loue making her forget the feare of Nature) and then fell down at their feete, determining so to part them, till shee could get breath to figh out her dolefull speeches: and when her breath (which running had spent, and dismayednesse made slow to returne) had by sobs gotten into her sorow-closed breast, for a while she could say nothing, but, O wretched eyes of mine, O wailefull sight, O day of darknesse: at length turning her eyes (wherein sorrow swamme) to *Amphialus*, My Lord (said she) it is said you loue; in the power of that loue, I beseech you to leaue off this combat, as euer your heart may find comfort in his affection, euen for her sake, I craue it: or if you be mortally determined, be so pittifull vnto me, as first to kill me, that I may not see the death of *Argalus*. *Amphialus* was about to haue answered, when *Argalus*, vexed with his Fortune, but most vexed that she should see him in that fortune; Ah *Parthenia* (said hee) neuer till now vnwelcome vnto me, do you come to get my life by request? And cannot *Argalus* liue but by request? Is that a life? With that he went aside, for feare of hurting her, & would haue begun the combat afresh. But *Amphialus* not onely coniuured by that which held the Monarchie of his minde, but euen in his noble heart melting with compassion at so passionate a sight, desired him to with-hold his hands, for that he should strike one who sought his fauour, & would not make resistance. A notable example of the wonderful effects of Vertue, where the conqueror sought for friendship of the conquered, & the conquered would not pardon the conqueror: both indeed being of that minde to loue each other for accepting, but not for giuing mercy, & neither affected to ouer-lie a dishonour: so that *Argalus*, not so much struiuing with *Amphialus* (for if he had had him in the like sort, in like sort hee would haue dealt with him) as labouring against his owne power (which he chiefly despised) set himselfe forward, stretching his strength to the vttermost. But the fire of that strife, blowne with his inward rage, boyled out his blood in such abundance, that he was driuen to rest him vpon the pommell of his sword: & then each thing beginning to turne round in the dance of death before his eyes, his sight both dazled & dimmed, til (thinking to sit down) he fel in a swound. *Parthenia*, & *Amphialus* both hastily went vnto him, *Amphialus* took off his helmer, and *Parthenia* layd his head in her lap, tearing off her linnen sleeues & partlet, to serue about his wounds: to bind which she took off her hair-lace, & would haue cut off her fair hair her self,

but



but that the Squires and iudges came in with fitter things for the purpose: while she bewayled her selfe with so lamentable sweetnesse, as was enough to haue taught sorrow to the gladdest thoughts, & haue engraue'd it in the minds of hardest metall.

O *Parthenia*, no more *Parthenia* (said she) What art thou? what seest thou? how is thy blisse in a moment fallen? how wert thou euen now before all Ladies the example of perfect happinesse, and now the gazing stock of endlesse miserie? O God, what hath been my desert to be thus punished? or if such haue been my desert, why was I not in my selfe punished? O wandering life, to what wildernesse wouldst thou lead me? But Sorrow, I hope thou art sharp enough to saue my labour from other remedies. *Argalus*, *Argalus*, I will follow thee, I will follow thee.

But with that *Argalus* came out of his swoond, and lifting vp his languishing eyes (which a painefull rest and iron sleepe did seeke to locke vp) seeing her in whom (euen dying) he liued, and himselfe seated in so beloued a place, it seemed a little cherefull blood came vp to his cheekes, like a burning cole, almost dead, if some breath a little reuiue it: and forcing vp (the best he could) his feeble voyce, My deare, my better halfe (said he) I find I must now leaue thee: & by that sweet hand, & faire eyes of thine I swear, that Death brings nothing with it to grieue mee, but that I must leaue thee, & cannot remaine to answer part of thy infinite deserts, with being some comfort vnto thee. But since so it pleaseth him, whose wisdom and goodnesse guideth all, put thy confidence in him, & one day we shall blessedly meet againe, neuer to depart: meane while liue happily, dear *Parthenia*, and I perswade my selfe, it wil increase the blessedness of my soule, so to see thee. Loue well the remembrance of thy louing, & truly louing *Argalus*: and let not (with that word hee sighed) this disgrace of mine, make thee one day thinke, thou hadst an vnworthy husband. They could scarcely vnderstand the last words: for Death began to seaze himselfe of his heart, neither could *Parthenia* make answer, so full was her breast of anguish. But while the other sought to stanch his remedilesse wounds, she with her kisses made him happy: for his last breath was deliuered into her mouth.

But when indeede she found his ghost was gone, then Sorrow lost the wit of vterance, and grew ragefull, and madde, so that she tare her beaurifull face, & rent her haire, as though they could serue for nothing, since *Argalus* was gone; till *Amphilus* (so moued with pitie of that sight, as that he honoured his aduersaries death with teares) caused her (with the helpe of her woman that came with her) partly by force to be conueied into the boate, with the dead body of *Argalus*, from which she would not depart. And being come of the other side, there she was receiued by *Basilus* himselfe, with all the funerall pompe of military discipline, trayling all their Ensignes vpon the ground, making their warlike instruments sound dolefull notes, & *Basilus*, with comfort in his mouth, & wo in his face, sought to perswade some ease into *Parthenia's* minde: but all was as easefull to her, as the handling of sore wounds: all the honour done, being to her but the triumph of her ruine, shee finding no comfort, but in desperate yeelding to Sorrow: & rather determined to hate her selfe, if euer she should find ease therof. And wel might she heare as she past through the campe, the great praises spoken of her husband, which all were records of her losse. But the more excellent he was (being indeed accounted second to none in all Greece) the more did the breath of those praises beare vp the wings of *Amphilus* fame: so whom yet (such was his ease) that Trophe vpon Trophe, still did but build vp the monument of his thraldome; he euer finding himselfe in such fauour of *Philoclea*, that shee was most absent, when hee was present with her; and euer soriest, when hee had best successe: which would haue made him renounce

all

all comfort, but that his mother with diuersity of deuices kept vp his heart.

But while hee allayed thus his outward glory with inward discomfort, hee was like to haue beene ouertaken with a notable treason, the beginning wherof (though meerey ridiculous) had like to haue brought forth vnto him a weeping effect.

Among other that attended *Basilus* in this expedition, *Dametas* was one; whether to be present with him, or absent from *Miso*: once, certaine it was without any minde to make his sword cursed by any widow. Now being in the Campe, while each talke seemed iniurious, which did not acknowledge some duty to the fame of *Amphialus*, it fell out sometimes in communication, that as the speech of heauen doth often beget the mention of hell, so the admirable prowesse of *Amphialus* (by a contrary) brought forth the remembrance of the cowardise of *Clinias*: insomuch, as it grew almost to a Prouerbe, *As very a coward as Clinias*; Describing him in such sort, that in the end *Dametas* began to thinke with himselfe, that if hee made a challenge vnto him, hee would neuer answer it; & that then he should greatly encrease the favourable conceit of *Basilus*. This fancie of his he vttered to a young Gentleman, that waited vpon *Philanax*, in whose friendship he had especiall confidence, because he haunted his company, laughing often merrily at his speeches, and not a little extolling the goodly doers of *Mopsa*. The yong Gentleman as glad as if he had found a Hare sitting, egd him on, breaking the matter with *Philanax*, and then (for feare the humour should quaille in him) wrote a challenge himself for *Dametas*, and brought it to him. But when *Dametas* read it, putting his head on his shoulder, and somewhat smiling; hee said, It was pretty indeede; but that it had not a loftie stile enough: and so would needes endite it in this sort.

**O** *Clinias*, thou *Clinias*, the wickedest worme that euer went upon two legs; the very frither of fraud, and seething pot of iniquity: I *Dametas*, chiefe gouernour of all the royall castell, and also of *Pamela* (whom thy Master most perniciously hath suggested out of my dominion) doe desire thee, in a mortall affray from the bodkin to the pike upward, which if thou dost presume to take in hand, I will out of that superfluous bodie of thine, make thy soule to be euacuated.

The young Gentleman seemed dumbe-stricken with admiration, and presently tooke vpon him to bee the bearer thereof, while the heate of the fit lasted, and having gotten leaue of *Basilus* (euery body helping on, to ease his minde ouercharged with melancholy) hee went into the Towne, according to the manner before time vsed, & in the presence of *Amphialus* deliuered this letter to *Clinias*, desiring to haue an answer, which might be fit for his reputation. *Clinias* opened it, read it, & in the reading, his blood, not daring to be in so dangerous a place, went out of his face, & hid it selfe more inwardly: and his very words (as if they were affraid of blowes) came very slowly out of his month: but as well as his panting breath would vtter it, he bad him tell the lowt that sent him, that he disdained to haue any thing to doe with him. But *Amphialus*, perceiuing the matter, tooke him aside, and very earnestly dealt with him not to shame himself; *Amphialus* only desirous to bring it to passe to make some sport to *Philoclea*: but not being able to perswade with him, *Amphialus* licenced the Gentleman, telling him, that by next morning he should haue answer.

The yong Gentleman (sory he had sped no better) returned to *Dametas*, who had fetched many a sower-breathed sigh, for feare *Clinias* would accept the challenge. But when he perceiued by his trusty messenger, that this delay was in effect a denial, there being no disposition in him to accept it, then lo, *Dametas* began to speake his  
loud



loud voyce, to looke big, to march vp and downe, and in his march to lift his legs higher than hee was wont, swearing by no meane deuotions, that the walls should not keepe the coward from him, but he would fetch him out of his cunny-berry: & then was hotter than euer to prouide himselfe of horse and armour, saying, hee would go to the Iland brauely addoubed, and shew himselfe to his charge *Pamela*. To this purpose many willing hands were about him, letting him haue reynes, pettrell, with the rest of the furniture, and very braue bales; but all coming from diuers houses, neither in colour nor fashion, shewing any kinred one with another. But that liked *Damet* as the better: for that he thought would argue, that he was master of many braue furnitures. Then gaue hee order to a Painter for his deuice, which was, a plough with the oxen loosed from it, a sword with a great number of armes and legges cut off, and lastly a great armie of pen and inke-hornes & bookes. Neither did he stick to tell the secret of his intent, which was, that hee had left off the plough, to doe such bloudie deedes with his sword, as many inke-hornes and bookes should be employed about the historifying of them: and being asked, why he set no word vnto it, hee said, that was indeed like the Painter, that saith in his picture, Here is the Dogge, and there is the Hare: and with that he laughed so perfectly, as was great consolation to the beholders. Yet remembering, that *Miso* would not take it well at his returne, if he forgot his dutie to her, he caused in a border about to be written

*Miso, mine owne Pigme, thou shalt beare names of Dametas.*

Thus all things being condignly ordered, with an ill-fauoured impatience he waited, vntill the next morning, that he might make a muster of himselfe in the Iland, often asking them that very diligently waited vpon him, whether it were not pitie, that such a coward as *Clinias*, should set his run-away feet vpon the face of the earth.

But as he was by diuers principall yong Gentlemen, to his no small glorie, lifted vp on horsebacke, comes me a page of *Amphialus*, who with humble smiling reuerence deliuered a letter vnto him, from *Clinias*: whom *Amphialus* had brought to this, first with perswasions (that for certaine, if he did accept the combate, *Damet* would neuer dare to appeare, and that then the honour should be his) but principally threatening him, that if he refused it, he would turne him out of the town to bee put to death for a traitor by *Basilus*: so as the present feare (euer to a coward most terrible) of being turned out of the towne, made him, though full vnwillingly, vndertake the other feare, wherein he had some shew of hope, that *Damet* might hap either to be sicke, or not to haue the courage to performe the matter. But when *Damet* heard the name of *Clinias*, very aptly suspecting what the matter might be, he bade the page carry backe his letter, like a naughty boy as he was: for he was in no humor, he told him, of reading letters. But *Damet* as his friend, first perswading him, that for certaine it was some submission, tooke vpon him so much boldnesse, as to open the Letter, and to reade it aloud in this sort.

**F**ilthy drab, unworthy to haue thy name set in any letter by a souldiers hand written: Could thy wretched heart thinke it was timorouseffe, that made *Clinias* suspend a while his answer? No carisse, no: it was but as a Ram, which goes back to returne with the greater force. Know therefore, that thou shalt no sooner appeare (appeare now, if thou dar'st) I say thou shalt no sooner appeare in the Iland (be happy thou, if thou do not appear) but that I will come vpon thee with all my force, and cut thee in peeces (marke what I say)

soynt after soynt, to the eternall terror of all presumptuous villaines. Therefore looke what thou dost: for I tell thee, horrible smart, and paines shall be thy lot, if thou wilt needs be so foolish (I hauing giuen thee no such cause) as to meet with me.

These terrible words *Clinias* vsed, hoping they would giue a cooling to the heat of *Dametas* courage: and so indeed they did, that hee did grone to heare the thundering of those threarnings. And when the Gentleman had ended the reading of them, *Dametas* told them, that in his opinion he thought this answer came too late, and that therefore he might very well go and disarme himselfe: especially considering, the other had in courteous manner warned him not to come. But they (hauing him now on horsebacke, led him into the ferry, and so into the land; the clashing of his own armour striking miserable feare into him, & in his minde thinking great unkindnesse in his friend, that he had brought him to a matter so contrary to his complexion. There stayed he but a litle (the Gentleman that came with him teaching him how to vse his sword and launce, while he cast his eye about, to see which way he might run away, cursing all Ilands for being euill situated) when *Clinias* with a braue sound of trumpets landed at the other end: who came all the way debating with himselfe, what he had deserued of *Amphialus* to driue him to those inconueniences. Sometimes his wit made him bethinke himselfe what was best to be done: but feare did so corrupt his wit, that whatsoeuer he thought was best, he still found danger therein; fearfulness (contrary to all other vices) making him think the better of another, the worse he found himselfe, rather imagining in himselfe, what words he would vse (if he were overcome) to get his life of *Dametas*, than how to overcome, whereof he could thinke with no patience. But oftentimes looking to the earth, pitifully complaining, that a man of such sufficiencie (as hee thought himselfe) should in his best yeeres be swallowed vp by so base an element; faine hee would haue prayed, but he had not heart enough to haue confidence in prayer, the glittering of the armour, and sounding of the trumpets giuing such an assault to the weake-breach of his false senses, that he grew from the degree of feare to an amazement, not almost to know what he did, till two Iudges (chosen for the purpose) making the trumpets cease, and taking the oath of those champions, that they came without guile or witchcraft, set them at wonted distance, one from the other.

Then the trumpets sounding, *Dametas* horse (vsed to such causes) when he thought least of the matter, started out so lustily, that *Dametas* was lodg backe with head and bodie, and pulling withall his bridle-hand, the horse (that was tender of mouth) made halfe a stop, and fell to bounding, so that *Dametas* threw away his Launce, and with both his hands held by the pummell; the horse, halfe running, halfe leaping, till he met with *Clinias*: who fearing he should misse his rest, had put his staffe therein before he began his career: neither would he then haue begunne, but that at the trumpets warning, one (that stood behind) strake on his horse, who running swiftly, the winde tooke such hold of his staffe, that it crost quite over his breast, and in that sort gaue a flat bastanado to *Dametas*: who, halfe out of his saddle, went neere to his old occupation of digging the earth, but with the crest of his helmet. *Clinias* when he was past him, not knowing what he had done, but fearing least *Dametas* were at his backe, turned with a wide turne; & seeing him on the ground, he thought then was his time, or neuer to treade him vnder his horses feet, & withall (if he could) hurt him with his Launce, which had not broken, the encounter was so easie. But putting forth his horse, what with the falling of the staffe too low  
before



before the legs of the horse, & the coming vpon *Dametis*, who was then scrambling vpon the horse fell out, & out, & lay vpon *Clinias*. Which *Dametis* (who was gotten vp) perceiuing, drew out his sword, prying which way he might best come to kill *Clinias* behind. But the horse that lay vpon him, kept such a pawing with his feet, that *Dametis* durst not approach, but very leifurely, so as the horse (being lofly) gat vp, & withall fell to strike, & leape, that *Dametis* started backe a good way, and gaue *Clinias* time to rise, but so bruised in body, & broken in heart, that he meant to yeelde himselfe to mercie, & with that intent drew out his sword, intending when he came neerer, to present the pommel of it to *Dametis*. But *Dametis*, when he saw him come with his sword drawne, nothing concealling any such intent, went backe as fast as his backe and heeles could leade him. But as *Clinias* found that hee began to thinke a possibilitie in the victory, and therefore followed with the cruell hast of a prethailing coward, laying vpon *Dametis*, who did nothing but cry out to him to hold his hand: sometimes that he was dead, sometimes that he would complaine to *Basilus*, but still bare the blowes vngratefully going backe, till at length he came into the water with one of his feete.

But then a new feare of drowning tooke him, so that not daring to goe back, nor to deliberate (the blowes still so lighted on him) nor to yeelde (because of the cruell threatening of *Clinias*) feare being come to the extremitie, fell to a madnesse of despair: so that (winking as hard as euer he could) hee began to deale some blowes, and his arme (being vsed to a stile in his youth) layd them on so thicke, that *Clinias* now began with lamentable eyes to see his owne blond come out in many places; and before he had lost halfe an ounce finding in himselfe that he fainted, cryed out aloud to *Dametis*, that he yeilded. Throw away thy sword then (said *Dametis*) and I will saue thee: but still laying on as fast as he could. *Clinias* straight obeyed, and humbly craued mercy, telling him, his sword was gone. Then *Dametis* first opened his eyes, & seeing him indeed vnweaponed, made him stand a good way off from it; and then willed him to lie downe vpon the earth as flat as he could. *Clinias* obeyed; and *Dametis* (who neuer could thinke himselfe safe, till *Clinias* were dead) began to thinke with himselfe, that if he strake at him with his sword, if he did not kill him at the first blow, that then *Clinias* might happe to rise, and reuenge himselfe. Therefore hee thought best to kneele downe vpon him, and with a great whistle hee had (hauing disarmed his head, to cut his throate) which hee had vsed so with Calues, as he had no small dexteritie in it. But while he sought for his knife, which vnder his armour hee could not well find out, & that *Clinias* lay with so sheepish a quietnesse, as if hee would haue beene glad to haue his throate cut for feare of more paine, the Iudges came in, and tooke *Dametis* from off him, telling him hee did against the law of Armes, hauing promised life, if he threw away his sword. *Dametis* was loath to consent, till they sware, they would not suffer him to fight any more, when he was vtterly and then more forced, than perswaded, he let him rise, crowing ouer him, and warning him to take heede how he dealt any more with any that came of his fathers kinred. But thus this combat of cowards being finished, *Dametis* was with much mirth and melodie receiued into the campe as victorious, neuer a Page there failing to waite vpon his Triumph.

But *Clinias* though he wanted heart to preuent shame, yet hee wanted not wit to feele shame; not so much repining at it for the abhorring of shame; as for the discomforts, that to them that are shamed, ensue. For well he deemed, it would bee a great barre to his practise, and a pulling on of iniuries, when men needed not care how they vsed him. In so much, that *Clinias* (finding himselfe the scorning stock of

every companie fell with repining to hate the cause thereof, and hate in a coward's heart, could let it selfe no other limits, but death. Which purpose was wellegged on by representing vnto himselfe, what danger he lately was in, which still kept no lesse ugly figure in his minde, than when it was present: and quickly (even in his dissembling countenance) might be discerned a concealed grudge. For though he forced himselfe a farre more diligent officiousnesse toward *Amphialus*, than ever before, yet a leering eye vpon the one side at him, a countenance still framed to smiling before him (how little cause soeuer there was of smiling) & growling behinde him, at any of his commandements, with an vncertaine manner of behaviour: his words coming out, though full of flattery, yet slowly, and hoarsely pronounced, might well haue blazed, what armes his false heart bare. But despised, because of his cowardlinesse, and not marked because despised, he had the freer scope of practice. Which he did the more desperately enter into, because the daily dangers *Amphialus* did submit himselfe vnto, made *Olivia* assuredly looke for his ouerthrow, and for his owne consequently, if he did not redeem his former treason to *Basilius*, with a more treasonable falshood toward *Amphialus*. His chiefe care therefore was, to finde out among all sorts of the *Amphialians*, whom either like feare, seditiousnesse of the siege, or discontent of some vnsatisfied ambition would make apt to dig in the same mine that he did: and some alreadie of wealthy weary folkes, and vnconstant youths (who had not found such sudden successe as they had promised themselves) he had made stoupe to his lure. But of none he made so good account as of *Artesia*, sister to the late slaine *Ismenus*, and the chiefe of the sixe maydes, who had trayned out the Princesses to their banker of miserie: so much did the sharpenesse of her wit countenaile (as he thought) any other defects of her sexe: for shee had vndertaken that dangerous practice by the perswasion of *Cecropia*, who assured her that the two Princesses should be made away, and then *Amphialus* would marry her: which shee was the apter to beleue, by some false perswasion her glasse had ginen her of her own incomparable excellencies, & by the great fauour she knew he bare to her brother *Ismenus*, which (like a selfe-flattering woman) she conceiued was done for her sake. But when she had atchieued her attempt, & that she found the Princesses were so farre from their intended death, as that the one of them was like to bee her soueraigne, & that neither her seruice had won of *Amphialus* much more than ordinary fauor, nor her ouer-large offering her selfe to a mind otherwise owed, had obtained a looked-for acceptatiō, disdain to be disdained, spite of a frustrate hope, & perchance vnquenched lust-growne rage, made her vnquiet thoughts finde no other rest, but malice: which was increased by the death of her brother, vvhom she iudged neither succoured against *Philanax*, nor renenged vpon *Philanax*. But all these coles were well blown by the company shee especially kept with *Zelmans* all this time of her imprisonment. For finding her presence vncheerfull to the mourning *Philoclea*, & condemned of the hie hearted *Pamela*, she spent her time most with *Zelmans*. Who though at the first hardly brooking the instrument of their misery, learning cunning in the schoole of aduersitie, in time framed her self to yeeld her acceptable entertainment. For *Zelmans*, when shee had by that vnexpected mischiefe her body imprisoned, her valour ouer-mastered, her wit beguiled, her desires barred, her loue eclipsed, assured of euill, fearing worse, able to know *Philoxenus*'s misfortune, & not able to succour her, she was a great while, before the greatnes of her heart could descend to forow, but rather rose boyling vp in spite & disdain, Reason hardly making Courage beleue, that it was distressed: but as if the walls would be afraid of her, so would her looks shoote out threatening vpon them. But the fetters of seruitude



(growing heavier with wearing) made her feeble her case, and the little preuailing of repining: and then griefe gat a seate in her softned minde, making sweetnesse of passed comforts by due title claime teares of present discomforts: and since her fortune made her able to helpe as little as any body, yet to be able to waile as much as any body, solitarie Sorrow, with a continuall circle in her selfe, going out at her owne mouth, to come in againe at her owne eares. Then was the name of *Philoclea* graued in the glasse windowes, and by the foolish idolatrie of affection, no sooner written, than adored; and no sooner adored, than pitied: all the wonted prayes (she was wont to giue vnto her) being now but figures of Rhetorike to amplifie the injuries of misfortune; against which being alone, shee would often make inuectiue declamations, methodized onely by raging sorrow.

But when *Artesia* did insinuate her selfe into her acquaintance, shee gaue the government of her courage to wit, & was content to familiarize her selfe with her: so much the rather, as that she perceiued in her certaine flawes of ill-concealed discontentment. Insomuch that when *Zelmane* would sweeten her mouth with the praises of the sisters, especially setting forth their noble gratefullnes in neuer forgetting well-intended seruices, & inuoking the iustice of the gods, not to suffer such treasures to be wrongfully hidden, & sometimes with a kind vnkindnesse, charging *Artesia* that she had been abused to abuse so worthy persons: *Artesia* (though falsly, vould protest, that she had been beguiled in it, neuer meaning other matter than recreation: & yet withall (by alleaging how vngratefully she was dealt with) it was easie to be seen, it was the vnrewarding, & not the euill employing her seruice, which grieved her. But *Zelmane* (vsing her own byas to bowle neer the mistresse of her owne thoughts) was content to lend her beliefe, and withall, to magnifie her desert, if willingly she would deliuer, whom vnwillingly she had imprisoned; leauing no argument which might tickle ambition, or flatter reuenge. So that *Artesia* (pusht forward by *Clinias*, and drawne onward by *Zelmane*) bound her selfe to that practise; wherein *Zelmane* (for her part) desired no more, but to haue armour and weapons brought into her chamber, not doubting therewith to performe any thing, how impossible soeuer, which longing Loue can perswade, and inuincible Valour dare promise.

But *Clinias* (whose faith could neuer comprehend the mysteries of courage) perswaded *Artesia*, while hee by corruption had drawne the guard of one gate, to open it (when he would appoint the time) to the enemy, that she should imployson *Amphialus*; which she might the easier doe, because shee her selfe had vsed to make the broaths, when *Amphialus* (either wearied or wounded) did vse such diet. And all things already were ready to be put in execution, when they thought best to breake the matter with the two excellent sisters, not doubting of their consent in a thing so behoofull to themselves: their reasons being, that the Princesses knowing their seruice, might be sure to preserue them from the furie of the entering souldiers: wherof *Clinias* (euen so) could scarcely be sufficiently certaine: and withall, making them priuie to their action, to bind them afterwards to a promised gratefullnesse towards them. They went therefore at one time, when they knew them to be alone, *Clinias* as to *Philoclea*, and *Artesia* to *Pamela*: and *Clinias*, with no few words, did set forth vwhat an exploit was intended for her seruice. But *Philoclea* (in whose cleere minde treason could finde no hiding place) told him, that she would bee glad, if hee could perswade her cousin to deliuer her, and that she would neuer forget his seruice therein: but that she desired him to lay down any such way of mischiefe, for that (for her part) shee would rather yeelde to perpetuall imprisonment, than consent to the destroying her cousin, who (shee knew) loued her, though wronged her. This

vnlooked for answer amazed *Clinias*, so that he had no other remedie in his mind, but to kneele downe to *Philoslea*, and beseech her to keep it secret, considering that the intention was for her seruice: & vowing (since she misliked it) to proceed no further therein, she comforted him with promise of silence, which she performed.

But that little auayled: for *Artesia* hauing in like sort opened this deuice to *Pamela*, she (in whose minde Vertue gouerned with the scepter of Knowledge) hating so horrible a wickednesse, and streight iudging what was fit to doe; Wicked woman (said shee) whose vnrepenting heart can finde no way to amend treason, but by treason: now the time is come, that thy wretched wiles haue caught thy selfe in thine owne nette: as for mee, let the gods dispose of mee as shall please them; but sure it shall be no such way, nor way-leader, by which I will come to libertie. This shee spake something with a lower voice than she was wont to vse; so as *Cecropia* heard the noyse, vvhich was (sooner than *Artesia* imagined shee would) come vp, to bring *Pamela* to a window, vvhich she might see a notable skirmish happened in the Campe, as she thought, among themselues: and being a cunning fisher in troubled waters, streight found by their voices and gestures, there was some matter of consequence, vvhich she desired *Pamela* to tell her. Aske of her (said *Pamela*) and learne to know, that who doe falshood to their superiours, teach falshood to their inferiours. More she would not say. But *Cecropia* taking away the each-way guilty *Artesia* with feare of torture, gat of her the whole practise: so as *Zelmane* vvas the more closely imprisoned, and *Clinias* (with the rest of his corrupted mates according to their merits) executed: For, as for *Artesia*, shee was but lockt vp in her chamber, *Amphialus* not consenting (for the loue he bare to *Ismenus*) that further punishment should be layd vpon her.

But the noise they heard in the campe, was by occasion of the famous Prince *Anaxins*, nephew to the Gyant *Euarges* whom *Pyrocles* slue: A Prince, of body exceedingly strong, in armes so skilful & fortunate, as no man was thought to excell him; of courage that knew not how to feare, of parts vvvorthy praise, if they had not been guided by pride, and followed by vniustice. For by a strange composition of mind, there vvas no man more tenderly sensible in any thing offered to himselfe, which in the farthest-fet construction, might be wrested to the name of wrong; no man, that in his owne actions could vvorse distinguish betweene Valour and Violence: So proud, as he could not abstaine from a *Thraso*-like boasting, and yet (so vnlucky a lodging his vertues had gotten) he vvould neuer boast more than he vvould accomplish: falsly accounting an vnflexible anger, a couragious constancie: esteeming feare, and astonishment, righte causes of admiration, than Loue and Honour. This man had foure sundry times fought vvith *Amphialus*, but *Mars* had beene so vnpartiall an arbiter, that neither side gat aduantage of the other. But in the end it happened, that *Anaxins* found *Amphialus* (vnknowne) in a great danger, and saued his life: vvhereupon (louing his owne benefit) began to fauour him, so much the more, as thinking so well of himselfe, he could not choose but like him, vvhom he found a match for himselfe: vvvhich at last grew to as much friendship towards him, as could by a proud heart be conceived. So as in this trauell (seeking *Pyrocles* to be reuenged of his vnckles death) hearing of this siege, neuer taking paines to examine the quartell (like a man whose will was his God, and his hand his law) taking vvith him his two brothers (men accounted little inferiour to himselfe in martiall matters) and two hundred chosen horsemen (with whom hee thought himselfe able to conquer the world) yet commanding the rest of his forces to follow, hee himselfe vpon such an vnexpected suddennesse entered in vpon the backe of *Basilus*, that many with



with great vnkindnesse tooke their death, not knowing why, nor how they were so murdered. There, if euer, did he make knowne the wonderfullnesse of his force. But the valiant, and faithfull *Philanax*, with well gouerned speede made such head against him, as would haue shewed, how soone courage falls in the ditch which hath not the eye of wisdom: but that *Amphialus* at the same time issued out, and winning with an abundance of courage one of the sconses, which *Basilins* had builded, made way for his friend *Anaxius*, with great losse of both sides, but especially of the *Basilians*; such notable monuments had those two swords especially left of their Masters redoubted worthinesse.

There, with the respect fit to his estate, the honour due to his worthinesse, and the kindnesse which accompanies friendship (made fast by enterchanged benefits) did *Amphialus* enforce himselfe (as much as in a besieged towne he could) to make *Anaxius* know, that his succour was not so needfull, as his presence gratefull. For causing the streets and houses of the towne to witnesse his welcome (making both souldiers and Magistrates in their countenances to shew their gladnesse of him) he led him to his mother, whom hee besought to entertaine him with no lesse loue and kindnesse, than as one, who once had saued her sonnes life, and now came to saue both life and honour. Tush (said *Anaxius*, speaking aloud, looking vpon his brothers) I am onely sorie there are not halfe a dozen Kings more about you: that what *Anaxius* can do, might be the better manifested. His brothers smiled, as though he had ouer modestly spoken far vnderneath the pitch of his power. Then was hee disarmed at the earnest request of *Amphialus*: for *Anaxius* boyled with desire to issue out vpon the enemies, perswading himselfe, that the Sunne should not be set, before he had ouerthrowne them. And hauing reposed himselfe, *Amphialus* asked him whether he would visite the young Princesses. But *Anaxius* whispered him in the eare: In truth (said he) deare friend *Amphialus*; though I am none of those, that loue to speake of themselves, I neuer came yet in any companie of Ladies, but that they fell in loue with me. And I that in my heart scorn them as a peeuish paltry sex, not worthy to communicate with my vertues, would not doe you the wrong: since (as I heare) you doe debase your selfe so much as to affect them. The courteous *Amphialus* could haue beene angry with him for those words, but knowing his humor, suffered him to dance to his owne musicke: and gaue himselfe to entertain both him and his brothers, with as cheerefull a maner, as could issue from a mind whom vnluckie loue had filled vvith melancholy. For to *Anaxius* he yeelded the direction of all. He gaue the watchword, and if any grace vvere granted, the meanes vvere to bee made to *Anaxius*. And that night when supper vvas ended, vvherein *Amphialus* would needes himselfe waite vpon him, he caused in Boates vpon the Lake an excellent musicke to be ordered: which, though *Anaxius* might conceiue was for his honour, yet indeede hee vvas but the Bricke-wall to conuey it to the eares of the beloued *Philoclea*.

The musicke was of Cornets, wherof one answering the other, with a sweet emulation, striving for the glory of musicke, and striking vpon the smooth face of the quiet Lake, was then deliuered vpto the castlewalles, which with a proud reuerberation, spreading it into the ayre, it seemed before the harmonie came to the eare, that it had enriched it selfe in trauaile, the nature of those places adding melodie to that melodious instrument. And when a while that instrument had made a braue proclamation to all vnpossessed mindes, of attention, an excellent consort streight followed of fve Violls, & as many voices, which all being but Orateurs of their masters passions, bestowed this song vpon her, that thought vpon another matter.

**T**He Fire, to see my wrongs for anger burneth:  
 The Ayre in raine for my affliction weepeth:  
 The Sea to ebbe for griefe his flowing turneth:  
 The Earth with pittie dull his center keepeth:  
 Fame is with wonder blazed:  
 Time runnes away for sorrow:  
 Place standeth still amazed,  
 To see my night of euils, which hath no morrow.  
 Alas alone she no pitie taketh  
 To know my miseries, but chaste and cruell,  
 My fall her glory maketh;  
 Yet still her eyes giue to my flames their fuell.  
 Fire, burne me quite till sense of burning leane me:  
 Ayre, let me draw thy breath no more in anguish:  
 Sea, drown'd in thee of tedious life bereane me:  
 Earth, take this earth wherein my spirits languish.  
 Fame, say I was not borne:  
 Time, hast my dying hower:  
 Place, see my graue vptorne:  
 Fire, ayre, sea, earth, fame, time, place shew your power.  
 Alas from all their helps I am exiled:  
 For hers am I, and Death feares her displeasure.  
 Fie Death thou art beguiled:  
 Though I be hers, she makes of me no treasure:

But *Anaxius* (seeming awearie before it was ended) told *Amphialus*, that for his part he liked no musicke, but the neighing of horses, the sound of trumpets, and the cries of yeelding persons: and therefore desired, that the next morning they should issue vpon the same place, where they had entred that day, not doubting to make the quickly awearie of being the besiegers of *Anaxius*. *Amphialus*, who had no whit lesse courage, though nothing blowne vp with pride, willingly condescended, & so the next morning (giuing false alarum to the other side of the campe) *Amphialus* at *Anaxius* earnest request, staying within the towne to see it guarded, *Anaxius* and his brethren *Lycurgus* and *Zoilus*, sallied out with the best choise men. But *Basilus* (hauing bin the last day somewhat vnprovidid) now had better fortified the ouerthrowne scone; and so well had prepared euery thing for defence, that it was impossible for any valour from within, to preuaile. Yet things were performed by *Anaxius* beyond the credite of the credulous. For thrice (valiantly followed by his brothers) did he set vp his banner vpon the rampire of the enemy: though thrise againe by the multitude, and aduantage of the place, but especially by the coming of three valiant Knights, he were driuen downe againe. Numbers there were that day, whose deaths and ouerthrowes were excused by the well knowne sword of *Anaxius*: but the rest by the length of time and iniury of Historians haue beene wrapped vp in darke forgetfulness: only *Tressennius* is spoken of, because when all abandoned the place, he only made head to *Anaxius*, till hauing lost one of his legs, yet not lost the heart of fighting, *Lycurgus* (second brother to *Anaxius*) cruelly murdered him; *Anaxius* himselfe disdaining any further to deale with him.

But so farre had *Anaxius* at the third time preuailed, that now the *Basilians* began to let their courage descend to their feete; *Basilus*, and *Philanax* in vaine striving with



with reuerence of authority to bridle the flight of astonishment, and to teach Feare, discretion: so that *Amphialus*, seeing Victory shew such a flattering countenance to him, came out with all his force, hoping that day to end the siege.

But that fancie altered quickly by the sudden coming to the other side of three Knights, whereof the one was in white armour, the other in green, and the third by his blacke armour & deuice, streight knowne to be the notable knight, who the first day had giuen Fortune so short a stop with his notable deeds, fighting hand to hand with the deemed intincible *Amphialus*. For the very cowards no sooner saw him, but as borrowing some of his spirit, they went like young Eagles to the prey, vnder the wing of their damme. For the three aduenturers, not content to keepe them from their rampire, leapt downe among them, & entered into a braue combat with the three valiant brothers. But to whether side Fortune would haue beene partiall, could not be determined. For the *Basilians*, lightned with the beames of their strangers valour, followed so thicke, that the *Amphialians* were glad with some hast to retire to the walls ward: though *Anaxius* neither reason, feare, nor example, could make him assuage the fury of his fight: vntill one of the *Basilians* (vnworthy to haue his name registred, since he did it cowardly, sideward, when he least looked that way) almost cut off one of his legs: so as he fell downe, blaspheming heauen, that all the influences thereof had power to ouerthrow him: and there death would haue seized of his proud heart, but that *Amphialus* tooke in hand the black knight, while some of his souldiers conueyed away *Anaxius*, so requiting life for life vnto him.

And for the loue and example of *Amphialus*, the fight began to enter into a new fit of heate: when *Basilius* (that thought inough to be done for that day) caused retreat to bee sounded, fearing lest his men following ouer-earnestly, might be the losse of those excellent Knights whom he desired to know. The knights as soone as they heard the retreat (though they were eagerly for knowing that courage without discipline is neerer beastlinesse than manhood) drew back their swords, though hungry of more blood: especially the black knight, who knowing *Amphialus* could no more fraine to tell him, that this was the second time he escaped out of his hands, but that he would shortly bring him a Bil of all the former accounts. *Amphialus* seeing it fit to retire also (most of his people being hurt, both in bodies and hearts) withdrew himselfe, with so well feared a resolution, that it was as farre from anger, as from dismayednesse, answering no other to the blacke knights threats, but that when he brought him his account, he should finde a good pay-master.

The fight being ceased, and each side withdrawne within their strengths, *Basilius* sent *Philanax* to entertaine the strange knights, and to bring them vnto him, that he might acknowledge what honor was due to their vertue. But they excused themselves, desiring to be known first by their deeds, before their names should accuse their vnworthinesse: and though the other replied according as they deserved, yet (finding that vnwelcome courtesie is a degree of iniury) hee suffered them to retire themselves to a tent of their owne without the campe, where they kept themselves secret: *Philanax* himselfe being called away to another strange knight, strange not onely by the vnlooked fornesse of his coming, but by the strange manner of his coming.

For he had before him foure damosels, & so many behind him, all vpon palfrayes, & all apparelled in mourning weeds; each of them a servant of each side, with like lueries of sorrow. Himselfe in an armour, all painted ouer with such a cunning of shadow, that it represented a gaping sepulchre, the furniture of his horse was all of Cypresse branches: wherewith in old time they were wont to dresse graies. His

Bases (which he ware so long, as they came almost to his ankle) were embrodered onely with blacke wormes, which seemed to crawle vp and downe, as readie already to deuoure him. In his shield for *Imprese*, he had a beautifull childe, but hauing two heads; wherpon the one shewed, that it was already dead: the other aliue, but in that case, necessarily looking for death. The word was, *No way to be rid from death, but by death.*

This knight of the tombe (for so the souldiers termed him) sent to *Basiliss* to demand leaue to send in a damosell into the towne, to call out *Amphialus*, according as before time some others haue done. Which being granted (as glad any would vnder take the charge, which no body else in that camp was knowne willing to doe) the damosell went in, & hauing with teares sobbed out a braue challenge to *Amphialus*, from the knight of the Tombe, *Amphialus*, honourably enterdayning the Gentlewoman, & desiring to know the knights name (which the dolefull Gentlewoman would not discouer) accepted the challenge, only desiring the Gentlewoman to say thus much to the strange knight from him, that if his minde were like to his title, there were more cause of affinitie, than enmity betweene them. And therefore presently (according as he was wont) as soon as he perceived the knight of the Tombe, with his Damosels and Iudge, was come into the Iland, hee also went ouer in accustomed maner: and yet for the courtesie of his nature, desired to speake with him.

But the knight of the Tombe, with silence, and drawing his horse backe, shewed no will to heare, nor speake: but with Launce on thigh, made him know, it was fit for him to go to the other end of the Career, whence wayting the start of the vknowne Knight, hee likewise made his spurs claime hast of his horse. But when his staffe was in his rest, comming downe to meet with the knight, now very neere him, he perceived the Knight had mist his rest: wherefore the courteous *Amphialus* would not let his Launce descend; but with a gallant grace, ran ouer the head of his therein friended enemy: and hauing stopped his horse, and with running of him, blessed his sight with the Window where he thought *Philoclea* might stand, he perceived the knight had lighted from his horse, and throwne away his staffe, angry with his misfortune, as of hauing mist his rest, and drawne his sword to make that supply his fellowes fault. He also lighted, and drew his sword, esteeming victory with aduantage, rather robbed than purchased: & so the other comming eagerly toward him, he with his shield our, and sword aloft, with more brauery than anger, drew vnto him, and straight made their swords speake for them a pretty while with equall fiercenesse. But *Amphialus* (to whom the earth brought forth few matches) hauing both much more skill to choose the places, and more force to worke vpon the chosen, had already made many windowes in his armour for death to come in at, when in the noblenesse of his nature abhorring to make the punishment ouergoe the offence, he stept a little backe, and withall, Sir knight (said he) you may easily see, that it pleaseth God to fauour my cause, employ your valour against them that with you hurt: for my part I haue not deserued hate of you. Thoulyest false traytor (said the other, with an angry, but weake voice. But *Amphialus*, in whom abused kindnesse became spitefull rage, Ah barbarous wretch (said he) only couragious in discourtesie, thou shalt soone see whether thy tongue hath betrayed thy heart, or no: and with that redoubling his blowes, gaue him a great wound vpon his necke, and closing with him, ouerthrew him, and in the fall thrust him mortally into the body: & with that went to pull off his helmet, with intention to make him giue himselfe the lie, for hauing so said, or to cut off his head.

But the head-piece was no sooner off, but that there fell about the shoulders of the



the ouercome knight the treasure of faire golden haire, which with the face (soone known by the badge of excellency) witnessed that it was *Parthenia*, the vnfortunately vertuous wife of *Argalus*; her beauty then euen in despite of the passed sorow, or comming death, assuring all beholders, that it was nothing short of perfection. For her exceeding faire eyes, hauing with continuall weeping gotten a little rednes about them; her roundy sweetly swelling lips a little trembling, as though they list their neighbour death; in her cheekes the whitenesse striving by little and little to get vpon the rosinesse of them, her necke, a necke indeed of Alabaster, displaying the wound, which with most dainty blood laboured to drown his owne beauties; so as here was a riuer of purest red, there an Island of perfest white, each giuing lustre to the other; with the sweet countenance (God knowes) full of an vnaffected languishing: though these things to a grossly conceiuing sense might seeme disgraces, yet indeed were they but apparelling beauty in a new fashion, which all looked vpon thorough the spectacles of pity, did euen increase the lines of her naturall fairenesse, so as *Amphialus* was astonished with griefe, compassion, and shame, detesting his fortune, that made him vnfortunate in victorie.

Therefore, putting off his head-peece and gauntlet, kneeling down vnto her, and with teares testifying his sorow, he offered his (by himselfe accursed) hands to help her: protesting his life and power to be ready to do her honour. But *Parthenia* (who had inward messengers of the desired deaths approach) looking vpon him, and streight turning away her feeble sight, as from a delightlesse object, drawing out her words, which her breath (loath to depart from so sweet a body) did faintly deliuer, Sir (said she) I pray you (if prayers haue place in enemies) to let my maydes take my bodie vntouched by you: the only honour I now desire by your means, is, that I haue no honour of you. *Argalus* made no such bargain with you, that the hands which killed him, should helpe me. I haue of them (and I doe not only pardon you, but thanke you for it) the seruice which I desired. There rests nothing now, but that I go liue with him, since whose death I haue done nothing but die. Then pawling, and a little fainting, and againe comming to her selfe, O sweet life, welcome (said she) now feele I the bands vntied of the cruell death, which so long hath held me. And O life, O death, answer for me, that my thoughts haue not so much as in a dream tasted any comfort, since they were deprived of *Argalus*. I come my *Argalus*, I come. And, O God hide my faults in thy mercies, and grant (as I feele thou dost grant) that in thy eternall loue, we may loue each other eternally. And this O Lord: But there *Atropos* cut off her sentence: for with that, casting vp both eyes and hands to the skies, the noble soule departed (one might well assure himself) to heauen, which left the body in so heauenly a demeanour.

But *Amphialus* (with a heart oppressed with griefe, because of her request) withdrew himselfe: but the Iudges, as full of pity, had been all this while disarming her, and her gentlewomen with lamentable cries, labouring to stanch the remedlesse wounds: and a while she was dead before they perceiued it, death being able to diuide the soule, but not the beauty from that body. But when the infallible tokens of death assured them of their losse, one of the women would haue killed her self, but that the squire of *Amphialus* perceiuing, by force held her. Others that had as strong passion, though weaker resolution, fell to cast dust vpon their heads, to reare their garments: all falling vpon the earth & crying vpon their sweet mistresse, as if their cries could perswade the soule to leaue the celestiall happinesse, to come again into the elements of sorrow: one time calling to remembrance her vertue, chastnesse, sweetnesse, goodnesse to them: another time accursing themselves, that they had obeyed

obeyed her; being deceived by her words, who assured them, that it was revealed vnto her, that she should haue her hearts desire in the battell against *Amphialus*, which they wrongly vnderstood. Then kissing her cold hands & feet, weary of the world, since she was gone, who was their world, the very heavens seemed with a cloudy countenance, to loue at the losse, & Faine it selfe (though by nature glad to tell such rare accidents) yet could not choose but deliuer it in lamentable accents, & in such sort went it quickly all ouer the Campe: and, as if the ayre had been infected with sorrow, no heart was so hard, but was subiect to that contagion; the rarenesse of the accident, matching together (the rarely matched together) pittie with admiration: *Basilus* himselfe came forth, and brought the faire *Gynestia* with him, who was come into the campe vnder colour of visiting her husband, and hearing of her daughters: but indeed *Zelmans* was the Saint, to which her pilgrimage was intended: cursing, enuying, blessing, and in her heart killing the walls which imprisoned her. But both they with *Philanax*, and the rest of the principall Nobilitie, went out, to make Honour triumph ouer Death, conueying that excellent bodie (whereto *Basilus* himselfe would needes lend his shoulder) to a Church a mile from the Campe, where the valiant *Argalus* lay intombed; recommending to that sepulchre the blessed reliques of a faithfull and vertuous Lone, giuing order for the making of two marble images, to represent them, and each way enriching the tombe; vpon which *Basilus* himselfe caused this Epitaph to be written.

THE EPITAPH.

**H**is being was in her alone:  
And he not being, she was none.

They ioy'd one ioy, one grieffe they grien'd,  
One lone they lou'd, one life they lin'd,  
The hand was one, one was the sword  
That did his death, her death afford.

As all the rest, so now the stone  
That tombes the two, is iustly one.

ARGALVS & PARTHENIA.

Then with eyes full of teares, and mouthes full of their praises, returned they to the campe, with more and more hate against *Amphialus*: who (poore Gentleman) had therefore greater portion of wo than any of them. For that courteous heart, which would haue griened but to haue heard the like aduenture, was rent with remembring himselfe to be the author: so that his wisdom could not so far temper his passion, but that he tooke his sword, counted the best in the world (which with much blood he had once conquered of a mighty Gyant) and brake it into many peeces



pieces (which after wards hee had good cause to repent) saying, that neither it was worthy to serve the noble exercise of chivalrie, nor any other worthy to seele that sword, which had stricken so excellent a Lady and withall, banishing all chierfnesse of his countenance, he returned home. Where hee gave him to his bed, nor so much to rest his restless mind, as to avoid all company, the sight whereof was tedious unto him. And then melancholy (only rich in vnfortunate remembrances) brought before him all the mishaps, with which his life had wrestled: taking this not onely as a confirming of the former, but a presage of following miserie; and to his heart (already overcome by sorrowfullnesse) even trifling misfortunes came, to fill vpon the roll of a grieued memorie, labouring only his wits to pierce farther & farther into his owne wretchednesse. So as all that night, in despite of darknes, he held his eyes open; and in the morning, when the light began to restore to each body his colour, then with curtains hard he himselfe from the enioying of it, neither willing to seele the comfort of the day, nor the ease of the night: vntill his mother (who neuer knew what loue meant, but onely to hurtward) came to his bed-side, and beginning with loving earnestnes to lay a kinde chiding vpon him, because he would suffer the weaknesse of sorrow, to conquer the strength of his vertues, he did with a broken piece-meale speech, as if the tempest of passion vnderneath blew out his words, remember the mishaps of his youth, the euils he had been cause of, his rebelling with shame, & that shame increased with shamefull accidents, the deaths of *Philoxenus* and *Parthenus*, wherein he found him selfe hated of the euer-ruling powers, but especially (& so especially, as the rest seemed nothing when he came to that) his fauall loue to *Philotea*, to whom he had so gouerned himselfe, as one that could neither conquer, nor yeelde; being of the one side a slave, and of the other a sallow; and withall almost vphrayding vnto his mother the little successe of her large Hoping promises, he in effect finding *Philotea* nothing mollified, and now himselfe so cast downe, as hee thought him vnworthy of better. But his mother (as she had plentiful cause) making him see, that of his other griefes there was little or no fault in himselfe, & therefore there ought to be little or no griefe in him, when she came to the head of the sore, indeed seeing that she could no longer patch vpon her former promises, he taking a desperate deafnes to all delaying hopes, she confest plainly, that she could preuaile nothing; but the fault was his owne, who had marked the yong Girle by seeking to haue that by prayer, which he should haue taken by authoritie. That as it were an absurd cunning to make high ladders to goe in a plain way; so was it an vntimely & foolish flattery, there to beseech, where one might command; puffing them vp by being besought, with such a self-pride of superiority, that it was not forsooth to be held out but by a deniall. O God (said *Amphialus*) how well I thought my fortune would bring forth this end of your labours? assure your selfe, mother, I will sooner pull out these eyes, than they should looke vpon the heauenly *Philotea*, but as vpon a heauen, whence they haue their light, and to which they are subiect. If they will powre downe any influences of comfort, O happy I: but if by the sacrifice of a faithfull heart, they will not be called vnto mee, let mee languish, and wither with languishing, and grieue with withering, but neuer so much as repine with neuer so much grieuing. Mother, O Mother, lust may well be a tyrant, but true loue where it is indeed, it is a seruant. Accursed more than I am, may I bee, if euer I did approach her; but that I freezed as much in a fearefull reuerence, as I burned in a vehement desire. Did euer mans eye looke through loue vpon the maiestic of vertue, shining through beautie, but that hee became (as it well became him) a captiue: and is it the stile of a captiue to write, *Our will and pleasure*?

257 Tush, tush, sonne said *Amphialus* you say you loue, but w<sup>h</sup>all you feare; you feare lest you should offend. Offends & how know you, that you should offend? because she doth deny. Deny now by my truth, if your sadnesse would let me laugh, I could laugh hartily to see that yet you are ignorant, that No is no negation in a womans mouth. My sonne, beleue me, a woman speaking of women: a louers modestie among vs is much more prayesd, than liked; if we like it, so well we like it, that for marring of his modesty, he shall neuer proceed further. Each vertue hath his time: if you comend your souldier to march for most, & hee for curisie put others before him, would you praise his modesty? loue is your generall: he bids you dare: & will *Amphialus* be a dastard? Let example serue: do you thinke *Theseus* should euer haue gotten *Antiope* with fighting and rebelling his armes? hee rauished her, and rauished her that was an *Amazon*, & therefore had gotten a habite of stoutnesse about the nature of a woman, but hauing rauished her, hee got a child of her. And I say no more, but that they say is not gotten without consent of both sides. *Tolus* had her own father killed by *Hercules*, and her selfe rauished, by force rauished, & yet ere long this rauished, & vnfathered Lady could sportfully put on the Lions skin vpon her owne faire shoulders, & play with the club with her owne delicate hands; so easily had she pardoned the rauishing, that she could not but delight in those weapons of rauishing. But about all, marke *Helen* daughter to *Iupiter*, who could neuer brooke her manerly wooing *Menelaus*, but disdained his humblenesse, and lothed his softnesse. But so well she could like the force of enforcing *Paris*, that for him she could abide what might be abidden. But what *Menelaus* takes hart, he recouers her by force, by force carries her home, by force enioyes her, & she, who would neuer like him for seruicableness, euer after loued him for violence. For what can be more agreeable, than vpon force to lay the fault of desire, & in one instant to ioyne a deare delight with a iust excuse: or rather the true cause is pardon the O woman-kind for revealing to mine own son the truth of this mystery: we thinke there wants fire, where wee finde no sparkes, at lest of fury. Truly I haue known a great Lady, long sought by most great, most wise, most beautiful, most valiant persons, neuer won; because they did ouersuperstitiously sollicit her the same Lady brought vnder by another, inferiour to all them in all those qualities, only because he could vse that imperious masterfulnesse, which nature giues to men aboue women. For indeed son, I confesse vnto you) in our very creation we are seruants: and who prayeth his seruants shall neuer be well obeyed; but as a ready horse straight yeelds, when he findes one that will haue him yeeld, the same false bounds when hee feelles a fearefull horseman. Awake thy spirits (good *Amphialus*) & assure thy selfe, that though she refuseth, she refuseth but to endeer the obtrayning. If she weep, & chide, and protest before it be gotten, she can but weep, and chide, and protest, when it is gotten. Think, she would not strue, but that she meanes to try thy force: and my *Amphialus*, know thy selfe a man, & shew thy selfe a man; and beleue me vpon my word) a woman is a woman.

*Amphialus* was about to answer her, when a Gentleman of his made him vnderstand, that there was a messenger come, who had brought a letter vnto him from out of the Campe: whom hee presently calling for, tooke, opened, and read the letter, importing this,

**T**O thee *Amphialus* of Arcadia, the forsaken Knight wishest health, and courage, that by my hand thou mayest receiue punishment for thy treason, according to thine owne offer, which wickedly occasioned, thou hast proudly begun, or accursedly maintained. I will presently (if thy minde saunt thee not for his owne guiltinesse) meete thee in thy

Island,



lland, in such order, as hath by the former beene used: or if thou liked not the time, place, or weapon, I am ready to take thine owne reasonable choise in any of them: so as thou doe performe the substance. Make me such answer as may shew what thou hast some taste of honour: and so I leave thee, to line till I meet thee.

*Amphialus* read it, and with a deepe sigh (according to the humour of inward affliction) seemed euen to condemne himselfe, as though indeede his reproches were true. But how soeuer the dulnesse of Melancholy would haue languishingly yeelded thereunto, his Courage (vauled to such iniuries) desired helpe of Anger to make him this answer.

**F**orsaken Knight, though your namelesse challenge might carrie in it selfe excuse for a man of my birth & estate, yet herein set your harts at rest, you shall not be forsaken. I will without stay answer you in the wanted maner, & come hith armed in your foolish threatnings, & yet the more searelesse, expecting weakelike blowes, whereof finde so strong words. You shall not therefore long asseck me in the lland, before proofe teach you, that of my life you haue made your selfe too large a promise. In the meane time, Farewell.

This being written, and deliuered, the messenger told him that his Lord would (if he liked the same) bring two knights with him to be his Patrons: Which *Amphialus* accepted, & withall shaking off (with resolution) his mothers importunate dissuasions, hee furnished himselfe for the fight, but not in his wanted furniture. For now (as if hee would turne his inside ourward) hee would needes appeare all in blacke, his decking both for himselfe, and horse, being cut out into the fashion of very ragges: yet all so daintily ioyned together with precious stones, as it was a braue raggednesse, and a rich pouertie: and so cunningly had a workeman followed his humour in his armour, that hee had giuen it a rusty shew, and yet so, as any man might perceiue was by art, and not negligence; carrying at one instant a disgraced handsomnesse, and a new oldnesse. In his shield hee bare for his deuice, a Night, by an excellent painter excellently painted, with a Sunne with a shadow, and vpon the shadow a speech, signifying, that it only was barred from mistaking that, whereof it had his life? or, From whose I am, banished. In his cress he carried *Philotes*'s knives, the onely token of her forced fauour.

So past he ouer into the lland, taking with him the two Brothers of *Amphialus*, where he found the forsaken Knight, attired in his owne luerie, as blacke as sorrow it selfe could see it selfe in the blackest glasse: his ornaments of the same hue, but formed into the figure of Rauens, which seemed to gape for carrion: onely his raynes were snakes, which finely wrapping themselues one within the other, their heads came together to the cheekes and bosses of the bit, where they might seeme to bite at the horse, and the horse (as hee champt the bit) to bite at them, and that the white foame was ingendred by the poysonous furie of the combat. His Impresa was a *Casoblepra*, which so long lies dead, as the Moone (where-to it hath so naturall a sympathie) wants her light. The word signified, that, The Moone wanted not the light, but the poore beast wanted the Moones light. Hee had in his head-piece, a whippe, to witnesse a selfe-punishing repentance. Their very horses were cole-blacke too, not hauing so much as one starre to giue light to their night of blacknesse: so as one would haue thought they had beene the two Tonnes of Sorrow, and were come thither to fight for their birth-right in that sorie inheritance.

Which alliance of passions so moued *Amphialus* (already tender minded by the afflictions of Loue) that without staffe or sword drawne, hee trotted fairely to the forsaken Knight, willing to haue put off this combat, to which his melancholy heart did (more than euer in like occasion) misgiue him: and therefore saluting him, Good Knight (said he) because we are men, and should know reason why wee doe things; tell me the cause, that makes you thus eager to fight with mee. Because I affirme (answered the forsaken Knight) that thou dost most rebellious iniurie to those Ladies to whom all men owe seruice. You shall not fight with mee (said *Amphialus*) vpon the quarrell: for I confesse the same too: but it proceeds from their owne beauty, to enforce Loue to offer this force. I maintaine then (said the forsaken Knight) that thou art not worthy so to loue. And that I confesse too (said *Amphialus*) since the world is not so richly blessed, as to bring forth any thing worthy thereof. But no more vnworthy than any other, since in none can be a more worthy loue. Yes, more vnworthy than my selfe (said the forsaken Knight) for though I deserue contempt, thou deseruest both contempt, and hatred.

But *Amphialus* by that thinking (though wrongly, each indeed mistaking other) that he was his riual, forgot all minde of reconciliation, and hauing all his thoughts bound vp in choler, neuer staying either iudge, trumpet, or his owne launce, drew out his sword, and saying, Thou lycst false villaine, vnto him, his words and blowes came so quicke together, as the one seemed a lightning of the others thunder. But he found, no barren ground of such seede: for it yeilded him his owne with such increase, that though Reason and Amazement go rarely together, yet the most reasonable eyes that saw it, found reason to be amazed at the fury of their combat. Neuer game of death better played; neuer fury set it selfe forth in greater brauery. The courteous *Fulcan*, when he wrought at his more courteous wifes request, *Bucar* an armour, made not his hammer beget a greater sound, than the sword of those noble knights did: they needed no fire to their forge, for they made the fire to shine at the meeting of their swords, & armours, each side fetching still new spirit from the castle window, and carefull of keeping their sight that way as a matter of greater consideration in their combat, than either the aduantage of Sunne or Winde: which Sunne and Winde (if the astonished eyes of the beholders were not by the astonishment deceiued) did both stand still to be beholders of this rare match. For neither could their amazed eyes discerne motion of the Sunne, and no breath of Winde stirred, as if either for feare it would not come among such blowes, or with delight had eyes so busie, as it had forgot to open his mouth. This fight being the more cruell, since that Loue and Hatred conspired to sharpen their humours, that hard it was to say, whether Loue with one trumpet, or Hatred with another, gaue the louder alarm to their courages. Spite, rage, disdain, shame, reuenge, came wayting vpon Hatred: of the other side came with loue-longing Desire, both inuincible Hope, and fearelesse Despaire, with riuallike Iealousie, which (although brought vp within doores in the schoole of *Cupid*) would shew themselves no lesse forward, than the other dusty band of *Mars*, to make themselves notable in the notableness of this combat. Of either side Confidence, vnacquainted with Losse, but assuring trust to overcome, and good experience how to overcome: now seconding their terrible blowes with cunning labouring their horses, to winne ground of the enemy; now vnlooked-for parting one from the other, to winne aduantage by an aduantageous returne. But force against force, skill against skill, so enterchangeably encountred, that it was not easie to determine, whether enterprising, or preuenting came former: both, sometimes at one instant, doing and suffering



suffring wrong, and choler no lesse rising of the doing, than of the suffring. But as the fire, the more fuell is put to it, the more hungry still it is to deuoure more: so the more they strake, the more vnsatisfied they were with striking. Their very armour by piece-meale fell away from them: and yet their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as though it were lesse sensible of smart, than the senslesse armour: their bloud in most places stayning their blacke colour, as if it would giue a more lively colour of mourning, than blacke can doe. And so a long space they fought, while neither vertue nor fortune seemed partiall of either side: which so tormented the vnquiet heart of *Amphialus*, that he resolved to see a quicke end: and therefore with the violence of courage, adding strength to his blow, hee strake in such wise vpon the side of the others head, that his remembrance left that battred lodging: so as he was quite from himselfe, casting his armes abroad, and ready to fall downe; his sword likewise went out of his hand: but that being fast by a chaine to his arme, hee could not loose. And *Amphialus* vsed the fauour of occasion, redoubling his blowes: but the horse (weary to be beaten, as well as the master) carried his master away, till he came to himselfe. But then who could haue seene him, might well haue discerned shame in his cheekes, and reuenge in his eyes: so as setting his teeth together with rage, he came running vpon *Amphialus*, reaching out his arme, which had gathered vp his sword, meaning with that blow to haue cleaued *Amphialus* in two. But *Amphialus* seeing the blow comming, shunned it with nimble turning his horse aside; wherwith the forsaken Knight over-strake himselfe, so as almost he came downe with his own strength: but the more hungry of his purpose, the more hee was bard the foode of it: disdainig the resistance, both of force and fortune, hee returned vpon the spurre againe, and ranne with such violence vpon *Amphialus*, that his horse with the force of the shooke rose vp before, almost ouerturned: which *Amphialus* perceiuing, with rayne and spurre put forth his horse, and withall gaue a mighry blow in the descent of his horse, vpon the shoulder of the forsaken knight; from whence sliding, it fell vpon the necke of his horse, so as horse and man fell to the ground: but hee was scarce downe before he was vp on his feete againe, with braue gesture shewing rising of courage, in the falling of fortune. But the courteous *Amphialus* excused himselfe, for hauing (against his will) kild his horse. Excuse thy selfe for viler faults (answered the forsaken Knight) and vse this poore aduantage the best thou canst, for thou shalt quickly finde thou hast neede of more. Thy folly (said *Amphialus*) shall not make me forget my selfe: and therewith (trotting a little aside) alighted from his horse, because hee would not haue fortune come to clayme any part of the victory. Which courteous act would haue mollified the noble heart of the forsaken Knight, if any other had done it, besides the Taylor of his mistresse: but that was a sufficient defeazaunce for the firmest bond of good nature, and therefore he was no sooner alighted, but that hee ranne vnto him, re-entring into as cruel a fight, as eye did euer see, or thought could reasonably imagine; farre beyond the reach of weake words to be able to expresse it. For what they had done on horse-backe, was but as a moriell to keepe their stomackes in appetite, in comparison of that, which now (being themselves) they did. Nor euer glutton by the change of dainty diet could be brought to fresh feeding (when he might haue been satisfied before) with more earnestnesse, than those (by the change of this manner of fight) fell cleane to a new fight, though any else would haue thought they had had their fill already. *Amphialus* being the taller man for the most part stood with his right legge before, his shield at the vtermost length of his arme, his sword hie; but with the point toward his enemy. But when he strake,

which came so thicke, as if euery blow would striue to be formost, his arme seemed still a postilion of death. The forsaken knight shewed with like skill, vnlike gesture, keeping himselfe in continuall motion, proportioning the distance betweene them to any thing that *Amphialus* attempted; his eye guided his foote, and his foote conueighed his hand; and since nature had made him something the lower of the two, he made art follow, and not striue with nature: shunning rather than warding his blowes, like a cunning mastiffe, who knowes the sharpnesse of the horn & strength of the Bul, fights low to get his proper aduantage; answering mightinesse with nimblenesse, and yet at times imploying his wonderfull force, wherein he was second to none. In summe, the blowes were strong, the thrusts thicke, and the auoydings cunning. But the forsaken Knight (that thought it a degree of being conquered to bee long in conquering) strake him so mighty a blow, that hee made *Amphialus* put knee to the ground, without any humblenesse. But when hee felt himselfe stricken downe, and saw himselfe stricken downe by his riuall, then shame seemed one arme, and disdaine another; fury in his eyes, and reuenge in his heart; skill and force gaue place, & they tooke the place of skill and force, with so vnweariable a manner, that the forsaken knight also was driuen to leaue the sterne of cunning, & giue himselfe wholly to be guided by the storme of fury: there being in both (because hate would not suffer admiration) extreme disdaine to finde themselves so matched.

What (said *Amphialus* to himselfe) am I *Amphialus*, before whom so many monsters and Gyants haue faulne dead, when I onely fought causelesse adventures? and can one knight now withstand me in the presence of *Philoclea*, and fighting for *Philoclea*? or since I lost my liberty, haue I lost my courage? haue I gotten the heart of a slaue as well as the fortune? If an army were against mee in the sight of *Philoclea*, could it resist me? O beast, one man resists thee: thy riuall resists thee: or am I indeed *Amphialus*? haue not passions kild him, and wretched I (I know not how) succeeded into this place? Of the other side the forsaken knight with no lesse spite, fell out with himselfe; Hast thou broken (said he to himselfe) the commandement of thy onely Princeesse, to come now into her presence, and in her presence to prone thy selfe a coward? Doris *Asia* and *Egypt* set vp Trophies vnto thee, to be matched heere by a traytor? O noble *Barsanes*, how shamed will thy soule bee, that hee that slew thee, should bee resisted by this one man? O incomparable *Pyrocles*, more grieued wilt thou bee with thy friends shame, than with thine owne imprisonment, when thou shalt know how little I haue bin able to do for the deliury of thee, & those heauenly Princeesses. Am I worthy to be friend to the most valourous Prince that euer was entituled valourous, and shew my selfe so weake a wretch? No, shamed *Musidorus*, worthy for nothing, but to keepe sheepe, get thee a sheepehook againe, since thou canst vse a sword no better.

Thus at times did they, now with one thought, then with another, sharpen their ouer-sharpe humors; like the Lion that beates himselfe with his owne taile, to make himselfe the more angry. These thoughts indeede not staying, but whetting their angry swords, which now had put on the apparell of Crueltie: they bleeding so abundantly, that euery body that saw them, fainted for them, and yet they fainted not in themselves: their smart being more sensible to others eyes, than to their owne feeling. Wrath and Courage barring the common sense from bringing any message of their case to the mind: Paine, Wearinesse, & Weakenesse, not daring to make known their case (though already in the limits of death) in the presence of so violent fury: which filling the veines with rage, in steed of bloud, & making the minde minister spirits to the body, a great while held out their fight, like an arrow  
shorte



shotte vpward by the force of the bow, though by his owne nature hee would goe downeward. The forsaken Knight had the more wounds, but *Amphialus* had the forer; which the other (watching time and place) had cunningly giuen vnto him. Who euer saw a wel-mand Galley fight with a tall Shippe, might make vnto himselfe some kind of comparison of the difference of these two Knights; a better couple than which the world could not bragge of. *Amphialus* seemed to excell in strength, the forsaken knight in nimblenesse; & yet did the ones strength excell in nimblenesse, & the others nimblenesse excell in strength: but now strength & nimblenesse were both gone, and excesse of courage onely maintained the fight. Three times had *Amphialus* with his mightie blowes driuen the forsaken Knight to goe staggering backward, but euery one of those times hee requited paine with smarr, and shame with repulse. And now, whether hee had cause, or that ouer-much confidence (an ouer-forward scholer of vnconquered Courage) made him thinke he had cause, he began to perswade himselfe hee had the aduantage of the combat, though the aduantage he tooke himself to haue, was only that he should be the latter to die: which hope, Hate (as vnsecret as Loue) could not conceale, but drawing himselfe a little backe from him, brake out into these manner of words.

Ah *Amphialus* (said the forsaken knight) this third time thou shalt not escape me; but thy death shall satisfie thy iniury and my malice, and pay for the crueltie thou shewedst in killing the noble *Argalus* and the faire *Parthenia*. In troth (said *Amphialus*) thou art the best knight that euer I fought withall, which would make me willing to grant thee thy life, if thy wit were as good as thy courage; that (besides other follies) layest that to my charge, which most against my will was committed. But whether my death be in thy power, or no, let this tell thee; and vpon the word wayted a blow, which parted his shield into two pieces; and despising the weake resistance of his already broken armour, made a great breach into his heart side, as if he would make a passage for his loue to get out at.

But paine rather seemed to increase life, than to weaken life in those champions. For the forsaken knight comming in with his right leg, & making it guide the force of the blow, strake *Amphialus* vpon the belly so horrible a wound, that his guts came out withall. Which *Amphialus* perceiuing (fearing death, onely because it should come with ouerthrow) he seemed to coniure all his strength for one moments seruice; & so, lifting vp his sword with both hands, hit the forsaken knight vpon the head, a blow, wherewith his sword brake. But (as if it would do a notable seruice before it died) it preuailed so, euen in the instant of breaking, that the forsaken knight fell to the ground, quite for that instant forgetting both loue and hatred: & *Amphialus* (finding himself also in such weaknesse, as he looked for speedy death) glad of the victory, though little hoping to enioy it, puld vp his visar, meaning with his dagger to giue him death; but in steed of death, he gaue him life: for, the ayre so reuiued his spirits, that comming to himselfe, and seeing his present danger, with a life conquering death, he tooke *Amphialus* by the thigh, & together rose himselfe, & ouerturned him. But *Amphialus* scrambled vp againe, both now so weake indeed, as their motions rather seemed the after drops to a storme, than any matter of great furie.

But *Amphialus* might repent himselfe of his wilfull breaking his good sword: for, the forsaken knight (hauing with the extremity of iustly-conceiued hate, and the vn-pitifulnesse of his own neare-threatning death, blotted out all complements of curtesie) let flie at him so cruelly, that though the blowes were weake, yet weakenesse vpon a weakened subiect, proued such strength, that *Amphialus* hauing attempted in vaine, once or twise to close with him, receiuing wound vpon wound, sent his whole

whole burthen to strike the earth with falling, since he could strike his foe no better in standing: giuing no other tokens of himselfe, than as of a man euen ready to take his oath to be deaths true seruant.

Which when the hardie brothers of *Anaxins* perceiued, not recking law of armes, nor vse of chiuallrie, they flew in to defend their friend, or reuenge their losse of him. But they were forthwith encountred with the two braue companions of the forsaken knight, whereof the one being all in greene, both armour and furniture, it seemed a pleasant Garden, wherein grew Orange trees; which with their golden fruits, cunningly beaten in and embroydered, greatly enriched the eye-pleasing colour of greene. In his shield was a sheepe feeding in a pleasant field, with this word *without feare or enuy*. And therefore was called the Knight of the sheepe. The other knight was all in milk white, his attiring else all cut in stars, which made of cloth of siluer, and siluer spangles, each way seemed to cast many aspects. His deuice was the very Pole it selfe, about which many starres stirring, but the place it selfe left voyd. The word was, *The best place yet reserved*. But these four Knights inheriting the hate of their friends, began a most fierce combat: the forsaken Knight himselfe not able to helpe his side, but was driuen to sit him downe, with the extreame faintnesse of his more and more fainting bodie. But those valiant couples seeking honour by dishonouring, and to build safety vpon ruine, gaue new appetites to the almost glutted eyes of the beholders, and now bloud began to put sweate from the full possession of their outsides, no aduantage being yet to be seene, onely the Knight of the sheepe seeming most deliuer, and affecting most of all that viewed him, when a companie of souldiers sent by *Cecropia*, came out in boats to the Island; and all came running to the destruction of the three Knights, whereof one was vterly vnable to defend himselfe.

But then did the other two Knights shew their wonderfull courage & fidelitie. For turning back to back, and both bestriding the blacke forsaken knight (who had fainted so long till he had lost the feeling of faintnesse) they held play against the rest, though the two brothers vnknighly helped them; till *Philanax* (who watchfully attended such trayterous practises) sent likewise ouer, both by boat & swimming, so choise a number, as did put most of the other to the sword. Onely the two brothers, with some of the brauest of them, carrying away the body of *Amphialus*, which they would rather haue dyed, than haue left behinde them.

So was the forsaken Knight (laid vpon clokes) carried home to the camp. But his two friends knowing his earnest desire not to be knowne, couering him from any bodies eyes, conueyed him to their owne tent: *Basilus* himselfe conquering his earnest desire to see him, with feare to displease him, who had fought so nobly in his quarrell. But Fame set the honour vpon his backe, which he would not suffer to shine in his face: no mans mouth being barraine of praises to the noble knight, that had battered the most esteemed knight in the world: euery bodie praying for his life, and thinking that therein they prayed for themselves. But he himselfe, when by the diligent care of friends, and well applyed cunning of Surgeons, he came to renew againe the league betweene his minde and body, then fell he to a fresh warre with his owne thoughts, wrongfully condemning his manhood, laying cowardise to himselfe, whom the impudentest backbiter would not so haue wronged. For his courage (vied to vse victorie as an inherirance) could brooke no resistance at any time: but now that he had promised himselfe not only the conquest of him, but the scaling of the walles, and deliuerie of *Pamela*, though hee had done beyond all others expectation, yet so short was he of his owne, that he hated to looke vpon the Sunne;



Sunne, that had seen him doe so weakely : & so much abhorred all visitation or honour, wherof he thought himself vnworthy, that he besought his two noble friends to cary him away to a castle not far off, where he might cure his wounds, and neuer be known til he made success excuse this (as he thought) want in him. They louingly obeyed him, leaving *Basilus* & all the campe very sory for the parting of these three vnkown knights, in whose prowes they had reposed greatest trust of victory.

But they being gone, *Basilus* and *Philanax* gave good order to the strengthening of the siege, fortifying themselves, so as they feared no more any such sodain onset, as that of *Anaxius*. And they within (by reason of *Anaxius* hurt, but especially of *Amphialus* his) gaue themselves onely to a diligent watch & ward, making no sallies out, but committing the principall trust to *Zoilus* & *Lycurgus*. For *Anaxius* was yet forced to keepe his chamber. And as for *Amphialus*, his body had such wounds, and he gaue such wounds to his minde, as easily it could not bee determined, whether death or he made the greater hast one to the other : for when the diligent care of cunning Chirurgians had brought life to the possession of his own right, Sorrow & Shame (like two corrupted seruants) came waiting of it, perswading nothing but the giuing ouer of it selfe to destruction. They layd before his eyes his present case, painting every piece of it in most vgly colours : they shewed him his loue wrapped in despaire, his fame blotted by ouerthrow, so that if before he languished, because he could not obtaine his desiring, hee now lamented, because he durst not desire the obtrayning. Recreant *Amphialus* (would he say to himselfe) how darest thou entitle thy selfe the louer of *Philoclea*, that hast neither shewed thy selfe a faithfull coward, or a valiant rebell, but both rebellious and cowardly, which no law can quire, nor grace haue pittie of? Alas life, what little pleasure thou doest me, to giue me nothing but sense of reproch, and exercise of ruine? I would (*sweet Philoclea*) I had died, before thy eyes had seene my weakenesse: and then perchance with some sigh thou wouldest haue confessed, thou hadst lost a worthy servant. But now, caitie that I am, what euer I haue done, serues but to build vp my riualls glorie. To these speeches he would couple such gestures of vexation, & would fortifie the gestures with such effects of furie, as sometimes offering to teare vp his wounds, sometimes to refuse the sustenance of meat, and counsel of Physitians, that his perplexed mother was driuen to make him by force to be tended, with extreame cosley to her selfe, and annoyance to him : till in the end he was contented to promise her, he would attempt no violence vpon himself, vpon condition he might be troubled by no body but onely his Physitians: his melancholy detesting all companie, so as not the very Chirurgians nor seruants durst speake vnto him in doing him seruice: only he had prayed his mother, as she tendred his life, she would procure him grace, and that without that she would neuer come at him more.

His mother, who had confined all her loue onely vnto him, set onely such about him, as were absolutely at her commandement, whom shee forbade to let him know any thing that passed in the castle, till his wounds were cured, but as she from time to time should instruct them: she (for her selfe) being resolved, now she had the gouernement of all things in her owne hands, to satisfie her sons loue by their yeelding, or satisfie her owne reuenge in their punishment. Yet first, because she would be the freer from outward force, shee sent a messenger to the campe to denounce vnto *Basilus*, that if he did not presently raise his siege, shee would cause the heads of the three Ladies, prisoners, to bee cut off before his eyes. And to make him the more feare a present performance, she caused his two daughters and *Zelmune* to bee led vnto the wals, where shee had made a scaffold, easie to be seene by *Basilus*: and there

there caused them to be kept, as ready for the slaughter, til answer came from *Basilis*. A sight full of pitty it was, to see those three (all excellling in all those excellencies, wherewith Nature can beautifie any body: *Pamela* giuing sweetnesse to maiestie, *Philoclea* enriching noblenesse with humblenes, *Zelmene* setting in womanly beautie manlike valour) to be thus subiected to the basest iniurie of vniust fortune. One might see in *Pamela* a willingnes to die, rather than to haue life at others discretion, though sometimes a Princely disdain would sparkle out of her Princely eyes, that it should be in others power to force her to die. In *Philoclea* a pretty fear came vp, to endamaske her rosie cheekes: but it was such a feare, as rather seemed a kindly child to her innate humblenesse, than any other dismayednesse: or if shee were dismayed, it was more for *Zelmene*, than for her selfe, or if more for her selfe, it was because *Zelmene* should lose her. As for *Zelmene*, as she went with her hands bound (for they durst not aduenture on her well known valour, especially among a people, which perchance might bee moued by such a spectacle to some revolt) she was the true image of ouer-mastred courage, and of spite, that sees no remedie. For her breast swelled withall, the bloud burst out at her nose, and she looked paler than accustomed, with her eyes cast on the ground, with such a grace, as if shee were fallen out with the heauens, for suffering such an iniurie. The lookers on were so moued withall, as they misliked what themselves did, and yet still did what themselves misliked. For some glad to rid themselves of the dangerous annoyauce of this siege, some willing to shorten the way to *Amphialus* succession (wheron they were dependants) some, and the greatest some, doing because others did, and suffering because none durst begin to hinder, did in this sort set their hands to this (in their owne conscience) wicked enterprife.

But when this message was brought to *Basilis*, and that this pitifull preparation was a sufficient letter of credite for him to belecue it, he called vnto him his chiefe Counsellours: among which, those he chiefly trusted were *Philanax*, & *Kalander*, lately come to the campe at *Basilis* commandement, and in himselfe wearie of his solitarie life, wanting his sonnes presence, and neuer having heard from his beloued guests since they parted from him. Now in this doubt what he should do, he willed *Kalander* to giue him his aduice: who spake much to this purpose. You command me, Sir (said he) to speake rather because you will keep your wonted graue & noble manner, to do nothing of importance without counsel, than that in this cause (which indeed hath but one way) your mind needs to haue any counsel: so as my speech shal rather be to confirme what you haue already determined, than to argue against any possibillity of other determination. For what sophistical choller can find any question in this, whether you wil haue your incomparable daughters liue or die? whether since you be here to cause their deliuerance, you wil make your being here the cause of their destruction? for nothing can be more vn sensible, than to thinke what one doth, and to forget the end why it is done. Doe therefore as I am sure you meane to doe, remoue the siege, & after seeke by practice, or other gentle meanes, to recouer that which by force you cannot: & thereof is indeed (when it pleaseth you) more counsel to be taken. Once, in extremities the winning of time is the purchase of life, & worse by no means than their deaths can befall vnto you. A man might vse more words, if it were to any purpose to gild gold, or that I had any cause to doubt of your mind: but you are wise, and are a father. He said no more, for hee durst not attempt to perswade the marrying of his daughter to *Amphialus*, but left that to bring in at another consultation. But *Basilis* made signe to *Philanax*, who standing a while in amaze as inwardly perplexed, at last thus deliuered his opinion.



If euer I could with my faith vntied, & my counsell vntusted, it should be at this time, when in truth I must confesse I would be content to purchase silence with discredit. But since you command, I obey: only let me say thus much, that I obey not to these excellent Ladies father, but to my Prince: & a Prince it is to who I giue counsell. Therefore as to a Prince I say, that the graue, & (I wel know) true minded counsell of my Lord *Kalandar* had done in good time when you first took armes, before all your subiects gat notice of your intencion, before so much bloud was spent, & before they were driuen to seeke this shift for their last remedie. But if now, this force you away, why did you take armes, since you might be sure when euer they were in extremitie they would haue recourse to this threatning. And for a wise man to take in hand that which his enemy may with a word ouerthrow, hath in my conceit great incongruity, & as great, so to forethink what his enemy in reason wil doe. But they threaten they will kill your daughters. What if they promised you if you removed your siege, they would honourably send home your daughters: would you be angled by their promises truly no more ought you be terrified by their threatnings. For yet of the two, promise binds faith more than threatning. But indeed a Prince of iudgement ought not to consider what his enemies promise, or threaten, but what the promisers & threatners in reason will doe: & the nearest coniecture thereunto, is what is best for their owne behoofe to doe. They threaten if you remove not, they will kill your daughters: & if you doe remove, what surerie haue you but that they will kill them: since if the purpose be to cut off all impediments of *Amphialus* ambition, the same cause will continue when you are away; & so much the more encouraged, as the reuenging power is absent, & they haue the more opportunity to draw their factious friends about them: but if it be for their security only, the same cause will bring forth the same effect: and for their security they will preserve them. But it may be said, No man knowes what desperate folks will do: it is true, & as true that no reason nor policie can prevent what desperate folks will doe: and therefore they are among those dangers, which wisdom is not to reckon. Only let it suffice to take away their despaire, which may be by granting pardon for what is past; so as the Ladies may be freely deliuered. And let them that are your subiects trust you that are their Prince, do not you subiect your selfe to trust them, who are so vntrustie as to be manifest traitors. For if they find you so base minded, as by their threatning to remove your force, what indignitie is it, that they would not bring you vnto still by the same threatning? since then if loue stirre them, loue will keepe them from murdering what they loue; and if ambition prouoke them, ambitious they will be when you are away, as wel as while you are here: take not away your force, which bars not the one, and bridles the other. For as for their shewes & words, they are but feare-babes, nor worthy once to moue a worthy mans conceit, which must still consider what in reason they are like to doe. Their despaire, I grant, you shall doe well to prevent: which as it is the last of all resolutions, so no man falls into it while so good a way as you may offer, is open vnto them. In summe; you are a Prince, and a father of people, who ought with the eye of wisdom, the hand of fortitude, and the heart of iustice, to set downe all priuate conceits, in comparison of what for the publike is profitable.

Hee would haue proceeded on, when *Gynecia* came running in amazed for her daughter *Pamela*, but mad for *Zelmane*: and falling at *Basilins* feete, besought him to make no delay, vsing such gestures of compassion in steed of stopped words, that *Basilins*, otherwise enough tender minded, easily granted to raise the siege, which hee saw dangerous to his daughters; but indeed more carefull for *Zelmane*, by whose besieged

besieged person, the poore old man was stragely besieged: so as to rid him of the famine of his minde, he went in speed away, discharging his souldiers: only leaving the authoritie, as before, in *Philanax* his hands, he himselfe went with *Gyneta* to a strong Castle of his, where hee tooke counsell how first to deliuer *Zelmira*, whom he called the poore stranger, as though onely Law of hospitalitie moued him; and for that purpose sent diuers messengers to trafficke with *Cetropia*.

But she by this meanes rid of the present danger of the siege (desiring *Zelmira* and *Lycurgus* to take the care, till their brother recovered) of renewing & furnishing the citie, both with men, and what else wanted, against any new occasion should vrge them, she her selfe disdaining to hearken to *Basilius*, without hee would grant his daughter in marriage to her son (which by no meanes hee would be brought vnto) bent all the sharpnesse of her malicious wit, how to bring a comfortable grant to her sonne, whereupon she well found no lesse than his life depended. Therefore for a while she attempted all meanes of eloquent praying, and flattering perswasion, mingling sometimes gifts, sometimes threatnings, as she had cause to hope, that either open force, or vndermining, would best win the castle of their resolution. And euery as much as she did to *Philoclea*, so much did she to *Pamela*, though in manner sometimes differing, as shee found fit to leuell at the ones noble height, and the others sweet lowlinesse. For though shee knew her sonnes heart had wholly giuen it selfe to *Philoclea*, yet seeing the equall gifts in *Pamela*, shee hoped, a faire grant would recover the sorrow of a faire refusall: cruelly intending the present impoysoning the one, as soone as the others affection were purchased.

But in vaine was all her vaine oratorie employed. *Pamela's* determination was built vpon so braue a rocke, that no shot of hers could reach vnto it: and *Philoclea* (though humbly feared) was so inuironed with sweete riuers of cleere vertue, as could neither be battered, nor vndermined: her witty perswasions had wise answers, her eloquence recompenced with sweetnesse, her threatnings repelled with disdain in the one, and patience in the other, her gifts either not accepted, or accepted to obey, but not to bind. So as *Cetropia* in nature violent, cruell, because ambitious, hatefull, for old rooted grudge to their mother, & now spitefull, because shee could not preuaile with girles, as she counted them, lastly, drawn on by her loue to her son, & held vp by a tyrannical authority, forthwith followed the byas of her own crooked disposition, & doubling & redoubling her threatnings fell, to confirme some of her threatned effects: first withdrawing all comfort, both of seruants & seruice from them. But that those excellent Ladies had bene vsed vnto, euen at home, and then found in themselves how much good the hardnesse of education doth to the resistance of miserie. Then dishonourably vsing them both in diet, and lodging, by a contempe to pul down their thoughts to yeelding. But as before, the consideration of a prison had disgraced all ornaments, so now the same consideration made them attend all diseasefulnesse. Then still as shee found those not preuaile, would shee goe forward with giuing them terrors, sometimes with noise of horror, sometimes with sudden frightings in the night, when the solitarie darknesse thereof might easier astonish the disarmed senses. But to all Vertue and Loue resisted, strengthened one by the other, when each found it selfe ouer-vehemently assaulted, *Cetropia* still sweetning her fiercenesses with faire promises, if they would promise faire, that seeing euill, and seeing a way farre better, their mindes might the sooner be mollified. But they that could not taste her behaviour, when it was pleasing indeed, could worse now, when they had lost all taste by her iniuries.

She resolving all extremities, rather than faile of conquest, pursued on her rugged way



way: letting no day passe, without new and new perplexing the poore Ladies mindes, and troubling their bodies; and still (swelling the more she was stopped, and growing hot with her owne doings, at length abominable rage carried her to absolute tyrannies, so that taking with her certaine old women (of wicked dispositions, and apt for enuie: sake to be cruell to youth and beautie) with a countenance impoisoned with malice, flew to the sweet *Philoclea*, as if so many Kites should come about a white dove, & matching violent gestures with mischieuous threatnings, she hauing a rod in her hand (like a Fury that should carry wood to the burning of *Diana's* temple) fell to scourge that most beautiful body: Loue in vain holding the shield of beauty against her blind cruelty. The sun drew clouds vp to hide his face from so pitiful a sight, & the very stone walls did yeeld drops of sweat for agony of such a mischief: each senselesse thing had sense of pitie, only they that had sense were senselesse. Verrue rarely found her worldly weaknes more, than by the oppression of that day: & weeping *Cupid* told his weeping mother, that he was sorie he was not deafe as well as blinde, that he might neuer know so lamentable a work. *Philoclea*, with tearful eies & sobbing breast (as soon as her wearines rather than compassion gaue her respite) kneeled down to *Cecropia*, & making pitie in her face honourable, & torment delightfull, besought her, since she hated her (for what cause she took God to witness she knew not) that she would at once take away her life, & not please her selfe with the tormenting of a poor Gentlewoman. If (said she) the common course of humanity cannot moue you, nor the hauing me in your own wals cannot claim pitie, nor womanly mercie, nor neere alliance, nor remembrance (how miserable soeuer now) that I am a Princes daughter, yet let the loue (you haue often told me) your sonne bears me, so much procure, that for his sake one death may be thought enough for me. I haue not liued so many years, but that one death may be able to conclude them: neither haue my fautes, I hope, bin so many, but that one death may satisfie thee. It is no great suit to an enemy, when but death is desired. I craue but that. As for the granting your request, know for a certain you lose your labour, being euery day further off minded from becoming his wife, who vseth me like a slaue. But that, in stead of getting graue, reaued againe *Cecropia's* fury, so that (excellent creature) she was newly againe tormented by those hellish monsters: *Cecropia* vsing no other words, but that she was a proude & vngratefull wench, & that she would teach her to know her own good, since of her selfe she would not conceiue it. So that with silence & patience (like a fair gorgeous armour, hammered on by an ill fauoured Smith) she abode her pitilesse dealing with her: till rather reseruing her for more, than meaning to end, they left her to an vncomfortable leisure, to consider with her selfe her fortune: both helpelesse her selfe being a prisoner, & hopelesse since *Zalmoxe* was a prisoner; who therein only was short of the bottom of miserie, that she knew not how vnworthily her Angel, by these diuels was abused: but wanted (God wot) no stings of griefe, when those words did but strike vpon her heart, that *Philoclea* was a captiue, and she not able to succour her. For well she knew the confidence *Philoclea* had in her, and well she knew, *Philoclea* had cause to haue confidence, and all trodden under foot by the wheele of senselesse fortune. Yet if there be that imperious power in the soule, as it can deliuer knowledge to another, without bodily organs, so vehement were the working of their spirits, as one met with other, though themselves perceived it not, but only thought it to be the doubling of their own louing fancies. And that was the only worldly thing, whereon *Philoclea* rested her mind, that she knew

she should die beloued of *Zelmae*, and would dye, rather than to bee false to *Zelmae*. And so this most dainty Nymph, easing the pain of her minde with thinking of anothers paine; and almost forgetting the paine of her body, through the paine of her mind, she wasted, euen longing for the conclusion of her tedious tragedie.

But for a while she was vnuisited, *Cecropia* employing her time in vsing the like cruelty vpon *Pamela*, her heart growing not only to desire the fruit of punishing them, but euen to delight in the punishing them. But if euer the beams of perfection shined through the clouds of affliction, if euer Vertue tooke a bodie to shew his (else vnconceiueable) beautie, it was in *Pamela*. For when Reason taught her there was no resistance, (for to iust resistance first her heart was enclined) then with so heauenly a quietnesse, and so gracefull a calmnesse, did she suffer the diuerse kinds of torments they vsed to her, that while they vexed her faire body, it seemed that she rather directed than obeyed the vexation. And when *Cecropia* ended, and asked whether her heart would yeeld; she a little smiled, but such a smiling as shewed no loue and yet could not but be louely. And then, Beastly woman (said shee) follow on, doe what thou wilt and canst vpon mee: for I know thy power is not vnlimited. Thou mayst well wracke this silly bodie, but thou canst neuer overthrow. For my part, I will not doe thee the pleasure to desire death of thee: but assure thy selfe, both my life and death shall triumph with honour, laying shame vpon thy detestable tyrannie.

And so, in effect, conquering their doing with her suffering, while *Cecropia* tried as many sorts of paines, as might rather vexe them than spoile them (for that shee would not doe while she were in any hope to win eyther of them for her sonne) *Pamela* remained almost as much content with triall in her selfe, what vertue could doe, as grieved with the miserie wherein she found her selfe plunged, onely sometimes her thoughts lofned in her, when with open wings they flew to *Musidorus*. For then she would think with her selfe, how grievously *Musidorus* would take this her miserie; and she, that wept not for her selfe, wept yet *Musidorus* teares, which he would weep for her. For gentle Loue did easlier yeeld to lamentation, than the constancie of vertue would else admit. Then would she remember the case wherein she had left her poore shepheard, and she that wished death for her selfe, feared death for him; and she that condemned in her selfe the feeblenesse of sorrow, yet thought it great reason to be sorry for his sorrow: and she that long had prayed for the vertuous ioyning themselues together, now thinking to die her selfe, heartily prayed, that long time their fortunes might be separated. Liue long, my *Musidorus*, (would she say) and let my name liue in thy mouth, in thy heart my memorie. Liue long, that thou maist loue long the chaste loue of thy dead *Pamela*. Then would she wish to her selfe, that no other woman might euer possesse his heart: and yet scarcely the wish was made a wish, when her selfe would find fault with it, as being too vniust, that so excellent a man should be banished from the comfort of life. Then would she fortifie her resolution, with bethinking the worst, taking the counsell of vertue and comfort of loue.

So these Diamonds of the world whom Nature had made to be preciouslly set in the eyes of men, to be the chiefe works of her workmanship, the chiefe ornaments of the world, & Princesses of felicity, by rebellious iniury were brought to the vttermost distresse that an enemies heart could wish, or a womans spite inuent: *Cecropia* daily in one or other sort punishing them, still with her euill torments giuing them fear of worse, making the fear it selfe the foremost torment of all, that in the end wearie of their bodies, they should be content to bestow them at her appointment.

But



But as in labour, the more one doth exercise it, the more by the doing one is enabled to do, strength growing vpon the work, so as what at first would haue seemed impossible, after growes easie: so these Princesses, second to none, and far from any second, onely to be matched by themselves, with the vse of suffering, their mindes gat the habit of suffering so, as all feares and terrors were to them but summons to a battaile, wherof they knew before hand they should be victorious, & which in the suffering was paine full, being suffered, was a trophie to it selfe: whereby *Cecropia* found her selfe still further off: for where at first she might perchance haue perswaded them to haue visited her sonne, and haue giuen him some comfort in his sickness, drawing neere to the confines of Deaths kingdome, now they protested, that they would neuer otherwise speake to him, than as to their enemy, of most vniust crueltie towards them, that any time or place could euer make them know.

This made the poison swell in her cankered breast, perceiuing, that (as in water) the more she grasped the lesse she held: but yet now hauing run so long the way of rigor, it was too late in reason, & too contrary to her passion, to returne to a course of meeknesse. And therefore, taking counsell of one of her old associats (who so farre excelled in wickednes, as that she had not only lost al feeling of conscience, but had gotten a very glory in euill) in the end they determined, that beating, & other such sharp dealing did not so much pull down a womans heart, as it bred anger, and that nothing was more enemy to yeelding, than anger; making their tender hearts take on the armour of obstinacie: (for thus did their wicked minds, blind to the light of vertue, and owly eyed in the night of wickednesse, interpret it) and that therefore that was no more to be tryed. And for feare of death (vvhich no question vvhould doe most with them) they had beene so often threatned, as they began to be familiarly acquainted with it, and learned to esteem threatning words to be but words. Therefore the last, but best vway now vvas, that the one seeing indeed the others death, should perceiue, there was no dallying meant: and then there was no doubt, that a womans soule would doe so much, rather than leaue so beautifull a body.

This being concluded, *Cecropia* went to *Philoclea* and told her, that now she vvas to come to the last part of the play: for her part, though she found her hard-hearted obstinacy such, that neither the sweetnesse of louing meanes, nor the force of hard meanes could preuaile with her, yet before shee would passe to a further degree of extremity, shee had sought to win her sister; in hope that her sonne might bee in time satisfied with the loue of so faire a Lady; but finding her also rather more than lesse wilfull, she was now minded that one of their deaths should serue for an example to the other, that despising worthy folkes was more hurtfull to the despi- ser, than the despised: that yet because her sonne especially affected her, and that in her owne selfe she was more inclinable to pitle her, than shee had deserved, shee would begin with her sister, who that afternoone should haue her head cut off before her face; if in the meane time one of them did not pull out their ill-wrought stiches of vnkindnesse, she had her look for no other, nor longer time than she told her. There was no assault giuen to the sweet *Philoclea's* mind, that entered so faire, as this: For where to all paines and dangers of her selfe, Fore-sight (with his Lieutenant Resolution) had made ready defence, now with the loue shee bare her sister, she was driuen to a stay, before she determined: but long she stayed not, before this reason did shine vnto her, that since in her selfe shee preferred death before such a base seruitude, loue did teach her to wish the same to her sister. Therefore crossing her armes, and looking side-ward vpon the ground, Doe what you will (said shee) with vs: for my part heauen shall melt before I be remoued. But if you will follow

my counsell, for your owne sake (for as for prayers for my sake I haue felt how little they preuaile) let my death first serue for example to win her, who perchance is not so resolu'd against *Amphialus*, and so shall you not onely iustly punish mee, (vvhich indeede doe hate both you and your son) but, if that may moue you, you shall doe more verruoussly in preserving one most worthy of life, and killing another most desirous of death: lastly, in winning her, in stead of pecuiss vnhappie creature, that I am, you shall blesse your son vvith the most excellent woman in all praise worthy things, that the world holderh. But *Cecropia* (vvhich had already set downe to her selfe what shee vvould doe) both vvith bitter termes and countenance, told her, that shee should not neede to woo death ouer-eagerly: for if her sister going before her did not teach her wile, her selfe should quickly follow. For since they were not to be gotten, there was no way for her sons quiet, but to know that they were past getting. And so since no intreating, nor threatening might preuaile, shee bad her prepare her eyes for a new play, vvich she should see within few houres in the hall of that Castle.

A place indeede ouer-fit for so vnfit a matter: for being so stately made, that the bottome of it being euen with the ground, the rooffe reached as high as anie part of the Castle, at either end it had conuenient lodgings. In the one end was (one storie from the ground) *Philoclea's* abode, in the other of euen height, *Pamela's* & *Zelmene's* in a chamber aboue her: but all so vaulted of strong and thickly built stone, as one could no way heare the other: each of these chambers had a little window to looke into the hall, but because the sisters should not haue so much comfort, as to look one to another, there was (of the outsides) curtains drawn, which they could not reach with their hands, so barring the reach of their sight. But then the houre came that the Tragedy should begin, and curtaines were withdrawne from before the windowes of *Zelmene*, and of *Philoclea*: a sufficient challenge to call their eyes to defend themselves in such an encounter. And by and by came in at one end of the hall, vvith about a dozen armed souldiers a Lady, led by a couple, with her hands bound before her: from aboue her eyes to her lippes muffled with a faire kerchiefe, but from her mouth to the shoulders all bare: and so was led on to a scaffold raised a good deale from the floore, and all couered vvith crimsin velvet. But neither *Zelmene*, nor *Philoclea* needed to be told who shee was: for the apparrell she ware, made them too well assured, that it was the admirable *Pamela*. Whereunto the rare whitenesse of her naked necke gaue sufficient testimony to their astonished senses. But the faire Lady being come to the scaffold, & then made to kneele downe, and so left by her vnkinde supporters, as it seemed that shee was about to speake somewhat (whereunto *Philoclea*, poore soule, earnestly listned, according to her speech, euen minding to frame her minde, her heart neuer till then almost wauering to saue her sisters life) before the vnfortunate Lady could pronounce three words, the executioner cut off the ones speech, and the others attention, with making his sword doe his cruell office vpon that beautifull necke. Yet the pitilesse sword had such pitie of so precious an object, that at first it did but hit flatlong. But little auailed that, since the Lady falling downe astonished withall, the cruell villaine forced the sword with another blow to diuorce the faire marriage of the head and body.

And this was done so in an instant, that the very act did ouerrun *Philoclea's* sorrow (sorrow not being able so quickly to thunderbolt her heart thorough her senses, but first onely opprest her with a storme of amazement) but when her eyes saw that they did see, as condemning themselves to haue seene it, they became wearie



vvearie of their owne power of seeing: and her soule then drinking vp woe vvith great draughts, shee fell downe to deadly traunces: but her waiting iaylors vvith cruell pirie brought loathed life vnto her, which yet many times tooke his leaue as though he would indeed depart: but when he was stayed by force, he kept vvith him deadly Sorrow, which thus exercised her mourning speech: *Pamela* my sister, my sister *Pamela*, vvho is me for thee, I would I had died for thee, *Pamela*, neuer more shal I see thee: neuer more shal I enioy thy sweet company, and wise counsell. Alas, thou art gone to a beautified heauen, & hast left me here, vvho haue nothing good in me, but that I did euer loue thee, and euer will lament thee. Let this day be noted of all vertuous folkes for most vnfortunate: let it neuer be mentioned, but among curses; and cursed be they that did this mischiefe, and most accursed be mine eies that beheld it. Sweet *Pamela*, that head is stricken off, vvhere only vvisdome might be spoken vvithall; that body is destroyed, vvich was the liuing booke of vertue. Deare *Pamela*, how hast thou left mee to all wretchednesse and misery? Yet vvile thou liuedst, in thee I breathed, of thee I hoped. O *Pamela*, how much did I for thy excellencie honour thee, more than my mother, and loue thee more than my selfe. Neuer more shal I lie vvith thee: neuer more shal we bathe in the pleasant riuer together: neuer more shal I see thee in thy shepheard appattell. But thou art gone, & vvhere am I? *Pamela* is dead; and liue I? O my God. And vvith that she fell againe in a swone, so as it was a great vvile before they could bring her to her selfe againe, but being come to her selfe, Alas (said shee) vnkinde vvomen, since you haue giuen me so many deaths, torment me not now vvith life: for Gods sake let mee goe, and excuse your hands of more bloud. Let me follow my *Pamela*, vvhom euer I sought to follow. Alas, *Pamela*, they vvill not let me come to thee. But if they keep promise, I shal tread thine own steppes after thee. For to vvhat am I borne (miserable soule) but to be most vnhappy in my selfe, and yet more vnhappy in others? But O that a thousand more miseries had chanced vnto me, so thou hadst not died: *Pamela*, my sister *Pamela*. And so like a lamentable *Philomela* complained she the horrible vvrong done to her sister, vvich if it stird not in the vvickedly closed minds of her tormentors, a pirie of her sorrow, yet bred it a wearinesse of her sorrow: so as only leauing one to preuent any harme shee should doe her selfe, the rest went away, consulting againe vvith *Cecropia*, how to make profit of this their late bloody act.

In the end, that vvoman that vsed most to keep company vvith *Zelmene*, told *Cecropia*, that shee found by many most sensible proofes in *Zelmene*, that there was neuer vvoman so loued another, as she loued *Philoclea*: vvich was the cause that she (further than the commandement of *Cecropia*) had caused *Zelmene*'s curtains to be also drawne: because hauing the same spectacle that *Philoclea* had, shee might stand in the greater feare for her, vvhom she loued so vvell: and that indeed she had hit the needle in that deuice: for neuer saw shee creature so astonished as *Zelmene*, exceedingly sorry for *Pamela*, but exceedingly exceeding that exceedingnesse in feare for *Philoclea*. Therefore her aduice was, she should cause *Zelmene* to come & speake vvith *Philoclea*. For there being such vvehemeney of friendship between them, it was most likely both to moue *Zelmene* to persvade, and *Philoclea* to be persvaded. *Cecropia* liked vvell of the counsell, & gaue order to the same vvoman to go deale therein vvith *Zelmene*, and to assure her vvith oath, that *Cecropia* was determined *Philoclea* should passe the same vvay that *Pamela* had done, vvithout shee did yeeld to satisfie the extremity of her sons affection: vvich the vvoman did, adding thereunto many (as she thought) good reasons to make *Zelmene* thinke *Amphilus* a fit match for *Philoclea*. But *Zelmene* (vvho had from time to time vvnderstood the cruell dealing they had

used to the sisters, & now had her own eyes wounded with the sight of ones death) was so confused withall (her courage stil rebelling against her wit, desiring stil with force to doe impossible matters) that as her desire was stopped with power, so her conceit was darkened with a mist of desire. For blinde Loue, and intincible Valour still would cry out, that it could not be, *Philoclea* should bee in so miserable estate, and she not relieue her: and so while she haled her wit to her courage, she drew it from his owne limits. But now *Philoclea's* death (a word able to marshall all his thoughts in order) being come to so short a point, either with small delay to be suffered, or by the giuing her selfe to another to be prevented, she was driuen to think, & to desire some leasure of thinking: which the woman granted for that night vnto her. A night that was not halfe so blacke, as her mind; nor halfe so silent, as was fit for her musing thoughts. At last, hee that would faine haue desperately lost a thousand liues for her sake, could not find in his heart, that shee should lose any life for her owne sake; and hee that despised his owne death in respect of honour, yet could wel-nie dispence with honour it selfe in respect of *Philoclea's* death: for once the thought could not enter into his heart, nor the breath issue out of his mouth, which could consent to *Philoclea's* death for any bargain. Then how to prevent the next degree to death (which was her being posselt by another) was the point of his mindes labour: and in that hee found no other way, but that *Philoclea* should pretend a yeelding vnto *Cecropia's* request; & so by speaking with *Amphialus*, and making faire (but delaying) promises, procure liberty for *Zelmane*; who onely wist but to come by a sword, not doubting then to destroy them all, & diliver *Philoclea*: so little did both the men, and sheir forces seem in her eyes, looking downe vpon them from the high top of affections tower.

With that minde therefore (but first well bound) she vvas brought to *Philoclea*, hauing already plotted out in her conceit, how shee would deale with her: and so came she with heart & eyes, which did each sacrifice either to Loue vpon the altar of Sorrow: and there had she the pleasing displeasing sight of *Philoclea*: *Philoclea*, whom already the extreme sense of sorrow had brought to a dulnesse therein, her face not without tokens that beauty had been by many miseries cruelly battered, & yet shewed it most the perfection of that beauty, which could remaine vnouerthrowne by such enemies. But when *Zelmane* was set downe by her, & the women gone away (because she might be the better perswaded when no body was by, that had heard her say she would not be perswaded) then began first the eyes to speake, and the hearts to crie out: Sorrow a while would needs speake his owne language, without vsing their tongues to be his interpreters. At last *Zelmane* brake silence, but spake with the only eloquence of amazement: for all her long methodized oration was inherited only by such kinde of speeches. Deare Lady, in extreme necessities wee must not. But alas vnfortunate wretch that I am, that I liue to see this day. And I take heauen and earth to witnesse, that nothing: & with that her breast swelled so with spite and grieve, that her breath had no leasure to turne it selfe into words. But the sweet *Philoclea* that had already dyed in *Pamela*, & of the other side had the heauiness of her heart something quickned in the most beloued sight of *Zelmane*, ghesst somewhat at *Zelmane's* mind, & therefore spake vnto her in this sort: My *Pyrocles* (said shee) I know this exceeding comfort of your presence, is not brought vnto me for any good wil that is owed vnto me: but (as I suppose) to make you perswade me to saue my life with the ransome of mine honour: although no body should bee so vnfit a pleader in that cause as your selfe, yet perchance you would haue mee liue. Your honour? God forbid (said *Zelmane*) that euer, for any  
cause,



cause, I should yeeld to any touch of sin. But a while to prece, and some affliction, till time, or my liberty might worke something for y<sup>ou</sup> our senses: this if my astonished senses would giue me leaue, I would faine haue perswaded y<sup>ou</sup>.

To what purpose my *Pyrocles* said *Philoclea*, of a miserable time what gaine is there? Hath *Pamela*'s example wrought no more in mee? Is a captiue life so much worth? can euer it got out of these lips, that I loue any other but *Pyrocles*? shall my tongue be so false a traytor to my heart, as to say I loue any other but *Pyrocles*? And why should I doe all this? to liue? O *Pamela*, sister *Pamela*, why should I liue onely for thy sake *Pyrocles*, I would liue: but to thee I know too well I shall not liue; & if not to thee, hath thy loue so base allay, my *Pyrocles*, as to wish me to liue? For dissimulation, my *Pyrocles*: my simplicity is such, that I haue hardly beene able to keep a straight way, what shall I doe in a crooked? But in this case there is no meane of dissimulation, not for the cunningest: present answer is required, and present performance vpon the answer. Art thou so terrible O death? No my *Pyrocles*, and for that I doe thanke thee, and in my soule think ther, for I confesse the loue of thee is herein my chiefest vertue. Trouble me not therfore deare *Pyrocles*, nor double nor my death by tormenting my resolution: since I cannot liue with thee, I will die for thee. Onely remember me, deare *Pyrocles*, and loue the remembrance of me: and if I may craue so much of thee, let me be thy last leaue; for though I be not worthy of thee (who indeed art the worthiest creature liuing) yet remember that my loue was a worthy loue. But *Pyrocles* was so overcome with sorrow (which wisdom & vertue made iust in so excellent a Ladies case, full of excellent kindnesse) that words were ashamed to come forth, knowing how weak they were to expresse his mind; and her merit: and therefore so stayed in a deadly silence, forsaken of hope, & forsaking comfort: till the appointed guardians came in, to see the fruits of *Zelmans* labour: and then *Zelma* warned by their presence, fell again to perswade, though scarcely her selfe could tell what, but in summe, desirous of delaies. But *Philoclea*, sweetely continuing constant, and in the end, punishing her importunitie with silence, *Zelma* was faine to end. Yet craning another times conference, she obtained it, and diuers others, till at the last *Cecropia* found it was to no purpose, & therefore determined to follow her owne way. *Zelma* yet still desirous to win (by any means) respite, euen wasted with sorrow and vncertainty, whether in worse case in her presence, or absence, being able to doe nothing for *Philoclea*'s succour, but by submitting the greatest courage of the earth to fall at the feet of *Cecropia*, and craue stay of their sentence till the vttermost was seen, what her perswasions might doe.

*Cecropia* seemed much to be moued by her importunity, so as diuers daies were wonne of painfull life to the excellent *Philoclea*, while *Zelma* suffered some hope to cherish her minde, especially trusting vpon the helpe of *Masidorus*, vvhoe (shee knew) would not be idle in this matter, till one morning a noise awaked *Zelma* from whose ouer-watchful mind, the tired body had stolne a little sleep: & straight with the first opening of her eyes, Care taking his wonted place, she ran to the window which looked into the hall (for that way the noise guided her) & there might shee see (the curtaine being left open euer since the last execution) seuen or eight persons in a cluster vpon the scaffold, who by and by retyring themselves, nothing was to be scene thereupon, but a bason of gold pitifully enamelled with bloud, and in the midst of it, the head of the most beautifull *Philoclea*. The horribleness of the mischiefe was such, as *Pyrocles* could not at first beleene his owne senses, but bent his wofull eyes to discern it better: where too well he might see it was *Philoclea*'s selfe, hauing no veile, but beautie ouer her face, vvhich still appeared to be aliue,

so did those eyes shine, even as they were wont, and they were wont more than any other, and sometimes as they moved, it might well make the beholder thinke, that death therein had borrowed her beauty, and not they any way disgraced by death, so sweet and piercing a grace they carried with them.

It was not a pity, it was not an amazement, it was not a sorrow which then laid hold on *Pyrrhus*, but a wilde fury of desperate agony: so that he cried out, O tyrant Heaven, traytor earth, blinde providence, no iustice, how is this done? how is this suffered? hath this world a government? If it haue let it powre out all his mischiefs vpon me, & see whether it haue power to make me more wretched than I am. Did she excell for this? haue I prayed for this? a horrible hand that did it, detestable diuell that commanded it, cursed light that beheld it: & if the light be cursed, what are then mine eyes that haue seen it? And haue I seen *Philotea* dead, and do I liue? and haue I liued not to helpe her, but to talke of her? and stand I still talking? And with that carried by the madnesse of anguish, not hauing a readier way to kill himselfe, he ranne as hard as euer he could with his head against the wall, with intention to braiue him selfe: but the haste to do it made the doing the slower. For as he came to giue the blow, his foote tript, so as it came not with the full force: yet forcible enough to strike him downe, & withall to deprive him of his sense, so that he lay a while comforted by the hurt, in that he felt not his discomfort.

And when he came againe to himselfe, he heard, or he thought he heard a voice which cryed, Reuenge, Reuenge, vnto him, whether indeed it were his good Angell, which vsed that voice to stay him from vnaturall murdering of himselfe, or that his wandering spirits lighted vpon that conceit, and by their vweaknesse (subiect to apprehensions) supposed they heard it. But that indeede, helped with Vertue, & her valiant seruant *Anger*, stopped him from present destroying of himselfe, yeelding in reason and manhood, first to destroy man, woman, & childe, that were any way of kinne to them that were accessory to this cruelty; then to raze the Castle, and to build a sumptuous monument for her sister, and a most sumptuous for her selfe, and then himselfe to die vpon her tombe. This determining in himselfe to do, & to seek all meanes how for that purpose to get out of prison: he was content a while to beare the thirst of death: & yet went he againe to the vwindow, to kisse the beloued head with his eyes; but there saw he nothing but the scaffold, all couered over with scarlet, & nothing but solitary silence to mourne this mischiese. But then, Sorrow hauing dispersed it selfe from his heart, into all his noble parts, it proclaimed his authority, in cries and teares, nor with a more gentle dolefulness could powre out his inward euill.

Alas (said he) and is that head taken away too, so soone from mine eyes? What, mine eyes, perhaps they ennie the excellencie of your sorrow? Indee, there is nothing now left to become the eyes of all mankind, but teares: and woe bee to me, if any exceede mee in wofulnesse. I doe conuirt you all my senses, to accept no object but of sorrow, be ashamed, nay, abhorre to think of comfort. Vnhappy eies, you haue seene too much, that euer the light should bee welcome to you: vnhappy eares, you shall neuer heare the musick of musick in her voice: vnhappy heart that hast liued to feele these pangs. Thou hast done thy worst (World) and cursed be thou, and cursed art thou, since to thine owne selfe, thou hast done the worst thou couldst doe. Bailed Beantie, let onely now thy beantie bee blubbered faces. Widowed Musick, let now thy tunes be surlings, and lamentations. Orphane Vertue, get thee wings, and flie after her into Heauen: here is no dwelling place for thee. Why liued I, alas? Alas, why liued I? To die wretched, and to be the example of



of the heauens hate. And hate and spare not, for your worst blow is striken. Sweet *Philoclea*, thou art gone, & hast carried with thee my loue, and hast left thy loue in me, and I wretched man do liue; I liue, to die continually, till thy reuenge do giue me leaue to die: & then die I will, my *Philoclea*, my heart willingly makes this promise to it selfe. Surely he did not looke vpon thee, that gaue the cruell blow, for no eye could haue abidden to see such beauty ouerthrowne by such mischiefe. Alas, why should they diuide such a head from such a body? no other body is worthy of that head, no other head is worthy of that body: O yet if I had taken my last leaue, if I might haue taken a holy kisse from that dying mouth. Where art thou Hope, which promistest neuer to leaue a man while he liueth? tel me, what canst thou hope for: nay tell mee, what is there that I would willingly hope after? Wishing power (which is accounted infinite) what now is left to wish for? Shee is gone, and gone with her all my hope, all my wishing. Loue, be ashamed to be called Loue: cruell Hate, vspeakeable Hate is victorious ouer thee. Who is there now left, that can iustifie thy tyrannie, & giue reason to thy passion? O cruell diuorce of the sweetest marriage that euer was in Nature: *Philoclea* is dead, and dead is with her all goodnesse, all sweetnesse, all excellencie. *Philoclea* is dead, and yet life is not ashamed to continue vpon the earth. *Philoclea* is dead: O deadly word, which containeth in it selfe the vttermoſt of all misfortunes. But happy word when thou shalt be said of me, and long it shall not be, before it be said.

Then stopping his words with sighes, drowning his sighes in teares, and drying againe his teares in rage, he would sit a while in a wandring muse, which represented nothing but vexations vnto him: then throwing himselfe sometime vpon the floore, and sometimes vpon the bed: then vp againe, till walking was wearisome & rest loathsome: & so neither suffering food, nor sleepe to helpe his afflicted nature, all that day and night hee did nothing but weepe *Philoclea*, sigh *Philoclea*, and crie out *Philoclea*, till as it happened (at that time vpon his bed) toward the dawning of the day he heard one stirre in his chamber, by the motion of garments, and with an angry voice asked, Who was there. A poor Gentlewoman (answered the party) that wish long life vnto you. And I soone death vnto you (said he) for the horrible curse you haue giuen me. Certainly (said she) an vkind answer, and farre vnworthy the excellencie of your mind, but not vsutable to the rest of your behauiour. For most part of this night I haue heard you (being let into your chamber, you neuer perceiuing it, so was your mind estranged from your senses) & haue heard nothing of *Zelmune*, in *Zelmune*, nothing but weake waylings, fitter for some nurse of a village, than so famous a creature as you are. O God (cried out *Pyrocles*) that thou wert a man that vnest these words vnto me. I tel thee I am sorry, I tell thee I will be sorry in despite of thee, & at them that would haue me ioyful. And yet, replied she, perchance *Philoclea* is not dead, whom you so much bemoane, I would wee were both dead on that condition, said *Pyrocles*. See the folly of your passion (said she) as though you should be neerer to her, you being dead, and shee aliue, than shee being dead, and you aliue: and if shee be dead, was shee not borne to die? what then doe you crie out for? not for her, vwho must haue dyed one time or other, but for some few yeares: so as it is time & this world, that seeme so louely things, and not *Philoclea* vnto you. O noble sisters (cried *Pyrocles*) now you bee gone (who were the onely exalters of all womankind) what is left in that sex, but babling & businesse? And truly (said she) I will yet a little longer trouble you. Nay, I pray you do, said *Pyrocles*, for I wish for nothing in my short life but mischiefes & cumbers: and I am content you shall be one of them. In truth, said she, you would thinke your selfe a

greatly

greatly priuiledged person, if since the strongest building, & lastingest monarchies are subiect to end, onely your *Philoclea* (because she is yours) should be exempted. But indeede you bemoane your selfe, vvhoe haue lost a friend; you cannot her, vvhoe hath in one act both preferred her honour, and lest the miseries of this vvorlde. O womans philosophy, childish folly (said *Pyrocles*) as though I do bemoane my self: I haue not reason so to do, hauing lost more than any monarchy, nay than my life can be worth vnto me. Alas (said she) comfort your selfe; Nature did not forget her skill, when she made them: you shall finde many their superiours, and perchance such, as (when your eyes shall looke abroad) your selfe will like better.

But that speech put all good manners out of the conceit of *Pyrocles*, in so much, that leaping out of his bed, he ran to haue stricken her: but comming neare her (the morning then winning the field of darknesse) he saw, or he thought he saw, indeed, the very face of *Philoclea*, the same sweetnesse, the same grace, the same beaurie: vvhich carried into a diuine astonishment, he fell down at her feet. Most blessed Angell, said he, vvell hast thou done to take that shape, since thou wouldest submit thy selfe to mortall sense; for a more Angelicall form could not haue bin created for thee. Alas, euen by that excellent beaurie, so beloued of me, let it be lawfull for mee to aske of thee, what is the cause that shee, that heavenly creature, whose form you haue taken, should by the heauens be destined to so vnripe an end? Why should vniustice so preuaile? Why was shee seene to the vvorlde so soon to be rai- shed from vs? Why was she not suffered to liue, to teach the world perfection? Do not deceiue thy selfe, answered she, I am no Angell, I am *Philoclea*, the same *Philoclea*, so truly louing you, so truly beloued of you. If it bee so, said hee, that you are indeede the soule of *Philoclea*, you haue done well to keepe your owne figure: for no heauen could haue giuen you a better. Then alas why haue you taken the paines to leaue your blissefull seat to come to this place most wretched, to me, who am wretchednesse it selfe, and not rather obaine for mee, that I might come where you are, there eternally to behold, and eternally to loue your beauties? You know (I know) that I desire nothing but death, which I only stay to be iustly reuenged of your vniust murderers. Deare *Pyrocles*, said she, I am thy *Philoclea*, & as yet liuing: not murdered, as you supposed, and therefore bee comforted. And with that gaue him her hand. But the sweete touch of that hand seemed to his estrayed powers so heavenly a thing, that it rather for a while confirmed him in his former beliefe: till she with vehement protestations (and desire that it might be so, helping to perswade that it was so) brought him to yeeld; yet doubtfully to yeeld to this height of all comfort, that *Philoclea* liued: which witnesssing with teares of ioy, Alas, said hee, how shall I beleeue mine eyes any more? or doe you yet but appeare thus vnto me, to stay me from some desperate end? For alas I saw the excellent *Pamela* beheaded: I saw your head (the head indeed, and chiefe part of all Nature's workes) standing in a dish of gold, too meane a shrine (God wot) for such a relike. How can this bee, my onely deare, and you liue? or if this be not so, how can I beleeue mine own senses? and if I cannot beleeue them, why should I beleeue these blessed tidings they bring me?

The truth is (said she) my *Pyrocles*, that neither I (as you finde) nor yet my deare sister is dead: although the mischicuously subtle *Acropolis* vsed sleights to make either of vs thinke so of other. For, hauing in vaine attempted the farthest of her wicked cloquence to make either of vs yeeld to her sonne: & seeing that neither it, accom- panied with great flatteries and rich presents, could get any ground of vs, nor yet the violent way she fell into of cruelly tormenting our bodies, could preuaile with

vs,



vs, at last, shee made either of vs thinke the other dead, & so hoped to haue wrested our minds to the forgetting of vertue: & first she gaue to mine eyes the miserable spectacle of my sisters (as I thought) death: but indeed it was not my sister: it was only *Artesia*, she who so cunningly brought vs to this misery. Truly I am sorry for the poore Gentlewoman, though iustly shee be punished for her double falshood: but *Artesia* mistooke so, as you could not easily discern her, & in my sisters apparrell (which they had taken from her vnder colour of giuing her other) did they execute: And when I (for thy sake especially dear *Pyrocles*) could by no force, nor fear be won, they assayed the like with my sister, by bringing me down vnder the scaffold, & making me thrust my head vp through a hole they had made therein, they did put about my poor neck a dish of gold, whereout they had beaten the bottome, so as hauing set bloud in it, you saw how I played the part of death: God knowes euen willing to haue done it in earnest, & so had they set me, that I reached but on tiptoes to the ground, so as scarcely I could breathe, much lesse speak. And truly if they had kept me there any whil longer, they had strangled me, in stead of beheading me: but then they took me away, and seeking to see their issue of this practice, they found my noble sister (for the dear loue she vouchsafeth to beare me) so grieved withall, that she willed them to doe their vitermost cruelty vnto her: for shee vowed neuer to receiue sustenance of them that had bene the causers of my murder: and finding both of vs, euen giuen ouer, not like to liue many houres longer, and my sister *Pamela*, rather worse than my selfe, (the strength of her heart worse bearing those indignities) the good woman *Cecropia* (with the same pittie as folkes keepe foule, when they are not far enough for their eating) made vs know her deceit, and let vs come one to another, with what ioy you can well imagine, who I know feele the like, saying that we only thought our selues reserved to misery, & therefore siter for condoling, than congratulating. For my part, I am fully perswaded, it is but with a little respite, to haue a more feeling sense of the torments shee prepares for vs. True it is, that one of my guardians would haue mee to beleue, that this proceeds of my gentle cousin *Amphilus*: who hauing heard some inkling that we were euill intreated, had called his mother to his bedside, from whence he neuer rose since his last combate, and besought, and charged her vpon all the loue she bare him, to vse vs with all kindnes: vowing with all the imprecations he could imagine, that if euer hee vnderstood, for his sake that I receiued further hurt than the want of my liberty, he would not liue an houre longer. And the good woman sware to me that he would kill his mother, if he knew how I had been dealt with: but that *Cecropia* keeps him from vnderstanding things how they passe, only hauing heard a whispering, and my selfe named, hee had (of abundance, for sooth, of honourable loue) giuen this charge for vs, whereupon this enlargement of mine was growne: for my part, I know too well their cunning (who leaue no mothy vnoffered that may buy mine honour) to beleue any word they say, but (my deare *Pyrocles*) euen looke for the worst, and prepare thy selfe for the same. Yet I must confesse, I was content to robbe from death, and borrow of my misery the sweet comfort of seeing my sweete sister, and most sweete comfort of thee my *Pyrocles*. And so hauing leaue, I came stealing into your chamber: where (O Lord) what a ioy it was vnto me, to heare you solemnize the funerals of the poor *Philotea*. That I my selfe might liue to heare my death bewailed: and by whom? by my deare *Pyrocles*. That I saw death was not strong enough to diuide thy loue from me? O my *Pyrocles*, I am too well payed for my paines I haue suffered: ioy full is my wee for so noble a cause; and welcome be all miseries, since to thee I am so welcome.

Alas

Alas how I pitied to heare thy pitie of me, and yet a great while I could not finde in my heart to interrupt thee, but often had euen pleasure to weepe with thee: and so kindly came forth thy lamentations, that they inforced me to lament too, as if indeed I had beene a looker on, to see poore *Philoclea* dye. Till at last I spake with you, to try whether I could remoue thee from sorrow, till I had almost procured my selfe a bearing. And with that she pretily smiled, which mingled with her teares, one could not tell whether it were a mourning pleasure, or a delightfull sorrow: but like when a few April drops are scattred by a gentle *Zephyrus* among fine coloured flowets. But *Pyrocles*, who had felt (with so small distance of time) in himselfe the ouerthrow both of hope and despaire, knew not to what key he should tune his mind, eyther of ioy or sorrow. But finding perfit reason in neither, suffered himselfe to be carried by the tide of his imagination, & his imaginations to be raised even by the sway, which hearing or seeing might giue vnto them: he saw her aliue, he was glad to see her aliue; he saw her weep, he was sorie to see her weep; he heard her comfortable speeches, nothing more gladsome; he heard her prognosticating her owne destruction, nothing more dolefull. But when he had a little taken breath from the panting motion of such contrarities in passions, he fell to consider with her of her present estate, both comforting her, that certainly the worst of this storme was past, since already they had done the worst, which mans wit could imagine; and that if they had determined to haue killed her, now they would haue done it: and also earnestly counselling her, and enabling his counsels with vehement prayers, that she would so farre second the hopes of *Amphialus*, as that she might but procure him libertie, promising then as much to her, as the liberality of louing courage durst promise to himselfe.

But who could liuely describe the maner of these speeches, should paint out the light some colours of affection, shaded with the deepest shadowes of sorrow, finding then betweene hope and feare, a kind of sweetnesse in teares; till *Philoclea* content to receiue a kisse, and but a kisse of *Pyrocles*, sealed vp his mouing lips, and closed them vp in comfort: and her selfe (for the passage was left betweene them open) went to her sister; with whom she stayed but a while, fortifying one another (while *Philoclea* tempered *Pamela's* iust disdain, & *Pamela* enobled *Philoclea's* sweet humblenesse) when *Amphialus* came vnto them: who neuer since hee had heard *Philoclea* named, could be quiet in himselfe, although none of them about him (fearing more his mothers violence than his power) would discover what had passed: and many messengers he sent to know her estate, which brought answer back, according as it pleased *Cerapion* to endite them, till his heart full of vnfortunate affection, more and more misgiuing him, hauing impatiently borne the delay of the nights vsfitnesse, this morning he gate vp, & though full of wounds (which not without danger could suffer such exercise) he apparelled himselfe, and with a countenance, that shewed strength in nothing but in griefe, he came where the sisters were; and weakly kneeling downe, he besought them to pardon him if they had not beene vsed in that Castle according to their worthinesse and his duty; beginning to excuse small matters, poore Gentleman, not knowing in what sort they had beene handled.

But *Pamela's* high heart (hauing conceiued mortall hate for the iniurie offered to her and her sister) could scarcely abide his sight, much lesse hear out his excuses, but interrupted him with these words. Traytor (said she) to thine own bloud, & false to the profession of so much loue as thou hast vowed, do not defile our eares with thy excuses, but pursue on thy crueltie, that thou and thy godly mother haue

vsed



used towards vs: for my part, assure thy self, and so do I answer for my sister (whose minde I know) I do not more desire mine owne safety than thy destruction. Amazed with this speech, he turned his eye, full of humble sorrowfullnesse, to *Philotes*. And is this (most excellent Lady) your doome of me also? Shee, sweet Lady, late weeping: for as her most noble kinsman, shee had ever favoured him, and loved his loue, though shee could not be in loue with his person: and now partly unkindnesse of his wrong, partly pity of his case, made her sweet mind yeeld some teares, before shee could answer; and her answer was no other, but that she had the same cause as her sister had. He replied no further, but deliuering from his heart two or three (vntaught) sighes, rose, and with most low reuerence, went out of their chamber: and straight by threatening torture, learned of one of the women in what terrible manner those Princesses had been used. But when he heard it, crying out, O God; and then not able to say any more (for his speech went backe to rebound woe vpon his heart) he needed no iudge to go vpon him: for no man could ever thinke any other worthy of greater punishment, than hee thought himselfe. Full therefore of the horriblest despaire, which a most guilty conscience could breed, with wild looks promising some terrible issue, vnderstanding his mother was vpon the top of the Leads, he caught one of his seruants swords from him, and none of them daring to stay him, hee went vp, carried by fury, in stead of strength; where she was at that time, musing how to goe thorough with this matter, and resolving to make much of her Nieces in shew, and secretly to impoyson them; thinking since they were not to be wonne, her sonnes loue would no otherwise be mitigated.

But when she saw him come in with a sword drawne; and a looke more terrible than the sword, shee straight was stricken vwith the guiltinesse of her owne conscience: yet the vwell-knownne humblenesse of her son somewhat animated her, till hee coming neerer her, and crying to her, Thou damnable creature, onely fit to bring forth such a monster of unhappinesse as I am, she fearing he would haue stricken her (though indeede he meant it not, but onely intended to kill himselfe in her presence) went back so far, till ere she were aware, she ouerthrew her self from ouer the Leads, to receiue her deaths kisse at the ground: and yet vvas she not so happy as presently to die, but that shee had time with hellish agonie to see her sonnes mischiefe (whom shee loved so well) before her end; vwhen she confest (with most desperate, but not repenting minde) the purpose shee had to impoyson the Princesses, and would then haue had them murdered. But every body seeing, and glad to see her end, had left obedience to her tyrannie.

And (if it could be) her ruine increased woe in the noble heart of *Amphialus*, who when he saw her fall, had his own rage stayed a little with the sodainnes of her destruction. And was I not enough miserable before, said he, but that before my end I must be the death of my mother? vwho how wicked soeuer, yet I would shee had receiued her punishment by some other. O *Amphialus*, vvretched *Amphialus*, thou hast liued to see the death of thy most deare companion and friend *Philoxenus*, & of his father, thy most carefull foster-father. Thou hast liued to kill a Lady with thine own hands, and so excellent and vertuous a Lady as the faire *Parthenia* was: thou hast liued to see thy faithful *Ismerus* slaine in succouring thee, and thou not able to defend him: thou hast liued to shew thy selfe such a coward, as that one vknown knight could overcome thee in thy Ladies presence: thou hast liued to bear arms against thy rightful Prince, thine own vnkle: thou hast liued to be accounted, & iustly accounted a traitor, by the most excellent persons that this world holdeth:

thou hast liued to be the death of her, that gaue thee life. But ah wretched *Amphialus*, thou hast liued, for thy sake, and by thy authority, to haue *Philoclea* tormented, O Heauens, in *Amphialus* Castle, where *Amphialus* commanded, tormented, tormented? Torment of my soule, *Philoclea* tormented, and thou hast had such comfort in thy life, as to liue all this while. Perchance this hand (vsed only to mischieuous acts) thinks it were too good a deede to kill me, or else filthy hand, only worthy to kil women, thou art affraid to strike a man. Fear not cowardly hand, for thou shalt kill but a cowardly traytor: & do it gladly, for thou shalt kill him whom *Philoclea* hateth. With that furiously he tare open his doublet, & setting the pommel of the sword to the ground, & the point to his breast, he fell vpon it. But the sword more mercifull than he to himself, with the slipping of the pommel, the point swarued, & razed him but vpon the side: yet with the fall his other wounds opened so, as he bled in such extremity, that *Charons* boate might very well be carried in that floud: which yet he sought to hasten by this means. As he opened his doublet, and fell, there fell out *Philoclea's* knives, which *Cecropia* at the first had taken from her, & deliuered to her son; & he had euer worne them next his heart, as the only relike he had of his Saint: now seeing them by him (his sword being so, as weakness could not well draw it out from his doublet) he took the knives, and pulling one of them out, and many times kissing it, and then, first with the passions of kindnesse and vnkindnesse melting in teares: O deare knives, you are come in good time, to reuenge the wrong I haue done you all this while, in keeping you from her blessed side, and wearing you without your mistresse leaue. Alas, be witnesse with me, yet before I dye (and well you may; for you haue lain next my heart) that by my consent, your excellent mistresse should haue had as much honour as this poore place could haue brought forth for so high an excellencie; and now I am condemned to die by her mouth. Alas, other, faire other hope would my desire often haue giuen mee; but other euent it hath pleased her to lay vpon me. Ah *Philoclea* (with that his tears gushed out, as though they would striue to ouerflow his bloud) I would yet thou knewest how I loue thee. Vnworthy I am, vnhappy I am, false I am; but to thee alas, I am not false. But what a traytor am I, any way to excuse him, whom she condemneth: Since there is nothing left me, wherein I may do her seruice, but in punishing him, who hath so offended her. Dear knife, then do your noble mistresses commandement. With that, he stabbed himselfe into diuers places of his breast and throat, vntill those wounds (with the old, freshly bleeding) brought him to the senselesse gate of death. By which time, his seruants, hauing (with feare of his fury) abstained a while from comming vnto him, one of them (preferring dutifull affection before fearfull duty) came in, and there found him swimming in his owne bloud, giuing a pitifull spectacle, where the conquest was the conquerors ouerthrow, & self-ruine the onely triumph of a bataille, fought betweene him and himselfe. The time full of danger, the person full of worthinesse, the maner full of horror, did greatly astonish all the beholders: so as by and by all the towne was full of it, and then of all ages came running vp to see the beloued body; euery body thinking their safety bled in his wounds, and their honour died in his destruction.

But when it came (and quickly it came) to the eares of his proud friend *Anaxinus*, (who by that time was growne well of his wound, but neuer had come abroad, disdaining to abase himselfe to the company of any other but of *Amphialus*) he was exceedingly vexed either with kindnesse, or (if a proud heart be not capable thereof) with dildaine, that he, who had the honour to be called the friend of *Anaxinus*, should come to such an vnexpected ruine. Therefore then comming abroad, with

a face



a face red in anger, and engrained in pride, with liddes raised, and eyes leuelling from top to toe, at them that met him, treading as though he thought to make the earth shake vnder him, with his hand vpon his sword, short speeches, and disdainfull answers, giving streight order to his two brothers, to goe take the oath of obedience, in his name, of all the Souldiers and Citizens in the Towne: and withall, to sweare them to reuenge the death of *Amphialus*, vpon *Basilius*; hee himselfe went to see him, calling for all the Surgeons & Physicians there; spending some time in viewing the body, and threatening them all to be hanged, if they did not heale him. But they (taking view of his wounds, and falling downe at *Anaxius's* feete) assured him that they were mortall, and no possible meanes to keepe him aboue two daies aliae: and hee stood partly in doubt, to kill, or saue them, between his owne furie, and their humblenesse. But vowing with his owne hands to kill the two sisters, as causers of his friends death: when his brothers came to him, & told him they had done his commandement, in hauing receiued the oath of allegiance, with no great difficultie; the most part terrified by their valour, and force of their seruants; and many that had been forward actors in the rebellion, willing to do any thing, rather than come vnder the subiection of *Basilius* againe; and such few as durst gaine say, being cut off by present slaughter.

But withall (as the chiefe matter of their comming to him) they told *Anaxius*, that the faire Queene *Helen* was come, with an honourable retinue, to the towne: humbly desiring leaue to see *Amphialus*, whom shee had sought in many places of the world, & lastly, being returned into her own country, she heard together of the late siege, and of his combat vvith the strange Knight, vvho had dangerously hurt him. Whereupon, full of louing care (which she was content euen to publish to the world, how vngratefully soeuer he dealt with her) she had gotten leaue of *Basilius*, to come by his frontiers, to carry away *Amphialus* with her, to the excellentest surgeon then known, whom she had in her country, but so old, as not able to trauaile: but had giuen her soueraigne anoyntments, to preserue his body withall, till hee might bee brought vnto him: and that *Basilius* had granted leaue: either naturall kindnesse preuailling ouer all the offences done, or rather glad to make any passage, which might lead him out of his country, and from his daughters. This discourse *Leorgas* vnderstanding of *Helen*, deliuered to his brother, with her vehement desire to see the body, and take her last farewell of him. *Anaxius*, though hee were fallen out vvith all womankind (in respect of the hate he bare the sisters, whom hee accounted murderers of *Amphialus*) yet at his brothers request, granted her leaue. And shee, poore Lady, vvith grieuous expectation, and languishing desire, carried her faint legs to the place where hee lay, either not breathing, or in all appearance breathing nothing but death.

In which piteous pligh when shee saw him, though Sorrow had set before her minde the pittifullest conceit thereof that it could paint, yet the present sight vvent beyond all the former apprehensions: so that beginning to kneele by the body, her sight ranne from her seruice, rather than abide such a sight, and shee fell in a swoone vpon him, as if she could not choose but die of his wounds. But when her breath (awearie to be closed vp in woe) broke the prison of her faire lippes, and brought memory (vvith his seruant senses) to his naturall office, shee yet made the breath conuey these dolefull vvords vvith it. Alas (said shee) *Amphialus*, what strange disasters be these, that hauing sought thee so long, I should bee now sorry to finde thee: that these eies should looke vpon *Amphialus*, and be grieved vvithall? that I should haue thee in my power vvithout glory, and embrace thee vvithout comfort?

How often haue I blest the meanes that might bring mee neere thee? Now vwoe worth the cause that brings me so neere thee. Often alas, often hast thou disdained my teares: but now, my deare *Amphilus*, receiue them: these eyes can serue for nothing else, but to weepe for thee; since thou wouldest neuer vouchsafe them thy comfort, yet disdain not them thy sorrow. I would they had been more deare vnto thee; for then hadst thou liued. Woe is mee that thy noble heart could loue vvhohated thee, and hate who loued thee. Alas, vwhy should not my faith to thee couer my other defects, vvhon only sought to make my Crown thy foot-stoole, my selfe thy seruant: that was all my ambition; and alas thou disdainest it, to serue them, by whom thy incomparable selfe vvert disdaind. Yet, O *Philotea*, vvhence soeuer you are, pardon me, if I speake in the bitterness of my soule, excellent may you be in all other things (and excellent sure you are since he loued you) your want of pitie, vvhete the fault onely was infinitenesse of desert, cannot bee excused. I would, O God, I would that you had granted his deserued suite of marrying you, and that I had beene your seruing-mayde, to haue made my estate the foile of your felicity, so hee had liued. How many weary steps haue I trodden after thee, while my onely complaint was, that thou vvert vnkinde? Alas, I would now thou vvert to be vnkinde. Alas, vwhy wouldest thou not command my seruice, in perswading *Philotea* to loue thee? Who could, or (if every one could) who would haue recounted thy perfection so well as I: who vwith such kindly passions could haue stirred pitie for thee as I: vvhon should haue deliuered not onely the vwords, but the teares I had of thee; and so shouldest thou haue exercised thy disdain in me, and yet vsed my seruice for thee.

With that the body mouing somewhat, & giuing a grone, full of deaths musick, she fell vpon his face, and kist him, and vwithall cryed out; O miserable I, that haue onely fauour by misery: and then vwould shee haue returned to a fresh carriere of complaints, vvhon an aged and wise Gentleman came to her, and besought her, to remember what was fit for her greatnesse, wisdom and honour: and wihall, that it was fitter to shew her loue, in carrying the body to her excellent surgeon, first applying such excellent medicines as she had receiued of him for that purpose, rather than only shew her selfe a woman-louer in fruitlesse lamentations. She was straight warned with the obedience of an ouerthrowne minde, and therefore leauing some surgeons of her owne to dresse the body, went her selfe to *Anaxim*; and humbling her selfe to him, as lowe as his owne pride could wish, besought him, that since the surgeons there had vutterly giuen him ouer, that he would let her carry him away in her litter with her, since the worst he could haue should be to die, and to die in her armes that loued him aboue all things; and where he should haue such monuments erected ouer him, as were fit for her loue, & his worthinesse: beseeching him with all, since she was in a countrey of enemies (where shee trusted more to *Anaxim*'s valour, than *Basilis*'s promise) that he would conuey them safely out of those territories. Her reasons something moued him, but nothing thoroughly perswaded him, but the last request of his help: which he straight promised, warranting all security, as long as that sword had his master aliue. She as happy therein as vnhappiness could be (hauing receiued as small comfort of her owne surgeons as of the others) caused yet the body to be easily conueyed into the litter: all the people then beginning to roare and cry, as though neuer till then they had lost their Lord. And if the terror of *Anaxim* had not kept them vnder, they would haue mutinied, rather than suffered his body to be carried away.

But *Anaxim* himselfe riding before the litter, with the choise men of that place, they



they were afraid even to crie, though they were ready to crie for feare; but because that they might doe every body forced seuen with harming themselves; as do honour to him: some throwing themselves upon the ground, some tearing their clothes, and casting dust vpon their heads, and some euen wounding themselves, and sprinkling their own blood in the ayre.

The generall confusion of those mourning, performed for the naturall stude of sorrow, that euen to them (if any self were) this sate in the hall, yet others grieft taught them griefe, having before both their eyes a most pitifull spectacle of a yong man, of great beauty, beautified with great honour, honoured by great valour, made of inestimable value by the noble using of it, to lie there languishing vnder the arrest of death, & a death where the manet could be no comfort to the discomfortable use of the manet. But when the body was carried through the gate, & the people (having such as were appointed) not suffred to goe further, then was such an vniuersall cry, as if they had all had but one life, and all received but one blow.

Which so moued *Ardenia* to consider the losse of his friend, that his mind aperi to reuenge, than tenderesse: hee presently giving order to his brother to keep the prisoner safe, & vniuersed till his returne from conveying *Helen*, hee sent a messenger to the sisters, to tell them this curious message: that at his returne, with his own hands, he would cut off their heads, and send them for tokens to their father.

This message was brought vnto the sisters, as they sate at that time together with *Zelmara*, conferring how to carry themselves, having heard of the death of *Amphialas*. And as no expectation of death is so painful, as where the resolution is hindered by the intermixing of hope, so did this new alarm, though not remote, yett true som what the constancy of their minds, which were so vnconstantly dealt with. But within a while, the excellent *Amphialas* had brought her minde againe to his old acquaintance: & then as carefull for her sister (whom she most dearly loued) Sister, said shee, you see how many ads our Tragicke hath: Fortune is not yet sweary of vexing vs: but what? A ship is not counted strong by byding one storme: It is but the same number of death, which now perhaps gives the last sound: & let vs make that profit of our former miseries, that in them we learned to die willingly. Truly, said *Philocles*, dear sister, I was so braced with the evils of life, that though I had no vertue enough to despise the sweetness of it, yet my weaknesse bred that strength, to be wariie of the pains of it: only I must confesse, that little hope, which by these late accidents was awaked in me, was at the first angry withall. But euen in the darkness of that horrous life, a light of comfort appeare, and how can I tread amisse, that see *Pamela*'s steps? It would onely (O that my wish might take place) that my school-Mistresse might live, to teache me my lesson truly. Were that a life, my *Philocles*, said *Pamela*? No no (said she) let it come, and put on his worst face: for at the worst it is but a bug-beare. Joy is it to me to see you so well resolved, and since the world will not haue vs, let it los vs. Only wish that she stayed a little, and fighted only my *Philocles* (then she bowed down, and whispered in her eare) only *Masjidara*, my shepheard, comes between me and death, and maket me thinke I should not die, because I know he would not I should die. With that *Philocles* sighed also, saying no more, but looking vpon *Zelmara*: who was walking vp and downe the chamber, having heard this message from *Amphialas*, & having in time past heard of his nature, thought him like enough to performe it, which winded her againe into the former maze of perplexity. Yet debating with her selfe of the manner how to preuent it, shee continued her musing humour, little saying, or indeede, little finding in her heart so say, in a tale of such extremity, where preemprorily death was

threatned: and so stayed they; having yet that comfort, that they might tarry together. *Paula* nobly, *Philotea* sweetely, and *Zelmire* sadly and desperately; none of them entertaining sleepe, which they thought should shortly begin: neuer to awake.

But *Anaxim* came home, having safely conducted *Malay*; and safely hee might well do it: For though many of *Rufins* Knights would have attempted something vpon *Anaxim*, by that meanes to deliuer the Ladies; yet *Philotea*, having receiued his masters commandement, and knowing his word was giuen, would not consent vncourt. And the blacke knight (who by then was able to carry abroad his wounds) did not know thereof, but was bringing force, by force to deliuer his Lady. So as *Anaxim*, interpreting it rather feare than faith, and making euen chance an argument of his vertue, returned: and as soon as he was returned, with a felloe heart calling his brothers vp with him, he went into the chamber, where they were all three together, with still intention to kill the sisters with his owne hands, and send their heads for tokens to their father: Though his brothers (who were otherwise enclined) dissuaded him: but his reuerence stayed their perswasions. But when he was come into the chamber, with the very words of choldrich threatening climbing vpon his throat; his eyes first lighted vpon *Paula*; who hearing he was coming, and looking for death, thought she would keep her owne maistie in welcoming it; but the beames thereof so strake his eyes, with such a counterbuffe vpon his pride, that if his anger could not so quickly loue, nor his pride so easily honour, yet both were forced to finde a worthinesse.

Which while it bred a pause in him, *Zelmire* (who had already in her mind both what & how to say) stept out vnto him, and with a resolute staidnesse vould either of anger, kindnesse, disdain, or humblenesse) spake in this sort: *Anaxim*, said she, if *Paula* hath not beene over partiall to thee, thou art a man of exceeding valour. Therefore I do call thee euen before that vertue, & will make the iudge between vs. And now I do asseme, that to the eternall blot of all the faire acts that thou hast done, thou doest weakly, in seeking without danger to reuenge his death, whose life without danger thou mightest perhaps haue preserved: thou doest cowardly in going about by the death of these excellent Ladies, to prevent the iust punishment that hereafter they by the powers, which they better than thine father, or any other could make, might lay vpon thee, & doest most basely, in once presenting thy selfe as an executioner, a vile office vpon men, and in iust cause: beyond the degree of any vile word, in to vnjust a cause, and vpon Ladies, and such Ladies. And therefore, as a hangman, I say, thou art vnworthy to be counted a knight, or to be admitted into the company of knights. Neither for what I say, will I alledge other reasons of wisdom, or iustice, to proue my speech, because I know thou dost disdain to be cryed to their rules, but each in thine owne Vertue (whereof thou so much gloriest) I will make my triall: and therefore desie thee, by the deare of one of vs two, to proue or disproue these reproaches. Choose thee what arms thou likest: I only demand, that these Ladies, whom I defend, may in liberty see the combat.

When *Zelmire* began her speech, the excellencie of her beauty and grace made him a little content to heare. Besides that, a new lesson he had read in *Paula*, had already taught him some regard. But when she ended into braverie of speech, he thought at first, a mad & rayling humour possesst her: till finding the speeches hold well together, & at length come to a challenge of combat, he stood leaning back with his body and head, sometimes with bent browes looking vpon the one side of her, sometimes of the other, beyond maruellous handling, that hee, who had neuer heard





those that would delight in the play of vertue) to see with vvhat a witty ignorance she would not vnderstand: & how, acknowledging his perfections, she would make that one of his perfections, not to be iniurious to Ladies. But when hee knew not how to reply, then would he fall to touching and toying, still viewing his graces in no glasse but self-liking. To which *Philotes*'s shamefastnesse & humblenesse, were as strong resistors as choller and disdain: for though shee yeelded not, he thought shee vvvas to be overcome: and that thought a while stayd him from further violence. But *Zelmene* had eye to his behauiour, and set it in her memory vpon the score of reuenge, vvwhile shee her selfe vvvas no lesse attempted by *Zelus*, who lesse full of brags vvvas forwardest in offering (indeed) dishonourable violence.

But vvhen after their fruitlesse labours they had gone away called by their brother, (vvho began to be perplexed betwene new conceiued desires, and disdain to be disdaind) *Zelmene* (vvho vvith most assured quietnesse of iudgement looked in to their present estate) earnestly perswaded the two sisters, that to auoide the mischiefes of proud outrage, they vvould onely so farre sute their behauiour to their estates, as they might winne time (vvhich as it could not bring them to vvorse case than they vvvere,) so it might bring forth vnexpected reliefs. And vvhy, said *Pamela*, shall vve any longer flatter aduersitie? vvhy should vve delight to make our selues any longer balls to iniurious Fortune, since our owne parents are content to be tyrants ouer vs, since our owne kinne are content trayterously to abuse vs? Certainly in mishap it may be some comfort to vs that we are lighted in these fellows hands, vvho yet vvill keep vs from hauing cause of being miserable by our friends means. Nothing grieues mee more, than that you, noble Ladie *Zelmene*, (to vvhom the vvorld might haue made vs able to doe honour) should receiue onely hurt by the contagion of our miserie. As for mee and my sister, vndoubtedly it becomes our birth to thinke of dying nobly, vvwhile wee haue done or suffered nothing, vvwhich might make our soules ashamed at the parture from these bodie. Hope is the sawning traytor of the thinde, vvwhile vnder colour of friendship, it robs it of his chiefe force of resolution. Vertuous and faire Lady, said *Zelmene*, vvhat you say is true, and that truth may vvell make vp a part in the harmonie of your noble thoughts. But yet the time (vvhich ought alvvayes to bee one) is not tuned for it, vvwhile that may bring forth any good, doe not barre your selfe thereof: for then vvill be the time to die nobly, vvhen you cannot liue nobly. Then so earnestly she perswaded vvith them both, to referre themselves to their fathers consent (in obtaining vvhereof they knew some vvhile vvould be spent) and by that means to temper the mindes of their proud vvooers, that in the end *Pamela* yeelded to her, because shee spake reason, and *Philotes* yeelded to her reason, because shee spake it.

And so vvhen they vvvere againe solicited in that little pleasing peridon, *Pamela* forced her selfe to make answer to *Anaxius*, that if her father gaue his consent, she vvould make her selfe beleene, that such vvvas the brauenly determination, since shee had no meanes to auoide it. *Anaxius* (vvho vvvas the most franke promisser to himselfe of success) nothing doubted of *Basilus* consent, but rather assured himselfe, hee vvould bee his Orator in that matter: and therefore hee chose out an officious seruant (vvhom hee esteemed very vvise, because he neuer found him but iust of his opinion) and vvilled him to be his Embassadour to *Basilus*, and to make him know, that if he meant to haue his daughter both safe and happy, and desired himselfe to haue such a sonne-in-law, as vvould not onely protect him in his quiet course, but (if he listed to accept it) vvould giue him the Monarchie of the vvorld, that then he should receiue *Anaxius*, vvho neuer before knew vvhat it vvvas to pray any thing.

That



That if he did not, hee would make him know, that the power of *Andar* was in every thing beyond his will, and yet his will not to be resisted by any other power. His servant with smiling and cast vp looke, desired God to make his ministry able to containe the treasure of that wise speech, and therefore besought him to repeat it againe, that by the oftner hearing it, his minde might bee the better acquainted with the divinitie thereof, and that being graciously granted, hee then doubted not by carrying with him in his conceits, the grace wherewith *Anaxius* spake it, to perswade rocke minds to their owne harme: so little doubted he to win *Basilius* to that, which he thought would make him think the heavens opened, when he heard but the proffer thereof. *Anaxius* grately allowed the probability of his coniecture, and therefore sent him away, promising him he should have the bringing vp of his second son by *Pamela*.

The messenger with speede performed his Lords commandement to *Basilius*, who by nature quiet, and by superstition made doubtfull, was loth to take any matter of armes in hand, wherein already he had found so slow successe; though *Philanax* vehemently urged him thereunto, making him see that his retiring backe did encourage injuries. But *Basilius* betwixt the feare of *Anaxius*'s might, the passion of his love, and ialousie of his estate, was so perplexed, that not able to determine, hee took the common course of men, to flie orielly then to detraction, when they want resolution: therefore detayning the messenger with delays, he desired the directing of his course to the counsell of *Apollo*; which because himselfe at that time could not well go to require, he entrusted the matter to his best trusted *Isidax*, who as one in whom obedience was a sufficient reason unto him, went with diligence to *Delphos*, where being entred into the secret place of the Temple, & having performed the sacrifices vsuall, the spirit that possesse the prophesying woman, with a sacred fury attended not his demand, but as if it would argue him of incredulity, told him, not in darke wonted speeches, but plainly to be vnderstood, what he came for, and that hee should returne to *Basilius*, and will him to deby his daughters to *Anaxius* & his brothers, for that they were reserved for such as were better beloued of the gods. That he should not doubt, for they should returne vnto him safely and speedily. And that he should keep on his solitarie course, till both *Philanax* and *Basilius* fully agreed in the vnderstanding of the former prophesie: withall commanding *Philanax* from thenceforward to giue tribute, but not obligation to humane wisdom.

*Philanax* then finding that reason cannot shew it selfe more reasonable, than to leave reasoning in things about reason, returnes to his Lord, and like one that preferred truth before the maintaining of an opinion, hid nothing from him, nor from thenceforth durst any more dissuade him from that which hee found by the celestiall providence directed; but he himselfe looking to repaire the gouernment as much as in so broken an estate by ciuill dissension, he might, and fortifying with notable art, both the Lodges, so as they were almost made vnapprochable, he left *Basilius* to bemoane the absence of his daughters, and to bewaile the imprisonment of *Zalmoxis*: yet wholly giuing holily to obey the Oracle, hee gaue a resolute negative vnto the messenger of *Anaxius*, who all this while had waited for it, yet in good termes desiring him to shew himselfe in respect of his birth & profession, so directly a knight, as without forcing him to seeke the way of force, to deliuer in noble sort those Ladies vnto him, and so should the injury haue bene by *Amphilus* made the benefit in him.

The messenger went backe with this answer, yet having entruled to say any thing

thing which his Master was to rectifie, hee told him, that when *Basilus* first vnderstood his desires, it did over-reach so farre all his most hopefull expectations, that he thought it were too great a boldness to hearken to such a man, in whom the heauens had such interest. without asking the gods counsell; and therefore had sent his principall Counsellor to *Delphos*, vwho although he kept the matter neuer so secret, yet his diligence, inspired by *Anaxim*'s priuledge ouer all vvorldly things, had found out the secret, vvhich vvvas, that hee should not presume to marry his daughter to one, vvho already vvvas enrolled among the demi-gods, and yet much lesse he should dare the attempting to take them out of his hands.

*Anaxim*, vvho till then had made Fortune his Creator, and Force his God; now began to finde another vviledome to be aboute, that iudged so rightly of him: and vvhere in this time of his seruants wayting for *Basilus*'s resolution; he and his brothers had courted their Ladies, as vvhom they vouchsafed to haue for their wiues, hee resolved now to dally no longer in delays, but to make violence his Orator, since he had found perswasions had gotten nothing but answers. Which intention hee opened to his brothers, vvho hauing all this while wanted nothing to take that away but his authority, gaue spurres to his runnings; and (vvorthy men) neither feeling vertue in them selues, nor tendering it in others; they went headlong to make that euill consort of loue and force, vvhen *Anaxim* had word, that from the Tower there were descied some companies of armed men, marching towards the Towne, vvherefore he gaue present order to his seruants and souldiers, to go to the gates and walls, leauing none vvithin but himselfe and his brothers: his thoughts then so full of their intended prey, that *Mars* his lowdest trumpet could scarcely haue vvatched him.

But vvile hee vvvas directing vvhat hee vvould haue done, his youngest brother *Zelmus*, glad that he had the commission, vvent in the name of *Anaxim*, to tell the sisters, that since hee had a sweit from their father, that hee and his brother *Lysimachus* should haue them in vvhat sort it pleased them, that they would now grant them no longer time, but presently to determine, vvwhether they thought it more honourable to be compelled, or perswaded. *Pamela* made him answer, that in a matter vvhereon the vvhole state of her life depended, and vvherein she had euer considered she vvould not lead, but follow her parents pleasure, she thought it reason she should vvither by letter, or particular messenger, vnderstand something from themselves, & not haue their beliefe bound to the report of their partiall seruants; & therefore as to their vvords, she & her sister had euer a simple & true resolution, so against their vvill force. God they hoped, vvould either arme their liues, or take away their liues. Well Ladies (said hee) I vvill leape my brothers, vvho by and by vvill come vnto you, to be their owne Ambassadors: for my part, I must now doe my selfe seruice. And vvith that turning vp his mustachoes, & marching as if he vvould begin a pence, he vvwent toward *Zelmus*. But *Zelmus* (hauing had all this vvile of the messengers being vvith *Basilus*, much to doe to keepe those excellent Ladies from seeking by the vvay of death, to escape those base dangers, vvherunto they found themselves so bound, still hoping that *Mesidorus* vvould finde some means to deliuer them, and therfore had often, both by her owne example and comfortable reasons, perswaded them to ouerpasse many insolent indignities of their proud sisters, vvho thought it vvvas a sufficient fauour not to do the vvicciest injury; now come againe to the vvraight the most feared for them, either of death, or dishonour, if heroicall courage vvould haue let her, she had bin beyond her selfe amazed; but that yet held vvher vvut, to attend the vvicciest occasion, vvhen euen then brought his hairy forehead



forehead vnto her; for *Zelus* smacking his lips, as for the Prologue of a kisse, and something aduancing himselfe, Darling (said he) let thy heart be full of ioy, and let thy faire eies be of counsell with it, for this day thou shalt haue *Zelus*, whom many haue longed for; but none shall haue him, but *Zelmae*. And oh! how much glorie I haue to thinke what a race will be between vs! The world, by the heauens, the world will be too little for them. And with that, he would haue put his arme about her necke; but she withdrawing her selfe from him, My Lord, said she, much good may your thoughts doe you: but that I may not dissemble with you, my naturall being cast by one that neuer failed in any of his prognostications, I haue beene assured, that I should neuer be apt to beare children. But since you will honour mee with so high fauour, I must onely desire that I may performe a vow which I made among my country-women, the famous *Amazons*, that I would neuer marry none, but such one as was able to withstand mee in armes: therefore, before I make mine owne desire seruiceable to yours, you must vouchsafe to lend me armour and weapons, that at least, with a blow or two of the sword, I may not find my selfe periuerted to my selfe. But *Zelus* (laughing vvith a hearty loudnesse) vvent by force to embrace her, making no other answer, but since shee had a minde to trie his Knight-hood, she should quickly know vvhat a man of armes he was: and so, without reuerence to the Ladies, began to struggle with her.

But in *Zelmae* then Disdaine became wisdom, and Anger gaue occasion. For abiding no longer abroad in the matter, she that had not put off, though she had disguised *Pyrocles*, being farre fuller of strong nimblenesse, tript vp his feet, so that he fell downe at hers. And withall (meaning to pursue vvhat she had begun) pulled out his sword vvchich he vvare about him: but before she could strike him withall, hee gat vp, and ranne to a faire chamber, vvhere he had left his two brethren, preparing themselves to come downe to their Mistresses. But she followed at his heeles, and euen as he came to throw himselfe into their armes for succour, she hit him with his owne sword, such a blow vpon the waste, that she almost cut him a sunder: once, she sundred his soule from his body, sending it to *Proserpina*, an angry goddesse against rauishers. But *Anaxius*, seeing before his eies the miserable end of his brother, fuller of despite than wrath, and yet fuller of wrath than sorrow, looking vvith a wofull eye vpon his brother *Lycargus*, Brother, said he, chastise this vile creature, vvile I goe downe, and take order lest further mischief arise: and so vvent downe to the Ladies, vvhom he visited, doubting there had bin some further practice than yet he conceiued. But finding them onely strong in patience, he vvent and lockt a great Iron gate, by vvchich only any body might mount to that part of the Castle; rather to conceale the shame of his brother, slain by a woman, than for doubt of any other annoyauce: & then went vp to receiue some comfort of the execution, he was sure his brother had done of *Zelmae*. But *Zelmae* no sooner saw those brothers, of whom Reason assured her she was to expect reuenge, but that she leapt to a Target, as one that well knew the first marke of valour to be defence. And then accepting the opportunity of *Anaxius* going away, shee vvaulted not the pleasure of *Lycargus*, but vvithout any words (vvchich sheeuer thought vaine, when resolution tooke the place of perswasion) gaue her own heart the contentment to be the assailer. *Lycargus*, who was in the disposition of his nature hazzardous, & by the lucky passing through many dangers, growne confident in himselfe, went toward her, rather as to a spoile than to a fight, so farre from feare, that his assurednesse disdaind to hope. But when her sword made demonstrations aboue all flatterie or arguments, and that hee found she prest so vpon him, as shewed that her courage sprang not from

blinde despaire, but was guarded both with cunning and strength: selfe-loue then  
 first in him diuided it selfe from vaine-glory, and made him find that the world of  
 worthines had not his whole Globe comprised in his breast, but that it was neces-  
 sary to haue strong resistance against so strong assailing. And so between them, for  
 a few blowes, *Mars* himselfe might haue beene delighted to look on. But *Zelmane*,  
 who knew that in her case slownesse of victory vvas little better than ruine, vvith  
 the bellowes of hate, blew the fire of courage; and hee striking a maine blow at  
 her head, shee vvarded it with the shield, but so vvarded, that the shield was cut in  
 two peeces while it protected her: and withall shee ranne in to him, and thrusting  
 at his breast, which hee put by vvith his Target, as he vvas lifting vp his sword to  
 strike againe, shee let fall the peece of her shield, and vvith her left hand catching  
 his sword of the inside of the pommell, vvith nimble and strong sleight, shee had  
 gotten his sword out of his hand, before his sense could conuey to his imagination  
 what was to be doubred. And hauing now two swords against one shield, meaning  
 not foolishly to be vngratefull to good fortune, while hee vvas no more amazed  
 with his being vnweaponed, than vvith the suddenesse thereof, she gaue him such  
 a wound vpon his head, in despite of the shields ouer-weak resistance, that withall  
 hee fell to the ground, astonished vvith the paine, and agast with feare. But seeing  
*Zelmane* ready to conclude her victory in his death, bowing vp his head to her,  
 with a countenance that had forgotten all pride, Enough excellent Lady, said hee,  
 the honour is yours: wherof you shall want the best witness, if you kill me. As you  
 haue taken from men the glory of manhood, returne so now againe to your owne  
 sex, for mercy. I will redeeme my life of you vvith no small seruices; for I will vn-  
 dertake to make my brother obey all your commandements. Grant life, I beseech  
 you, for your owne honour, and for the persons sake that you loue best. *Zelmane*  
 repress a while her great heart, either disdaining to be cruell or pitifull, and there-  
 fore not cruell: & now the image of the humane condition began to be an Orator  
 vnto her of compassion, when shee saw, as if he lifted vp his armes with a suppliants  
 grace, about one of them, vn happily tied, a garter with a icwell, which (giuen to *Py-  
 rocles* by his aunt of *Thessalia*, & greatly esteemed by him) he had presented to *Phi-  
 loctea*, and with inward rage promising extreame hatred, had seene *Lycurgus* vvith a  
 proud force, & not vvithout some hurt vnto her, pull away from *Philoctea*, because  
 at intreaty she would not giue it him. But the sight of that was like a cypher, signi-  
 fying all the iniuries which *Philoctea* had of him suffered, and that remembrance feed-  
 ing vpon wrath, trod downe all conceits of mercy. And therefore saying no more,  
 but, No villaine, die: it is *Philoctea* that sends thee this token for thy loue. With that  
 she made her sword drinke the blood of his heart, though he wrestling his body, &  
 with a countenance prepared to excuse, would faine haue delayed the receiuing of  
 deaths Ambassadors. But neither that stayed *Zelmane's* hand, nor yet *Anaxim-  
 crius* vnto her, who hauing made fast the iron gate, euen then came to the toppe of  
 the stairs, when contrary to all his imaginations, he saw his brother lie at *Zelmane's*  
 mercy. Therefore crying, promising, & threatening to her to hold her hand: the last  
 grone of his brother was the onely answer hee could get to his vnrespected elo-  
 quence. But then Pity would faine haue drawne teares, which Fury in their spring  
 dried; & Anger would faine haue spoken, but that Disdain sealed vp his lips: but in  
 his heart he blasphemed heauen, that it could haue such a power ouer him, no lesse  
 ashamed of the victory he should haue of her, than of his brothers overthrow: and  
 no more spited that it was yet vnreuedged, than that the reuenge should be no grea-  
 ter than a womans destruction. Therefore vvith no speech, but such a groning cry



as often is the language of sorrowfull anger, he came running at *Zelmene*, vfe of fighting then serving in stead of patient consideration what to doe. Guided therewith, though he did not with knowledge, yet did he according to knowledge, pressing vpon *Zelmene* in such a well defended manner, that in all the combates that ever shee had fought, she had neuer more acceſſe of quick ſenſes, and ready vertue. For being one of the greateſt men of ſtature then liuing; as hee did fully anſwer that ſtature in greatneſſe of might: ſo did he exceede both in greatneſſe of courage, which with a countenance formed by the nature both of his minde and bodie, to an almoſt horrible fierceneſſe, was able to haue carried feare to any minde, that was not priuile to it ſelfe of a true and conſtant worthineſſe. But *Pyrocles*, whole ſoule might well be ſeparated from his bodie, but neuer alienated from the remembring of what was comely, if at the firſt he did a little apprehend the dangerousneſſe of his aduerſarie, whom once before hee had ſomething tried, and now perfectly ſaw, as the very picture of forcible furie: yet was that apprehenſion quickly ſtayed in him, rather ſtrengthening than weakning his vertue by that wreſtling; like wiſe, growing the ſtronger by being moued. So that they both, prepared in hearts, and able in hands, did honour ſolitarineſſe there with ſuch a combate, as might haue demanded, as a fight of fortune, whole armies of beholders. But no beholders needed there, where manhood blew the Trumpet, and ſatiſfaction did what as much as glorie. There was ſtrength againſt nimbleneſſe; rage againſt reſolution; furie againſt vertue; confidence againſt courage; pride againſt nobleneſſe: lone in both, breeding mutuall hatred, and deſire of reuenging; the iniuries of his brothers ſlaughter, to *Anaxim*, beeing like *Philocles*'s captiuitie to *Pyrocles*. Who had ſeene the one, would haue thought nothing could haue reſiſted: who had markt the other, would haue marvelled that the other had ſo long reſiſted. But like two contrary tides, eyther of which are able to carry worlds of ſhips, & men vpon them, with ſuch ſwiftheſſe, as nothing ſeemes able to withſtand them: yet meeting one another, with mingling their watry forces, & ſtrugling together, it is long to ſay whether ſtreame gets the victorie: ſo betweene theſe, if *Pallas* had beene there, ſhee could ſcarcely haue told, whether ſhee had nurſed better in the ſeates of armes. The Iriſh Greyhound againſt the Engliſh Maſtiſſe: the Sword-fiſh againſt the Whale: the Rhinoceros againſt the Elephant, might be models, and but models of this combate. *Anaxim* was better armed deſenſiuely: for (beſide a ſtrong caſke branely couered, wherewith hee couered his head) hee had a huge ſhield, ſuch perchance, as *Achilles* ſhewed to the pale walls of Troy, wherewithall that great bodie was couered. But *Pyrocles*, vtterly vnarmed for defence, to offend had the aduantage: for, in either hand he had a Sword, & with both hands nimble performed that office. And according as they were diuerſly furniſhed, ſo did they differ in the manner of fighting: for *Anaxim* moſt by warding, and *Pyrocles* oftneſt by auoiding, reſiſted the aduerſaries aſſault: Both haſty to end, yet both often ſtaying for aduantage. Time, diſtance, and motion, cuſtome made them ſo perfect in, that as if they had bin fellow Counſellers, and not enemies, each knew the others minde, and knew how to preuent it. Soas their ſtrength failed them ſooner than their ſkill, and yet their breath fayled them ſooner than their ſtrength. And breathleſſe indeede they grew, before either could complaine of any loſſe of blood.

So that conſenting by the mediation of neceſſitie, to a breathing time of truce, being withdrawn a litle one from the other, *Anaxim* ſtood leaning vpon his ſword with his grumme eye ſo ſettled vpon *Zelmene*, as it ſeem'd to be the look of an earneſt thought. Which *Zelmene* marking, and according to the *Pyrocles* nature, fuller

of gay brauery in the midst, then in the beginning of danger: What is it (said hee) *Anaxim*, that thou so deeply muest on? Doth thy brothers example make thee thinke of thy fault past; or of thy comming punishment? I thinke, said he, what spitefull god it should be; who enuying my glory, hath brought mee to such a wayward case, that neither thy death can be a reuenge; nor thy ouerthrowe a victorie. Thou doest well indeede (said *Zelmene*) to impute thy case to the heauenly prouidence, which will haue thy pride finde it selfe (euen in that whereof thou art most proud) punished by the weak sex which thou most contemnest.

But then hauing sufficiently rested themselues; they renewed againe their combat, far more terrible than before: like nimble vaulters; who at the first & second leape do but stirre; and (as it were) awake the fiery & ayrie parts; which after in the other leaps they do with more excellency exercise. For in this pausing, each had brought to his thoughts the maner of the others fighting, & the aduantages; which by that, & by the quality of their weapons they might work themselues, and so again repeated the lesson they had said before, more perfectly, by the vsing of it. *Anaxim* oftner vsed blowes, his huge force (as it were) more delighting therein, & the large protection of his shield animating him vnto it. *Pyrcles*, of a more fine and deliuer strength, watching his time, when to giue fit thrusts, as, with the quick obeying of his body, to his eyes quicke commandement; he shunned any harme *Anaxim* could doe to him: so would he soon haue made an end of *Anaxim*, if he had not found him a man of wonderfull, and almost matchlesse excellencie in matters of armes. *Pyrcles* vsed diuers faynings to bring *Anaxim* on into some inconuenience: but *Anaxim* keeping a sound manner of fighting, neuer offered but seeing faire cause, and then followed it with well gouerned violence. Thus spent they a great time, struing to doe, and with struing to doe, wearying themselues more than with the very doing: *Anaxim* finding *Zelmene* so near vnto him, that with little motion he might reach her, knitting all his strength together, at that time manly foyned at her face. But *Zelmene* strongly putting it by with her right hand sword, comming in with her left foot and hand, would haue giuen a sharpe visitation to his right side, but that hee was faine to leape away. Whereat ashamed, as hauing neuer done so much before in his life.

**T**Hus far the worthy Author had reuised or enlarged that first written Arcadia of his, which onely passed from hand to hand, and was neuer printed: hauing a purpose likewise to haue new ordered, augmented, and concluded the rest, had he not bene preuented by untimely death. So that all which followeth here of this worke, remained as it was done and sent away in severall loose sheets (being neuer after reviewed, nor so much as seen altogether by himselfe) without any certaine disposition or perfect order. Yet for that it was his, howsoeuer deprived of the iust grace it should haue had, was held too good to be lost: and therefore with much labour were the best coherencies, that could be gathered out of those scattered papers, made, and afterwards printed as now it is, onely by her Noble care to whose deare hand they were first committed, and for whose delight and entertainment onely undertaken.

What conclusion it should haue had, or how farre the worke haue been extended (had it had his last hands thereunto) was onely knowne to his owne spirit, where onely those admirable Images were (and nowhere else) to be cast.

And here we are likewise utterly deprived of the relation how this combat ended, or how the Ladies by discovery of the approaching forces were deliuered and restored to *Basilus*: how *Dorus* returned to his old master *Dametas*: all which unfortunate maine we must be content to suffer with the rest.



*A supplement of the said defect by*

*Sur. VV. A.*

**T**He first rage then burning contempt out of his breast, did burst forth in flames through his eyes, and in smoke from his mouth, so that hee was re- turning with a terrible madnesse (all the strength of his whole body trans- ferred to the one hand for a singular service) which the resolute *Zelmans* did earnest- ly obserue with a providently all-despising courage, whilst the cares of *Annaxius* were suddenly arrested by a sound, whereof they were onely capable, which (since in consort with his owne humour) could onely of him with authoritie haue chal- lenged a due attendance: y<sup>e</sup> straight martiall noyse (rayed by the violence of Inuaders, and distractednesse of others, dreadfully tumultuous) giuing him in- telligence what a bloodie scene was acting without in the Court of the Castle, where hee was expected as a speciall Actor, though his eye (as harbinger of his blow) had already marked the roome where his bended arme threatned to lodge it; yet his foete did so suddenly saue away the rest of his bodie, that euen his owne thoughts (much more *Zelmans*) were preuented by the suddenesse of his flight, a flight indeede, not from the fighting with one, but to the fighting with many, where he did looke for an object worthy of the wrath of *Annaxius*. Sooner vanishing away, as carried in a Cloude of whirle-winde, *Zelmans* eyther could not, or else would not reach him: as displaying the base aduantage of those dishonou- rable wounds, which though greatest shame to the flying receiuer, can giue no glory to the vnresisted giuer. The impetuous storme that transported the spirit of *Annaxius*, had quickly blowne him downe the staires, and vp the doore, his sword vsing his way, till his eyes were encountred with the beames of the lightning weapons of a small number, which rather seemed surpris'd within the Castle, than to haue surpris'd the Castle. Yet they had speedily purchased a great roome for so small a company, challenging as their owne all the bounds that their swords could compass, and in effect their enemies proued their fewnesse many, reckoning the blacke Knight and his seconds (as ciphers are esteemed when valued by others, Iouer which they are rayed) not for the number which indeed they were, but for the number which they were worth. Those three were quickly knowne by their wonted armes, but more by their wonted valour. The Court had beene a finer list for two, than a field for so many, where the narrowesse of the place, not giuing place to flight, there was no way but by plaine force, so that the greatest cowards were as forward as the most couragious, feare making them bold, who saw no refuge but by fighting, which made the conflict exceeding cruell, either of the parties hauing more spurs than one to draw blood. The *Amphialians*, besides their rage for being abused by an vnexpected stra- tagem, and their desire to defend the place, being bound both by priuate interest and publike vowes, they had added further, to make vp the accomplishment of iust wrath, the meanes of reuenge (as they thought) on their Masters murtherers, looking no otherwise on the blacke knight, than as on him who had bated all their hopes in the ruines of *Amphialm*, whereof, to their further griefe, they had been

idle witnesses. All this made them desperately endeavour, that the eyes of *Annaxius* might bee entertained with their victorie, before his eares could bee burthened with their error; chiefly at his coming, those of his owne traine kindled their courage at the Torches of his eyes, prodigious Comets of a deluge of bloud. As for the pursued pursuers: like those who landing to make warre in an Iland, burne the ships which brought them thither, by the impossibilitie of their returne, to shew the desperate necessitie of their victorie; they were assured they could neither advance nor retire; but over the bellies of their enemies; Yet were they not so desperate of their retreat, as confident of their victorie. The blacke Knight, though all the Gyants that fought against the gods had beene there, hee thought they could not hinder him from going where his heart was already, nor from preuailing where the prize was the deliuerie of his Lady, and Friend, the double treasures of his soule, whereof any was valued above his life, yea, both were balanced with his honour, so that he did shew not onely the height of valour, but a ravishing of his soule, and a transportation of magnanimitie, farre from the leuell of ordinary aymes, and euen scarce within the prospect of more lofty thoughts. Yet neither loue nor courage could blinde his iudgement, in seeing his aduantage: marching with his company euer next the Wall, to prevent being compassed; though sometimes making braue sallies. Which *Annaxius* at his first approach espying, vpbraided his owne troupe, as vnworthy of his attendance, and all as maytors in receiuing, or dastards in not expelling that (in his eyes) continued crew, oftentimes vrging them by their retiring to make way for him, and he alone would gyther beate them over the Walls or in the Walles: For the truth is, they seemed all too small a sacrifice to appease his high indignation. It was a superfluous labour for *Alecto* to inflame his soule with poysonous inspirations: for his soule might haue furnished all the infernall furies with furie, and yet haue continued the most furious of all it selfe. Rage and disdain, burning his bosome, made him vtter a roaring voyce, as if his breath had beene able to haue blowne away the world, which for the sound that his sword made, could not distinctly bee vnderstood.

The first whom he encountred, lifting vp his hand to strike, and withall opening his mouth, as if intending some speech: his proposition was prevented by an aduise answer, cutting him from the lips to the eares, so by opening his mouth, restraining his speech. The Knight of the Sheepe succeeding in his place (a vindictive helre) was exchanging blowes with *Annaxius* with no disaduantage, when suddenly a Dart (none knew to whose hand the honour of it was due) did wound him in the thigh, which hee (doubtfull to whom he stood debtor) did pay backe to many (an extraordinary interest) with the death of some one struing to defray euery drop of his bloud.

The blacke Knight, blacke indeede to all his aduersaries, when viewing the wonderfull valour of *Annaxius* (with whom then riual in fame he entertained a terrible emulation) what bred terror in others, bred him contentment; that his conquest, whereof hee neuer doubted, might be endered by the difficultie, and his victorie be honoured by so honourable an enemy, with whom, above all others, hee laboured to meete, by the ruine of many making a roome where they might fight.

But in the meane time the torrent of the violence of *Annaxius* was interrupted by a sudden tumult, seeming to proceede from an ambushment broken forth from



from the houses behinde them. And no wonder though all thought so: the two swordes of *Zelmae* beeing riorous in their charges, were so couetous to extend their confines. Shee following, or rather (as a Faulcon in an earnest chase) flying downe the staires after him, did not ouertake *Annaxius* but with her eyes, till hee was walled about with the armed multitude, and then, like a Lionesse lately enlarged, that had beene long furnished in prison, she ranged ouer all for her prey: But yet like a cunning Hound, that out of a whole heard of Deare doth only single him out, with whom she had entered first in hostilitie (a little drop of his blond ha-ning betrayed all the rest) shee disdained to fight with any other, but would bee resisted by none, till shee might vnbend all her forces on *Annaxius*, whose sight as soone as her eyes had greedily swallowed, shee burst forth: Base dastard, who hast abused the world with shadowes of worth, yet art voyde of all valour, ha-ning doubly forfeited thy vsurped title of honour, in offering iniurious violence to a woman, and yet flying the iust violence of a woman, to hide thy selfe (beeing protected by the shield of some trusted attender) where the sufficiencie of others may conceale thy cowardise: but all this shall not defraud my wrath, nor preuent thy punishment.

*Annaxius*, more troubled with those words, than if all the swordes of the enemies had lighted vpon him (who for the higheft of all his wishes, would haue but wished her a man, yea an armie of men) looked ouer his shoulder with an eye burning with disdaine, as if one of his lookes might haue serued to consume a woman, and at the same instant (vttering his rage another way) with a blow worthy of his arme, he did cleaue one before him through the helmet to the shoulders, making him so by being two headed headlesse. But seeing *Zelmae* preasse neare him, though hee hoped for no honour from her, yet to preuent dishonour from her (shame kindling rage, and rage quenching reason) hee commanded *Armagines* his Nephew (a youth of great valour) to take those foolish fellowes prisoners, who durst aduenture within that Castle without his leaue, and to shut all the gates, that none of them might escape; and therewith whirling about, and casting a side-ward looke on *Zelmae*, made an imperious signe with a threatening allurements (a dis-inuiring inuiting of her) to follow, which shee performed with a countenance witnessing as great contentment, as euer *Venus* did to meete with *Mars*; *Mars* and *Venus* at the same time hauing met within her minde, to make, though a lesse louing, yet a more martiall meeting.

The clouds of people in their way, were quickly dispersed by the tempestuous breath of *Annaxius*, so that they had no hinderance: hee being feared of all, and shee hated of none. Neither was their solitarie retyring, in respect of their different seeming sexe, suspiciously censured by any: the disdainefulness of their countenance bearing witness, that they were led by hate to honour, and not by loue to the contrary.

The place appointed by fortune to bee famous by the famousnesse of this combat, was a backe Court: which they found out at that time emptied of Inhabitants; the stronger being gone to pursue others, and the weaker runne to hide themselves: mediocritie being no more a vertue, where all was at height, to make excellencie eminent in extremitie.

They two came here alone, for they would haue no seconds, or rather were so farre first as they could haue no seconds, and euery one of them being confident in his owne worth, could not mistrust anothers. As if words had beene too

weke messengers of their vvrath, and swords onely worthy to viter their mindes, they beganne with that wherewith they hoped to end; none of them now could flatter himselfe so farre against the prooffe of his owne experienced knowledge, as to contemne his fellow.

*Annaxius* at the first, rioting in rage, and burning with a voluptuous appetite of blood, did abandon his hands to their accustomed prodigalitie, which contrarie to the nature of that vice vvas hurtfull to the receiuer, and profitable for the spender. But *Zelmane* vvell weighing with whom she had to deale, was more warie in her charges, and circumspectly manning the treasure of her strength, would not idly bestow it, but vvas liberall when occasion offered. It was hard to say, whether the one was more francke, or the other more thankfull: the guerdon neuer deserted, oft preuenting the gift, aboue the desire of the receiuer, yet short of the giuers minde. Their thought, eye, hand, and foote seemed chained to one motion, as all being tuned by violence, to make vp a harmonie in horror. Neuer was courage better supported by skill and strength, nor skill and strength better accompanied by courage; the blowes of euerie one of them seemed not onely to striue vvith the others, but euen amongst themselues, for singularitie; the latter still (by being more obserueable) seeking to burie the remembrance of the former.

It seemed that those two were not retired from the battell, but that the battell was transferred where they were. The eye might well haue taken them to bee two, but the eare vould neuer haue beene perswaded that so mightie sounds could bee sent but from the weapons of a number; the enuironing windowes with a sad solitarinesse seemed to bewaile their want of eyes, which defrauded them the entertainment of that delectable terrour and transporting sport.

*Annaxius* more angrie with himselfe, than with his enemy, that hee should bee so long in vanquishing, where (when victorious) hee would bee but ashamed of the victory, all his actiue powers being highly bended both by choller and courage, hee thus discharged his tongue: What spitefull god, icalous of my greatnesse, or enuying my glorie, hath sent this Diuell in a womans shape (as a cloud for *Iuno* to *Ixion*) to mocke mee? But all this is one: though thou bee a Diuell in a vvoman, or all the Diuels in one Diuell, I sweare by this blow, I will beate thee hence to the Hells, to the eternall terrour of all the darke Region; and with that lighted on *Zelmane* vvith such a huge force, that all shee could procure by the mediation of one of her swords, was, that what was intended wholly at her head, by the wrying of her bodie, did but wound her a little on the shoulder. This was so farre from dismayng her, that it did confirme (increase it could not) her resolution alreadie at a height: Yet, though not more courage, shee pretended more furie, compassing him about to espie aduantages, and oft giuing him fained alarmes, as bragging to make a breach in his breast, aduanced her right-hand sword, which *Annaxius* beate downe, and withall encroached to vsurpe a roome in her right side: but *Zelmane* suddenly inclining to the left, gaue him a flat blow with that hands sword, which returned backe clad with the spoyle of that part of the body which it had forced.

Both thus being alreadie allied by blood, yet did striue for a more strict affinity: wounds (in regard of their frequencie) being no more respected than blowes were before. Though they met in diuerse colours, now both were clad in one Liuerie, as most futable to their present estate: being seruants to one Master, and



and riuals in preferment. Neither could showres of bloud quench the windes of their wrath, which did blow it forth in great abundance, till faintnesse would haue faine perswaded both that they were mortall, and though neither of them by another, yet both ouercomeable by death. Then despaire came to re-inforce the fight, ioyning with courage, not as a companion, but as a seruant: for courage neuer grew desperate, but despaire grew couragious, both being resolu'd, if nor conquering, none of them should suruiue the others conquest, nor owe Trophee but to death.

The greatest griefe of the one, vvas to dye by a woman, and of the other, to dye as a woman: both in respect of her apparrell, and (as shee thought) action; being matched by one man, who had ore-matched multitudes of men. At last the great storme of blowes being past, she rested one of her swords on the earth, either forced by faintnesse, or intending art, offering a thrust with the other, vvvhich *Annaxim* perceiuing, did speedily repell: and with that (gathering his distressed strength together, as readie to remoue, but first bent to giue a gallant farewell) ran foreward with such a violent violence on *Zelmane* (nought being able to resist his vnresistable force) that shee presently interposing her reposed sword, though it ranne him through the heart (or rather hee his heart vpon it) it could not hinder him from running her through the body, and both to the earth, a braue flash of a dying light! a mighty thunder of a quenched lightning! Thus did hee ouerthrow his ouerthrower, nor falling till none was able to stand before him: whilst though he were vanquished, none could vau't of the victorie. His brest fell aboue the hand with the sword, as if he would needs dye embracing it, even after death adoring that Idoll of his life, and his dead weight struiuing with *Zelmanes* weake life, whilst shee struggling to rise did breake the sword, a part remaining vnder him, and the rest within her: thus hard it was to force *Annaxim*, though hee was dead, and impossible while he liued.

*Zelmane*, after her rising, did draw the other sword out of him, as bent to returne not interested in any thing. She was stepping forward with a sword in eu'rie hand, and a part of one in her breast: A Trophee of victorie, yet a badge of ruine; neuer better weaponed, neuer more vnfit for fighting, vvhen lo all the followers of *Annaxim*, discomfited by his absence, but more by the blacke Knights presence, *Armagins* hauing his death honoured by his hand, the rest were quickly discomfited, and (despairing to saue the Castle) sought to saue themselves.

The blacke Knight committed the following of their flight to others, as a dangerlesse action, and therefore not worthy of him; then fearing that elsewhere for another which he could no more finde there for himselfe, he went by the direction of his eyes, and the information of his eares, to seek out the two rettyred Champions, when suddenly hee encountred his other selfe, marching like *Pallas* from the Gyants ouerthrow.

As soone as the eyes of *Pyrocles*, no, his soule was rauished with the sight of *Musidorus*, it hauing infused a fresh vigour in his feeble members, and that Physicke applyed to his minde, triumphing over the infirmitie of his body, hee threw away his swords (onely conquerable by kindnesse) and pulled out that which was in his body, that nothing might hinder him from embracing the Image of his soule, which reflected his owne thoughts. Their soules by a diuine sympathy did first ioyne, preuenting the elementall masses of the bodies: but ah, whilst they were clasped in others armes (like two graffes grafted in one stocke) the high tide

ride of ouer-flowing affection restrayning their tongues with astonishment, as vn-  
able to expresse an vnexpressable passion.

*Pyrocles* weakened with the losse of blood (the effects of hate) and in that weak-  
nesse furcharged with kindenesse, the fruits of loue; not able to abide the inter-  
choaking of such extremities, the palenesse of his face witnessed the parting of  
his spirits, so that not able to stand, *Musidorus* was forced to fall with him, or else  
would not stand after him. And at the suddennesse of this vnexpected aduenture, or  
vehemently respectable misaduenture: like one who (vnawares slipping from a great  
height) is choaked betwixt the height and the lownesse, ere hee can consider, either  
whence he fell, or where he falls. Being throwne from the top of contemptment, to  
bee drowned in the depths of miserie, hee had his reasonable parts so hastily ouer-  
whelmed with confusion, that hee remained dead aliue, as the other was liuing in  
death. At last re-assembling his confounded senses from the rockes of ruine, griefe  
had gathered so much strength through weakenesse, as to attempt an impossibilitie  
in manifesting it selfe.

Oh what a monster of miserie am I? Euen when most fortunate, most vnfor-  
tunate, who neuer had a lightning of comfort, but that it was suddenly followed  
with a thunder of confusion. Twice was my felicitie by land (that it might bee  
washed for euer away) made a prey to the inexorable waues, whilst the relenting  
destinies pitying the rigour of their owne decrees, to preuent their threatned effects,  
would haue drowned mee in (respecting the Ocean of sorrow prepared to swallow  
me) that little drop of the Sea. And, O thrice happie I, if I had perished whilst I  
was altogether vnhappy: then, when a dejected Shepheard offensiue to the per-  
fection of the world, I could hardly (being oppressed by contempt) make my selfe  
worthy to be disdained, disdaine to the despised, being a degree of grace. O would  
to God that I had dyed obscurely, whilst my life might still haue liued famous  
with others, and my death haue dyed with my selfe; whilst my not being knowne  
might haue kept my dishonour vnkowne; euen then when matched, matched by  
one, and in the presence of many fighting for one, who was more deare to me than  
all the world. Ah mee most miserable, in not being more miserable. Such a pesti-  
lencious influence poysoned the time of my natiuitie, that I haue had a sparke of  
happinesse, to cleare mee the way to destruction. I was carried high to bee fit for a  
precipice, and that from that height I might behold how low the dungeons were,  
wherein I was to fall. Euen now I was so far from feare, as I was higher than hope,  
being in imagination Master of all my wishes: yet at an instant, as if all that  
could bee inflicted on my selfe were not sufficient to afflict mee, being armed with  
resolution, both to braue the terrours of death, and to contemne the flatteries of  
life, I am tormented in another, whose sufferings could onely make me tenderly  
sensible. And with that, sorrow, as it were sorry to bee interrupted by vnterance,  
did damme it selfe vp to swell higher, feeding on the contemplation of it selfe with-  
in; where, when absolute tyrant of the breast, it might rather burst him, than burst  
out.

Then he was lying downe senselessly on his senselesse friend, as in all estates  
striving to be still like him, when lo hee felt his breast beate, and thereafter saw his  
vnclouded eyes weakely strive to shine againe; Thus first resaluting the light, Oh  
where am I? *Musidorus* replied: With him who is hastning to die with you. No,  
said hee, I haue hastned to liue with you. Death or life, said *Musidorus*; cyther of  
them must ioyne vs, but neither of them is able to part vs. With that *Pyrocles*  
weakely



weakely rising, entrusted his feete with their owne burthen; but *Masidorus*, iea-  
lous of the carriage of so precious a treasure, would needes ayde them with his  
arme, his strength strengthening *Pyrocles*, and the weakenesse of *Pyrocles* weakning  
him.

Thus whilst (guided by one who was acquainted with the Castle) they were  
seeking out a roome, where *Pyrocles* reposing might cause take a triall of the estate  
of his bodie, and repaire the bloody breaches of the late batterie; it being, though  
euill fortified, yet well defended. As they were walking along a Gallerie, they  
heard from a Chamber neighbouring the side of it, a dolorous sound, but so heauily  
deliuered with a disordered connoy; that choaked with sobbs, else drowned with  
teares, the paines of the bearer had so spoyled the birth, that it could not be known:  
yet a secret sympathie by an vnexpressable working did more wound the minde of  
*Pyrocles*, than it was wounded by all the wounds of his bodie, he pitying the com-  
plaint, though not knowing from whom, nor for what. O how the soule, apt for all  
impressions transcending reason, can comprehend vnapprehensible things! this  
was the lamentation of the lamentable *Philoclea*.

The Ladies after the departure of *Zelmune*, by the inundation in their eares  
of horrible sounds were violently inuited to come fearefully to a window, ouer-  
looking the Court, where they beheld the bloody effects of that, whereof they  
were the innocent causes. At first the Lillies of their cheekes, ouergrowing the Ro-  
ses, palenesse had almost displaced beautie, were it not beautie was so powerfull as  
to make palenesse beautifull; yet their often trauelled memorie instructed their  
iudgement, that miserie being at a height could not but of force eyther worke the  
end of it selfe, or a beginning of comfort; and they could expect no worse estate  
than that in which they were.

*Pamela* would faine haue flattered her selfe to thinke that it was *Masidorus* come  
to deliuer her; but shee had rather haue remained still captiue, than to haue drawne  
him to such a danger for her deliuerie; and hauing once apprehended that hee was  
there, neuer a blow was giuen but that she was wounded with it, beeing euer sorry  
for the ouerthrowne, neuer glad for the ouerthrower; eyther pitie preuailling with  
the tendernesse of her sexe, or because she knew no danger could come by ouercom-  
ming.

As for *Philoclea*, she, who through the gentlenesse of her owne nature would  
haue sharted for any other who had beene in danger, when shee remembred the  
hazzard of her treasure *Zelmune*, who (as she knew) did not vse to be an idle specta-  
tor of so earnest a game, a multitude of thoughts (without Art artificiall) did paint  
feare in her face; and engrave griefe in her bosome. Whilst they continued thus;  
*Pamela* (in vaine struiing to match maiestie with affection) stood with a distracted  
statelinesse; and with a stately astonishment; where griefe and feare in *Philoclea*  
made easily a consort in sorrow, with watric eyes (like the Sunne shining in a shower)  
weakely clearing a cloudy countenance: when suddenly they heard one crie,  
since the Castle was wonne to set the Ladies at libertie; but they who were well ac-  
quainted both with the frownes and smiles of fortune, as they had euer triumphed  
ouer the one, would not suffer themselves to be led captiues by the other; neither  
could this accomplish their contentment, till they had the Lords of that pleasant  
bondage, which they did value more than vnualueable libertie; the constrained  
captiuitie of the bodie, hauing nothing diminished the voluntarie thraldome of the  
minde.

But ah ! this smooth calme came onely to make them the more sensible of the succeeding tempest, which the breath of one from below (roaring forth the death of *Zelmene*) did thunder vp vpon them. *Pamela* (like a rocke amidst the Sea, beaten both with the windes and with the waues, yet it selfe immouable) did receive this rigorous charge with a constant (though sad) countenance; and with fixed eyes witnessing the mouing of her minde, yet neither vtering word, nor teare, as disdaining to imploy their weaknesse in so great a griefe. Such might haue beene the gesture of *Niohe* hearing the newes of her childrens death, ere she was metamorphosed into a stone; like one (maiestie triumphing over miserie) who would rather burst strongly within, than be disburdened by bursting out in an abiect manner.

But, ah mee, the confounded *Philoslea*, who being the weaker had received the sharpest assault (an affectionate fury forcing from her an absolute passion, which a durifull kindnesse through compassion only prouoked in her sister) she smothered wish so monstrous a weight did sinke downe vnder it to the earth.

This made *Pamela* forget her other griefe without any comfort: transferring her affection from her friend to her more than friendly sister; for whom shee saw at that time her care might be more seruiceable; wherewith she brought her to her selfe, and she her selfe to sorrow. At first, the tongue and the eyes being too feeble instruments for so violent a passion, shee vsed her hands: bearing that breast which the most barbarous creature else in the world could not haue done; offering those torne haire as oblations to him after death, which had beene the delights of his life; and deforming that face, the register of Natures wonders, confirmed by the admiration of men. Which when *Pamela* (of a Patient become a Physitian) sought to hinder, shee thus said: Alas sister, you do not know what a treasure I haue lost, euen a treasure more worth than all the world was worthy to enioy. Ah pardon me thou, whom euen death is not able to kill in my soule: pardon me, who haue euer concealed thy secret, now to discouer mine owne: for while my life lasts (short may it be, and long it shall not bee) I will shew to all the world that, which, whilest thou liued, I would haue beene ashamed to haue showne to thy selfe, euen thy perfection, and mine affection. Neither do I regard how the conceits of others censure my carriage in this: for there is no eye now, wherein I desire to appeare precious, nor no opinion, whereof I craue to make a purchase; death may end my life, but not my loue, which (as it is infinite) must be immortall, I would gladly vse meanes to dispatch this miserable life: but it were a shame for me, if, after so great a disaster, sorrow onely were not sufficient to kill me. And with that beautie in the heauen of her face (two Sunnes eclipsed) being wrapped vp in palenesse, she fell downe groueling on the ground.

*Pyrales* imagining what report might bee made, and not doubting what effect it would worke, bent to furnish physicke for her minde, ere hee sought any for his owne bodie, came in at the doore, whom *Pamela* (her armes and her tongue equals in kindnesse) embracing, said: Neuer more welcome though euer welcom't *Zelmene*: thou who art euer victorious, hast thou likewise brought thy selfe away a trophie from death? Sweete Ladies (replyed shee) who would faint to fight for such diuine creatures as you are, and who could haue force to fight against you?

*Philoslea*, who at the first, either dull through excessive dolor, did not conceiue her sisters words; or else suspecting (as she thought) her impossible desire to please her



her (all being doubtfull to trust what they doe extreamely affect) did misconceiue her meaning. Shee was raising her eyes to examine her eares : but the most trusty of her senses preventing both, by a palpable prooffe, gaue her an absolute assurance ; so that, ere she could thinke *Zelmene* was at all to be embraced, finding her selfe embraced by *Zelmene*, shee was lifted vpo a heauen of ioy, as before she had beene sunke downe in a hell of griefe ; neuer absolutely her owne ; but either rauished or ruined. Spying the bloud on *Zelmene's* garment, not knowing whether her owne, or her enemies, shee grew pale, and then looking on her sister, shee blushed, suspecting that shee suspected the cause of her palenesse (confering it with her former plaints) to bee more than a friendly kindnesse : but *Zelmene* fearing what might be the effects of her feare, said, that shee expected a congratulation of her victorie, and not condolling of passed danger, which was acquitted with the speechlesse answer of an affectionate looke, and a passionate pressing of her hand.

Then *Pamela*, inquiring the petilous course of her short progresse, shee told : how fortified with their fortune (trusting more to it, than to her owne valour which like their beautie could not but preuaile) shee had first fatally ouerthrowne the two brethren of *Anaxias* ; and thereafter fighting with himselfe, it was her chance (God strengthening her weakenesse to punish his iniustice) to kill him ; she could not say ouercome him : no, she was not ashamed to affirme, that though hee was killed, she thought him not outcome, seeing both he dyed with opinion, and in action of victorie ; death preventing the knowledge of his last successe. A rare happinesse ! his life and fortune hauing both but one bounds.

Both highly praying her valour, admiring her modestie, and glad of their owne deliuerie, whereof they thought her the author (thoughts strining to expresse themselues the more powerfully without words) they were acknowledging the same with a gratefull countenance, and kindly affecting lookes ; when *Zelmene* (not complementally hunting that which she fled, but like one who with a glasse reflects the force of the Sunne some where else) earnestly protested, that she would be loath to vsurpe that which was due to another, specially in the owners presence. And turning towards the blacke Knight (who all the time stood aside as her attender, though armed, trembling for feate of one vnarmed, who vnarmed would not haue beene so affraid of an Armie in armes) she freely affirmed : There is the deliuerer of vs all, from whom we receiue our libertie, to whom we owe our selues, since that which makes vs our selues.

Then the blacke Knight, inuired by the willing countenance of the Princessse (abasing his helmet) aduanced (more fearefully than to a bartell) to kisse her hand : when *Zelmene* courteously retired *Philotas* a little distance from thence, as glad to conferre with her, as to giue her friend occasion to conferre with *Pamela*, Who presently (whilest the roses of his lippes made a flower of affection with the Lillies of her hands) knowing her owne *Darus*, at the suddennesse of the assault, the mouing of her minde was betrayed by the changes of her countenance, the bloud of her face ebbing and flowing according to the tide of affection ; Yet borrowing a maske from hate, wherewith to hide loue, shee thus charged him ; who already had yeelded : How durst you thus presume to present your selfe in my presence, being discharged it, when you deserued the vttermost that reason could denie, or furie excecute ? Hark my dejected estate emboldened you to exalt your selfe against mee ? Then hee, gathering courage from the extremities of despaire,

thus

thus cleared his intention: True it is, *Ladie* of my life (and shall be of my death) I was worthy then to haue beene banished from the world. But what of a world of worlds? I was banished from your sight, and which is worst of all, deseruedly. Neyther come I now of contempt, but onely to testifie my obedience, which otherwise at this time might haue beene construed to a cowardise. Such a loue as mine, wedded to vertue, can neuer bee so adulterated by any accident, no, nor yet rauished by passion, as to bring forth a bastard disobedience, whereof (my very conscience not being able to accuse my thoughts) I come to cleare my selfe. But now hauing performed all that was within the compass of my power, a part of my blood witnessing my affection, which I wish were confirmed by the rest: you may see (directresse of my destinie) that no force can force me to any thing, much lesse from your sight, saue only your owne will, which is vnto me a Law, yea, an Oracle. And now when you see I doe it not for feare of others, but onely out of a reuerence to you: if not for your satisfaction, yet for my punishment (so to persecute him whom you hate) I will goe waste the remnant of my wretched dayes in some remote Wildernesse, as not worthy to bee seene of any, since odious in your sight: hauing (I hope) by many proofes preuailed thus much with your opinion, that after my death you will thinke there was some worth in mee; though not worthy of your loue. When hee, full of humble affection, was retyring himselfe with a courtesie as low as his thoughts: shee, thinking enough done to trye him, yet without seeming to trust him, whilst (though guiltie of grieffe) her countenance could accuse her of no care (as out of a fresh remembrance) said: That shee would not haue *Dametis* to lose a seruant, nor *Mopsa* a suiter, by her meanes; and if hee would needes returne toward the Lodges, that hee should first expect some employment homeward from her. Then hee (as one who saue in the bottome of some deepe water, comming to float aboue, in sight of Land, receiueth some comfort, though still in danger) beganne to re-assemble his disperfed spirits againe, looking more cheerefully. But, ere his thoughts (euery one of them ore-flowing another) could settle themselues in wordes, shee (preuening the violence of so suddena change) did call to her sister, by accusing their indiscretion, in holding those two so long by talking with them, from looking to themselves. Which *Philotea* allowed; trembling with an earnest feare, to know in what estate *Zelmene* stood.

They two iniured by this courtesie, with an vnwilling obedience, accepted of it; more respecting the pleasure of others, than their owne necessitie. *Pamela*, as onely affecting *Zelmene*, offered her eyther all, or a part of their chamber: and shee (her tongue rebelling against her heart) refused what she desired, pretending a lothnesse to trouble them. Then the sisters offered to accompanie them: but after they had a while coloured true kindenesse with ordinarie complements, *Zelmene* preuailed against her selfe, to goe accompanied as shee came; yet both looking as if they would haue left their eyes behinde them, as well as their hearts. As soone as they were by themselves in a chamber, *Zelmene* disapparelling her selfe, the blacke Knight, though better skilled in giuing, than in curing of wounds; yet lately experienced by passing the like danger, hee would needes proue a Surgeon: and after hee had purchased things necessary, hauing considered his wounds, hee found none, saue the last that went through the bodie, dangerous; and it not deadly. Thereafter melting their mindes in discourses,



(either) either of them had his owne contentment doubled by hearing of the others. Then the blacke Knight taking leaue for a while, looking the doore behinde him, went downe to the Court, to the if any spark of the late fire remained as yet to quench. For after the opposite parties, as if their armes were not sufficient to arme them, vntill their armes were armed with walls, came to fortifie themselves within houses, which had no strength save that which men were to afford them. Hee, who thought his owne good fortune no better than a misfortune, till hee was assured that his friends had the like (without whom no happinesse of his could be accomplished) recommending the redmant of the adversaries ruines to his two companions, had gone to learne if hee were alike happy in all places: and they (feare freezing the courage, and dissolving the hearts of their scattered enemies) found quickly more throwing themselves weaponlesse at their feete, than they could haue leisure feadally to raise; so that they were more wearie (though more contented) with pardoning, than they had been with punishing. Some more craftie, or more fearefull, cryed out at the windows, that they would render vpon securitie of pardon. But they, scornning to capitulate with fugitives, who would not haue done it with them when fighters; and disdaining all that by the most large construction could bee wrested to the sense of constraint, they would not equall them with those who were already humbled, till they submitted in a more submitte manner, depending on their free disposition. Which they (either trusting to the vertue of others, or mistrusting their owne) having done, the Knight of the Sheepe was constrained (his wound bleeding in great abundance, which beeing made by an ill-poysoned Dar, had infected all his body) to retire. The other, hauing re- ceived the keyes of the gate, committed the chiefe Captiues to Keepers, till the blacke Knights coming, who presently thereafter exacting what conditi- on hee pleased, did enlarge them all. Then Semitels were set on the Wall, and a company appointed to watch alnight: when suddenly one came from their friend, to desire them to come and take their last farewell of him: a request wonderfully grieved them, yet quickly granted; yea, performed; ere answe- red.

Beeing met, and all others retired, hee with these words deeply wounded their soules. Deare Friends, whom I may iustly call so, though none of vs as yet doth know another, I see I haue lost my part, and the Curtaine must quick- ly bee drawne. Death the onely period of all respects, doth dispense with a free speech. At a Titing in *Thuria* (where I was borne), dedicated to the me- morie of the Queene *Adramis* marriage: a quicke in times (amongst others) I ranne in a Pastorall the against the Corinthian Knights, whom the success had preferred in the opinion of the beholders. Till the worthily admirable Princes, *Musidamus* and *Pyroclerus* drawn forth by the yong Prince *Palladius*, brought backe the reputation to our party, and there did such things as might haue ho- noured Mars, if hee had beene in any of their places; and made either of them worthy of his. Thenda feet being drawne away from that Countrey by an accident, the report whereof craies a longer time, and a stronger breath than the heavens are like to afford me, their glory tyrannizing ouer my rest, did kindle such flames in my bosome, that burning with a generous ardour, I

did

did resolve (leaving mine owne country, as too strict a bound for my thoughts) to trie my fortune, where I might either live famous, or die unknowne; vowing withall to trauell, till those Princes were either the subiect or witnesses of my valour. What passed in my way I passe; perchance others may remember. At last, invited by fame, I came to this fatall Country, the band of my heart was; and now must bee of my body: where first carried with curiosity, the fever of youth, I went to the Arcadian Pastors for my recreation; but found the ruine of my rest. There, blinded with beholding, and tormented with delight, my earnest eyes surfeited on the excellencies of the pattern of perfection, the quintessence of worth, even the most diuinely diuine *Philotes*. Ah too aduenturous eyes! Neither could this content them, but they would needes offer vp her picture on the Altar of my heart; where, by my thoughts their choice might bee allowed, yea, and idolatrously advanced. For they, scorning the simple rudenesse of the eyes (as easily defrauded of their too forwardly affected object) would securely entreaure it in a more precious Place, by a piercing apprehension sinking it in the soule for euer. For a time, suffered as a stranger, and a Shepheard, knowne (as you know) by the name of *Philisides* amongst the rest I had the meanes to poure forth my plaints before her; but neuer to her, and (though ore-throwne not redred) I had concluded neuer to haue throwne the Dice betwixt hope and despair, so betraying my estate to the tyrannie of anothers will. No, I was resolved shee should neuer know her power in mee, till I had knowne her minde of mee: so that if shee would not raise mee, shee should not haue meanes to insult ouer mee. Thus if I had not procured pittie, I should not haue exposed my selfe to disdain.

In the haughtinesse of my heart (thinking nothing impossible) I durst promise my selfe, that (my deedes hauing purchased reputation) with words worthy of respect, I might venter the proesse of my affection. In the meane time I ioyned ioyfully with you in this late waite now ended: though professing a generall desire of glory, yet for a particular end, and happy end, since I end for her. But since whilest I liued, I had not the meanes (as I wished) to content her, I craue not, by the knowledge of this, after death to discontent her. It shall satisfie mee that I dye before my hopes: and shee cannot grieue for the losse of that which she neuer knew to be hers.

With this, the other sliding apart to beare and burie his sorrow privately, the blacke Knight weeping embraced him in his armes, and told him what hee was: saying, hee was glad that his vow was performed; hee being a benefitted witness, not the endangered subiect of his valour. Then contentment, budding forth in his countenance, flourished in a smile: and hauing kissed his friends, desiring to live in their memory, wished them as contented liues, as his was a death. He died as ioyfully as hee left them sorrowfull, who had knowne him a mirror of courage, and courtesie, of learning and armes; so that it seemed, that *Atys* had begotten him vpon one of the Muses.

*Philisides*, exceedingly sorrowfull for this irreparable losse, was yet more sorrowfull when hee remembered himselfe to bee in danger of a greater: and recommending the direction of all below to the Knight of the Pole, he went himselfe vp to visite his Patient, whom hee found, though lying, yet resting,



resting, and though not sleeping yet dreaming. As soone as hee heard *Musidorus*, starting as one wakened out of a slumber, hee looked on his face (grieved to see the impression of griefe in it, hee not knowing the cause) with an inquisitiue amazement. But the other (preuenting that threatned tempest) did blow away the clouds that were gathered in his countenance; telling him, That hee had no interest in the anguish, which then did afflict him. What, said *Pyrocles*, (being passionately moued) can *Musidorus* haue any thing wherein I haue no interest? I (said hee) and for the present a greater vvonder! my griefe may breede you ioy, I hauing lost a friend, and you a Riual. Then hee began to discourse vnto him what was passed. And beside that, which was iustly deserued, pitie adorning praise, and praise augmenting pitie, a generous passion so conquered the vnconquerable *Pyrocles*, that he lamented him dead, whom hee had not knowne; no, nor would neuer haue loued aliue, and vndoubtedly vvould haue wished him no better successe than he had. Yea the very thing which before might haue most discontented him, did then most content him; hauing his iudgement confirmed by the like, in one of such vvorth.

After that, layed downe in one bed together (friendship making them free, and solitarinesse bold) vvhist their mindes began to bee deliuered of all, vvherewith they had a long time trauelled, a mayde came to the doore, sent by the two sisters, to visite *Zelmane*: vvho hearing two, vvhere shee expected but one, and the one by the manner of his speech likely to bee a man, did presently returne, and reported to the Ladies, vvho were lying together, that whereof her eares had giuen her sufficient assurance. At vvich newes *Pamela*, burning vvithin, sparkled forth these words to her Sister: What vvonder though strangers euer vvandering, wander from all things, chiefly those of our sexe, vvho being borne to be bounded vvithin houses, when they cannot be bounded vvithin Kingdomes, how can they bee bounded by modestie? Yet though I hate the deed, the respect of the doer, but more of vs vvwhose companie she hath haunted (lest her reproach, by the commentary of Fame, bee too largely extended) bindes mee to conceale her shame, that we blush not at it. But vvce must eyther free our selues from her, or shee her selfe from this slander.

Oh, but answered the euer (and more now than euer) milde *Philoclea*: Wee must not, sister, rashly condemne them, vvhom wee haue oftentimes considerately approued, lest the change bee in our iudgement, and not in them. No doubt because of the indisposition of her bodie, it was necessary that shee should haue some one to accompany her: perchance a woman mistaken; and if a man, who knowes for what end? Shee, who being sound would acquaint her selfe with none, in this estate could not bee acquainted with anie.

It is an easie matter, replied *Pamela*, for one who can deceiue, to dissemble: neither is this a new acquaintance. You might haue seene her vse that Knight, who did come in with her, rather kindly than courteously: a preceding friendship ouerpassing present respects: For where a great familiaritie is, no ceremoniall duetie can bee obserued. Then *Philoclea* hauing found her, could hardly restraîne the violence of a iust laughter. As for that which you as firme last, said shee, I cannot denie it: no, I dare assure you, and assure your selfe I will

assure nothing without assurance, that Knight is the man of the world whom *Zelmene* most dearly loues; and yet I know, that neither would hee offer, nor shee suffer her honour to bee wronged, as you imagine. This last wound was too deepe for *Pamela* to speake after it: so that shee (abandoning her heart to throw it selfe ouer the rocke of vnkindnesse) in danger to bee drowned with her owne teares, was thus preuented by *Philoclea*: Deare Sister (and if any word can expresse more dearenesse more deare than that) your vsing me not onely as a Sister, but as a friend in the highest degree of trust, would make mee ashamed to mistrust you, or that you should bee beholden to any other than to mee for my secret. So might my strangenesse iustifie your vnkindnesse, though you should discouer and condemne that, which I know you will concale, perchance approue, and further, being by my imparting of it to you, made of the party, ere the report of others make you a Iudge; bee bold my tongue: for though my cheekes blush, yet they couer you. Bee not ashamed, nay, euen glory to tell that *Zelmene* is the Prince *Pyrocles*; hee, vvhom you haue heard so oft (yet euer to his honour) named: and, to designe him vnto you more particularly, the friend of *Musidorus*, ouer vvhom with him you are ialous; they lying now in one bed with no lesse loue, than I told you. Why hee goes disguised with others, and why I am plaine with you I neede not tell: you may imagine. One God hath metamorphosed both, the one in a Shepheard, the other in a vvoman: and we only can restore them to themselues, and themselues to the world; that they may grace it with the glory of their actions, as they vvere wont to doe.

Then *Philoclea*, exchanging estates vvith her Sister (vvords arrested by thoughts) shee became sad, and the other ioyfull: vvho thinking her selfe vvell reuenged of the passed scorne, and hauing a sufficient pledge of her Sisters secrecie, began to complaine of their fathers strict vsing of them, by surmizings of his owne minding to marre their fortunes; so that where hee should reioyce at such an occasion (if comming to the knowledge thereof) hee vvould not faile to disappoint it, perchance vvith the ruine of the Princes: vvch vvould not onely proue a particular losse for them, but (vvch shee lamented more) a generall losse for all the vvorld; depriving it of those patterns of vertue, who in all their actions did but paint out the height of perfection, and encourage others to follow their foote-steps in the way of vvorth. Therefore it behoued them to regard themselues, and seriously to consider a matter of so great importance. Then both beginning to muse, Night did cast the Nets of sleepe ouer their eyes, yet could not hinder their earnest thoughts from prosecuting the course of their owne fancies: for vvhat they were thinking vvhen waking, they still dreamed when sleeping.

But ere the Morning Starre began to retire (as giuing place to a greater light, vvch comming, it, as a fore-runner, had onely warned the world to attend) both awaked complaining of the nights length, and hauing vvith passionate discourses vvorne away darkenesse (as vvearie of them) they arose and hastily appparelled themselues, though not in a curious, yet in a comely manner. Then with a pretended charity they vvould needes goe visite the diseased patient, being themselues impatient. A little before their comming, *Musidorus* being gone to giue order for the buriall of *Philisides*, and (at the earnest desire of *Pyrocles*) of *Annaxius*, vvch valour now had the full praise, from vvch his



his owne presumption had derogated much whilst hee liued: as they approached to his Chamber doore, they heard *Pyrocles* preparing his voice for the conuoy of a sadly conceined, and weakly deliuered song, which they resolued not to interrupt: attending the latter which followed.

*More dangerous darre, than Death, Love throneth I feele,*

*Who by experience hath had both their wounds:*

*Death pierc'd me all, yet could not make me die:*

*Love with a thought my in effect ransoms.*

*The power of Death, as sometimes may restraine,*

*where Love (I finde) can neuer Physicke finde:*

*Death such plagues the body but with paine,*

*where Love with pleasure doth torment the minde.*

*Death still is all alike none free doth leane:*

*where part all Loves boasts: but at some doth leane:*

*Death with more miry kills, than Love doth save:*

*Deaths cruel strokes, Love neuer rests to end.*

*Death doth enlarge, where Love imprisons still:*

*Death first'd by fates; Love willingly doth kill.*

As soone as this song was ended *Pamela* opened the doore, saluting him still (so to disguise her knowledge) by the name of *Zelmire*; and asked in what estate shee was with her selfe: who returned this answer: How can I smart having such Angels to giue mee comfort? Or how can I feele paine in their presences, whose faces are Heavens of pleasure? Since (said *Pamela*) being unely infortunate by falling in our company; the hazzard of your life hath procured our liberty; so that accidentally (though farre from our intention) we have bene the causes of all your trouble: how can we thinke of your paine but as of our owne? or haue any delight whilst you rest grieved? Wonders of worth (said *Zelmire*) I shall euer; whilst I liue, reckon for my highest happinesse; my being honoured by your company: and as for my travels in this, they are by the success abundantly rewarded; since I could aspire to no higher good, than I haue compassed; having purchased you my contentment.

Whilst that passionate *Zelmire*, with an animated seruencie, did incorporate her hand with *Pyrocles*'s, whose speaking lookes, how euer sometime out of modestly obliquely mouing, had a continuall revolution about his face; the blacke Knights coming in; drew *Pamela*'s spirits from her thoughts to her eyes. A Gentleman followed him, directed from *Basilin* who, after his duty done to the Ladies; hauing shew'd them that their Father and Mother were in good health (informed by their inquiring attendants) told how the first, whom prodigall fate had breathed forth with newes, (hailed by him) selfe; as who carried an acceptable message in hope of benefit or thanks) certified the King how the Castle was wonne, and his daughter deliuered by the blacke Knight; vntill before had put a period to the victories of *Amphialus*; At this, *Pamela* looking on *Amphialus* blushed: and hee (though by no gesture betraying his Ioy) reioyced, not because hee heard himselfe praised, but because

shee heard him praised, and that *Amurath* in a single combat was killed by *Zelmane*, shee not long over-living the victory.

The King hearing this, who of his gracious nature would rather save one friend than destroy all his enemies, as if the deliery of his daughters had beene a matter of small moment, and a gaine too light to counterpose so great a losse, did abandon his soule to the tyranny of sorrow, even more than Ma-iestie in a Prince, or vertue in affliction, in the ballances of reason, would have allowed of such vveight. At this *Zelmanes* smile vvas accompanied vvith *Philoclea*. But when he spake of *Gynecia* griefes over-growing the other, they grew pale: being affraid of the Fountaine from whence her tears did flow, lest it should drowne them.

But whilest *Gynecia* (the messenger insisted) as runne mad vvith anguish, inclosed in a Chamber would suffer none to come vnto her: all vvondered, that her children being safe, a Strangers death, or her Husbands griefe, could vveaken the knowne strength of her minde so much. The next Messenger came, being the latter, and thereby the better informed, vvho sugred the first newes with the assurance of *Zelmanes* safetie. Then the Queene comming forth as after a great tempest, the Skie of her countenance cleared, looking brighter than before. The King would have come himselve here in person, but hee vvas perswaded to send *Philanax* vvith a number of chosen men to receive the Castle and the Ladies, eftsloones being curious to know who cured *Zelmane*, when it was told him that the Knight vvho wonne the Castle would trust none with that saue himselve, hee was sorry that one of his worth should bee put to such trouble, and would needes have an ordinary Surgeon sought out to vndertake the charge. In the meane time, the Queene came and brought out of a boxe a soncraigne balme, vvich shee hath sent by mee to be applied to your wounds, faire *Zelmane*, not doubting but they will quickly become sound if her direction bee obserued, which is onely: That you rest and keepe your selfe quiet from company now, and by the way, till shee her selfe may vse other remedies. And for this effect shee intreates you (Miracles of Nature) her daughters to forbear her company during this time: that your example (whose authority abused might embolden the indiscretion of inferiours) may bee a Law for others: and shee assured mee, that she would by a secret spie learne how she were obeyed in this. Such a care hath she of this sweet Ladies health.

By the end of this Commission vvell did *Zelmane* and *Philoclea* know, at whom in particular those generall Iniunctions did onely aime. This enioyned abstinence did giue *Zelmane* a surfeit in sorrow, who had rather haue continued still infirme, than to haue recouered by so cruell a Physicke. And yet her miserie was multiplied when shee remembered the cause, whereof this (in respect of that which shee did expect) was a slender issue, and but a little fury, sent to afflict her out of that hell of *Gynecias* breast; into whose company she was shortly to enter. Now the blacke Knight, purposing to depart before *Philanax* arrived, brought his companion the Knight of the Pole (as a Partner of his victory) to kille the Ladies hands: extenuating his owne part, and preferring his: Those who haue true worth in themselves, can neuer enuie it in another. Thereafter aduising him privately to haue their little companie



in a readinesse, hee went with an vncounterfeited reuerence, humbling himselfe before the Idoll of his soule to know her will: telling her what he had done, being onely done for her, he would attend thanks from no other; neither would he be knowne till he might be knowne for hers: and shee (her countenance rather lightning courtesie than affection) desired him to returne to his old Master, and hee should be restored to the estate which by his fault he had before iustly forfeited, wishing that he should carrie himselfe more moderately thereafter, if hee would not incurre her indignation, and raze all regard of him out of her memory.

Then *Musidorus* (as contented as one who had beene brought from Hell to Heaven) with many vehement attestations to win trust with her, and imprecations against himselfe in case of periury, wished, if euer his minde were so vnhappie, as to bee surpris'd by any purpose, tending in the least degree to grieve her. That hee might neuer liue till it tooke effect, but dye ere it were discouraged. And (like a warie gamester, who hauing once aduantage is loath to adventure againe) willing to seale vp his eares with the acceptable sounds which they had received, hee tooke leaue, leauing his heart with her, and taking hers with him. Then went hee towards *Pyrocles* (the ioy of his heart shining thorough his face) and acquainted him with his vnwilling absenting himselfe, referring all further conference till their meeting at the Arbour. And hauing in a complementall manner craued, but not desired imployment from *Philoxenus* in any seruice; after the funerals were performed, hee marched with his Troupe away, the most part thinking that hee went to meete *Philanax*: whilest *Pamela* from a window followed with her eyes, till clouds of dust did bury their object in the Ayre.

Soone after their departure from the Castle, about this time, *Philanax* arriued, who immediately after hee had receiued the Castle in the Kings name, sought for the Knight, whose gift (though not given by him) hee esteemed it to bee. For hee being generously iudicious, thought it more fit that Princes should defray obligations by rewardes (euery man being inferiour to him to whom he stands indebted) than to bee behinde with any by being beholding; and hearing that hee was gone by publike inquirie for him, and praises of him, hee witness'd to the world how highly his valour was valued. After hee had saluted the Princesses, hee visited *Zelmene*, and told her how carefull his Master was to haue those wounds cured, which in his seruice had beene procured, that thereafter hee might otherwise expresse his gratefulnesse: But *Zelmene* affirmed, That though that blood which was shed, had beene followed by all the rest of her body: with the Kings former courtesies towards her, the deseruing by the recompence was both preceeded and exceeded. Then *Philanax* (loth to strue with deedes in words) desired her, if her health might serue, to provide for her removing with the rest to morrow: otherwise, that should bee done for her, which shee her selfe would direct.

Immediately after his departure *Zelmene* arose: and hauing apparelled herselfe, began to walke, not so much to trie how shee might comport with the intended Iourney, as that shee might pretend any means which might afford her the satisfaction of *Philoxenus* presence; where (violently carried by her thoughts) shee came soone, but not so soone as shee wished, and was wished: where (*Pamela* apart

apart entertaining her thoughts) shee thus entred vvith *Philotea*. Deare loue, Oh in vvhat an Ocean of troubles doth our estate continually flote! yet hath neuer so much as attained the sight of any secure Port: I see that this freedome vvill but bring vs to a greater bondage: vvee are led from captiuitie, onely to become captiues. For, where before those senselesse walls were thought sufficient to guard vs, wee shall be watched now, by one more iealous than *Iuno*, with more eyes than euer *Argus* had. I would willingly conueigh you where I might enioy you, and you a Kingdome: but this, my infirmity first hindred, and the comming of *Philanax* hath altogether preuented. In the meane time, till for performing of that, a longed-for occasion come, I must arme my selfe against your Fathers folly, and your Mothers fury. The one might easily bee deluded; but the others cannot bee resisted, but by a shew of yeelding, which I must cunningly counterfeit: and therefore trust no externall shew, for who euer haue my countenance, you haue my heart. *Philotea's* words were, that shee cared not where shee vvent, so it were vvith him, nor what shee did, so it were warranted by his direction, as bent rather to burne her breast, than to let it lodge any thought which durst but doubt of the sufficiency of his intentions; since, what euer circle they made, hauing alwayes for their centre the excellencie of his owne vvorth. So parting, as if they had beene to goe to liue in sundry Kingdomes, though going to liue in one company, Night inuited them to repose.

The next morning being saluted by the Trumpets sounds, and all ready to remoue, they were quickly transported over the Lake, and as quickly (when landed) mounted by the propident care of *Philanax*, to finish their Iourney. But ere they came two or three miles off the Lodges, *Basilus* met them: who embraced his Daughters; not that he would goe first to them, but that he vvould bee last vvith *Zelmene*, whom hee had kissed vvith his eyes, ere his lips were drawne from his Daughters. And as soone as hee had shewne as much affection, encountering her, as his state before so many would permit: hee said, that notwithstanding her countenance was the treasure in the World, whereof hee vvvas most couetous, yet it grieved him that another should bee so happy as to haue procured her libetty, rather than himselfe; and that it was his purpose, as a priuate aduenturer, to haue manifested his affection, fighting as a Knight, not as a King, for her deliuerie.

*Zelmene* replying, That it had beene against all reason, that so great a Prince, on whom the liues of so many did depend, should haue beene hazzarded for the life of owne, whose fall could extend no further than to her owne ruine: Your ruine (said hee) I wish that mine were first: for it could not but follow after. And doe not thinke that the blacke Knight, or any other durst doe more for you than I: yet such is the miserable estate of vs Kings, that wee cannot proue men; but are compelled to moue in our owne Spheare. The Iournies end cutting off their discourse, *Gynecia* was wayting on their lighting: and hauing first (duety tyrannizing ouer affection) carelessly kissed *Pamela*, disdainfully *Philotea*, and vehemently *Zelmene*, thereafter enquiring of her wounds, thanks (though bestowing nothing defraying much) were courteously returned for the Balme which was sent; shee protesting that if no other thing could helpe, shee would pull out her owne heart, when *Basilus* interrupted them,



them, comming to haue lightned his heart, by burdening his body with his Mistresses lighting.

*Dametis* came starting and leaping like a giddy Kidde to meete with *Pamela*, and as soone as shee vvas lighted, for the first salutation, told her how much she was beholding to him, hauing shewne his manhood and good will as much as the best fellow in those bounds could haue done: swearing that hee had ventured more for her, than hee would doe for all the vworld againe, and for his owne life too; I (quoth hee) and when my man *Dorus* durst not bee seene, who was thought a braue fellow, yet hee fained a businesse farre from the noise of vvarre, to seeke sheepe, but the truth is, to hide himselfe, whilest my deedes made all our Army laugh for ioy: so that during all that time of trouble, which I tremble yet to thinke vpon, I neuer heard of him, till euen now hee sent mee word by a Shepheard, whom hee met on the way, that hee had found the Ewes, which had strayed with great difficulty, and was driuing them at leisure, for feare they should miscarry. But when hee comes, I promise I will make his cowardise bee knowne for leauing mee; when I would faine haue left my selfe for feare. O but (said *Pamela*) you must not bee offended though euery man bee not so stout as you are; hee may bee an euill Souldier, but yet a good Shepheard: and I hope you keepe him that hee may keepe sheepe, not that hee may kill men. Now in good faith (said hee) I see you are not changed: for you were euer wise, and so doe you continue still. I may well chide the fellow, but I will not beate him.

Then all entering the Lodge with *Basilius*, though the Supper was ready, *Gynecia* would dresse *Zelmanes* wounds first, and *Basilius* would see them dressed; so by his despised importunatenesse restrayning the torrent of *Gynecia's* passions; which would but burst forth more furiously thereafter. This freeing *Zelmanes* cares at that time, was but such a reliefe to her, as they finde who expell poyson by counterpoyson, shee being as weary of him, as affraid of the other.

Then sitting downe to the Supper, more curious of a surfeit to their eyes, than for sustenance to the rest of their body: the eyes of *Basilius* were euer feeding on the face of *Zelmane* with a fearefull earnestnesse, saue sometime when they were constrained to retire by the violence of his wiues lookes: thinking that they with a ialous anger had vpbraided his error, which shee (otherwise busied) had neuer so much as obserued. The one of her eyes was settled like a fixed Starre on *Zelmane*: the other like a wandring Comet threatning confusion where it shined, strayed betwixt *Zelmane*, and her daughter *Philoclea*; watching and chastising with a looke her stolne lookes. *Zelmanes* languishing lights made the Table enuied, whilest her dejected lookes did onely blesse it; as scorning to looke on any, since shee might not looke where shee liked. *Philoclea*, chayned by thoughts to *Zelmane*, did imitate her, being pensue, because shee was pensue: yet like a cunning Painter, who hauing fully fed his eyes with the affected object, turnes backe within himselfe, that his imagination may engraue it the more exactly within his memory; shee would sometimes with a theeuishly aduenturous looke spie *Zelmanes* gesture, that shee might the better counterfeit it in her countenance. As for *Pamela*, shee kept her accustomed Maiestie, being absent where shee was, and present where shee was not. Then, the Supper being ended,

after

after some ambiguous speeches, which might (for feare of being mistaken) be taken in two senses, or else were altogeth' estranged from the speakers minde; speaking as in a dreame, not what they thought, but what they would bee thought to thinke: euery one retired to the Lodge where they had vsed before to lie; *Basilins* hauing first inuited them, the next morning to see a Pastorall represented by the ordinarie Shepheards, to congratulate their prosperous returne.

**I**F this little Essay haue not that perfection which is required for supplying the want of that place for which it was intended, yet shall it serue for shadow to gine a lustre to the rest. I haue onely herein conformed my selfe to that which preceded my beginning, and was knowne to be that admirable Authors owne; but do differ in some things from that which followes, specially in the death of *Philifides*, making choise of a course, whereby I might best manifest, what affection I beare to the memorie of him, whom I took to be alluded vnto by that name, and whom I onely by this imperfect parcell (designing more) had a minde to honour.

S. W. A.

From



From hence the History is againe continued out of the Authors owne writings and conceits, as followeth.

After that *Asilus* (according to the Oracles promise) had receiued home his daughters, & settled himself again in his solitary course & accustomed company, there passed not many daies ere the now fully recomforted *Dorus* having waited a time of *Zelmene* walking alone towards her little Arbor, took leave of his master *Damocles* husbandry to follow her. Neare whereunto overtaking her, and sitting downe together among the sweet flowers vvhich of that place was very plentifull, vnder the pleasant shade of a broad-leaued *Sycamor*, they recounted one to another their strange pilgrimage of passions, omitting nothing vvhich open hearted friendship is wont to lay forth, where there is cause to communicate both ioyes & sorrowes, for indeede there is no sweeter taste of friendship, than the coupling of soules in this mutuality either of condoling, or comforting: where the oppressed mind finds it self not altogether miserable, since it is sure of one which is feelingly sorry for his misery: & the ioyful spends not his ioy, either alone, or there where it may be enuiied: but may freely send it to such a wel grounded object, from vvhence hee shall be sure to receiue a sweete reflection of the same ioy, and, as in a cleere mirror of sincere good will, see a liuely picture of his own gladnes. But after much discourse on either part, *Dorus* (his heart scarce seruing him to come to the point, whereunto his then comming had been vvholly directed; as loth in the kindest sort to discover to his friend his owne vvakindnesse) at length, one vvord emboldening another made known to *Zelmene*, how *Pamela* vpon his vehement oath to offer no force vnto her, till hee had inuested her in the Dutchie of *Theffalia*, had condescended to his stealing her away to the next sea port. That besides the strange humors she saw her father more and more falling into, and vnreasonable restraint of her liberty, vvhich shee knew no cause but light grounded ieaiousies, added to the hate of that manner of life, and confidence shee had in his vertue, the chiefest reason had vppone her to this, was the late danger shee stood in of losing him, the like whereof (not vnlike to fall if this course were continued) she chose rather to dye than againe to vndergo. That now they waited for nothing else, but some fit time for their escape, by the absence of their three lorthsome companions, in whom folly ingendred suspition. And therefore now, said *Dorus*, my deare Cousin, to whom nature began my friendship, education confirmed it, and vertue hath made it eternall, here haue I discovered the very foundation whereupon my life is built: bee you the Iudge betwixt mee and my fortune. The violence of loue is not vnknowne to you: And I know my case shall neuer want pity in your consideration. How all the ioyes of my heart do leaue me, in thinking I must for a time be absent from you, the eternall truth is witness vnto mee. I know I should not so sensibly feele the pangs of my last departure. But this enchantment of my restless desire hath such authority in my selfe about my selfe, that I am become a slave vnto it, I haue no more freedome in mine owne determinations. My thoughts are now all bent how to carry away my burdenous blisse. Yet, most beloued Cousin, rather than you should thinke I doe herein violate that holy band of true friendship, vvhich I vnworthy am knit vnto you, command mee stay. Perchance the force of your commandement may vvork such impression into my heart, that no reason of mine owne can imprint into it. For the Gods forbid, the

foule word of abandoning *Pyrales*, might euer be objected to the faithful *Musidorus*. But if you can spare my presence, whose presence no way serues you, & by the diuision of these two Lodges is not oft with you: nay if you can think my absence may, as it shall, stand you in stead, by bringing such an armie hither, as shall make *Basilus*, willing or vnwilling, to know his own hap, in granting you *Philotes*: then I will cheerfully goe about this my most desired enterprise, and shall thinke the better halfe of it already achieved, being begun, in the fortunate houre of my friends contentment. These words, as they were not knit together with such a constant course of flowing eloquence, as *Dorus* was wont to vse, so was his voyce interrupted with sighes, and his countenance with enterchanging colour dismayd. So much his own heart did finde him faultie to vnbind any way the conuall vfe of their deare friendship. But *Zelmene*, who had all this while gladly harkened to the other tydings of her friends happy successe, when this last determination of *Dorus* strake her attentive ears, she staied a great while oppressed with a dead amazement. There came straight before her minde, made tender with woes, the images of her own fortune. Her tedious longings, her causes to despair, the combersome folly of *Basilus*, the enraged ieaiousie of *Gynecia*, her selfe a Prince without retinue, a man annoyed with the troubles of woman-kind, lothsomely loved, & dangerously lo-ving. And now for the perfecting of all, her friend to be taken away by himselfe, to make the losse the greater by the vkindnes. But within a while she resolutely passed ouer all inward objections, and preferring her friends profit to her own desire, with a quiet but heartie looke, she thus answered him: If I bare thee this Loue, ver-  
 tuous *Musidorus*, for mine owne sake, and that our friendship grew because I, for my part, might reioyce to enioy such a friend, I should now so thoroughly feel mine owne losse, that I should call the heauens and earth to witnesse, how cruelly ye rob me of my greatest comfort, measuring the breach of friendship by mine own passion. But because indeede I loue thee for thy selfe, and in my iudgement iudge of thy worthinesse to be loued, I am content to build my pleasure vpon thy comfort. And then will I deeme my hap in friendship great, when I shall see thee, whom I loue, happy. Let me be onely sure thou louest me still, the onely price of true affe-  
 ction. I goe therefore on, worthy *Musidorus*, with the guide of vertue, and seruice of fortune. Let thy loue be loued, thy desires prosperous, thy escape safe, and thy iourny easie. Let euery thing yeeld his help to thy desert: for my part absence shall not take thee from mine eyes, nor afflictions shall barre mee from gladding in thy good, nor a possessed heart shall keepe thee from the place it hath for euer allotted vnto thee. *Dorus* would faine haue replied againe, to haue made a liberall confession that *Zelmene* had of her side the aduantage of well performing friendship: but partly his own grieve of parting from one he loued so dearely, partly the kind care in what state hee should leaue *Zelmene*, bred such a conflict in his minde, that many times hee wished, hee had either neuer attempted, or neuer reuealed this secret enterprise. But *Zelmene*, who had now looked to the vttermost of it, and estab-  
 lished her minde vpon an assured determination, My only friend said she, since to so good towardnesse, your courteous destinies haue conducted you, let not a cere-  
 moniall consideration of our mutuall loue, bee a barre vnto it. I ioy in your pre-  
 sence, but I ioy more in your good: that friendship brings forth the fruits of en-  
 mie, which preferres his owne tenderesse, before his friends dammage. For my  
 part, my greatest grieve herein shall bee, I can be no further seruiceable vnto you.  
 O *Zelmene*, said *Dorus*, with his eyes euen conered with water, I did not thinke so  
 soon to haue displaied my determination vnto you, but to haue made my way first  
 in



in your louing iudgment. But alas as your sweet disposition drew me so far: so doth it now strengthen me in it. To you therefore be the due commendation given; who can conquer me in Loue, and Loue in wisdom. As for mee then shall goodnesse turne to euill, & vngratefulnesse be the token of a true heart, when *Pyrales* shall not possesse a principall seate in my soule; when the name of *Pyrales* shall not be held of me in deuout reuerence.

They would neuer haue come to the cruell instant of parting, nor to the ill-faring word of farewell, had not *Zelmans* scene a farre off the old *Basilius*, who hauing performed a sacrifice to *Apollus*, for his daughters, but principally for his mistresse happy returne, had since beene euery where to seeke her. And now being come within compasse of discerning her, he began to frame the loneliest countenance hee could; stroking vp his legges, setting his beard in due order, and standing bolt vpriight. Alas said *Zelmans*, behold an euill fore-token of your sorrowfull departure. Yonder see I one of my furies which doth daily vex mee, farewell, farewell my *Musidorus*; the gods make fortune to waite on thy vertues, and make mee wade through this lake of wretchednesse. *Dorus* burst out into a flood of tears, wringing her fast by the hand. No, no, said he; I go blindfold whither the course of my ill happe carries me: for now too late my heart giues me this our separating can neuer be prosperous. But if I liue, attend me here shortly with an army. Thus both appalled with the grieuous renting of their long combination (hauing first resolved with themselves, that whatsoeuer fell vnto them, they should neuer vpon no occasion vtter their names for the conseruing the honour of their royall parentage, but keepe the names of *Diaphantus* & *Palladius*; as before had bin agreed between them) they took diuers waies: *Dorus* to the lodge-ward, where his heavy eyes might be something refreshed; *Zelmans* towards *Basilius*; saying to her selfe with a sornefull smiling: Yet hath not my friendly fortune deprived me of a pleasant companion. But hee hauing with much search come to her presence, *Doubt* and *Desire* bred a great quarrel in his mind. For his former experience had taught him to doubt: & true feeling of Loue made doubts dangerous; but the working of his desire, had ere long wonne the field. And therefore with the most submissiue maner his behauiour could yeeld. O Goddesse, said hee, towards whom I haue the greatest feeling of Religion, be not displeased at som shew of deuotion I haue made to *Apollus*: since hee (if he know any thing) knowes that my heart beares farre more awfull reuerence to your selfe, than to his, or any other: the like *Desire*. You will euer be deceiued in me, answered *Zelmans*: I will make my selfe no competitor with *Apollus*, neither can blasphemies to him bee duties to mee. With that *Basilius* tooke out of his bosome certaine verses he had written, and kneeling downe presented them to her. They contained this.

**P**HOEBUS farewell, a sweeter saluē I serue,  
The high conlits thy head thy wisdoms breed,  
My thoughts forget: my thoughts which neuer swerue  
From her in whom is hidde this freedomes seed,  
And in whose eyes my daily dōme I reide.

**P**HOEBUS farewell, a sweeter saluē I serue,  
Thou art farre off, thy staydome is alone:  
She beaues in earth with beauties dāsh profane.  
Thy beauties I like, but her claues rapes I loat:  
Thy force I feare, her force I still do praue.

Phoebus yeeld up thy title in my minde:  
 She doth possesse thy image in defect,  
 But if thy rage some braue reuenge will finde,  
 On her, who hath in me thy temple raie,  
 Employ thy might, that she my fires may taste,  
 And how much more her worth surmounteth thee,  
 Make her as much more base by louing me.

This is my Hymne to you, said he, not left me by my ancestors, but begun in my selfe. The temple wherein it is daily sung, is my soule: and the sacrifice I offer to you withall, is all whatsoeuer I am. *Zelmae*, who euer thought she found in his speeches the ill taste of a medicine, and the operation of a poyson, would haue suffered a disdainfull looke to haue bin the only witnesse of her good acceptation; but that *Basilus* began afresh to lay before her many pitifull prayers, and in the end to conclude that he was fully of opinion it was onely the vnfortunatenes of that place, that hindered the prosperous course of his desires. And therefore since the hatefull influence which made him embrace this solitarie life, was now past ouer him (as he doubted not the iudgement of *Philanax* would agree with his) & his late mishaps had taught him how perillous it was to commit a Princes state to a place so weakly guarded: he was now inclined to returne to his palace in *Mantineia*, & there he hoped hee should be better able to shew how much he desired to make all he had liers: with many other such honey words, which my pen grows almost wearie to set down. This indeed neerely pierced *Zelmae*: for the good beginning she had there obtained of *Philelea*, made her desire to continue the same trade, till vnto the more perfecting of her desires: and to come to any publike place she did deadly feare, lest her mask by many eyes might the sooner be discouered, and so her hopes stopped, and the state of her ioyes indangered. Therefore a while she rested, musing at the daily changing labyrinth of her owne fortune, but in her selfe determined it was her onely best to keepe him there: & with fauor to make him loue the place, where the fauors were receiued, as disgraces had made him apt to change the soyle.

Therefore casting a kinde of corner looke vpon him, It is truly said, (said shee) that age cooleth the blood. How soone, good man, you are terrified before you receiue any hurt? Doe you not know that daintinesse is kindly vnto vs? And that hard obtaining, is the excuse of womans granting? Yet speake I not as though you were like to obtaine, or I to grant. But because I would not haue you imagin, I am to be wonne by courtly vanities, or esteeme a man the more, because hee hath handsome men to wait on him; when he is afraid to liue without them. You might haue seene *Basilus* humbly swell, and with a lowly looke, stand vpon his tiptoes; such diuerfirie her words deliuered vnto him. O *Heracles*, answered he, *Basilus* afraid? Or his blood cold, that boyles in such a furnace? Care I who is with mee while I enioy your presence? Or is any place good or bad to me, but as it pleaseth you to blesse or curse it? O let me be but armed in your good grace, and I desie whatsoeuer there is or can be against me. No, no, your loue is forcible, and my age is not without vigor. *Zelmae* thought it not good for his stomach, to receiue a surfet of too much fauour, and therefore thinking he had enough for the time, to keepe him from any sodaine remouing, with a certaine gracious bowing downe of her head toward him, she turned away, saying, She would leaue him at this time to see how temperately he could vse so bountifull a measure of her kindnesse. *Basilus* that thought euery drop a flood that bred any refreshment, durst not further presse her, but with an ancient



ancient modestie left her to the sweet repast of her owne fancies. *Zelmune* asloone as he was departed, went toward *Pamela's* lodge in hope to haue seene her friend *Dorcas*, to haue pleased her selfe with another painefull farefull, and further to haue taken some aduise with him touching her owne estate, whereof before sorrow had not suffered her to thinke. But being come euen neere the Lodge, she saw the mouth of a caue, made as it should seeme by Nature in despite of Art: so fitly did the rich-growing marble serue to beautifie the vault of the first entry. Vnder foot the ground seemed minerall, yeelding such a glistering shew of gold in it, as they say the riuer *Tagus* carries in his sandy bed. The caue framed out into many goodly spacious roomes, such as selfe-liking men haue with long and learned delicacie found out the most easfull: there ran through it a little sweet river, which had left the face of the earth to drowne her selfe for a small way in this darke, but pleasant mansion. The very first shew of the place entred the melancholy minde of *Zelmune* to yeelde her selfe ouer there to the flood of her owne thoughts. And therefore sitting downe in the first entry of the caues mouth, with a song she had lately made, she gaue a dolefull way to her bitter affects, and sung to this effect:

*Since that the stormie rage of passions darke  
(Of passions darke, made darke by beauties light)  
With rebell force, hath clos'd in dungeon darke  
My minde, ere now led forth by reasons light.*

*Since all the things which giue my eyes their light,  
Doe suffer still the fruits of fancies darke:  
So that the windowes of my inward light  
Doe serue to make my inward powers darke.  
Since, as I say, both mind and senses darke  
Are hurt, not help'd, with piercing of the light:  
While that the light may shew the horrors darke,  
But cannot make resolu'd darknesse light:  
I like this place, where at the least the darke  
May keepe my thoughts from thought of wanted light.*

In steed of an instrument, her song was accompanied with the wringing of her hands, the closing of her weary eyes, and euen sometime cut off with the swelling of her sighes, which did not suffer the voyce to haue his free and native passage. But as she was a while musing vpon her song, raising vp her spirits, which were something false into the weakenesse of lamentation, considering solitarie complaints doe no good to him whose help stands without himselfe, she might a farre off, first heare a whispring sound, which seemed to come from the inmost part of the caue, and being kept together with the close hollownesse of the place, had, as in a trunke, the more liberall access to her eares, and by and by she might perceiue the same voyce deliuer it selfe into muscicall tunes, and with a base *Lyra* giue forth this song:

*Hearke plaintfull ghosts, infernall furies hearke  
Vnto my woes the hateful heauens doe send,  
The heauens conspir'd, to make my vitall sparke  
A wretched wracke, a glasse of Ruines end.*

*Seeing, Alas, so mightie powers bend  
Their irefull shot against so weake a marke,  
Come cane, become my graue, come death, and lend  
Recit to mee, within thy bosome darke.*

*For what is life to daily dying minde,  
where drawing breath, I sucke the ayre of woe:  
where too much sight makes all the body blinde,  
And highest thoughts downward most headlong throw?  
Thus then my forme, and thus my state I find,  
Death wraps in flesh, so lining graue assign'd.*

And pawling but a little, with monefull melodie it continued this octave:

*Like those sicke folkes, in whom strange humours flow,  
Can taste no sweets, the soure onely please:  
So to my mind, while passions daily grow,  
whose fierie chaines, upon his freedome seaze,  
Ioyes strangers seeme, I cannot bide their show,  
Nor brooke ought else but well acquainted woe.  
Bitter griefes tastes me best, paine is my ease,  
Sicke to the death, still loning my disease.*

O Venus, said Zelmane, who is this so well acquainted with me, that can make so liuely a portraiture of my miseries? It is surely the spirit appointed to haue care of me, which doth now in this darke place beare part with the complaints of his vnhappie charge. For if it be so, that the heauens haue at all times a measure of their wrathfull harmes, surely so many haue come to my blisselesse lot, that the rest of the world hath too small a portion, to make with cause so wailfull a lamentation. But (said she) whatsoeuer thou be, I will seeke thee out, for thy musicke well assures me we are at least hand fellow-prentises to one vngracious master. So rose she, & went guiding her selfe by the still playning voyce, till she saw vpon a stone a little waxe-light set, & vnder it a piece of paper with these verses very lately (as it should seeme) written in it:

**H**ow is my Sunne, whose beames are shining bright,  
Become the cause of my darke onely night?  
Or how doe I captin'd in this darke plight,  
Bewaile the case, and in the cause delight?

*My mangled minde huge horrors still doe frigh,  
With sense possess, and claim'd by reasons right:  
Betwixt which two in me I haue this fight,  
where who so winnes, I put my selfe to flight.*

*Come clowdie feares, close vp my dazzled sight,  
Sorrowes sucke up the marrow of my might,  
Due sighes blow out all sparkes of ioyfull light,  
Tyre on despaire vpon my tyred sprite.*

*An end, an end, my dull'd pen cannot write,  
Nor maz'd head thinke, nor saltring tongue recite.*

And



And hard vnderneath the Sonnet, were these words written :

*This Caue is darke, but it had neuer light.*

*This waxe doth waste it selfe, yet painelesse dies.*

*These words are full of woes, yet feele they none.*

*I darkned am, who once had clearest sight.*

*I waste my heart, which still new torments tries.*

*I plaine with cause, my woes are all mine owne.*

*No Caue, no wasting waxe, no words of grieve,*

*Can hold shew, tell my paines without reliefe.*

She did not long stay to reade the words, for not farre off from the stone, shee might discerne in a darke corner, a Lady lying with her face so prostrate vpon the ground, as she could neither know, nor be knowne. But (as the generall nature of man is desirous of knowledge, and sorrow especially glad to find fellowes) she went as softly as she could conuey her foot, neare vnto her, where she heard these words come with vehement sobbings from her. O darknesse (said she) which dost light-fully (me thinkes) make me see the picture of my inward darknesse: since I haue chosen thee to be the secret witnesse of my sorrowes, let me receiue a safe receit in thee, and esteeme them not tedious, but if it be possible, let the vttering them bee some discharge to my ouerladen breast. Alas sorrow, now thou hast the full sacke of my conquered spirits, rest thy selfe a while, and set not still new fire to thy owne spoiles: O accursed reason, how many eyes thou hast to see thy euils, and how dim, nay blinde thou art in preuenting them? Forlorne creature that I am! I would I might be freely wicked, since wickednesse doth preuaile: but the footsteps of my ouer-trodden vertue lie still as bitter accusations vnto me. I am diuided in my selfe, how can I stand? I am ouerthrowne in my selfe, who shall raise mee? Vice is but a nurse of new agonies, and the vertue I am diuorced from, makes the hatefull comparison the more manifest. No, no, vertue, either I neuer had but a shadow of thee, or thou thy selfe art but a shadow. For how is my soule abandoned? How are all my powers laide waste? My desire is pained, because it cannot hope, and if hope came, his best should be but mischief. O strange mixture of humane mindes, onely so much good left, as to make vs languish in our owne euils. Yee infernall Furies (for it is too late for me, to awake my dead vertue, or to place my comfort in the angry gods) ye infernall Furies, I say, ayde one that dedicates her selfe vnto you; let my rage be satisfied, since the effect of it is fit for your seruice. Neither bee affraide to make me too happy, since nothing can come to appease the smart of my guilty conscience. I desire but to assuage the sweltring of my hellish longing, dejected *Gynecia*; *Zelmune* no sooner heard the name of *Gynecia*, but that with a cold sweate all ouer her, as if she had bin readie to tread vpon a deadly stinging Adder, she would haue withdrawne her selfe, but her owne passion made her yeeld more vnquiet motions, then she had done in comming. So that shee was perceiued, and *Gynecia* sodainely risen vp, for indeed it was *Gynecia*, gotten into the Caue (the same Caue, wherein *Damet* as had safely kept *Pamela* in the late vptore) to passe her pangs, with change of places. And as her mind ran still vpon *Zelmune*, her piercing louers eye had soone found it was shee. And seeing in her a countenance to flye away, shee fell downe at her feete, and catching fast hold of her: Alas (said shee) whither, or from whom

doest thoustie away? The sauagest beasts are wonne with seruice, and there is no flint but may be mollified: How is *Gynecia* so vnworthy in thine eyes? or whom cannot abundance of loue make worthy? O thinke not that crueltie, or vngratefulnesse, can flow from a good minde! O weigh, Alas weigh with thy selfe the new effects of this mightie passion, that I, vnfit for my estate, vncomely for my sexe, must become a suppliant at thy feete! By the happy woman that bare thee, by all the ioyes of thy heart, and successe of thy desire, I beseech thee turne thy selfe to some consideration of mee, and rather shew pittie in now helping mee, than in too late repenting my death, which hourelly threatens me. *Zelmane* imputing it to one of her continuall mishaps, thus to haue met with this Lady, with a full wearie countenance; Without doubt Madame, said shee, where the desire is such as may be obtained, and the partie well deseruing as your selfe, it must be a great excule that may well colour a deniall: but when the first motion carries with it a direct impossibilitie, then must the only answer be, comfort without help, and sorrow to both parties; to you not obtaining, to me not able to grant. O, said *Gynecia*, how good leifure you haue to frame these scornfull answers? Is *Gynecia* thus to be despised? Am I so vile a worm in your sight? No, no, trust to it hard-hearted Tygre, I will not be the only Actor of this Tragedie: since I must fall, I will presse down some others with my ruines: since I must burne, my spitefull neighbours shall feeble my fire. Doest thou not perceiue that my diligent eyes haue pierced through the clowdie maske of thy disguisement? Haue I not told thee, O foole (if I were not much more foole) that I knew thou wouldest abuse vs with thy outward shew? Wilt thou still attend the rage of loue in a womans heart? the gyrl thy well chosen mistresse, perchance shall defend thee, when *Basilus* shall know how thou hast sorted his minde with falshood, and falsely sought the dishonour of his house. Beleeue it, beleeue it vnkind creature, I will end my miseries with a notable example of reuenge, and that accursed cradle of mine shall feeble the smart of my wound, thou of thy tyranny, and lastly, (I confesse) my selfe of mine own worke. *Zelmane* that had long before doubted her selfe to bee discovered by her, and now plainly finding it, was, as the pro- uerb saith, like them that hold the Wolfe by the eares, bitten while they hold; and slaine if they loose. If she held her off in these wonted termes, she saw rage would make her loue work the effects of hate, to grant vnto her, her heart was so bound vpon *Philoclea*, it had bin worse than a thousand deaths. Yet found she it was necessary for her to come to a resolution, for *Gynecia's* fore could bide no leifure, and once discovered, besides the danger of *Philoclea*, her desires should be for euer vnterly stopped. She remembred withal the words of *Basilus*, how apt he was to leaue this life, & returne to his court, a great bar to her hopes. Lastly, she considered *Dorus* enterprise might bring some strange alteration of this their well liked fellowship. So that encompassed with these instant difficulties, she bent her spirits to thinke of a remedy, which might at once both saue her from them, & serue her to the accomplishment of her onely pursuit. Lastly, she determined thus, that there was no way but to yeeld to the violence of their desires, since struing did the more chafe them. And that following their owne current, at length of it selfe it would bring her to the other side of her burning desires.

Now in the meane while, the diuided *Dorus*, long diuided betweene loue and friendship, & now for his loue diuided from his friend, though indeed without prejudice of friendships loyaltie, which doth neuer barre the minde from his free satisfaction: yet still a cruell iudge ouer himselfe, thought he was some waies faulty, and applied his minde now to amend it, with a speedie and behoouefull returne. But then



then was his first study, how to get away, whereto already he had *Pamela's* consent, confirmed and concluded vnder the name of *Mopsa* in her owne presence: *Dorus* taking this way, that what soeuer he would haue of *Pamela*, he would aske her, whether in such a case it were not best for *Mopsa* so to behaue her selfe, in that sort making *Mopsa's* enuie, an instrument of that shee did enuie. So hauing passed ouer his first and most feared difficultie, hee busied his spirits how to come to the harvest of his desires, whereof hee had so faire a shew. And thereunto (hauing gotten leaue for some dayes of his master *Dametis*, who now accounted him as his sonne in law) he roamed round about the desert, to finde some vnknowne way, that might bring him to the next Sea port, as much as might be out of all course of other passengers: which all very wel succeeding him, & he hauing hired a Barke for his liues trafficke, and prouided horses to carry her thither, returned homeward, now come to the last point of his care, how to goe beyond the lothsome watchfulnesse of these three vncomely companions, and therein did wisely consider, how they were to be taken with whom he had to deale, remembring that in the particularities of euery bodies minde, & fortune, there are particular aduantages, by which they are to be held. The muddy mind of *Dametis*, he found most easily stirred with couetousnesse. The curst mischieuous heart of *Miso*, most apt to be tickled with ieaousie, as whose rotten braine could thinke well of no body. But yong mistresse *Mopsa*, who could open her eyes vpon nothing, that did not all to bewonder her, hee thought curiositie the fittest baite for her. And first for *Dametis*, *Dorus* hauing employed a whole dayes worke, about a ten mile off from the Lodge (quite contrary way to that hee meant to take with *Pamela*) in digging and opening the ground, vnder an ancient oke that stood there, in such sort as he might longest hold *Dametis* greedy hopes, in some shew of comfort, he came to his master, with a countenance mixt betweene cheerefulness and haste, & taking him by the right hand, as if he had a great matter of secrecie to reueale vnto him: Master (said he) I did neuer thinke that the gods had appointed my mind freely brought vp, to haue so longing a desire to serue you, but that they minded thereby to bring some extraordinary fruit to one so beloued of them, as your honesty makes me thinke you are. This bindes me euen in conscience, to disclose that which I perswade my selfe is allotted vnto you, that your fortune may be of equall ballance with your deserts. He said no further, because he would let *Dametis* play vpon the bit a while, who not vnderstanding what his words intended, yet well finding they carried no euill news, was so much the more desirous to know the matter, as he had free scope to imagine what measure of good hap himselfe would. Therefore putting off his cap to him, which he had neuer done before, and assuring him he should haue *Mopsa*, though she had bin all made of cloth of gold, he besought *Dorus* not to hold him long in hope, for that hee found it a thing his heart was not able to beare. Master, answered *Dorus*, you haue so satisfied me, with promising mee the vttermost of my desired blisse, that if my duty bound me not, I were in it sufficiently rewarded. To you therefore shall my good hap be conuerted, and the fruit of al my labor dedicated. Therewith he told him, how vnder an ancient oke (the place he made him easily vnderstand, by sufficient markes he gaue vnto him) he had found digging but a little depth, scatteringly lying a great number of rich Medalles, and that piercing further into the ground, he had met with a great stone, which by the hollow sound it yeelded, seemed to be the couer of some greater vault, and vpon it a boxe of Cypress, with the name of the valiant *Arisfomenes* grauen vpon it: & that within the boxe, hee found certaine verses, which signified that some depth againe vnder that all his treasure lay hidden, what time for the discord fell out in *Arcadia*,  
hee

he liued banished. Therewith he gaue *Dametas* certaine Medailles of gold hee had long kept about him, and asked him because it was a thing much to bee kept secret, and a matter one man in twentie houres might easily performe, whether he would haue him go & seeke the bottome of it, which he had refrained to do till he knew his mind, promising he would faithfully bring him what he found, or else that he himselfe would doe it, and be the first beholder of that comfortable spectacle. No man need doubt which part *Dametas* would choose: whose fancie had already deuoured all this great riches, and euen now began to grudge at a partner, before he saw his owne share. Therefore taking a strong iade, loden with spades and mattocks, which he meant to bring backe, otherwise laden, he went in all speede thitherward, taking leaue of no body, onely desiring *Dorus* he would looke well to the Princeesse *Pamela*, promising him mountaines of his owne labour, which neuerthelesse he little meant to performe, like a foole, not considering, that no man is to be moued with part, that neglects the whole. Thus away went *Dametas*, hauing already made an image in his fancie, what palaces he would build, how sumptuously he would fare, and among all other things imagined what money to employ in making coffers to keepe his money: his ten mile seemed twise so many leagues, and yet contrary to the nature of it, though it seemed long, it was not wearisome. Many times he cursed his horses want of consideration, that in so important a matter, would make no greater speed: many times he wished himselfe the backe of an Asse, to helpe to carry away the new sought riches (an vnfortunate wisher, for if hee had as well wished the head, it had beene granted him.) At length being come to the tree, which hee hoped should beare so golden Acornes, downe went all his instruments, and forthwith to the renting vp of the hurtlesse earth, where by & by he was caught with the lime of a few promised Medailles, which was so perfect a pawne vnto him of his further expectation, that he deemed a greater number of houres well employed in groping further into it, which with logs and great stones, was made as cumbersome as might be, till at length, with sweatie browes, he came to the great stone. A stone, God knowes, full vnlike to the couer of a Monument, but yet there was the Cypresse box with *Aristomenes* grauen vpon it, and these verses written in it.

**A** Banisht man, long bard from his desire  
By inward lets, of them his state possess,  
Hid here his hopes, by which he might aspire  
To haue his harmes with wisdomes helpe redress.

Seeke then band, see, what man esteemeth best,  
All is but this, this is our labours hire:  
Of this we liue, in this we finde our rest,  
Who hold this fast no greater wealth require.  
Looke further then, so shalt thou finde at least,  
A bait most fit, for hungry minded guest.

He opened the box, and to his great comfort read them, and with fresh courage went about to lift vp that stone. But in the meane time: ere *Dametas* was halfe a mile gone to the treasure-ward, *Dorus* came to *Miso*, whom hee found sitting in the chimneis end, babbling to her selfe, and shewing by all her gestures, that shee was loathsomely weary of the world, not for any hope of a better life, but finding no one good, neither in minde nor body, whereout shee might nourish a quiet thought,



thought, hauing long since hated each thing else, beganne now to hate her selfe. Before this sweet humoured Dame, *Dorus* set himselfe, and framed towards her such a smiling countenance, as might seeme to be mixt betweene a tickled mirth, and a forced pittie. *Miso*, to whom cheerefulnesse in others, was euer a sauce of enuie in her selfe, tooke quickly marke of his behauiour, and with a looke full of foreworne spire: Now the Diuell, said shee, take these villaines, that can neuer leaue grenning; because I am not so faire as Mistrresse *Mopsa*, to see how this skipjack lookes at me. *Dorus* that had the occasion he desired, Truly mistrresse, answered hee, my smiling is not at you, but at them that are from you, and indeed I must needes a little accord my countenance with others sport: And therewithall tooke her in his armes, and rocking her to and fro, In faith mistrresse said hee, it is high time for you, to bid vs good night for euer, since others can possesse your place in your owne time. *Miso* that was neuer voide of malice enough to suspect the vitermost euill, to satisfie a further shrewdnesse, took on a present mildnesse, and gently desired him, to tell her what he meant: for, said shee, I am like enough to be knauishly dealt with, by that churle my husband. *Dorus* fell off from the matter againe, as if hee had meant no such thing, till by much refusing her entreatie, and vehemently stirring vp her desire to know, hee had strengthened a credit in her to that he should say. And then with a formall countenance, as if the conscience of the case had touched himselfe: Mistrresse, said hee, I am much perplexed in mine owne determination, for my thoughts doe euer will me to doe honestly, but my iudgement failes mee what is honest, betwixt the generall rule, that entrusted secrecies are holily to be obserued, and the particular exception, that the dishonest secrecies are to be reuealed: especially there, where by reuealing they may either be preuented, or at least amended. Yet in this ballance, your iudgement weyes mee downe, because I haue confidence in it, that you will vse what you know moderately, and rather take such faults as an aduantage to your owne good desert, than by your bitter vsing it, be contented to be reuenged on others with your own harmes. So it is Mistrresse, said hee, that yesterday driuing my sheepe vpto the stately hill, which lifts his head ouer the faire Citie of *Mantineia*, I happened vpon the side of it, in a litle falling of the ground which was a rampier against the Sunnes rage, to perceiue a young maid, truly of the finest stamp of beaurie, and that which made her beaurie the more admirable, there was at all no arte added to the helping of it. For her apparell was but such as Shepheards daughters are wont to weare: and as for her haire, it hong downe at the free libertie of his goodly length, but that sometimes falling before the cleare stars of her sight, she was forced to put it behinde her eares, and so open againe the treasure of her perfections, which that for a while had in part hidden. In her lap there lay a Shepheard so wrapped vp in that well-liked place, that I could discerne no piece of his face, but as mine eyes were attent in that, her Angel-like voyce strake mine eares with this song:

**M**Y true lone hath my heart, and I haue his,  
By iust exchange, one for the other giu'ne:  
I hold his deare, and mine he cannot misse:  
There neuer was a bargain better drin'ne.

His heart in me, keepes me and him in one,  
My heart in him, his thoughts and senses guides:

*He lones my heart, for once it was his owne:  
I cherish him, because in me it bides.*

*His heart his wound receiued from my sight:  
My heart was wounded, with his wounded hart,  
For as from mee, on him his hurt did light,  
So shall me thought in me his hurt did smart:  
Both equall hurt, in this change sought our blisse:  
My true lone hath my heart and I haue his.*

But as if the Shepheard that lay before her, had beene organes, which were onely to be blowne by her breath, she had no sooner ended with the ioyning her sweet lips together, but that he recorded to her musicke this rurall poeie: |

**O** words which fall like sommer dew on me,  
O breath more sweet, than is the growing beane,  
O tongue in which all banyed liquors be,  
O voyce that doth the thrush in shrillnesse staine,  
Doe you say still, this is her promise due,  
That she is mine, as I to her am true.

*Gay haire, more gay than straw when harvest lies,  
Lips red and plump, as cherries ruddie side,  
Eyes faire and great, like faire great Oxes eyes,  
O breast in which two white sheepe swell in pride:  
Ioyne you with me, to seale this promise due,  
That she be mine, as I to her am true.*

*But thou white skin, as white as cruddes well prest,  
So smooth as sleeke stone, like it smoothes each part,  
And thou deare flesh, as soft as wooll new drest,  
And yet as hard as brawne, made hard by art:  
First fower but say, next fower their saying seale,  
But you must pay the gage of promise weale.*

And with the conclusion of his song, he embraced her about the knees, O sweete Charita said he, when shall I enioy the rest of my toyling thoughts? And when shall your blisfull promise now due, be verified with iust performance? With that I drew neerer to them, and saw (for now he had lifted vp his face to glasse himselfe in her faire eyes) that it was my master *Dametas*: but here *Miso* interrupted his tale, with rayling at *Dametas*, with all those exquisite termes, which I was neuer good skold enough to imagine. But *Dorus*, as if he had bin much offended with her impatience, would proceed no further till she had vowed more stilnesse. For, said hee, if the first drumme thus chafe you, what will you be when it comes to the blowes? Then hee tolde her, how after many familiar entertainements betwixt them, *Dametas*, laying before her his great credit with the Duke, and withall giuing her very faire presents with promise of much more, had in the end concluded together to meete as that night at *Mantines*, in the *Oudeuian* streete, at *Charitas* vncles house, about renne of



the clocke. After which bargaine *Damet* had spied *Dorus*, and calling him to him, had with great brauery told him all his good happe, willing him in any case to returne to the olde Witch *Miso* (for so indeede mistresse of liuelinesse, and not of ill will hee termed you) and to make some honest excuse of his absence, for said hee, kissing *Charita*, if thou didst know what a life I leade with that driuell, it would make thee euen of pitie, receiue mee into thy onely comfort. Now Mistresse, said hee, exercise your discretion, which if I were well assured of, I would with you to goe your selfe to *Mantine*, and (lying secret in some one of your gossips houses, till the time appointed come) so may you finde them together, and vsing mercy, resort to my Master from his euill wayes. There had nothing more enraged *Miso*, than the prayles *Dorus* gaue to *Charitas* beautie, which made her ieaousie swell the more, with the poison of enuy. And that being increased with the presents shee heard *Damet* had giuen her (which all seemed torne out of her bowels) her hollow eyes, yeelded such wretched lookes, as one might well thinke *Pluto* at that time might haue had her soule very good cheape. But when the fire of Spite had fully caught hold of all her inward parts, then whosoever would haue seene the picture of *Alce*, or with what manner of countenance *Medea* kild her owne childre, needed but take *Miso* for the full satisfaction of that point of his knowledge. She that could before scarce goe, but supported by crutches, now flew about the house, borne vp with the wings of Anger: there was no one sort of mortall reuenge, that had euer come to her eares, but presented it selfe now to her gentle minde. At length with few words, for her words were choakt vp with the rising of her reuengefull heart, she ran down, & with her owne hands saddled a mare of hers, a mare that (euen yeere before had not been acquainted with the saddle, & so to *Mantine* she went, casting with her selfe, how shee might couple shame with the punishment of her accursed husband: but the person is not worthy in whose passion I should too long stand. Therefore now must I tell you that Mistresse *Miso* (who was the last parry *Dorus* was to practise his cunning withall) was at the parting of her parents, attending vpon the Princesse *Pamela*, whom becaufe she found to be placed in her fathers house, she knew it was for suspicion the Duke had of her. This made *Miso* with a right base nature (which ioyes to see any hard hap happen to them they deeme happy) grow proud ouer her, & vsd great ostentation of her owne diligence, in prying curiously into each thing that *Pamela* did. Neither is there any thing sooner ouerthrows a weake heart, than opinion of authoritie, like too strong a liquor for so feeble a glasse, which ioyned it selfe to the humour of enuying *Pamelas* Beauty, so far, that oft she would say to her selfe, if shee had bin borne a Princesse as well as *Pamela*, her perfections then should haue been as wel seen as *Pamelas*. With this manner of woman, and placed in these tearmes, had *Dorus* to play his last part, which hee would quickly haue dispatched in tying her vp in such a maner, that she should little haue hindred his enterprise. But that the verruous *Pamela* (when she saw him so minded) by countenance absolutely forbade it, resolutely determining, shee would not haue behind her any token of wrong, (since the wrong done to her selfe was the best excuse of her escape. So that *Dorus* was compelled to take her in the manner he first thought of, and accordingly *Pamela* sitting musing at the strange attempt shee had condescended vnto, and *Miso* hard by her (looking in a glasse with very partiall eyes) *Dorus* put himselfe betwene them, and casting vp his face to the top of the house, shrugging all over his body, and stamping sometimes vpon the ground, gaue *Miso* occasion (who was as busie as a Bee to know any thing) to aske her how *Dorus* what ayled him, that made him vse so strange a behaviour the, as if his spirits had

beene

beene rauished with some supernaturall contemplation, stood still mute, sometimes rubbing his forehead, sometimes starting in himselfe, that hee set *Mopsa* in such an itch of enquirie, that shee would haue offered her maydenhead, rather than be long kept from it. *Dorus* not yet answering to the purpose, still keeping his amazement; *O Hercules* said he, resoluē me in this doubt. A tree to graunte ones wishes? Is this the cause of the Kings solitarie life? Which part shall I take? Happie in either, vnhappie because I cannot know which were my best hap. These doubtfull selfe speeches, made *Mopsa* yet in a further longing of knowing the matter: so that the prettie pigge, laying her sweet burden about his necke, My *Dorus*, said shee, tell mee these words, or else I know not what will befall me, honny *Dorus* tell them me. *Dorus* hauing stretched her minde vpon a right last, extreamely loued *Adopsa*, said hee, The matters be so great, as my heart faile me in the telling them: but since you hold the greatest seate in it, it is reason your desire should adde life vnto it. Therewith he told her a faire-fer tale, how that many millions of yceres before, *Iupiter* fallen out with *Apello*, had throwne him out of heauen, taking from him the priuiledge of a god. So that poore *Apello* was faine to leade a very miserable life; whacqualified to worke, and neuer vsed to begge, that in his order hauing in time learned to be a *Admirall* heardman, he had vpon occasion of fetchinge a certaine breede of beasts out of *Africa*, come to that very desert, where wearied with trauaile, and resting himselfe in the boughes of a pleasant Ash tree, stood a little off from the lodge, hee had with pittifull complaints gotten his father *Iupiter* pardon; and so from that tree was re-geined againe to his golden spheare. But hauing that right nature of a god, neuer to be vngratefull, to *Admetus* hee had granted a double life: and because that tree was the chappell of his prosperous prayers, he had given it this qualitie, that whatsoever of such estate, and in such maner as he then was, late downe in that tree, they should obtaine whatsoeuer they wished. This *Basilis* hauing vnderstood by the oracle, was the onely cause which had made him trie, whether framing himselfe to the state of an heardman, he might haue the priuiledge of wishing onely granted to that degree; but that hauing often in vaine attempted it, because indeede he was not such, he had now opened the secret to *Dametas*, making him swear he should wish according to his direction. But because, said *Dorus*, *Apello* was at that time with extreame griefe, muffled round about his face, with a scarlet cloake *Admetus* had given him, and because they that must wish, must be muffled in like sort, and with like stuffe, my master *Dametas* is gone I know not whither, to provide him a scarlet cloake, and to morrow doth appoint to returne with it. My Mistresse I cannot tell how, hauing gotten some inkling of it, is trudged to *Admetus*, to get her selfe a cloake before him: because she would haue the first wish. My master at his parting, of great trust told me this secret, commanding mee to see no body should clime that tree. But now my *Mopsa*, said he, I haue here the like cloake of mine owne, and am not so very a foole, as though I keepe his commandment in others, to barre my selfe. I rest onely extreamely perplexed, because hauing nothing in the world I wish for, but the enioying you & your fauour, I thinke it much pleasanter conquest to come to it by your own consent, than to haue it by such a charming force as this is. Now therefore if you please since haue you I will, in what sort I shall haue you. But neuer child was so desirous of a gay puppet, as *Mopsa* was to be in the tree, and therefore without squeamishnesse, promising all he would, shee conuined him by all her precious Loues, that she might haue the first possession of the wishing tree, assuring him that for the enioying her, he should neuer need to clime farre. *Dorus* to whom time was precious, made no great ceremonies with her, but helping her vp to the



top of the tree, from whence likewise she could ill come down without help, he must  
 sed her round about the face, so truly, that she her selfe could not vndoe it. And so  
 he told her the manner was, she should hold her hand in continuall deuotion to A-  
 poll, without making a sillany noise, till at the lastest within twelue houres space,  
 she should heare a voyce call her by name three times, & that till the third time she  
 must in no wise answer, & then you shall not need to doubt your coming downe,  
 for at that time, said he, be sure to win wisely, & in what shape soener he come vnto  
 you, speake but aly vnto him, and you will haue as certaine effects, as I haue a  
 hand to enioy your sweet Loue. In this plight and he leane *Apoll*, reholued in her  
 heart, to be the greatest Lady in the world, & neuer after to feed of worse than fur-  
 nicide. Thus *Diana* hauing deliuered his handes of his three tormentors tooke, bee-  
 day the benefit of his deuil, and mounting the gracious *Pamela* vpon a talke horse  
 he had provided for her, he made him the forth with into the wholen part of the de-  
 uising her very day with fear, although he rested assured, he should meet that  
 way with nobody, till he came to his castle, into which he meant to enter by night.  
 But *Pamela*, who all this while transported with deuil, & troubled with fear, had ne-  
 ver free scope of iudgement to look with perfect consideration into her own enery  
 priue, but then by the sweetest roat, had bequeathed the care of her selfe vpon him to  
 whom she had giuen her selfe, now that the pang of deuil with euident hope was  
 quieted, and most part of the feare past, reason began to renew his shining in her  
 hart, & make her see her self in her self, & weigh with what wings she flew out of her  
 native country, & vpon what ground she staid to strange a determination. But, loue  
 fortified with her louers presence kept it in his own in her heart. So that as they rode  
 together with her hand vpo her faithfull seruants shoulder, sodainly casting her bash-  
 ful eyes to the ground, & yet bending her selfe towards him like the eye that com-  
 mits the cause of all his worthes a well pulled out are, from a mude spirit said vn-  
 to him these sweetly deliuered words, Prince *Acadia*, (for so my assured hope  
 is I may iustly call you, since with no other my heart would euer haue yeelded to  
 goe; And if so I doe not rightly tearme you, all other words are as bootlesse,  
 as my deede miserable, and I as unfortunate, as you wicked, my Prince *Musidorus*,  
 I say now that the vehement shewes of your faithfull Loue towards mee, haue  
 brought my minde to answer it, in to due a proportion, that contrary to all gene-  
 rall rules of reason, I haue laid in you, my estate, my life, my honour: it is your  
 part to double your former care, and make me see your vertue no lesse in preseruing,  
 than in obtaining: and your faith to be as fast as much in freedom, as bondage.  
 Tender now your owne workmanship, and to gouerne your loue towards me,  
 as I may still remaine worthy to be loued. Your promise you remember, which  
 here by the eternall giuers of vertue, I coniure you to obserue, let me be your own  
 as I am, but by no vnjust conquest; let not our loyes which ought euer to last, bee  
 stayned in our owne consciences, let no shadow of repentance steale into the sweet  
 consideration of our mutuall happiness: I haue yeelded to be your wife, stay then  
 till the time that I may rightly be so; let no other defiled name burden my heart.  
 What moult I more say. He haue choien well, all doubt is past, since your  
 action onely must determine, whether I haue done vertuoussly or shamefully in fol-  
 lowing you. *Musidorus* that had more abundance of joy in his heart, than *Vlysses*  
 had what time with his owne induritie he stole the fatal *Pandarus*, imagined to bee  
 the only relike of *Troyes* satory, taking *Pamela*'s hand, & many times kissing it. What  
 can and he the gods I hope will morrily make your owne eyes iudges; and of my  
 minde

mind towards you, the meane time shall be my pledge vnto you, your contentment is dearer to me than mine owne, & therefore doubenot of his mind, whose thoughts are so thrall'd vnto you, as you are to bend or slack them as it shall seeme best vnto you. You doe wrong to your selfe, to make any doubt that a base estate could euer vndertake so high an enterprise, or a spotted minde be able to behold your vertues. Thus much onely I must confesse, I can neuer doe, to make the world see you haue chosen worthily, since all the world is not worthy of you. In such delightfull discourses, kept they on their journey, maintaining their hearts in that right harmony of affection, which doth interchangeably deliuer each to other the secret workings of their soules, till with the mus'd graine, the Princess being wearie, they lighted downe in a faire thicke wood, which did entice them with the pleasantness of it to take their rest there. It was all of Pines trees, whose broad heads, meeting together, yeilded a perfit shade to the ground, where their bodies gaue a spacious and pleasant roome to walke in, they were set in so perfit an order, that euey way the eye being full, yet no way was stopp'd. And euen in the midst of them, were there many sweet springs, which did looke themselves vpon the face of the earth. Here *Musidorus* drew out such promouion of fruits, and other eates, as hee had brought for that dayes repast, and laid it downe vpon the faire Carpet of the greene grasse. But *Pamela* had much more pleasure to walke vnder those trees making in their barks pretty knots, which tyed together the names of *Musidorus* and *Pamela*, sometimes intermixedly changing them, to *Pamulorus* and *Muswela*, with wentic other flowers of her trauelling fancies, which had bound themselves to a greater restraint, than they could without much paine well endure: and to one tree more beholding to her than the rest, she entrusted the treasure of her thoughts in these verses:

*Do not disdain, O freight up-raised pine,  
That mounding that, my thoughts in thee I reane:  
Since that my thoughts, as freight as freightness abine,  
No smaller wound, alas I far deeper heane.  
Deeper engraid, which saue nor time can saue,  
Gin it to my heart, by my foremaunded eyne:  
Thus cruell to my selfe, how canst thou craue  
My inward haire should spare thy outward rine?  
Yet still faire tree, lift up thy headly line,  
Live long, and long witnesse my chosen smart,  
Which barre'd desires (harry'd my selfe) imparts.  
And in this growing barkie grow wofull mine,  
My heart my word my word hath gin'd my bark,  
The glorie gin'd from griefe shall neuer part.*

Vpon a roote of the tree, that the earth had left something barer than the rest, shee wrote this coupler:

*Sweete roote say thou, the roote of my desire  
Was vertue cladde in constant looue as fire.*

*Musidorus*, seeing her fancies drawne vpon such pleasant contemplations, accompanied



companied her in them, and made the trees as well beare badges of his passions; as this song engraued in them did testifie.

**Y**ou goodly pines, which still wish braue ascent;  
In natures pride your heads to heau'ward heane,  
Though you besides such graces warb'ly haue lent,  
Of some late grace a greater grace receiue,

By her who was (O blessed you) content  
With her faire hand, your tender barks to cleane,  
And so by you (O blessed you) hath sent,  
Such piercing words as no thoughts else conceine.

Tet yeeld your grant, a baser hand may leane  
His thoughts in you, where so sweet thoughts were spent,  
For how would you the mistresse thoughts bereane  
Of waiting thoughts all to her service ment?

Nay higher thoughts (though thrall'd thoughts) I call  
My thoughts then hers, who first your ryme did rent:  
Then hers, to whom my thoughts a lonely thrall  
Rising from lowe, are to the highest bent;  
Where hers, whom worth makes highest ouer all  
Comming from her, cannot but downeward fall.

While Pamela fitting her downe vnder one of them, and making a poeie of the faire vndergrowing flowers, filled Musidorus eares with the heauenty sound of her musicke, which before he had neuer heard, so that it seemed vnto him a new assault giuen to the castle of his heart, already conquered: which to signifie, and wichall reply to her sweet notes, he sang in a kinde of still, but rauishing tune, a few verses: her song was this, and her reply followes.

**Pamela.** Like diuers flowers, whose diuers beauties serue  
To decke the earth with his well colour'd weede,  
Though each of them, his priuate forme preserve,  
Yet ioyning formes one sight of beantie breede.  
Right so my thoughts, whereon my heart I feede:  
Right so my inward parts, and outward glasse,  
Though each possesse a diuers working kinde,  
Yet all well knit to one faire end doe passe:  
That he to whom these sundry gifts I binde,  
All what I am, still one, his owne, doe finde.

**Musidorus.** All what you are still one, his owne to finde,  
Tou that are borne so, be the worlds eye,  
What were it else but to make each thing blinde?  
And to the sunne with waxen wings to flie?

*No, no such force with my small force to trye  
Is not my skill, or reach of mortall minde.  
Call me but yours, my tisle is most hye:  
Hold me most yours, when my long suite is sign'd.*

*Tou none can claime but you your selfe aright,  
For you doe passe your selfe, in vertues might.  
So both are yours: I, bound with gaged hart:  
Tou onely yours, soofarre beyond defart.*

In this vertuous wantonnesse, suffering their minds to descend to each tender enioy-  
ing their vnited thoughts, *Pamela* hauing tasted of the fruits, and growing extreame  
sleepie, hauing bin long kept from it, with the perplexitie of her dangerous attempt,  
laying her head in his lap, was inuited by him to sleep with these softly vttered verses:

*L*ock vp, faire liddes, the treasure of my heart,  
Preserue those beames, this ages onely light:  
To her sweet sence, sweet sleepe some ease impart,  
Her sence too weake to beare her spirits might.

*And while O sleepe thou closest vp her sight,  
(Her sight where loue did forge his fairest dart)  
O harbour all her parts in easfull plight:  
Let no strange dreame make her faire body start.*

*But yet O dreame, if thou wilt not depart  
In this rare subiect from thy common right:  
But wilt thy selfe in such a seate delight,  
Then take my shape, and play a louters part:  
Kisse her from me, and say vnto her sprize,  
Till her eyes shine, I line in darkest night.*

The sweet *Pamela* was brought into a sweete sleepe with this song, which gaue  
*Musidorus* opportunitie at leisure to behold her excellent beauries. He thought her  
faire forehead was a field, where all his fancies fought; and euery haire of her head  
seemed a strong chaine that tyed him. Her faire liddes then hiding her fairer eyes,  
seemed vnto him sweet boxes of mother of pearle, rich in themselves, but contay-  
ning in them farre richer Iewels. Her cheekes with their colour most delicately  
mixed, would haue entertained his eyes some while, but that the roses of her lippes  
(whose separating was wont to be accompanied with most wise speeches) now by  
force drew his sight to marke how pretily they lay one ouer the other, vniting their  
diuided beauries: and thorough them the eye of his fancie deliuered to his memo-  
rie the lying (as in ambush) vnder her lippes of those armed ranks, all armed in  
most pure white, and keeping the most precise order of militarie discipline. And lest  
this beautie might seeine the picture of some excellent artificer, forth there stole a  
soft breath carrying good testimonie of her inward sweetnesse, and so stealingly it  
came out, as it seemed loath to leaue his contentfull mansion, but that it hoped to  
be



be drawne in againe to that well closed paradise, which did so tyrannize ouer *Musidorus* affects, that he was compelled to put his face as low to hers, as he could, sucking the breath with such joy, that he did determine in himselfe, there had beene no life to a *Chameleon*, if he might be suffered to enioy that food. But long he was not suffered, being within a while interrupted by the coming of a company of elow-nish villaines, armed with diuers sorts of weapons, and for the rest both in face and apparell so forewasted, that they seemed to beare a great conformity with the sa-uages, who miserable in themselues, taught to encrease their mischiefes in other bodies harmes, came with such cryes as they both awaked *Pamela*, and made *Musidorus* turne vnto them full of a most violent rage, with the looke of a shee *Tyger* when her whelpes are stolne away.

But *Zelmane* whom I left in the Cause hardly bestead, hauing both great wittes and stirring passions to deale with, makes me lend her my penne awhile to see with what dexteritie she could put by her dangers. For hauing in one instant both to resist rage and goe beyond wisedome, being to deale with a Ladie that had her wits awake in euery thing, but in helping her owne hurt, shee saw now no other remedy in her case, but to qualifie her rage with hope, and to satisfie her wit with plainnesse. Yet lest too abrupt falling into it, should yeeld too great aduantage vnto her, shee thought good to come to it by degrees with this kind of insinuation. Your wise, but very darke speeches, most excellent Lady, are wouen vp in so intricate a maner, as I know not how to proportion mine answer vnto them: so are your praiers mixt with threats, and so is the shew of your loue hidden with the name of reuenge, the naturall effect of mortall hatred. You seeme displeased with the opinion you haue of my disguising, and yet if I be not disguised, you must needes be much more displeased. Hope then (the onely succour of perplexed mindes) being quite cut off, you desire my affection, and yet you your selfe thinke my affection already bestowed. You pretend crueltie, before you haue the subiection, and are ialous of keeping that, which as yet you haue not gotten. And that which is strangest in your ialousie, is both the vniustice of it, in being loath that should come to your daughter, which you deeme good; and the vainenesse, since you two are in so diuers respects, that there is no necessarie one of you should fall to be a barre to the other. For neither (if I be such as you fancie) can I marrie you, which must needes be the onely end I can aspire to in her: neither neede the marrying of her keepe me from a gratefull consideration how much you honour mee in the loue you vouchsafe to beare mee. *Gynecia*, to whom the fearefull agonies shee still liued in, made any small reprimall sweete, did quickly finde her words falling to a better way of comfort, and therfore with a minde ready to shew nothing could make it rebellious against *Zelmane*, but too extreme tyrannie, she thus said, Alas too much beloved *Zelmane*, the thoughts are but ouerflowings of the mind, and the tongue is but a seruant of the thoughts, therfore maruaile not that my words suffer contrarieties, since my minde doth hourly suffer in it selfe whole armies of mortall aduersaries. But, alas, if I had the vse of mine owne reason, then should I not neede, for want of it, to finde my selfe in this desperate mischiefe: but because my reason is vanished, so haue I likewise no power to correct my vnreasonablenesse. Doe you therfore accept the protection of my minde, which hath no other resting place: and driue it not, by being vnregarded, to put it selfe into vnknowne extremities. I desire but to haue my affection answered, and to haue a right reflection of my loue in you. That granted, assure your selfe mine owne loue will easily teach mee to seeke your contentment; and make mee thinke my daughter a very meane price to keepe still in mine eyes the foode

of my spirits. But take heede that contempt drue mee not into despaire, the most violent cause of that miserable effect. *Zelmane* that already saw some fruit of her last determined fancie (so farre as came to a mollifying of *Gynesia's* rage) seeing no other way to satysfie suspition, which was held open with the continuall prickes of loue, resolved now with plainenesse to winne trust, which trust shee might after deceiue with a greater subtiltie. Therefore looking vpon her with a more relenting grace, than euer she had done before, pretending a great bashfulnesse before she could come to confesse such a fault, she thus said vnto her, Most worthy Lady, I did neuer thinke, till now, that pittie of another could make mee betray my selfe, nor that the sound of words could overthrow any wise bodies determination. But your words (I thinke) haue charmed me, and your grace bewitched me. Your compassion makes me open my heart to you, & leaue vnharboured mine owne thoughts. For proof of it, I will disclose my greatest secret, which well you might suspect, but neuer know, and so haue your wandering hope in a more painfull wilderness, being neither way able to be lodged in a perfect resolution. I will, I say, vnwrap my hidden estate, and after make you iudge of it, perchance director. The truth is, I am a man: nay, I will say further to you, I am borne a Prince. And to make vp your minde in a through vnderstanding of mee since I came to this place, I may not deny I haue had some sprinkling of I know not what good liking to my Lady *Philoclea*. For how could I euer imagine, the heauens would haue rained downe so much of your fauour vpon me, and of that side there was a shew of possible hope, the most comfortable Counsellor of loue. The cause of this my changed attyre, was a iourney two yeeres agoe I made among the *Amazons*, where hauing fought to try my vnforgotten valour, I mette not one in all the Country but was too hard for mee, till in the end in the presence of their Queene *Marpesia*, I hoping to preuaile against her, challenged an old woman of fourescore yeeres, to fight on horsebacke to the vttermost with mee. Who hauing overthrowne me, for the sauing of my life, made me sweare I should goe like an vnarmed *Amazon*, till the comming of my beard did, with the discharge of my oath, deliuer me of that bondage. Here *Zelmane* ended, not comming to a full conclusion, because shee would see what it wrought in *Gynesia's* minde, hauing in her speech sought to winne a beliefe of her, and, if it might be, by disgrace of her selfe to diminish *Gynesia's* affection. For the first it had much preuailed: But *Gynesia*, whose end of louing her, was not her fighting, neither could her loue too deeply grounded, receive diminishment; and besides shee had seene, her selfe sufficient proofes of *Zelmaues* admirable prowess. Therefore sleightly passing over that point of her feined dishonour, but taking good hold of the confessing her manly sexe, with the shamefast looke of that suitor, who hauing already obtained much, is yet forced by want to demand more, put forth her sorrowfull suite in these words: The gods, said shee, reward thee for thy vertuous pittie of my ouerladen soule, who yet hath received some breath of comfort, by finding thy confession to maintaine some possibilitie of my languishing hope. But alas! as they who seeke to enrich themselves by minerall industrie, the first labour is to finde the myne, which to their cheerefull comfort being found, if after any vnlooked for stop, or casuall impediment keepe them from getting the desired vre, they are so much the more grieved, as the late conceiued hope addes torment to their former want. So falles it out with mee happy or haplesse woman (as it pleaseth you to ordaine) who am now either to receiue some guerdon of my most wofull labours, or to returne into a more wretched darkenesse, hauing had some glimmering of my blisfull Sunne. O *Zelmane*  
tread



tread not vpon a soule that lyes vnder your foote: let not the abusing of my selfe make me more base in your eyes, but iudge of me according to that I am, and haue beene, and let my errors be made excusable by the immortall name of loue. With that, vnder a fained rage, tearing her clothes, she discouered some parts of her faire body, which if *Zelmane's* heart had not beene so fully possesst as there was no place left for any new guest, no doubt it would haue yeelded to that gallant assault. But *Zelmane* so much the more arming her determination, as shee saw such force threatned, yet still remembring shee must wade betwixt constancie and curtesie, embracing *Gynecia*, and once or twise kissing her, Deare Lady, said shee, wee were a great enemy to himselfe, that would refuse such an offer, in the purchase of which a mans life were blessedly bestowed. Nay, how can I euer yeeld due recompence for so exquisite a fauour? but hauing nothing to giue you but my selfe, take that: I must confesse a small, but a very free gift: what other affection soeuer I haue had, shall giue place to as great perfection, working besides vpon the bond of gratefulnesse. The gods forbid I should bee so foolish, as not to see, or so wicked, as not to remember, how much my small deserts are ouer ballanced by your vnspcakable goodnesse. Nay happy may I well account my mishap among the *Amazons*, since that dishonour hath beene so true a path to my greatest honour, and the changing of my outward rayment, hath clothed my minde in such inward contentation. Take therefore noble Lady as much comfort to your heart, as the full commandement of mee can yeeld you: wipe your faire eyes, and keepe them for nobler seruices. And now I wil presume thus much to say vnto you, that you make of your selfe for my sake, that my ioyes of my new obtained riches may be accomplished in you. But let vs leaue this place, lest you be too long missed, & henceforward quiet your minde from any further care, for I will now (to my too much ioy) take the charge vpon mee, within few daies to worke your satisfaction, and my felicitie. Thus much shee said, and withall led *Gynecia* out of the Cade; for well she saw the boyling minde of *Gynecia* did easily apprehend the fitnessse of that lonely place. But indeed this direct promise of a short space, ioyned with the cumbersome familiar of womankind, I meane modestie, stayed so *Gynecia's* minde, that shee tooke thus much at that present for good payment: remaining with a painefull ioy, and a wearisome kinde of comfort, not vnlike to the condemned prisoner, whose minde still running vpon the violent arriual of his cruell death, heares that his pardon is promised, but not yet signed. In this sort they both issued out of that obscure mansion: *Gynecia* already halfe perswaded in her selfe (of weaknesse of humane conceit) that *Zelmane's* affection was turned towards her. For such alas! wee are all, in such a mould are we cast, that with the too much loue we beare our felices, being first our owne flatterers, wee are easily hooked with others flattery, we are easily perswaded of others loue.

But *Zelmane* who had now to play her prize, seeing no way things could long remaine in tahr state, & now finding her promise had tied her triall to a small compasse of time, began to throw her thoughts into each corner of her inuention, how shee might archieue her liues enterprise: for well shee knew deceit cannot otherwise bee maintained but by deceit: and how to deceiue such heedfull eyes, and how to satisfie, and yet not satisfie such hopefull desires, it was no small skill. But both their thoughts were called from themselves, with the sight of *Asilus*, who then lying downe by his daughter *Philotea*, vpon the faire, though naturall, bed of greene-grasse, seeing the Sunne what speede he made, to leaue our West to doe his office in the other Hemisphere, his inward Muske made him in his best musicke, sing this Madrigall.

**V** Hy dost thou haste away  
O Titan faire, the giner of the day?  
Is it so carry wmes

To westerne nights, what starres in East appeare?

Or dost thou thinke that here

Is left a Sunne, whose beames thy place may use?

Yet stay and well peruse,

What he her gifts, that make her equall thee,

Bend all thy light to see

In earthly clothes enclas'd a heavenly sparke:

Thy running course cannot such beauties marke.

No, no, thy motions be

Hastened from vs with barre of shadow darke,

Because that thou the author of our sighs

Disdain'st we see thee staid with others light.

And hauing ended, Deare Philoclea, said hee, sing something that may diuert my thoughts from the continuall taske of their ruinous harbour: Shee obedient to him, and not vnwilling to disburden her secret passion, made her sweet voice be heard in these words:

**O** Stealing time the subiect of delate,  
(Delay, the racke of vnrstrain'd desire)

What strange designe hast thou my hopes to staine,

My hopes which doe but to mine owne aspire?

Mine owne? O word on whose sweet sound doth pray

My greedy soule, with gripe of inward fire:

Thy title great Iustly challenge may,

Since in such phrase his faith he did asstire.

O time, become the chariot of my ioyes:

As thou drawest on, so let my blisse draw neere.

Each moment lost, part of my hap destroyes.

Thou art the father of occasion deare:

Ioyne with thy sonne, to ease my long annoyes,

In speedy helpe, thanke-worthy friends appeare.

Philoclea brake off her song, as soone as her mother with Zelmane came neere vnto them, rising vp with a kindly bashfulnesse, being not ignorant of the spite her mother bare her, and stricken with the sight of that person, whose loue made all those troubles seeme faire flowers of her dearest garland, nay rather all those troubles made the loue encrease. For as the arriuall of enemies makes a towne so fortifie it selfe, as euer after it remaines stronger, so that a man may say, enemies were no small cause to the townes strength: So to a mind once fixed in a well pleasing determination, who hopes by annoyance to ouerthrow it, doth but teach it to knit together all his best grounds, and so perchance of a chanceable purpose, make an vnchangeable resolution. But no more did Philoclea see the wonted signes of Zelmanes affection towards



towards her, she thought she saw another light in her eyes, with a bold and careless look upon her, which was wont to be dazzled with her beautie; and the framing of her curtesies rather ceremonious than affectionate; and that which worst liked her, was, that it proceeded with such quiet settlednesse, as it rather threatned a full purpose, than any sodaine passion. She found her behauiour bent altogether to her mother, and presumed in her selfe, she discerned the well acquainted face of his fancies now turned to another subiect. She saw her mothers worthinesse, & too well knew her affection. These ioyning their diuers working powers together in her minde, as yet a prentise in the painefull mysterie of passions, brought *Philoclea* into a new trauesse of her thoughts, and made her keepe her carefull look the more attentive vpon *Zelmanes* behauiour, who indeed (though with much paine and condemning her selfe to commit a sacriledge against the sweet Saint that liued in her inmost temple) yet strengthening her selfe in it; being the surest way to make *Gynecia* bite of her other baits, did so quite ouer-rule all wonted shewes of lone to *Philoclea*, and conuert them to *Gynecia*, that the part she played did worke in both a full and liuely perswasion: to *Gynecia*, such excessive comfort, as the being preferred to a riual doth deliuer to swelling desire: But to the delicate *Philoclea*, whose calme thoughts were vnable to nourish any strong debate, it gaue so stinging a hurt, that fainting vnder the force of her inward torment, she withdrew her selfe to the Lodge; and there weary of supporting her owne burthen, cast her selfe vpon her bed, suffering her sorrow to melt it selfe into abundance of teares; at length closing her eyes, as if each thing shee saw was a picture of her mishap, and turning vpon her heart side, which with vehement panting, did summon her to consider her fortune, shee thus bemoaned her selfe.

Alas *Philoclea*, is this the price of all thy paines? Is this the reward of thy giuen-way libertie? Hath too much yeelding bred crueltie? Or can too great acquaintance make mee held for a stranger? Hath the choosing of a companion made mee left alone? Or both granting desire, cause the desire to bee neglected? Alas, despised *Philoclea*, why diddest thou not hold thy thoughts in their simple course, and contreat thy selfe with the loue of thine owne vertue, which would neuer haue betrayed thee? Ah silly foole, didst thou looke for truth in him, that with his owne mouth confest his falsehood? Foraine proceeding in him, that still goes disguised? They say the falsest men will yet beare outward shewes of a pure minde. But he that euen outwardly beares the badge of treachery, what hels of wickednesse must needs in the depth bee contained? But O wicked mouth of mine, how darest thou thus blaspheme the ornament of the earth, the vessell of all vertue? O wretch that I am that will anger the gods in dispraising their most excellent work! O no, no, there was no fault but in mee, that could euer thinke so high eyes would looke so low, or so great perfections would staine themselves with my vnworthinesse. Alas, why could I not see, I was too weake a band to tie so heauenly a heart? I was not fit to limit the infinite course of his wonderfull destinies. Was it euer like that vpon onely *Philoclea* his thoughts should rest? Ah sillie foole that couldest please thy selfe with so impossible an imagination! An vniuersall happinesse is to flow from him. How was I so inueigled to hope, I might be the mark of such a mind? He did thee no wrong, O *Philoclea*, he did thee no wrong; it was thy weaknesse to fancies the beames of the Sonne should giue light to no eyes but to thine! And yet O Prince *Pyrocles*, for whom I may well begin to hate my selfe, but can neuer leaue to loue thee, what triumph canst thou make of this conquest? What spoiles wilt thou carrie away of this my vnderferued overthrow? could thy force finde out

our no sifter field than the feeble minde of a poore maide; who at the first sight did with thee all happinesse? Shall it be said, the mirror of mankind hath bene employed to destroy a hurtlesse Gentlewoman? O *Pyrales*, *Pyrales*, let mee yet call thee before the iudgement of thine own vertue, let me be accepted for a plaintiffe in a cause which concerns my life: what need hadst thou to arme thy face with the inchanting maske of thy painted passions? what need hadst thou to fortifie thy excellencies with so exquisite a cunning, in making our owne arts betray vs? what needest thou descend so far from thy incomparable worthinesse, as to take on the habire of weake womankind? Was all this to winne the vndefended Castle of a friend, which being wonne, thou wouldest after raze? Could so small a cause allure thee? or did not so vnioist a cause stop thee? O me, what say I more? this is my case, my Loue hates mee, vertue deales wickedly with me, and hee does mee wrong whose doing I can neuer account a wrong. With that the sweet Lady turning her selfe vpon her weary bed, she happely saw a Lute, vpon the belly of which *Gynecia* had written this song, what time *Psilins* imputed her iealous motions to proceed of the doubt she had of his vntimely loues. Vnder which vaile she contented to couer her neuer ceasing anguish, had made the Lute a monument of her minde, which *Philoclea* had neuer much marked, till now the feare of a competitor more stirred her, than before the care of a mother. The verses were these:

**M**Y Lute within thy selfe thy tunes enclose,  
 Thy mistresse song is now a sorrow's crye,  
 Her hand benumb'd with fortunes daily blowes,  
 Her mind amaz'd can neither helpe apply.  
 Weare these my words as mourning weeds of woes,  
 Blacke inke becomes the state wherein I die.  
 And though my noones be not in musicks bound,  
 Of written griefe yet be the silent ground.  
 The world doth yeeld such ill consorted shewes,  
 With circled course, which no wise flay can trie,  
 That childish stuffe which knowes not friends from foes,  
 (Better despise) bewander gasing eye.  
 Thus noble gold, downe to the bottom goes,  
 When worthless carke, aloft doth floating lye.  
 Thus in thy selfe, least strings are loudest sound,  
 And lowest stops doe yeeld the highest sound.

*Philoclea* read them, and throwing downe the Lute, Is this the legacie you haue bequeathed me, O kinde mother of mine, said shee? did you bestow the light vpon me for this? or did you beare me to be the Author of my buriall? A trim purchase you haue made of your owne shame; robbed your daughter to ruine your selfe? The birds vreasonable, yet vse so much reason, as to make nests for their tender yong ones; my cruell mother turnes mee out of mine owne harbour; alas, plaint bootes not, for my case can receiue no helpe; for who should giue mee helpe? shall I flye to my parents? they are my murtherers: shall I goe to him, who already being wonne and lost, must needs haue killed all pittie? Alas, I can bring no new intercessions, hee knowes already what I am is his. Shall I come home againe to my selfe? O me contemned wretch, I haue giuen away my selfe. With that the poore soule



soule beat her breast, as if that had beene guiltie of her faults, or her thinking of re-  
 venge, nor studying for redress, but (sweet creature) gave griefe a free dominion,  
 keeping her chamber a few daies after, not needing to faile her selfe sicke, feeling  
 even in her soule the pangs of future paine. But little did *Pyrochles* reck that, neither  
 when she saw her goe away from them, neither when she after found that sicknesse  
 made her hide her faire face: so much had fancy prevailed against nature. But O  
 you that haue euer knowne, how tender to every motion love makes the lovers  
 heart, how he measures all his ioyes vpon that contentment, & doth with respectfull  
 eye hang all his behauiour vpon her eye: Iudge I pray you how of *Zelmans* trou-  
 bled thoughts, when she saw *Philoclea*, with an amazed kind of sorrow, carrie away  
 her sweet presence; and easily found (so happy a nonieure, vnhappy affection  
 hath) that her demeanour was guiltie of that mischance. There was neuer foolish soft  
 hearted mother, that forced to beate her childe, did weepe first for his paines, & do-  
 ing that she was loth to doe, did repent before she began, did finde halfe that motion  
 in her weake minde, as *Zelmans* did, now that shee was forced by reason to give an  
 outward blow to her passions, and for the lending of a small time, to seke the vsu-  
 rie of all her desires. The vnderstande shee doned, *Philoclea* might conceiue, did  
 wound her soule, each teare shee shedd shee felt, drowned all her comfort: Her  
 sicknesse was a death vnto her. Often would shee speake to the image of *Philoclea*  
 which liued and ruled in the highest of her inward part, and vtter vehement othes and  
 protestations vnto her; that nothing should euer falsifie the free chosen vow shee had  
 made. Often would shee desire her, that she would take well to *Pyrochles* heart, for  
 as for her shee had no more interest, to know any way. Alas would shee say,  
 onely *Philoclea* hast thou not so much feeling of thine own force, as to know no new  
 Conqueror can preuaile against thy conquest? Was euer any dazeled with the  
 Moone, that had vsed his eyes to the beames of the Sunne? Is hee carried away  
 with a greedy desire of Acornes, that hath had his senses ransied with a garden of  
 most delighfull fruits? O *Philoclea*, *Philoclea*, be cheerefull as mercifull a Prince to  
 my mind, as thou art a true possessor; and I shall haue as much cause of gladnesse,  
 as thou hast no cause of misdoubting. O no, no, when a mans own heart is the gage  
 of his debt, when a mans owne thoughts are willing witnesses to his promise; lastly  
 when a man is the layser ouer himselfe, there is little doubt of breaking credence, and  
 lesse doubt of such an escape. In this combat of *Zelmans* doubtfull imaginations,  
 in the end reason well backed with the vehement desire to bring her mother home to  
 the desired haue, did once rule the boyling of her inward kindnesse, though as I say  
 with such a manifest strife, that both *Pyrochles* and *Gynecia* well waiting eyes, had  
 marked her muses had laboured in deeper subiects than ordinary; which shee like wife  
 perceiuing they had perceiued, awaking her selfe out of those thoughts, and princi-  
 pally caring how to satisfie *Gynecia* (whose iudgement and passion shee stood most  
 in regard of) bowing her head to her attentive eares, Madams (said shee) with practise  
 of my thoughts, I haue found out a way by which your contentment shall draw  
 on my happinesse. *Gynecia* deliuering in her face as thankfull a ioyfulness as her  
 heart could hold, said, it was then time to write themselves to their rest, for what  
 with riding abroad the day before, and late sitting vp for Eclogues, their bodies had  
 dearely purchased that nights quiet. So went they home to their Lodge, *Zelmans*  
 framing of both sides bountifull measures of louing countenances to others ioy,  
 and neither ielousie, to the special comfort of *Pyrochles*, whose weaker bowels  
 were straight full with the least liquor of hope. So that still holding her by the hand,  
 and sometimes tickling it, he went by her with the most gay conceits that euer had  
 entered





while thy known course, observing natures right,  
 stirres me to thinke what dangers lie in waite.  
 For mischiefs great, day after day doth show,  
 Make me still feare, thy faire appearing show.

Alas, said she, am not I runne into a strange gulfe, that am false for love to hurt her I love? And because I detest the others, to please them I detest: O onely *Philoclea* whose beautie is matched with nothing, but with the unspeakeable beautie of thy fairest mind, if thou didst see vpon what racke my tormented soule is set, little would you thinke I had any scope now to leape to any new change, with that with hastie hands shee got her selfe vp, turning her sight to euery thing, as if change of object might help her inuention. So went she againe to the Caeue, where forthwith it came into her head, that should be the fittest place to performe her exploit, of which she had now a kinde of confused conceit, although shee had not set downe in her fancie, the meeting with each particularitie that might fall out. But as the painter doth at the first but shew a rude proportion of the thing he imitates, which after with more curious hand he drawes to the representing each lineament: so had her thoughts beating about it continually, receiued into them a ground-plor of her deuise, although she had not in each part shaped it according to a full determination. But in this sort hauing early visited the mornings beautie, in those pleasant desarts, shee came to the King and Queene and told them, that for the performance of certaine her country deuotions, which onely were to bee exercised in solitari-nesse, she did desire their leaue she might for a few dayes lodge her selfe in the Caeue, the fresh sweetnesse of which did greatly delight her, in that hot Countrey; and that for that small space, they would not otherwise trouble themselues in visiting her, but at such times as she would come to waite vpon them, which should bee euery day at certaine houres; neither should it be long, shee would desire this priuiledged absence of them. They whose minds had already taken out that lesson, perfectly to yeeld a willing obedience to all her desires, with consenting countenance made her soone see her pleasure was a law vnto them. Both indeed inwardly glad of it, *Basilius* hoping that her diuiding her selfe from them, might yet giue him some freer occasion, of coming in secret vnto her, whose fauourable face had lately strengthened his fainting courage. But *Gynecia* of all other most ioyous, holding her selfe assured that this was but a prologue to the play she had promised her. Thus both flattering themselues with diuersly grounded hopes, they rang a bell which serued to call certaine poore women which euery lay in cabins not far off, to doe the household seruices of both Lodges, and neuer came to either but being called for: and commanded them to carry forthwith *Zelmanes* bed and furniture of her chamber, into the pleasant Caeue, & to decke it vp as finely as it was possible for them, that their soules rest might rest her body to her best pleasing manner: that was with all diligence performed of them, and *Zelmae* already in possession of her new chosen lodging, where she like one of *Vestaes* Nunnes, entertained her selfe for a few daies in all shew of straightnesse, yet once a day coming to doe her dury to the King and Queene, in whom the seldomnesse of the sight encreased the more vnquiet longing, though somewhat qualified, as her countenance was decked to either of them with more comfort than wonted; Especially to *Gynecia*, who seeing her, wholly neglecting her daughter *Philoclea*, had now promised her selfe a full possession of *Zelmanes* heart, still expecting the fruit of the happie and hoped for inuention. But both she and *Basilius* kept such a continuall watch about the precincts of the Caeue, that either of them

was a bar to the other from hauing any secret communing with *Zelmane*. While in the meane time the sweet *Philoclea* forgotten of her father, despised of her mother, and in apparence left of *Zelmane*, had yeelded vp her soule to be a prey to sorow and vnkindnes, not with raging conceit of reuenge as had passed through the stout and wise heart of her mother, but with a kindly meeknes taking vpon her the weight of her own woes, and suffering them to haue so full a course, as it did exceedingly weaken the estate of her body: as well for which cause, as for that she could not see *Zelmane*, without expressing (more than she would) how far now her loue was imprisoned in extremitie of sorow, she bound her selfe first to the limits of her own chamber, and after, (griefe breeding sicknesse) of her bed. But *Zelmane* hauing now a full libertie to cast about euery way how to bring her conceiued attempt to a desired successe, was oft so perplexed with the manifold difficultie of it, that sometimes shee resolved by force to take her away, though it were with the death of her parents, sometimes to go away her selfe with *Musidorus*, & bring both their forces, so to win her. But lastly, euen the same day that *Musidorus* by feeding the humour of his three loathsome gardians, had stolne away the Princeesse *Pamela* (whether it were that loue meant to match them euery way, or that her friends example had holpen her inuention, or that indeed *Zelmane* forbore to practise her deuise till shee found her friend had passed through his.) The same day, I say, shee resolved on a way to rid out of the Lodge her two cumbersome louers, and in the night to carry away *Philoclea*: whereunto she was assured her own loue no lesse than her sisters, would easily win her consent: hoping that although their abrupt parting had not suffered her to demand of *Musidorus* which way he meant to direct his iourney, yet either they should by some good fortune find him: or if that course failed, yet they might well recouer some towne of the *Helots*, neare the frontiers of *Arcadia*, who being newly againe vp in armes against the Nobilitie, shee knew would be as glad of her presence, as she of their protection. Therefore hauing taken order for all things requisite for their going, and first put on a slight vnder-suit of mans apparell, which before for such purposes shee had provided, shee curiously trimmed her selfe to the beautifying of her beauties, that being now at her last triall, she might come vnto it in her brauest armour. And so putting that kinde of milde countenance, which doth encourage the looker on to hope for a gentle answer, according to her late receiued manner, she left the pleasant darknesse of her melancholy Caue, to go take her dinner of the king and Queene, and giue vnto them both a pleasant food of seeing the owner of their desires. But euen as the *Persians* were anciently wont to leaue no rising Sunne vnslutted, but as his faire beames appeared clearer vnto them, would they more heartily reioyce, laying vpon them a great foretoken of their following fortune: So was there no time that *Zelmane* encountred their eyes with her beloued presence, but that it bred a kinde of burning deuotion in them, yet so much the more gladding their greedie soules, as her countenance was cleared with more fauour vnto them: which now being determinately framed to the greatest descent of kindnesse, it tooke such hold of her infortunate louers, that like children about a tender father from a long voyage returned, with louely childishnesse hang about him, and yet with simple feare measure by his countenance, how farre he accepts their boldnesse: so were these now throwne into so seruiceable an affection, that the turning of *Zelmane's* eye was a strong sterne enough to all their motions, wending no way but as the enchanting force of it guided them. But hauing made a light repast of the pleasant fruits of that country, enterlarding their food with such manner of generall discourses, as louers are wont to couer their passions in, when respect of a third person keeps them



them from plaine particulars, at the earnest entreatie of *Basilius*, *Zelmune*, first saluting the Muses with a base Violl hung hard by her, sent this ambassage in versified musick to both her ill-requited louers.

**B**asie hath force to catch the humane sight:  
 Light doth bewitch the fancie euill awaked.  
 Fancie we feele, includes all passions might,  
 Passion rebeld oft reasons strength hath shaked.

No wonder then, though sight my sight did taint,  
 And though thereby my fancie was infected,  
 Though (yoked so) my mind with sicknesse faint,  
 Had reasons weight for passions ease reiected.

But now the fit is past: and time hath giu'n  
 Leisure to weigh what due desert requireth.  
 All thoughts so sprung are from their dwelling drian,  
 And wisdom to his wonted seate aspireth;  
 Crying in me; eye-hopes deceitfull prone:  
 Things rightly priz'd, lone is the band of lone.

And after her song with an affected modestie, shee threw downe her eye, as if the conscience of a secret graunt her inward minde made, had sodainely cast a bashfull vaile ouer her. Which *Basilius* finding, and thinking now was the time to vige his painfull petition, beseeching his wife with more carefull eye to accompany his sickly daughter *Philoelea*, being rid for that time of her, who was content to graunt him any scope, that she might after haue the like freedom; with a gesture gouerned by the force of his passions, making his knees his best supporters, he thus said vnto her: If either, said he, O Lady of my life, my deadly pangs could beare delay, or that this were the first time the same were manifested vnto you, I would now but maintaine still the remembrance of my misfortune; without viging any further reward, than time and pite might procure for me. But (alas) since my martyrdome is no lesse painefull than manifest, and that I no more feele the miserable danger, than you know the assured truth thereof: why should my tongue deny his seruice to my heart? Why should I feare the breath of my words, who daily feele the flame of your works? Embrace in your sweet consideration, I beseech you, the miserie of my case, acknowledge your selfe to be the cause, and thinke it is reason for you to redresse the effects. Alas, get not certaine imaginative rules, whose truth stands but vpon opinion, keepe so wise a mind from gratefulnesse and mercie, whose neuer failing lawes nature hath planted in vs. I plaine ly lay my death vnto you, the death of him that loncs you, the death of him whose life you may saue, say your absolute determination, for hope it selfe is a paine, while it is ouermastered with feare, & if you do resolve to be cruell, yet is the speediest condemnation, as in euils, most welcome. *Zelmune* who had fully set to her selfe the traine she should keepe, yet knowing that who soonest means to yeeld doth well to make the brauest parlie, keeping countenance aloofe Noble Prince (said shee) your words are too well couched to come out of a restless minde, and thanked be the gods, your face threatens no danger of death. These are but those swelling speeches, which giue the vntermost name to euery trifle, which all were worth nothing, if they were not enameld with the goodly

outside of loue. Truly loue were very vnlovely, if it were halfe so deadly, as you louers (still thus) tearme it. I thinke well it may haue a certaine childish vehemencie, which for the time to one desire will engage all the soule; so long as it lasteth. But with what impatience you your selfe shew, who confesse the hope of it a paine, and thinke your own desire so vnworthy, as you would faine be rid of it; & so with ouermuch loue sue hard for a hastie refusall. A refusall! (cried out *Basilus*) amazed with all, but pierced with the last.) Now assure your selfe, whensoever you vse that word definitiue, it will be the vndoubted doome of my approaching death. And then shal your owne experience know in me, how soone the spirits dried vp with anguish, leaue the performance of their ministerie, whereupon our life dependeth. But alas, what a crueltie is this, not onely to torment, but to thinke the torment sleight? The terriblest tyrants would say by no man they killed, he died not; nor by no man they punished, that he escaped free: for of all other, there is least hope of mercie where there is no acknowledging of the paine; & with like crueltie are my words breathed out from a flamie heart accounted as messengers of a quiet minde. If I speake nothing, I choake my selfe, and am in no way of reliefe: if simply, neglected: if confusedly, not vnderstood: if by the bending together all my inward powers, they bring forth any liuely expressing of that they truly feele, that is a token, forsooth, the thoughts are at too much leisure. Thus is silence desperate, folly punished, and wit suspected: but indeed it is vaine to say any more, for words can bind no beliefe. Lady, I say, determine of me, I must confesse I cannot beare this battell in my mind, & therefore let me soone know what I may account of my selfe, for it is a hell of dolours when the mind still in doubt for want of resolution, can make no resistance.

Indeed (answered *Zelmene*) if I should grant to your request, I should shew an example in my selfe that I esteeme the holy band of chastitie to be but an imaginative rule, as you termed it: and not the truest obseruance of nature, the most noble commandement that mankind can haue ouer themselves, as indeed both learning teacheth, and inward feeling assureth. But first shall *Zelmene's* graue become her marriage bedde, before my soule shall consent to his owne shame, before I will leaue a marke in my selfe of an vredeemable trespasse. And yet must I confesse that if euer my heart were stirred, it hath beene with the manifest and manifold shewes of the miserie you liue in for me. For in truth so it is, nature giues not to vs her degenerate children, any more generall precept, than one to helpe the other, one to feele a true compassion of the others mishap. But yet if I were neuer so contented to speake with you (for further O *Basilus* neuer looke for at my hands) I know not how you can auoid your wiues ialous attendance, but that her suspicion shall bring my honour into question. *Basilus* whose small sailes the least wind did fill, was forthwith as farre gone into a large promising himselfe his desire, as before he was stricken downe with a threatned deniall. And therefore bending his browes as though he were not a man to take the matter as he had done, What (said he) shall my wife become my mistresse? Thinke you not that thus much time hath taught me to rule her? I will miew the Gentlewoman till she haue cast all her feathers, if shee rouse her selfe against me. And with that he walked vp & downe, nodding his head, as though they mistooke him much that thought he was not his wiues master. But *Zelmene* now seeing it was time to conclude, Of your wisdom & manhood (said she) I doubt not, but that sufficeth not me, for both they can hardly tame a malicious tongue, and impossibily bar the freedome of thought, which be the things that must be only witness of honour, or iudges of dishonor. But that you may see I doe not set light your affection, if to night after your wife be assuredly asleep, whereof by your loue I con-  
iure



iure you to haue a most precise care, you wil steale handfomly to the Cave vnto me, there do I grant you as great proportion as you wil take of free conference with me, euer remembering you will seek no more, for so shall you but deceiue your self, & for euer lose me. *Basilus* that was old enough to know that women are not wont to appoint secret night meetings for the purchasing of land, holding himselfe already an vndoubted possessor of his desires, kissing her hand, and litting vp his eies to heauen, as if the greatnesse of the benefit did goe beyond all measure of thanks, said no more, lest stirring of more words, might bring forth some perhaps contrarie matter. In which trance of ioy, *Zelmune* went from him, saying she would leaue him to the remembrance of their appointment, and for her she would goe visite the Lady *Philoclea*, into whose chamber being come, keeping still her late taken on grantie, and asking her how she did, rather in the way of dutifull honor, than any special affection, with extreame inward anguish to them both, she turned from her, and taking the Queene *Gynecia*, led her into a bay window of the same chamber, determining in her selfe, not to vtter to so excellent a wit as *Gynecia* had, the vttermost point of her pretended deuise, but to keepe the clause of it for the last instant, when the shortnesse of the time should not giue her spirits leisure to looke into all those doubts, that easily enter to an open inuention. But with smiling eyes, and with a deliuered ouer grace, sayning as much lone to her, as she did counterfaite little lone to *Philoclea*, she began with more credible than eloquent speech to tell her, that with much consideration of a matter so nearely importting her owne fancie, and *Gynecia*'s honour, she had now concluded that the night following should be the fittest time for the ioyning together their seuerall desires, what time sleepe should perfectly doe his office vpon the king her husband, and that the one should come to the other into the Cave. Which place as it was the first receipt of their promised lone, so it might haue the first honour of the due performance. That the cause why those few daies past, shee had not sought the like, was, lest the new change of her lodging, might make the King more apt to marke any sodaine euent: which now the vie of it would take out of his mind. And therefore now most excellent Lady (said she) there resteth nothing, but that quickly after supper, you traine vp the King to visite his daughter *Philoclea*, and then sayning your selfe not well at ease, by your going to bedde, draw him not long to be after you. In the meane time I will be gone home to my lodging, where I will attend you, with no lesse deuotion, but as I hope with better fortune, than *Thisbe* did the too much louing and too much loued *Pyramus*. The bloud that quickly came into *Gynecia*'s faire face, was the onely answer shee made, for that one might easily see, contentment and consent were both to the full in her: which shee did testifie with the wringing *Zelmune* fast by the hand, closing her eyes, and leaning her head fall, as if she would giue her to know, she was not ignorant of her fault, although she were transported with the violence of her emills. But in this triple agreement did the day seeme tedious of all sides, till his neuer erring course had giuen place to the nights succession. And the supper by each hand hastied, was with no lesse speede ended, when *Gynecia* presenting a heauie sleepe in her countenance, brought up both *Basilus* and *Zelmune* to see *Philoclea*, still keeping her bedde, and farre more sicke in minde than body, and more grieued than comforted with any such visitation. Thence *Zelmune* willing carefullest to *Philoclea*, did seeme to take that nights leaue of this princely chace, when *Gynecia* likewise seeming somewhat diseased, desired *Basilus* to stay a while with his daughter, while shee recommended her sicknesse to her beddes comfort, indeed desirous to determine againe of the manner of her stealing away, to no lesse comfort to *Basilus*,

who the sooner she was asleepe, the sooner hoped to come by his long pursued prey. Thus both were bent to deccine each other, and to take the aduantage of either others disaduantage. But *Gynecia* hauing taken *Zelmame* into her bed-chamber, to speake a little with her of their sweet determination: *Zelmame* vpon a sodaine (as though she had neuer thought of it before.) Now the gods forbid (said she) so great a Ladie as you are should come to me; or that I should leaue it to the hands of fortune, if by either the ill gouerning of your passion, or your husbands sodaine waking, any danger might happen vnto you. No, if there be any superiority in the points of true loue, it shall be yours: if there be any danger, since my selfe am the author of this deuise, it is reason it should be mine. Therefore doe you but leaue with me the keyes of the gate, and vpon your selfe take my vpper garment, that if any of *Damet*'s house see you, they may thinke you be my selfe, and I will presently lye downe in your place, so muffled for your supposed sicknesse, as the King shall nothing know me. And then as soone as he is asleepe, will I (as it much better becometh me) waite vpon you. But if the vttermost of mischiefs should happen, I can assure you the kings life shall sooner pay for it, than your honor. And with the ending of her words, she threw off her mantell, not giuing *Gynecia* any space to take the full image of this new change into her fancie. But seeing no readie obiection against it in her heart, and knowing that there was no time then to stand long disputing; besides, remebring the giuer was to order the manner of his gift, yeelded quickly to this conceit, indeed not among the smallest causes, tickled thereunto by a certaine wanton desire, that her husbands deedit might be the more notable. In this sort did *Zelmame* nimibly disarayng her selfe, possesse *Gynecia*'s place, hiding her head in such a close maner, as gricuous and ouerwatched sicknesse is wont to inuire to it selfe the solace of sleepe. And of the other side the Queene putting on *Zelmame*'s outmost apparell, went first into her closet, there quickly to beautifie her selfe with the best and sweetest night deckings. But there casting an hasty eye ouer her precious things, which euermore since *Zelmame*'s comming, her head otherwise occupied had left vnseene, she hapned to see a bottle of gold, vpon which down along were graued these verbes:

*Let him drinke this, whom long in armes to fold*

*Thou dost desire, and with free power to hold.*

She remembred the bottle, for it had beene kept of long time by the Kings of *Cyprus*, as a thing of rare vertue, and giuen to her by her mother, when shee being very young married to her husband of much greater age, her mother perswaded it was of propertie to force loue with loues effects, had made a precious present of it to this her beloued childe, though it had beene receiued rather by tradition to haue such a qualitie, than by any approued experiment. This *Gynecia* (according to the common disposition, not onely (though especially) of wines, but of all other kinds of people, not to esteeme much ones owne, but to thinke the labor lost, employed about it) had neuer cared to giue to her husband, but suffered his affection to runne according to his owne scope. But now that loue of her particular choise had awaked her spirits, and perchance the very vnlawfulnesse of it had a little blowne the scale, among her other ornaments with glad minde she tooke most part of this liquor, putting it into a faire cup, all set with diamonds: for what dares not loue vnder take, armed with the night, and prouoked with lust? And thus downe she went to the Caue-ward, guided onely by the Moones faire shining, suffering no other thought to haue any familiaritie with her braines; but that which did present vnto her



her a picture of her approaching contentment. She that had long disdained this solitary life her husband had entered into, now wished it much more solitary, so she might only obtaine the priuate presence of *Zelmae*. She that before would not haue gone so farre, especially by night, and to so darke a place, now tooke a pride in the same courage, and framed in her minde a pleasure out of the paine it selfe. Thus with thicke doubled paces shee went to the Caue, receiuing to her selfe, for her first contentment, the onely lying where *Zelmae* had done; whose pillow shee kist a thousand times, for hauing borne the print of that beloved head. And so keeping with panting heart her traouelling fancies so attentiuely, that the wind could stirre nothing, but that shee stirred her selfe, as if it had bene the pace of the longed for *Zelmae*, she kept her side of the bed, defending only and cherishing the other side with her arme, till after a while waiting, counting with her selfe how many steps were betwixt the Lodge and the Caue, and oft accusing *Zelmae* of more curious stay than needed, shee was visited with an vnexpected guest.

For *Basilus*, after his wife was departed to her fained repose, as long as hee remained with his daughter, to giue his wife time of vnreadying her selfe, it was easily scene it was a very thorny abode hee made there: and the discourtes with which hee entertained his daughter, not vnlike to those of earnest players, when in the midst of their game, trifling questions be put vnto them, his eyes still looking about, & himselfe still changing places, beginning to speake of a thing, & breaking it off before it were halfe done. To any speech *Philoclea* ministred vnto him, with a sodaine start and casting vp his head, made an answer farre out of all Grammer: a certaine deepe musing, and by and by out of it: vncertaine motions, vnstayed graces. Hauing borne out the limit of a reasonable time with as much paine as might bee, he came darkeling into his chamber, forcing himselfe to tread as softly as hee could. But the more curious he was, the more he thought every thing creaked vnder him; and his minde being out of the way with another thought, and his eyes not seruing his turne in that darke place, each Coffer or Cupbord hee met, one saluted his shinnies, another his elbowes: sometimes readie in reuenge to strike them againe with his face. Till at length, fearing his wife were not fully asleepe, hee came lifting vp the clothes as gently as (I thinke) poore *Pan* did, when in ffeed of *Iules* bed hee came into the rough embracings of *Heracles*; and laying himselfe downe, as tenderly as a new Bride, rested a while with a very open eare, to marke each breath of his supposed wife. And sometimes he himselfe would yeeld such a long fetched sigh, as though that had bene a musicke to draw on another to sleepe, till within a very little while, with the other parties well counterfeited sleepe (who was as willing to be rid of him, as he was to be gone thence) assuring himselfe he left all safe there, in the same order stole out againe, & putting on his night gowne, with much groping & scrambling, he gat himselfe out of the little house, and then did the Moone light serue to guide his fecte. Thus with a great deale of paine, did *Basilus* go to her whom hee fled, & with much cunning left the person for whom hee had employed all his cunning. But when *Basilus* was once gotten (as he thought) into a cleare coast, what ioy he then made, how each thing seemed vile in his sight, in comparison of his fortune, how far already hee deemed himselfe in the chiefe tower of his desires, it were tedious to tell: once, his heart could not chioose but yeeld this song, as a fairing of his contentment.

Et hence soule Griefe the canker of the minde:

Farewell Complaint, the misers onely pleasure.

Away

*Away vaine Cares, by which few men doe finde*

*Their sought-for treasure.*

*Ye helpelesse Sighes, blow out your breath to naught,*

*Tears drowne your selues for wee (your cause is waied.)*

*Thought, thinke to end, so long the fruit of thought*

*My minde hath tasted.*

*But the vn-sure Hope, tickle my leaping heart.*

*Comfort, step thou in place of wonted sadnesse:*

*Fare-felt Desire, begin to saunour part*

*Of comming gladnesse.*

*Let voice of Sighes into cleare musicke run:*

*Eyes, let your Teares with gazing now be mended,*

*In steed of Thought, true pleasure be begun,*

*And neuer ended.*

Thus imagining as then with himselfe, his ioyes so held him vp, that he neuer touched ground. And like a right old beaten Souldier, that knew well enough the greatest Capitaines doe neuer vse long Orations, when it comes to the very point of execution, as soone as hee was gotten into the Caue, and to the ioyfull (though silent) expectation of *Gynecia*, come close to the bed, neuer recking his promise to looke for nothing but conference, hee leapt into that side reserved for a more welcome guest. And laying his longingst hold vpon *Gynecia*: O *Zelmanc*, said he, embrace in your fauor this humble seruant of yours: hold within me my heart, which pants to leaue his master to come vnto you. In what case poore *Gynecia* was, when shee knew the voice, and felt the body of her husband, faire Ladies, it is better to know by imagination than by experience. For streight was her minde assaulted, partly with the being deprived of her vnquenched desire, but principally with the doubt that *Zelmanc* had betrayed her to her husband, besides the renewed sting of ieaousie, what in the meane time might befall her daughter. But of the other side, her loue with a fixed perswasion shee had, taught her to seeke all reason of hopes. And therein thought best before discovering of her selfe, to marke the behauiour of her husband; who, both in deedes and words still vsing her, as taking her to bee *Zelmanc*, made *Gynecia* hope that this might bee *Basilus* owne enterprize, which *Zelmanc* had not stayed, lest shee should discover the matter which might bee performed at another time. Which hope accompanied with *Basilus* manner of dealing, (he being at that time fuller of liuelier fancies, than many yeares before he had beene) besides the remembrance of her daughters sicknesse, and late strange countenance betwixt her and *Zelmanc*, all comming together into her minde, which was loath to condemne it selfe of an vtter ouenthrow, made her frame her self, not truly with a sugred ioy, but with a determinate patience to let her husband thinke hee had found a very gentle and supple-minded *Zelmanc*; which he good man making full reckoning of, did melt in as much gladnesse as she was oppressed with diuers vngratefull burthens.

But *Pyrocles* who had at this present no more to play the part of *Zelmanc*, hauing so naturally measured the manner of his breathing, that *Basilus* made no doubt of his sound sleeping, and laine a pretty while with a quiet vnquietnesse to performe



performe his entended enterprife, as toone as by the debate betwixt *Basilius* shinnes and the vnregarding formes, hee perceiued that hee had fully left the Lodge: after him went he with his stealing steps, hauing his sword vnder his arme, (still doubting lest some mischance might turne *Basilius* backe againe) downe to the gate of the Lodge. Which not content to locke fast, he barred and fortified with as many deuises, as his wit and hate would suffer him, that so hee might haue full time both for making ready *Philoclea*, and conueying her to her horse, before any might come in to finde them missing. For further ends of those ends, and what might ensue of this action, his loue and courage well matched neuer looked after, holding for an assured ground, that whosoeuer in great things will thinke to preuent all obiections, must lye still, and doe nothing. This determination thus weyed, the first part thus performed, vp to *Philocleas* chamber doore went *Pyrocles*, rapt from himselfe with the excessive fore-feeling of his (as hee assured himselfe) neere comming contentment. What euer paines hee had taken, what dangers hee had runne into, and especially those sawcie pages of loue, doubts, griefes, languishing hopes and threatening despaires, came all now to his minde, in one ranke to beautifie his expected blissefullnesse, and to serue for a most fit sawce, whose sournesse might giue a kinde of life to the delightfull cheare his imagination fed vpon. All the great estate of his father, all his owne glory, seemed vnto him but a trifling pompe, whose good stands in other mens conceit, in comparison of the true comfort hee found in the depth of his minde, and the knowledge of any misery that might ensue his ioyous aduenture, was recked of but as a slight purchase of possesling the top of happinesse, for so far his thoughts past through all perils, that already hee conceiued himselfe safely arriued with his Lady at the stately palace of *Pella*, among the exceeding ioyes of his father, and infinite congratulations of his friends giuing order for the royall entertraining of *Philoclea*, and for sumptuous shewes and triumphes, against their marriage. In the thought whereof as he found extremitie of ioy, so well found he that extremitie is not without a certaine ioyfull paine, by extending the heart beyond his wonted limits, and by so forcible a holding all the senses to one object, that it confounds their mutuall working, nor without a charming kind of rauishing them, from the free vse of their owne function. Thus griued onely with too much gladnesse, being come to the doore which should be the entrie to his happinesse, hee was met with the latter end of a song, which *Philoclea* like a solitarie Nighingale, bewayling her guiltlesse punishment, and helpelesse misfortune, had newly deliuered ouer, meaning none should be iudge of her passion, but her owne conscience. The song hauing beene accorded to a sweetely playd on Lute, contained these verses, which she had lately with some art curiously written, to wrap her secret and resolute woes.

**V** *Ertue, beautie, and speech, did strike, wound, charme,*  
*My heart, eyes, eares, with mander, lane, delight:*  
*First, second, last, did blinde, enforce, and arme,*  
*His works shewes, suites, with wits grace and wits might:*  
*Thus honour, liking, trust, much farre, and deepe,*  
*Held, pearst, possst, my iudgement, sense, and will,*

*Till wrong, contempt, deceit did grow, sleale, creepe,*

*Bands, fauour, faith, to breake, defile, and kill.*

*Then grieve, unkinnesse, proesse, sooke, kindled, thought*

*well grounded, noble, due, spite, rage, disdain,*

*But ah, alas! (In vaine) my minds, sights, thoughts,*

*Dash him, his face, his words, leane, shunne, reframe,*

*For nothing, time, nor place, can loose, quench, ease*

*Mine owne, embraced, soules, knot, fire, disease.*

The force of loue to those poore folke, that feele it, is many waies very strange, but no way stranger, than that it doth so enchain the louers iudgement vpon her that holds the raines of his minde, that whatsoeuer she doth is euer in his eyes best. And that best, being the continuall motion of our changing life, turned by her to any other thing, that thing againe becommeth best. So that nature in each kinde suffering but one superlatiue, the louer onely admits no positiue. If she sit still, that is best, for so is the conspiracie of her severall graces held best together to make one perfect figure of beautie. If she walke, no doubt that is best, for besides the making happie the more places by her steps, the very stirring addes a pleasing life to her native perfections. If she be silent, that without comparison is best, since by that means the vntroubled eye most freely may deuour the sweetnesse of his object. But if she speake, he will take it vpon his death that is best, the quintessence of each word being distilled downe into his affected soule: Example of this was well to be seene in the giuen-ouer *Pyrales*, who with panting breath, and sometime sighes, not such as sorrow restraining the inward parts doth make them glad to deliuer, but such as the impatience of delay, with the vnsecuretie of neuer so sure hope, is wont to breathe out. Now being at the dore, of the one side hearing her voice, which hee thought if the Philosophers said true of the heavenly seven sphered harmony, was by her not onely represented, but farre surmounted, and of the other hauing his eyes ouer filled with her beautie, (for the king at his parting had left the chamber open, and shee at that time lay, as the heate of that country did well suffer, vpon the top of her bed, hauing her beauties eclypsed with nothing but with a faire smocke, wrought all in flames of ash colour silke and gold, lying so vpon her right side, that the left thigh down to the foote, yeelded his delightfull proportion to the full view, which was seene by the helpe of a rich lampe, which thorow the curtynes a little drawne cast forth a light vpon her (as the Moone doth when it shines into a thinne wood,) *Pyrales* I say was stoped with the violence of so many darts, cast by *Cupid* altogether put vpon him, that quite forgetting himselfe, & thinking therein already he was in the best degree of felicitie, he would haue lost much of his time, and with too much loue omitted the enterprise vnderaken for his loue, had not *Philoclea's* pittifull accusing of him forced him to bring his spirits againe, to a new byas, for shee laying her hand vnder her faire cheek, vpon which there did priuily trickle the sweet drops of her delightfull though sorrowfull teares, made these words waite vpon her moanefull song. And hath that cruell *Pyrales*, said shee, deserued thus much of



me, that I should for his sake lift vp my voice in my best tunes, and to him continually, with powring out my plaint, make a disdained oblation? Shall my soule still do this honour to his vnmercifull tyrannie, by my lamenting his losse, to shew his worthinesse and my weakenesse? He heares thee not simple *Philoclea*, he heares thee not, and if he did, some hearts grow the harder the more they find their aduantage. Alas, what a miserable constitution of minde haue I! I disdaine my fortune, and yet reuerence him that disdaines me. I accuse his vngratefulness, and haue his vertue in admiration. O ye deafe heauens, I would either his iniury could blot out mine affection, or my affection could forget his iniury. With that giuing a pitifull but sweet shrill, she tooke againe the Lute, and began to sing this Sonnet, which might serue as an explaining to the other:

**T**He loue which is imprinted in my soule  
With beauties seale, and vertue faire disguis'de,  
With inward cries putt vp a bitter role  
Of huge complaints, that now it is despis'de.

Thus thus the more I loue, the wrong the more  
Monstrous appeares, long truth receiued late,  
Wrong flurres remorse, grieffe grieues deadly sore  
Vnkindnesse breeds, unkindnesse softereth hate.

But ah she more I hate, the more I thinke  
Whom I doe hate; the more I thinke on him,  
The more his matchlesse gifts doe deeply sinke  
Into my breast, and loues renewed swimme.  
What medicine then, can such disease remoue,  
Where loue drawes hate, and hate engend'reth loue?

But *Pyrocles* that had heard his name accused, & cōdemned by the mouth which of all the world, and more than all the world, he most loued, had then cause enough to call his mind to his home, and with the most haste he could (for true loue feares the accident of an instant) to match the excusing of his fault, with declaration of his errand thither. And therefore blowne vp and downe with as many contrary passions, as *Aeolus* sent out winds vpon the Troian reliques guided vpon the sea by the valiant *Aeneas*, he went into her chamber with such a pace as reuerent feare doth teach, where kneeling downe, & hauing prepared a long discourse for her, his eyes were so filled with her sight, that as if they would haue robbed all their fellowes of their seruices, both his heart fainted, & his tongue failed in such sort, that hee could not bring forth one word, but referred her vnderstanding to his eyes language. But she in extremitie amazed to see him there, at so vndue a season, & ashamed that her beautifull body made so naked a prospect, drawing in her delicate limmes into the weake guard of the bed, and presenting in her face to him such a kinde of pittifull anger, as might shew, this was only a fault, therefore because she had a former grudge vnto him, turning away her face from him, she thus said vnto him: O *Zelmane* or *Pyrocles*, (for whether name I vse it much skils not, since by the one I was first deceiued, & by the other now betrayed) what strange motion is the guide of thy cruell minde hither? Dost thou not thinke the day torments thou hast giuen me sufficient, but  
that

that thou dost enuie me the nights quiet? Wilt thou giue my sorrowes no truce, but by making me see before mine eyes how much I haue lost, offer me due cause of confirming my plaint? Or is thy heart so full of rancor, that thou dost desire to feed thine eyes with the wretched spectacle of thine ouerthrowne enemy, and so to satisfie the full measure of thy vnderferued rage, with the receiuing into thy sight the vn-releueable ruines of my desolate life? O *Pyrocles*, *Pyrocles*, for thine own vertues sake, let miseries be no musicke vnto thee, and be content to take to thy selfe some colour of excuse, that thou didst not know to what extremitie thy inconstancie, or rather falshood hath brought me. *Pyrocles* to whom every syllable shee pronounced, was a thunderbolt to his hart, equally distraught betwixt amazement & sorrow, abashed to see such a stop of his desires, grieved with her paine, but tormented to finde himselfe the author of it, with quaking lips, & pale cheere, alas diuine Lady said he, your displeasure is so contrary to my desert, & your words so farre beyond all expectations, that I haue least ability now I haue most need, to speake in the cause vpon which my life dependeth. For my troth is so vndoubtedly constant vnto you, my heart is so assured a witnesse to it selfe, of his vnspotted faith, that hauing no one thing in mee, whereout any such sacriledge might arise, I haue likewise nothing in so direct a thing to say for my selfe, but sincere and vehement protestations; for in truth, there may most words be spent, where there is some probabilitie to breed of both sides coniecturall allegations. But so perfect a thing as my loue is of you, as it suffers no question, so it seemes to receiue injury by addition of any words vnto it. If my soule could haue beene polluted with trechery, it would likewise haue provided for it selfe due furniture of colourable answers; but as it stood vpon the naked conscience of his vntouched duty, so I must confesse it is altogether vnarmed against so vniust a violence as you lay vpon me: alas! let not the pains I haue taken to serue you, be now accounted iniurious vnto you, let not the dangerous cunning I haue vsed to please you be deemed a treason against you, since I haue deceiued them who you feare for your sake, do not you destroy me for their sake; what can I without you further do? Or to what more forwardnesse can any counsell bring our desired happinesse? I haue provided whatsoeuer is needfull for our going, I haue rid them both out of the Lodg, so that there is none here to be hinderers or knowers of our departure, but only the almighty powers, whom I inuoke as triers of mine innocencie, & witnesses of my wel-meaning. And if euer my thoughts did receiue so much as a fainting in their affections: if they haue not continually with more & more ardour from time to time pursued the possession of your sweetest fauour; if euer in that possession they receiued either spot or falshood: then let their most horrible plagues fall vpon mee, let mine eyes be deprived of the light which did abase the heavenly beames that strake them, let my falsified tongue serue to no vse but to bemoane mine own wretchednes, let my heart impoisoned with detestable treason, be the seate of infernall sorrow, let my soule with the endlesse anguish of his conscience become his owne tormentor. O false mankind! cried out the sweet *Philoclea*. How can an impostumed hart but yeeld forth euill matter by his mouth? Are oathes there to be beleued, where vows are broke? No no, who doth wound the eternall iustice of the gods, cares little for abusing their names: & who in doing wickedly doth not feare due recompensing plagues, doth little feare that inuoking of plagues, will make them come euer a whit the sooner. But alas what ayleth this new conuersion, haue you yet another sleight to play, or do you thinke to deceiue me in *Pyrocles* forme, as you haue done in *Zelmanes*? Or rather now you haue betrayed me in both, is some third sex left you, into which you can transforme your selfe to inueigle my simplicitie? Enjoy the conquest you  
haue



hate already won: and assure your selfe you are come to the farthest point of your cunning. For my part vnkind *Pyrocles*, my onely defence shal be beleefe of nothing; my comfort my faithfull innocencie, & the punishment I desire of you shal be your owne conscience. *Philotes*'s hard persevering in this vniust condemnation of him, did so overthrow all the might of *Pyrocles* mind (who saw that time would not serue to prove by deeds, & that the better words he vsed, the more they were suspected of deceitfull cunning.) That voided of all counsell, & deprivied of all comfort, finding best deserts punished, & neereft hopes preverted, he did abandon the succour of himselfe, & suffered griefe so to close his heart, that his breath sayling him with a deathfull shutting of his eyes, he fell down at her bedside, hauing had time to say no more, but oh! whom dost thou kill *Philotes*? She that little looked for such an extreme event of her doings, start out of her bed, like *Venus* rising from her mother the sea; not so much stricken down with amazement, & griefe of her fault, as lifted vp with the force of loue & desire to helpe, she layd her faire body ouer his breast, & throwing no other water in his face, but the streame of her teares, not giuing him other blowes, but the kissing of her well formed mouth, her only cries were these lamentations: O vnfortunate suspicion, said she, the very meane to lose that wee most suspect to lose. O vnkind kindnesse of mine, which returnes an imagined wrong with an effectuall iniury. O foole to make quarrell my supplication, or to vse hate as the mediator of loue: childish *Philotes*, hast thou throwne away the iewel wherein all thy pride consisted? Hast thou with too much haste ouer-run thy selfe? Then would she renew her kisses: & yet not finding the life return, redouble her plaints in this manner: O diuine soule, said she, whose vertue can possesse no lesse than the highest place in heaven, if for mine eternall plague, thou hast vtterly left this most sweet mansion, before I follow thee with *Thisbe*'s punishment for my rash vnwarinesse, heare this protestation of mine: That as the wrong I haue done thee proceeded of a most sincere, but vnresistable affection, so led with this pitifull example, it shall end in the mortall hate of my selfe, & (if it may be) I will make my soule a tombe of thy memory. At that word with anguish of mind & weaknesse of body encreased one by the other, & both augmented by this fearfull accident, she had falne down in a sound, but that *Pyrocles* then first seuering his eye-liddes, & quickly apprehending her danger, to him more than death, beyond all powers struing to recover the commandment of all his powers, stayed her from falling: & then lifting the sweet burthen of her body in his armes, laid her again in her bed. So that she, but then the Physicion, was now become the patient: & he, to whom her weaknesse had been seruiceable, was now enforced to do seruice to her weaknesse, which performed by him with that herry care which the most carefull loue on the best loued subiect in greatest extremity could employ, preuailed so farre, that ere long she was able (though in strength exceedingly debilitated) to call home her wandring senses, to yeeld attention to that her beloued *Pyrocles* had to deliuer. But he lying downe on the bed by her, holding her hand in his, with so kind an accusing her of vnkindnes, as in accusing her he condemned himselfe, began from point to point to discouer vnto her all that had passed betweene his too much louers & him. How he had entertained, & by entertaining deceiued, both *Basilius* & *Isidore*; and with such a kind of deceit, as either might see the cause in the other, but neither espie the effect in themselves. That all his fauours to them had tended onely to make them strangers to this his action: & all his strangenesse to her, to the final obtaining of her long promised, & now to be performed fauour. Which deuile feeling it had so well succeeded to the remouing all other hinderances, that only her resolution remained for the taking their happy iourney, he continued her by all the loue

she had euer borne him, she would make no longer delay to partake with him whatsoever honors the noble kingdome of *Macedon*, and all other *Enarchus* dominions might yeeld him, specially since in this enterprife he had now waded so farre, as he could not possibly retire him selfe back, without being ouerwhelmed with danger & dishonor. He needed not haue vsed further perswasion: for that only coniuration had so forcibly bound all her spirits, that could her body haue seconded her mind, or her mind haue strengthened her body, without respect of any worldly thing, but onely feare to be again vnkind to *Pyrocles*, she had condescended to go with him. But raising her selfe a litle in her bed, & finding her own vnability in any sort to endure the aire: My *Pyrocles* said she (with tearefull eyes & pitifull countenance, such as well witnessed she had no will to deny any thing she had power to performe) if you can conuey me hence in such plight as you see mee; I am most willing to make my extremest danger a testimony, that I esteeme no danger in regard of your vertuous satisfaction. But she fainted so fast, that she was not able to vtter the rest of her conceived speech: which also turned *Pyrocles* thoughts from expecting further answer, to the necessary care of reuiuing her, in whose fainting himselfe was more than ouerthrowne. And that hauing effected with all the sweet meanes his wits could deuise, though his highest hopes were by this v unexpected downfall sunke deeper than any degree of despaire: yet lest the appearance of his inward griefe might occasion her further discomfort, hauing racked his face to a more comfortable semblance, he sought some shew of reason, to shew she had no reason, either for him, or for her selfe to be afflicted. Which in the sweet minded *Philoclea*, whose consideration was limited by his words, & whose conceit pierced no deeper than his outward countenance, wrought within a while such quietnesse of minde, & that quietnesse againe such repose of body, that sleepe by his harbingers weaknesse, wearinesse, & watchfulnesse, had quickly taken vp his lodging in all her senses. Then indeed had *Pyrocles* leasure to sit in iudgment on himselfe, and to heare his reason accuse his rashnesse, who, without forecast of doubt, without knowledge of his friend, without acquainting *Philoclea* with his purpose, or being made acquainted with her present estate, had false headlong into that attempt, the successe whercof he had long since set downe to himselfe as the measure of all his other fortunes. But calling to minde how weakely they doe, that rather finde fault with what cannot be amended, than seeke to amend wherein they haue beene faultie: he soone turned him from remembring what might haue beene done, to considering what was now to be done, & when that consideration failed, what was now to be expected. Wherein hauing runne ouer all the thoughts, his reason, called to the strictest accounts, could bring before him, at length hee lighted on this: That as long as *Gynecia* bewrayed not the matter (which hee thought she would not doe, as well for her owne honour & safety, as for the hope she might still haue of him, which is loth to die in a louers heart) all the rest might turne to a pretty meryment, and enflame his louer *Basilus*, againe to cast about for the missed fauour. And as naturally the heart stuffed vp with wofulnesse, is glad greedily to sucke the thinnest ayre of comfort: so did hee at first, embrace this conceit as offering great hope, if not assurance of well doing, till looking more deereely into it, and not able to answer the doubts & difficulties hee saw therein more & more arising, the night being also farre spent, his thoughts euen weary of his owne burthens, fell to a straying kind of vncertainie: & his mind standing onely vpon the nature of inward intelligences, left his body to giue a sleeping respite to his vitall spirits, which according to the qualitie of sorrow receiued with greater greedinesse than euer in his life before: according to the nature of sorrow, I say, which is past cares remedie. For



care stirring the braines, and making thin the spirits, breaketh rest: but those griefes wherein one is determined there is no preventing, doe breed a dull heavinesse which easily clothes it selfe in sleepe. So as laid downe so neere the beautie of the world *Philoclea*, that their neckes were subiect each to others chaste embracements, it seemed loue had come thither to lay a plot in that picture of death, how gladly, if death came, their soules would goe together.

*The third Eclogue.*

**T***hyrsis* not with many painted words nor falsified promises had won the consent of his beloued *Kala*, but with a true and simple making her know hee loued her, not forcing himselfe beyond his reach to buy her affection, but giuing her such pretie presents, as neither could wearie him with the giuing, nor shame her for the taking. Thus, the first Strawberies hee could finde, were euer in a cleane washt dish, sent to *Kala*; thus poesies of the spring flowers were wrapprvp in a little greene filke, & dedicated to *Kalas* breasts; thus sometimes his sweetest creame, sometimes the best Cakebread his mother made, were reserved for *Kalas* taste. Neither would he stick to kill a lambe when she would be content to come ouer the way vnto him. But then lo, how the house was swept, & rather no fire than any smoke left to trouble her. Then loue songs were not dainty, when she would heare them, & as much mannerly silence when she would note. In going to Church great worship to *Kala*. So that all the parish said, neuer a mayde they knew so well waited on: and when dancing was about the May-pole, no body taken out but she, and he after a leape or two to shew her his owne actiuitie, would frame all the rest of his dancing onely to grace her. As for her fathers sheepe, hee had no lesse care of them than his owne: so that she might play her as she would, warrantd with honest *Thyrsis* carefullnesse. But if he spied *Kala* fauoured any one of the flocke more than his fellowes, then that was cherished: shearing him so (when shorne he must be) as might most become him: but while the wooll was on, wrapping within it some verses, wherein *Thyrsis* had a speciall gift, & making the innocent beast his vnweering messenger. Thus constantly continuing though he were none of the fairest, at length hee wan *Kalas* heart, the honestest wench in all those quarters. And so with consent of both parents (without which neither *Thyrsis* would aske, nor *Kala* grant) their marying day was appointed, which because it fell out in this time, I thinke it shall not be impertinent, to remember a little our shepheards, while the other greater persons, are either sleeping or otherwise troubled. *Thyrsis* mariage time once knowne, there needed no inuiring of the neighbours in that valley, for so well was *Thyrsis* beloued, that they were all readie to doe him credit, neither yet came they like Harpies to deuoure him: but one brought a fat pigge, the other a tender kidde, the third a great goose: as for cheese, milke, & butter, were the gossips presents. Thither came of strange shepheards onely the melancholy *Philisides*, for the vertuous *Coridon* had long since left off all ioyfull solemnities. And as for *Strephon* and *Claius*, they had lost their mistresse, which put them into such extreme sorrowes as they could scarcely abide the light of the day, much lesse the eyes of men. But of the *Areadian* borne shepheards, thither came good old *Geron*, yong *Hisor*, though vnwilling, and vpright *Dicus*, merry *Pas* and iolly *Nico*. As for *Damet*, as they durst not presume (his pride was such) to inuite him, and *Dorus* they found might not be spared. And there vnder a bower was made of bowes (for *Thyrsis* house was not able to receiue the) euery one placed according to his age. The women (for such was the maner of the country) kept together to make

good cheate among themselves, from which otherwise a certaine painefull modesty restraines them, and there might the sadder matrons giue good counsell to *Kalar* who poore soule wept for feare of that she desired. But among the shepheards was all honest libertie, no feare of dangerous tel-tales, who hunt greater preyes, nor indeed mindes in them to giue tel-tales any occasion, but one questioning with another of the manuring his ground, and governing his flocke, the highest point they reached to, was, to talke of the holinesse of mariage; to which purpose as soone as their sober dinner was ended, *Dicus* in steed of thankes sang this song with a cleare voice and cheerefull countenance.

**T** *Et mother earth now decke her selfe in flowers,  
To see her off-spring seeke a good increase,  
Where iustest loue doth vanquish Cupids powers,  
And warre of thoughts is swallowed up in peace,  
Which neuer may decrease,  
But like the turtles faire,  
Lie one in two, a well united paire;  
Which that no chance may staine,  
O Hymen long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

*O heau'n awake, shew forth thy stately face,  
Let not these slumbring clouds thy beauties hide,  
But wish thy cheerefull presence helpe to grace  
The honest Bridegroome, and the bawfull Bride,  
Whose loues may euer bide,  
Like to the Elme and Vine,  
With mutuall embracements them to twyne:  
In which delightfull paine,  
O Hymen long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

*Yee Muses all which chaste affects allow,  
And haue to Thyrsis shewed your secret skill,  
To this chaste loue your sacred fauours bow,  
And so to him and her your gifts distill,  
That they all vice may kill:  
And like to lillies pure,  
May please all eyes, and spotlesse may endure.  
Where that all blisse may raigne,  
O Hymen long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

*Yee Nymphes which in the waters empire haue,  
Since Thyrsis musicke oft doth yeeld you praise,  
Grant to the thing which me for Thyrsis craue.  
Let one time (but long first) close up their daies,  
One graue their bodies seaze:  
And like two riuers sweet,  
When they, though diuers, doe together meet;  
One streame both streames containe:  
O Hymen long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*



Pan, father Pan the god of silly sheepe,  
 Worse care is cause that they in number grow,  
 Haue much more care of them that them doe keepe,  
 Since from these good shee deuers good doth flow,  
 And make their issue shew  
 In number like the heard  
 Of yonglings, which thy selfe with loue hast reard,  
 Or like the drops of raine.  
 O Hymen long their coupled ioyes maintaine.

Vertue (if not a God) yet Gods chiefe part,  
 Bethou the knot of this their open vow,  
 That still he be her head, she be his heart,  
 He leane to her, she vnto him doe bow:  
 Each other still allow:  
 Like Oke and Mistletoe.  
 Her strength from him, his praise from her doe growe;  
 In which most louely traine,  
 O Hymen long their coupled ioyes maintaine.

But thou soule Cupid fire to lawlesse lust,  
 Bethou farre hence with thy empyson d darts,  
 Which though of glittering golde, shall here take rust,  
 Where simple loue, which chastnesse doth impart,  
 Auides thy hurtfull art,  
 Not needing charming skill,  
 Such mindes with sweet affections for to fill,  
 Which being pure and plaine,  
 O Hymen long their coupled ioyes maintaine.

All churlish words, sbrowd answers, crabbed lookes,  
 All priuatenesse, selfe-seeking, inward spise,  
 All waywardnesse, which nothing kindly brookes,  
 All strife for toyes, and clayming masters right.  
 Be hence, eye put to flight:  
 All stirring husbands hate  
 Gainst neighbors good for womanish debate,  
 Be fled as things most vaine,  
 O Hymen long their coupled ioyes maintaine.

All peacocke pride, and fruits of peacocks pride,  
 Longing to be with losse of substance gay,  
 With retchlesnesse what may the house betide,  
 So that you may on hyer slippers stay,  
 For euer hence away:  
 Yet let not sluttery,  
 The sinke of filth, be counted huswifery:  
 But keeping whole your meane,  
 O Hymen long their coupled ioyes maintaine.

But above all, away vile ieaousie,  
 The euill of euils, iust cause to be vniust,  
 (How can he lone suspecting treachery?  
 How can she lone where lone cannot win trust?)  
 Goe snake, hide thee in dust,  
 Ne dare once shew thy face,  
 Where open hearts doe hold so constant place,  
 That they thy sting restraine,  
 O Hymen long their coupled ioyes maintaine.

The earth is deckt with flowers, the heauens displaid,  
 Muses grant gifts, Nymphes long and ioyned life,  
 Pan store of babes, vertue their thoughts well laid,  
 Cupids lust gone and gone is bitter strife,  
 Happy man, happy wife.  
 No pride shall them oppresse,  
 Nor yet shall yeeld to loshsome fluttishnesse,  
 And ieaousie is slaine:  
 For Hymen will their coupled ioyes maintaine.

Truly *Dicens*, said *Nico*, although thou didst not grant mee the prize the last day, when vndoubtedly I won it, yet must I needs say, Thou for thy part hast sung well & thriftily. *Pas* straight desired all the company they would beare witness that *Nico* had once in his life spoken wisely; for, said he, I will tell it his father, who will bee a glad man when he heares such newes. Very true, said *Nico*, but indeed so would not thine in like case, for he would looke thou shouldst liue but one houre longer, than a discreete word wandred out of thy mouth. And I pray thee, said *Pas*, gentle *Nico*, tell me, what mischance it was that brought thee to taste so fine a meat? Mary good-man blockhead, said *Nico*, because he speakes against ieaousie, the filthy traytor to true affection, and yet disguising it selfe in the rayment of loue. Sentences, Sentences, cryed *Pas*. Alas, how ripe witted these yong folkes bee now adayes! But well counselled shall that husband be, when this man comes to exhort him not to be ieaous. And so shall he, answered *Nico*, for I haue scene a fresh example, though it bee not very fit to be knowne. Come, come, said *Pas*, be not so squeamish, I know thou longest more to tell it, than we to heare it. But for all his words, *Nico* would not bestow his voice, till he was generally entreated of all the rest. And then with a merry marriage looke he sang this following discourse, for with a better grace hee could sing than tell:

**A** Neighbour mine not long agoe there was,  
 (But namelesse he, for blamelesse he shall be)  
 That married had a trick and bonny lasse  
 As in a sommer day a man might see:  
 But he himselfe a foule vnhandsome groomie,  
 And farre unfit to hold so good a roome.

Now whether moon'd with selfe unworthinesse,  
 Or with her beauty fit to make a pray,  
 Fell ieaousie did so his braine oppresse,

That



That if he absent were but halfe a day,  
He ghesse the worst (you was what is the worst)  
And in himselfe new doubting causes nurst.

while thus he fear'd the silly innocent,  
Whoyet was good, because shee knew none ill,  
Vnto his house a iolly shepheard went,  
To whom our Prince did beare a great good will;  
Because in wrestling and in pastoxall,  
He farre did passe the rest of shepheards all.

And therefore he a Courtier was benamed,  
And as a Courtier was with sheere receined,  
(For they haue tongues to make a poore man blamed,  
If he to them his dutie misconceined)  
And for this Courtier should well like his table,  
The good man bade his wife be seruicetable.

And so she was, and all with good intent;  
But few daies past while shee good maner vsde;  
But that her husband thought her seruice bent  
To such an end as he might be abuse.  
Yet like a coward fearing strangers pride,  
He made the simple wench his wrath abide;

with chumpish looks, hard words, and secret wips,  
Grumbling at her when she his kindnesse sought;  
Asking her how she tasted Courtiers lips,  
He forc't her thinke that which she neuer thought.  
In fine he made her ghesse, there was some sweets,  
In that which he so fear'd that she should mee.

When once this entred was, in womans hart,  
And that it had enflam'd a new desire,  
There rested then, to play a womans part,  
Fuell to seeke and not to quench the fire:  
But (for his iealous eye she well did finde)  
She studied cunning here the same to blinde.

And thus she did. One day to him she came,  
And (though against his will) on him she leand,  
And out gan cry, Ah well away for shame,  
If you helpe not our wellock will be staine.  
The goodman starting, askt what her did moue;  
She sigh'd and said, The bad guest sought her loue.

He little looking that she should complaine  
Of that, whereto he fear'd she was enchainde;

My Story

Busking her oft, and in his heart full faine,  
 He did demanda what remedie to finde;  
 How they might get that guest, from them to wend,  
 And yet the Prince (that lou'd him) not offend.

Husband, quoth she, goe to him by and by,  
 And tell him you doe finde I doe him lone:  
 And therefore pray him that of curtesie  
 He will absent himselfe, lest he should moue  
 A yong girles heart, to that were shame for both,  
 whereto you know, his honest heart were loath.

Thus shall you shew that him you doe not doubt,  
 And as for me (sweet husband) I must beare.  
 Glad was the man when he had heard her out,  
 And did the same, although with mickle feare.  
 For feare he did, lest he the yong man might  
 In choller put, with whom he would not fight.

The Courtly shepheard much agast at this,  
 Not seeing earst such token in the wife,  
 Though full of scorne, would not his dastie misse,  
 Knowing that ill becomes a household strife,  
 Did goe his way, but sojourn'd neare thereby,  
 That yet the ground herof he might espie.

The wife thus hauing settled husbands braine,  
 who would haue sworne his spouse Diana was,  
 watched when she a further point might gaine,  
 which little time did fitly bring to passe.

For to the Court her man was call'd by name,  
 whither he needs must goe for feare of blame.

Three dayes before that he must sure depart,  
 She written had (but in a hand disguise)  
 A letter such, which might from either part,  
 Seeme to proceed, so well it was deuise.

She seald it first, then she the sealing brake,  
 And to her iealous husband did it take.

with weeping eyes (her eyes she taught to weep)  
 She told him that the Courtier had sent:  
 Alas (quoth she) thus womens shame doth creep.

The goodman read on both sides the contents,

It tittle had, Vnto my onely Loue:  
 Subscription was, Yours most, if you will proue.

The pistle selfe such kind of words is had,



My sweetest ioy, the comfort of my spirit,  
So may thy flockes increase thy deare heart glad,  
So may each thing, euen as thou wishest light,  
As thou wilt deigne to reade, and gently reed  
This mourning inke, in which my heart doth bleed.

Long haue I lou'd (alas thou wert by art)  
Long haue I lou'd (alas lone cravest lone)  
Long haue I lou'd by selfe, alas my heart  
Doth breake, now tongue vnto thy name doth moue,  
And thinke not that thy answer answer is,  
But that it is my doome of bale or blisse.

The ielous wretch must now to Court be gone:  
Ne can he faile, for Prince hath for him sent:

Now in the time we may be here alone;  
And give a long desire a faine consent.

Thus shall you both remaine in loue true,  
And eke reuenge his wrong suspecting none.

And this was all, and thus the husband read  
With chafe enough, till she was pacified.

Desiring that no more he should be read,  
Now that he had her words so truly said:

But that he would, to bid the letter stop,  
That with his fault he might her goodnesse know.

That straight was done with many a boystrous threat,  
That to the King he would his sinne declare:

But now the Courtier gan to smell the feat,  
And with some words which shewed little care,

He said vntill the goodman was departed,  
Then gaue he him the blow which neuer smarted.

Thus may you see, the ielous wretch was made  
The Pandar of the thing he most did feare.

Take heed therefore, how you ensue that trade,  
Lest the same markes of ielousie you beare.

For sure, no ielousie can that prevent,  
Whereto two parties once be full consent.

Behold, said *Par*, a whole dicker of wit: he had pickt out such a tale with intention to keepe a husband from ielousie, which were enough to make a sanctified husband ielous, to see subtilties so much in the feminine gender. But, said hee, I will strike *Nico* dead, with the wife words shall flow out of my gorge. And without further entreatie thus sang:

**VV** Ho doth desire that chaste his wife should be,  
First, be he true, for truth doth truth defende.

Then

Then such be he, as she his worth may see,  
And one man still cradice with her presence

Not toying kind, nor causlessly unkind,  
Not stirring thoughts, nor yet denying right,  
Not spying faults, nor in plaine errors blind,  
Newer hard hand, nor euer rainer too light.

As farre from want, as farre from vaine expense,  
(The one doth force, the latter doth entice)  
Allow good company, but keepe from thence  
All filth by moutbes that glory in their vice.  
This done, thou hast no more, but leaue the rest  
To vertue, fortune, time and womans breast.

Well concluded, said Nico, when hee hath done all, hee leaues the matter to his wiues discretion. Now whensoever thou marriest, let her discretion deke thy head with *Aleons* ornament. *Pa* was so angry with his wife, being indeed towards marriage, that they might perchance haue fallen to buffers, but that *Diana* desired *Philisides* (who as a stranger sate among them, reuoluing in his minde all the tempests of euill fortunes he had passed) that he would doe so much grace to the company, as to sing one of his countrey songs. *Philisides* knowing it no good manner to bee squeamish of his cunning, hauing put himselfe in their company, without further studie beganne to vtter that, wherewith his thoughts were then (as alwaies) most busied: and to shew what a stranger he was to himselfe, spake of himselfe, as of a third person, in this sort:

**T**He lad *Philisides*  
Lay by a river side,  
In flowry field a gladder eye to please,  
His pipe was at his foot,  
His lambs were him beside,  
A widow turtle neare on bared rooe  
Sate wayling without boot.  
Each thing both sweet and sad  
Did draw his boyling braine  
To thinke, and thinke with paine  
Of *Mira's* beames, eclips'd by absence had.  
And thus, with eyes made dimme  
With teares, he said, or sorrow said for him:  
O earth, once answer gine,  
Sama thy stately grace  
By North, or South still rich adorned liue,  
So *Mira* long may be  
On thy then blessed face,  
Whose foot doth set a heau'n on cursed thee,  
I aske, now answer me.  
If th' author of thy blisse,  
Phoebus, that shepheard high,

VV



Doe turne from thee his eye,  
 Dost not thy selfe, when he long absent lies,  
 Like rogue, all ragged goe,  
 And pine away with daily wasting woe?  
 Tell me you want to breake,  
 So may your sliding race  
 Shun leashed-longing hatches with cunning crookes:  
 So in you ever new  
 Mira may looke her face,  
 And make you faire with shadow of her hue:  
 So when to pay your due  
 To mother sea you come,  
 She chide you not for stay,  
 Nor beat you for your play,  
 Tell me if your diverted springs become  
 Absented quite from you,  
 Are you not dried? Can you your selues renew?  
 Tell me you flower as faire  
 Cowslip and Columbine,  
 So may your Make this whole some spring time ayre  
 With you embraced lie,  
 And lately thence untwine:  
 But with dew drops engender children like:  
 So may you neuer die,  
 But pull'd by Mira's hand,  
 Dresse bosome hers, or head;  
 Or scatter on her bed.  
 Tell me, if husband spring time leane your Land,  
 When he from you is sent,  
 Wither not you, languisht with discontent  
 Tell me, my sully pipe, if you should ever  
 So may thee still betide  
 A cleanly cloth thy maiestie for to wipe:  
 So may the cherries red  
 Of Mira's lips diuide  
 Their sugred selues to kisse thy happy head:  
 So may her eares be led,  
 Her eares where Musicke lines,  
 To heare and not despise  
 Thy lyribling cries:  
 Tell, if that breath, which thou thy sounding glasse,  
 Be absent farre from thee,  
 Absent alone canst thou then piping be?  
 Tell me my lambe of gold,  
 So maist thou long abide  
 The day well fed, the night in faithfull fold:  
 So grow thy wooll of more,  
 In time that richly dyed  
 It may be part of Mira's pecticoe,

Tell me, if wolues the throte  
 Have caught of thy deare damme,  
 Or shee from thee be slayd,  
 Or thou from her be strayd,  
 Canst thou poore lambe, become another lamme?  
 Or rather till thou die  
 Still for thy Damme wish begin mourning crye?  
 Tell me O Turtle true,  
 So may no fortune breed  
 To make thee nor thy better Damsell rue:  
 So may thy blessings swarme  
 That Mira may thee feede  
 With hand and mouth, with lap and breast keepe warme:  
 Tell me if greedie arme,  
 Doe fondly take away  
 With traytor lime the one  
 The other left alone  
 Tell me poore wretch, parted from wretched pray  
 Disdaine not you the greene,  
 Wayling till death flumy you to be seene  
 Earth, brooke, flower, pipe, lambe Done  
 Say all and I wish them,  
 Absence is death or worse, for them that love,  
 So I unluckie lad  
 Whom hilles from her doe bewme,  
 What fits me now but teares, and sighing sad?  
 O fortune too too bad,  
 I rather would my sheepe  
 Thadst killed with a stroke,  
 Burnt Cabin, lost my clothes,  
 Than want one hewe those eyes which my loyes heere,  
 Oh! what dath mauling winne?  
 Speech without end were better than long tyme,  
 My song climbe than the wind,  
 Which Cyprus sweet now gently sendeth in,  
 That on his wings the love which I must find  
 To hit, but Kissing hit  
 Her ear's the weights of wit.  
 If thou know not for whom thy Master dies,  
 These markes shall make thee wise:  
 She is the bearded wyllow, whose leaves doe wither,  
 And gives her kids no food, but willow's barkes  
 This said, at length he ended  
 His oft sigh-broken dittie,  
 Then raise, but raise on legs with saintnesse bound,  
 With skinne in fowre all  
 With face the plot of pitie,  
 With thoughts which chaunge their own devotions true,  
 He rose, and straight espied



His Ranne, who to recover  
The Enne another loved,  
With him proud hastie proved,  
He envied such a death in sight of lover,  
And alwaies westward eying,  
More envied Phoebus for his westerne lying.

The whole companie would gladly have taken this occasion of requesting Phil-  
sides in plainer sort to discover unto them his estate. Which he willing to prevent  
(as knowing the relation thereof more fit for funerals than the time of a marriage)  
began to sing this song he had learned before he had ever subjected his thoughts to  
acknowledge no Master, but a Mistress.

AS I my little flocke on Ilter banks  
(A little flocke, but well my pipe they teach)  
Did piping leade, she sawe alreadye fanks  
Beyond our world, and ere I gas my breath,  
Each thing with mantle blacke the night dasht  
Sawing the glow-worme, which would courtous be  
Of that small light oft watching shepherds see.

The welkin had full niggardly enclosed  
In coffer of dimme clouds his siluer graces,  
Icled starres, each thing to rest disposed,  
The canes were full, the mountaine void of goates:  
The birds eye closed, closed their chirping notes,  
As for the Nightingale wood-musickers King,  
It August was, he daign'd not then to sing.

Amid my sheepe, though I saw naught sofear,  
Yet (for I nothing saw) I feared sore,  
Then found (which thing is a charge to beare,  
As for my sheepe I dradded nickle more  
Than ever for my selfe since I was here,  
I fate me downe: for see to see he could,  
And sang unto my sheepe lest stray they should.

The song I sang old Lanquet had me taught,  
Lanquet, the shepheards best swift Ilter knew,  
For clearkly reed, and hating what is naught,  
For faithfull heart, cleave hands, and mouth as true,  
With his sweet skill my skilless youth he drew  
To have a feeling taste of him that sits  
Beyond the beaven, farre more beyond our mits.

He said, the Musicke best thilke power place  
Was inmp concord betweene our wit and will,  
Where highest notes to godlinesse are rais'd,  
And lowest sinke not downe to iote of ill.

With old true tales he wout mine eares to fill,  
How shepheards did of yore, how now they thrife,  
Spoyling their flocke, or while twixt shee they strife.

He liked me, but pittied lustfull youth:  
His good strong staffe my slipperie yeares upbore:  
He still hop'd well because I loved truth;  
Till for to part, with heart and eyes each way,  
To worthy Coridon he gave me o're,  
But thus he does true shade recanted be,  
Which now in night's deeps shade sheepe heard of me.

Such manner time there was (what time I'm at)  
When all this Earth, this damnd world of our sort  
Was only won'd with such a host of  
Vnknowne as then were they, yet builded wonders:  
The castell wilde, or tame, the warres, the bowres  
Night freeld, and day, the fountaines, the bowres  
Man was not then dwelling in a bowre.

The beasts had sore some beastly policie:  
For nothing can indure where man's will  
For once the Lion by the Quene did kiss,  
The fearefull Hinde the Leopard did kisse,  
Hurtlesse was Tygers pawes and Serpents bisse,  
This thinke I well, the beasts with courage glad,  
Like Senators a harmlesse empire had.

At which whether the others did repine,  
(For ennie harbreth most in feeblest hearts)  
Or that they all to changing did incline,  
(As euen in beasts their damnes leave changing parts)  
The multitude to loue a suit they parts,  
With neighing, blaying, braying, and barking,  
Roring, and howling for to haue a King.

A King, in language theirs they said they would:  
(For then their language was a perfect speech)  
The birds likewise with chirps, and piping could  
Cackling, and chattering, that of loue beseech.  
Onely the Owle still warn'd them not to fetch  
So hastily that which they would repent:  
But saw they would, and he to desert went.

Ioue wisely said (for wisdom wisely sayes)  
O beasts, take heed what you do me desire:  
Rulers will thinke all things made them to please,  
And soone forget the swinke due to their hire:  
But since you will, part of my heart I'll fire  
I will you lend; the rest your selues must gine,

That



That it both scene and sold may with you line.

Full glad they were, and each the naked sprite,  
Which straight the Earth yeloveth in his clay;  
The Lyon heart; the Ounce gave all the night;  
The Horse good shape; the Sparrow, lust to play;  
Nightingale, voyce, enticing songs to say;  
Elephant gave a perfect memory;  
And Parrot, ready tongue, that do apply.

The Foxe gave craft; the Dogge gave flatterie;  
Ass, patience; the Mole, a working thought;  
Eagle, high looke; Wolfe, secret craftie;  
Monkie, sweet breath; the Cow, her faire eyes brought;  
The Ermion, whitest skin, spotted with nought;  
The Sheepe, mild-seeming face; climbing the Beare;  
The Stagge did give the harme-eschewing faere.

The Hare, her sleights; the Cat, her melancholy;  
Ant, industry; and Conny, skill to build;  
Cranes, order; Storkes, to be appearing holy;  
Chameleon, ease to change; Ducke, ease to yeeld;  
Crocodile, teares, which might be falsely spild;  
Ape great thing gave, though he did nothing stand;  
The instrument of instruments, the hand.

Each other beast likewise his present brings:  
And (but they dread their Prince they ought should want)  
They all consented were to give him wings;  
And ay more awe towards him for to plant,  
To their owne worke this priviledge they grant,  
That from thenceforth to all eternitie,  
No beast should freely speake, but onely he.

Thus Man was made; thus Man their Lord became:  
Who at the first, wanting, or hiding pride,  
He did to beasts best use his cunning frame;  
With water drinke, hearbs meat, and naked hide.  
And fellow-like let his dominion slide;  
Not in his sayings, saying I, but we:  
As if he meant his Lordship common be.

But when his seate so rooted he had found,  
That they now skild not, how from him to wend;  
Then gun in guilelesse earth full many a wound,  
Iron to secke, which gainst it selfe should bend,  
To tear the bowels, that good corn should send;  
But yet the common Damage none did mend;  
Because (though hurt) they never heard her grone.

Then gan the factions in the beasts to breed;  
 Where helping weaker sort, the nobler beasts,  
 (As Tygers, Leopards, Beares, and Lions feed)  
 Disdain'd with this, in deserts sought their rest;  
 Where famine ranne taught their hungry bellies,  
 That craftily he fore'd them to doe ill,  
 Which being done he afterwards would kill.

For murther done, which neuer earst was seene,  
 By those great beasts, as for the weakers good,  
 He chose themselves his guarders far to beene,  
 'Gainst those of might, of whom in feare they stood,  
 As horse and dogge, not great, but gentle blood:  
 Blithe were the commons castell of the field,  
 Tho when they saw their foen of greatnesse kild.

But they or spent, or made of slender might,  
 Then quickly did the meaner castell finde,  
 The great beames gone, the house on shoulders light:  
 For by and by the Horse faire birds did binde:  
 The dogge was in a collar taught his kinde.  
 As for the gentle birds like case may rewe,  
 When Falcon they, and Gosse-hawke saw in mew.

Worst sell to smallest birds, and meanest heard,  
 Whom now his owne, full like his owne be vs'd.  
 Yet first but wooll, or feathers off he tear'd:  
 And when they were well vs'd to be abus'd,  
 For hungry teeth their flesh with teeth he brus'd:  
 At length for glutton taste he did them kill:  
 At last for sport their silly lins did spill.

But yet O man, rage not beyond thy neede:  
 Deeme it no glory to swell in tyrannie.  
 Thou art of bloud, joy not to see things bleede:  
 Thou fearest death; thinke they are loth to die.  
 A plaint of guiltlesse hurt doth pierce the skie.  
 And you poore beasts, in patience bide your hell,  
 Or know your strengths, and then you shall doe well.

Thus will I sing, and pipe eight fullen houres  
 To sheepe, whom lone, not knowledge made to heare,  
 Now fancies fits, now fortunes balefull stomers:  
 But then I homewards call'd my lambkins deare:  
 For to my dimmed eyes began to appeare  
 The night growne old, her blacke head waxen gray,  
 Sure Shepheards singe, that morne should sooone fetch day.

According to the nature of diuers eares, diuerse iudgements streight followed:  
 some praying his voice, others his words fit to frame a Pastorall stile, others the  
 strangenesse of the tale, and scanning what he should meane by it. But old Geron  
 (who



who had borne him a grudge ever since in one of their Eclogues hee had taken him vp ouer-bitterly) tooke hold of this occasion to make his revenge, & said, He neuer saw thing worse proportioned, than to bring in a tale of hee knew not what beasts at such a sport-meeting, when rather some song of loue, or matter for ioyful melody was to be brought forth. But (said he) this is the right conceipt of young men, who thinke then they speake wiseliest, when they cannot vnderstand themselves. But little did the melancholike shepheard regard eyther his dispraises, or the others praises, who had set the foundation of his honour there, where he was most despised. And therefore he returning againe to the traine of his desolate pensiuenesse, *Geron* inuited *Histor* to answer him in Eclogue-wise; who indeed hauing been long in loue with the faire *Kala*, and now by *Lalus* ouergone, was grown into a detestation of marriage. But thus it was:

*Geron.* *Histor.*

*Geron.* **I**N faith, good *Histor*, long is your delay,  
From holy marriage, sweet and surest meane:  
Our foolish lust in honest rules to stay,  
I pray thee doe to *Lalus* sample leane:  
Thou seest, how friske, and jolly now he is,  
That last day seem'd, he could not chew a beane.  
Beleeue me man, there is no greater blisse,  
Than is the quiet ioy of louing wife;  
Which who so wants, halfe of himselfe doth misse.  
Friend without change, play-fellow without strife,  
Food without fulnesse, counsaile without pride,  
Is this sweet doubling of our single life.

*Histor.* No doubt, to whom so good chance did betide,  
As for to finde a pasture strewn with gold,  
He were a foole if there he did not bide,  
Who would not haue a Phoenix if he could?  
The humming Waspe if it had not a sting,  
Before all flies the Waspe accepts I would:  
But this bad world, few golden fields doth bring;  
Phoenix but one, of Crows we millions haue.  
The Waspe seemes gay, but is a combrous thing.  
If many *Kalacs* our *Arcadia* gane,  
*Lalus* example I would soone ensue,  
And thinke, I did my selfe from sorrow saue.  
But of such wines we finde a slender crew;  
Shrewdnesse so stirres, pride so puffes vp the heart,  
They seldome ponder what to them is due.  
With meager lookes, as if they still did smart;  
Peeuing or whimpring, or else scoulding flat,  
Make home more paine than following of the cart.  
Eyther dull silence, or eternall chat:  
Still contrary to what her husband saies;  
If he doe praise the dog, she likes the cat.  
Austere she is, when he would bowest playes;  
And game some then, when he thinks on his sleep.

Shew bias him goe, and yet from your ney flayes,  
 Shew warre with ever with his kinsfolke keepe,  
 And makes them frem'd, who friends by nature are,  
 Enuying shallow eyes with malice deepe.

And if forsooth there come some new found ware,  
 The little coyme his sweating browes haue got,  
 Must goe for that, if for her lowes he care:

Or else; Nay saith, mine is the luckleſt lot,  
 That euer fell to honest woman yet:

No wife but I hath such a man, God wot:

Such is their speech, who be of sober wit;  
 But, who doe let their tongues shew well their rage,  
 Lord, what by words they speake, what spite they spit?

The house is made a very lothsome cage,  
 wherein the bird doth neuer sing but cry,  
 with such a will as nothing can assuage.

Dearly the seruants doe their wages buy,  
 Renil'd for each small fault, sometimes for none;  
 They better liue that in a galle doe lie.

Let other fowler spots away be blowne;  
 For I seeke not their shame, but still me thinkes,  
 A better life it is to lie alone.

Geron.

who for each fickle feare from vertue shrinkes,  
 Shall in this life embrace no worthy thing:  
 No mortall man the cup of suretie drinks.

The heau'ns doe not good haps in handfulls bring,  
 But let vs pike our good from out much bad:  
 That still our little world may know his king.

But certainly so long we may be glad,  
 while that we doe what Nature doth require,  
 And for th' euent we neuer ought be sad.

Man oft is plagu'd with ayre, is burnt with fire,  
 In water drown'd, in earth his buriall is;  
 And shall we not therefore their vse desire?

Nature above all things requireth this,  
 That we our kinde doe labour to maintaine;  
 which drawne-out line doth hold all humane blisse.

The father iustly may of thee complaine,  
 if thou doe not repay his deeds for thee,  
 In granting vnto him a Grandfires gaue.

Thy common-wealth may rightly griened be,  
 which must by this immortall be preserved,  
 if thus thou murder thy posteritie.

His very being he hath not deseru'd,  
 who for a selfe-conceit will that forbear,  
 whereby that being aye must be conseru'd.

And God forbid, women such cattell were,  
 As you paint them: but well in you I finde,



No man doth speake aright, who speakes in feare.

Who only sees for ill a worse than blind.

These fifty winters married haue I bene;

And yet finde no such faults in woman-kind.

I haue a wife worthy to be a Queene,

So well she can command, and yet obey;

In ruling of a house so well she's seene.

And yet in all this time betwixt us tway,

We beare our double yoke with such consent,

That neuer past soule word, I dare well say;

But these are your lone eyes, which still are spent

In lawlesse games, and lone not as you should,

But with much studie learne late to repent.

How well last day before our Prince you could

Blinde Cupids workes with wonder testifie?

Tet now the roote of him abase you would.

Goe to, goe to, and Cupid now apply,

To that where thou thy Cupid maist auow,

And thou shalt finde, in women vertues lie:

Sweete supple mindes which soone to wisdom bow,

Where they by wisdomes rule directed are,

And are not forc'd fond thraldome to allow.

As we to get are fram'd, so they to spare:

We made for paine, our paines they made to cherishe:

We care abroad, and they of home haue care.

O Histor, seeke within thy selfe to flourish:

Thy house by thee must line, or else be gone:

And then who shall the name of Histor nourish?

Riches of children passe a Princes throne;

Which touch the fathers heart with secret joy,

When without shame he saith, these be mine owne.

Marry therefore: for marriage will destroy

Those passions which to youthfull head decline,

Mothers and Nurses of all vaine annoy.

**Histor.**

Perchance I will, but now me thinkes it time,

To goe vnto the Bride, and vnto this day:

To speake with her while freely speake we may.

He spake these words with such affection, as a curious eye might easily haue perceiued he liked *Lalus* fortune better than he loued his person. But then indeede did all arise, and went to the women, where spending all the day, and good part of the night in dauncing, carolling & wassalling, lastly, they left *Lalus*, where hee long desired to be left, & with many vnfaired thanks returned euery man to his home. But some of them hauing to crosse the way of the two Lodges, might see a Lady making dolefull lamentations ouer a body which seemed dead vnto them. But mee thinkes *Dames* as cries vnto mee, if I come not the sooner to comfort him, hee will leaue off his golden worke, that hath already cost him so much labour and longing.

*The end of the third Booke.*

THE  
FOURTH BOOK OF THE  
COUNTESS OF PEM-  
BROKE ARCADIA.

**H**He Almighty Wisedome euer more delighting to shew the world, that by vnlikeliest means greatest matters may come to conclusion: that humane reason may bee the more humbled, and more willingly giue place to diuine Prouidence: as at the first it brought *Dametas* to play a part in this royall Pageant, so hauing continued him still an actor, now that all things were growne ripe for an end, made his folly the instrument of reuealing that, which farre greater cunning had sought to conceale. For so it fell out, that *Dametas* hauing spent the whole day in breaking vp the cumbersome vvorke of the Pastor *Dorus*, and feeling in all his labour no paine so much, as that his hungry hopes receiued any stay, hauing with the price of much sweate and wearinesse gotten vp the huge stone, which he thought should haue such a golden lining, the good man in the great bed, that stone had made, found nothing but these two verses written vpon a broad peece of velame:

*who hath his hire, hath well his labour plac'd:  
Earth thou didst seeke, and store of earth thou hast.*

What an inward discontentment it was to Master *Dametas*, to finde his hope of wealth turned to poore verses, for which he neuer cared much, nothing can describe but either the feeling in ones selfe the state of such a minde *Dametas* had, or at least the bethinking what was *Midas* fancie, when after the great pride hee conceiued to be made Iudge betweene Gods, hee was rewarded with the ornament of an Asses cares. Yet the deepe apprehension hee had receiued of such riches, could not so suddenly lose the colour that had so thoroughly died his thicke braine, but that hee turned and tossed the poore bowels of the innocent earth, till the coming on of the night, and the tediousnesse of his fruitlesse labour made him content rather to exercise his discontentation at home than there. But forced hee was (his horse being otherwise burthened with digging instruments) to returne as hee came, most part of the way on foote: with such grudging lamentations as a nobler minde would (but more nobly) make for the losse of his Mistresse. For so farre had hee sed his foolish soule with the expectation of that which he reputed felicitie, that he no lesse accounted himselfe miserable, than if hee had fallen from such an estate his fancie had embraced. So then home againe went *Dametas*, punished in conceit, as in conceit he had erred, till he found himselfe there from a fancied losse false to essentiall miserie.

For



For entring into his house three houres before night, in stead of the lightsome countenance of *Pamela*, which gaue such an inward decking to that Lodge, as proudest Palaces might haue cause to enuie it; and of the gratefull conuersation of *Dorcas*, whose witty behauiour made that loneliness to seem full of good company: instead of the loud scoulding of *Mist*, and the busie rumbling vp and down of *Mopsa*, which though they were so short, as quite contrary to the others praise-worthinesse, yet were they farre before them in filling of a house; hee found nothing but a solitary darknesse, which as naturally it breeds a kind of irksome gawfulnesse, so it was to him a most present terrour, remembring the charge he had left behidde, which hee well knew imported no lesse than his life vnto him. Therefore lighting a candle, there was no place a Mouse could haue dwelled in, but that hee with quaking diligence sought into. But when hee saw hee could see nothing of that he most feared for, then became he the right pattern of a wretch dejected with feare: for, crying, & howling, knocking his head to the wall hee began to make pitifull complaints, where no body could heare him: & (with too much dread he should not recover her) leaue at consideration how to recouer her. But at length looking like a shee goat, when shee casts her kid, for very sorrow he took in his own behalf, out of the lodge he went running as hard as he could, hauing now receiued the very form of hanging into his consideration. Thus running as a man that would gladly haue run from himselfe, it was his foolish fortune to espie, by the glimmering light the Moone did then yeeld him, one standing aloft among the boughs of a faire Ash. He that would haue asked counsell at that time of a dog, cast vp his face, as if his tooth had bin drawing: and with much bending his sight, perceiued it was mistresse *Mopsa*, sily seated there for her wit and dignity. There (I will not say with ioy, for how could he taste of ioy, whose imagination was fallen from a palace to a gallows?) but yet with some refreshing of comfort in hope he should learne better tidings of her: hee began to crie out, O *Mopsa*, my beloued chicken, here am I thine owne father *Dametas*, neuer in such a towardnesse of hanging, if thou canst nor helpe mee. But yet neuer a word could his eloquence procure of *Mopsa*, who indeed was there attending for greater matters. This was yet a new burthen to poore *Dametas*, who thought all the world was conspired against him: & therefore with a sily choler he began another tune. Thou vile *Mopsa*, said he, now the vengeance of my fatherly curse light ouerthwart thee, if thou dost nor straight answer mee! But neither blessing nor cursing could preuaile. *Mopsa*, who was now great with childe with the expectation of her May-game hopes, did long to bee deliuered with the third time being named. Which by and by followed. For *Dametas* rubbing his elbow, stamping and whining, seeing neither of these take place, began to throw stones at her, and withall to coniure her by the name of hellish *Mopsa*. But when hee had named her the third time, no chime came more suddenly follow the striking of a clocke, than shee verily thinking it was the God, that vsed her fathers voice, throwing her armes abroad, & not considering shee was musfled vpon so high a tree, came fluttring downe like a hooded hawke, like enough to haue broken her neck, but that the tree full of boughes tossed her from one bough to another, & lastly well bruised brought her to receiue an vnfriendly salutation of the earth. *Dametas*, as soone as shee was downe, came running to her, and finding her so close wrapt, pulled off the scarlet cloake: in good time for her, for with the forenesse of the fall, if she had not had breath giuen her shee had deliuered a foolish soule to *Pluto*. But then *Dametas* began afresh to desire his daughter not to forget the paines hee had taken for her in her childhood (which hee was sure shee could not remember) and to tell where *Pamela* was. O good *Apollo*, said *Mopsa*, if euer thou

thou didst beare loue to *Phaeton's* mother, let me haue a king to my husband. Alas, what speakest thou of *Phaeton*, said *Dametis*? If by thy circumspect meanes I finde not out *Pamela*, thy father will be hanged to morrow. It is no matter though he bee hanged, answered *Mopsa*: doe but thou make *Dorus* a king, and let him bee my husband, good *Apolla*, for my courage doth much pricke mee toward him. Ah *Mopsa*, cried out *Dametis*, where is thy wit? dost thou not know thy father? How hast thou forgotten thy selfe? I do not aske wit of thee, mine owne god, (said shee) but I see thou wouldest haue mee remember my father, and indeede forget my selfe. No, no, a good husband. Thou shalt haue thy fill of husbands (said *Dametis*) and doe but answer me my question. O I thanke thee (said *Mopsa*) with all my heart heartily; but let them be all kings. *Dametis* seeing no other way preuaile, fell downe on his knees, *Mopsa*, *Mopsa*, (said he) doe not thus cruelly torment me: I am already wretched enough, alas either helpe me, or tell mee thou canst not. She that would not be behinde *Apolla* in curtesie, kneeled down on the other side; I will neuer leaue tormenting thee (said *Mopsa*) vntill thou hast satisfied my longing, but I will proclaime thee a promise-breaker, that euen *Iupiter* shall heare it. Now by the fostering thou hast receiued in this place, saue my life (said *Dametis*.) Now by the faire Ash (answered *Mopsa*) where thou didst receiue so greata goodturne, grant post haste to my burning fancie. O where is *Pamela*, said *Dametis*? O a lustie husband, said *Mopsa*. *Dametis* that now verily assured himselfe, his daughter was mad, began vterly to despaire of his life, and therefore amazedly catching her in his armes, to see whether hee could bring her to her selfe, he might feele the weight of a great cudgell light vpon his shoulders, and for the first greeting hee knew his wife *Misfor* voyce, by the calling him ribalde villaine, and asking him whether shee could not serue his turne as well as *Charita*? For *Misfor* hauing according to *Dorus* counsell, gone to *Mantinea* and there harboured her selfe in an old acquaintance house of hers, as soone as ten of the clocke was stricken (where she had remained closely all that while, I thinke with such an amiable cheare, as when iealous *Iunio* late crosse-legged, to hinder the child-birth of her husbands loue) with open mouth she went to the Magistrate appointed ouer such matters, and there with the most scolding inuectiue, her rage rather than eloquence could bring forth, shee required his ayde to take *Dametis*, who had left his duty to the king and his daughter, to commit adultery in the house of *Charita*'s vncke, in the *Oudemian* streete. But neither was the name of *Charita* remembred, nor any such street known. Yet such was the generall dislike all men had of *Dametis* vnworthie aduancement, that euery man was glad to make himselfe a minister of that, which might redound to his shame, and therefore with *Panike* cries and laughers, there was no suspected place in all the city but was searched for vnder the title of *Dametis*, *Misfor* neuer formost encouraging them with all the shamefull blasings of his demeanour, encreasing the sport of hunting her husband, with her diligent barking, till at length hauing already done both him and her selfe as much infamous shame, as such a tongue in such an action might performe, in the end not being able to find a thing that was not, to her mare again the wēt, hauing neither suspicion nor rage any thing mitigated. But (leauing behinde her a sufficient remedy of her tragicall fancies) away homeward she came, imputing the not finding her husband, to any chance rather than to his innocencie. For her heart being apt to receiue and nourish a bitter thought, it had so swallowed vp a determinate condemnation, that in the very anatomy of her spirits one should haue found nothing but diuellish disdaine, and hatefull iealousie. In this sort grunting out her mischieuous spite, shee came by the tree, euen as *Dametis*

was

was



was making that ill-vnderstood intercession to his foolish *Mopsa*. As soone as shee heard her husbands voice, she verily thought she had her play: and therefore stealing from her mare as softly as she could, she came creeping & halting behind him, even as he (thinking his daughters little wits had quite left her great nowle) began to take her in his armes, thinking perchance her feeling sense might call her mind-parts vnto her. But *Miso* who saw nothing but thorough the colour of reuengefull anger, established vpon the fore-iudgment of his trespasse, yndoubtedly resolving that *Mopsa* was *Charissa*, *Dorus* had told her of, mumping out her hoarse chafe, shee gaue him the wooden salutation you heard of. *Dametis* that was not so sensible in any thing as in blowes, turned vp his blubbered face like a great lowt new whipt: Alas thou woman, said he, what hath thy poore husband deserved to haue his own ill luck loaden with thy displeasure? *Pamela* is lost, *Pamela* is lost. *Miso* stil holding on the course of her former fancie, what tellest thou me naughty varlet of *Pamela*, dost thou think that doth answer mee, for abusing the lawes of marriage? Haue I brought thee children, haue I beene a true wife vnto thee, to be despised in mine old age? And euer among shee would saue her speeches with such bastanados, that poore *Dametis* began now to thinke, that either a generall madding was false, or else that all this was but a vision. But as for visions the smart of the cudgell put out of his braine: & therefore againe turning to his wife, not knowing in the world what she meant, *Miso* (said he) hereafter thou maist examine me, do but now tell me what is become of *Pamela*. I will first examine this drab, said she, & withall let fall her staffe as hard as she could vpon *Mopsa*, still taking her for *Charissa*. But *Mopsa* that was already angry, thinking that shee had hindred her from *Apollo*, leapt vp & caught her by the throte, like to haue strangled her, but that *Dametis* from a condemned man was faine to become a iudge & part this fray, such a picture of a rude discord, where each was out with the other two. And then getting the opportunity of their falling out to hold himselfe in surery, who was indeed the veriest coward of the three, hee renewed his earnest demand of them. But it was a sport to see, how the former conceits *Dorus* had printed in their imaginations, kept still such dominion in them, that *Miso* though now she found and felt it was her daughter *Mopsa*, yet did *Charissa* continually passe through her thoughts, which shee vntered with such crabbed questions to *Dametis*, that he not possibly conceiuing any part of her doubt, remained astonished, & the astonishment encreased her doubt. And as for *Mopsa*, as first she did assuredly take him to be *Apollo*, & thought her mothers comming did marre the bargain: so now much talking to and fro had deliuered so much light into the misty mould of her capacity, as to know him to be her father. Yet remained there such footsteps of the foretaken opinion, that she thought verily her father & mother were hasted thither to get the first wish. And therefore to whatsoeuer they asked of her, shee would neuer answer, but embracing the tree as if she feared it had beene running away, Nay, sayes she, I will haue the first wish, for I was here first: which they vnderstood no more, than *Dametis* did what *Miso* meant by *Charissa*: till at length with much vrging them, being indeed better able to perswade both, than to meete hand to hand with either, hee preuailed so much with them, as to bring them into the Lodge to see what losse their negligence had suffered. Then indeede the neare neighbourhood, they bare to themselves, made them leaue other royes, and look into what dangerous plight they were false, as soone as the king should know his daughters escape. And as for the women they began afresh to enter into their brawling, whether were in the fault. But *Dametis* who did feare that among his other euils, the thunderbolt of that storme would fall vpon his shoulders, slippe away from them, but with so malgre a cheate

cheare, as might much sooner engender laughter than pitie. O true *Arcadis*, would he say (tearing his haire and beard, and sometime for too much woe, making vnwel-  
 die somersaults) how dardest thou beare vpon thee such a felonious traytor as I am? And you false-hearted trees, why would you make no noise, to make her vngracious  
 departure known? Ah *Pamela*, *Pamela*, how often when I brought thee in fine posies  
 of all coloured flowers, wouldst thou clap mee on the cheek, and say thou wouldst  
 be one day euen with mee? Was this thy meaning, to bring mee to an euen payre of  
 gallowes? Ah ill taught *Dorus*, that camest hither to learne good maners of me, Did  
 I euer teach thee to make thy master sweare out his heart for nothing, & in the meane  
 time to run away with thy mistresse? O my dun cow, I did thinke some euill was to-  
 wards me euer since the last day thou didst run away from me, and held vp thy tayle  
 so pitifully: did not I see an Eagle kill a Cuckoe, which was a plaine foretoken vnto  
 me *Pamela* should be my destruction? O wife *Miso* (if I durst say it to thy face) why  
 didst thou suspect thy husband, that toucht a peece of cheefe better than a woman?  
 And thou little *Mopsa*, that shalt inherit the shame of thy fathers death, was it time  
 for thee to clime trees, which should so shortly be my best burial? O that I could liue  
 without death, or die before I were aware! O heart, why hast thou no hands at com-  
 mandement to dispatch thee? O hands why want you a heart to kill this villaine? In  
 this sort did he inuey against euery thing, sometimes thinking to run away, while it  
 was yet night: but he that had included all the world within his sheepe-cote, thought  
 that worse than any death: sometime for dread of hanging hee meant to hang him-  
 selfe: finding as indeed it is, that feare is far more painefull to cowardise, than death  
 to a true courage. But his fingers were nothing nimble in that action, and any thing  
 was let enough thereto, he being a true louer of himselfe without any riuall. But last-  
 ly, guided by a farre greater constellation than his owne, hee remembered to search  
 the other lodge, where it might be *Pamela* that night had retired her selfe. So hither  
 with trembling hammes he carried himselfe: but employing his double key which  
 the king for special credit had vnworthily bestowed vpon him, he found all the gates  
 so barred, that his key could not preuaile, sauing onely one trap doore which went  
 down into a vault by the cellar, which as it was vnknowne of *Pyrocles*, so had he left  
 it vnregarded. But *Dametis* that euer knew the Buttery better than any other place,  
 got in that way, and passing softly to *Philoclea's* chamber, where hee thought most  
 likely to finde *Pamela*, the doore being left open hee entred in, and by the light of the  
 lampe he might discern one on the bed by her: which he although he tooke to bee  
*Pamela*, yet thinking no surery enough in a matter touching his necke, hee went  
 hard to the bed side of these vnfortunate louers, who at that time being not much  
 before the breake of day (whether it were they were so diuinely surpris'd, to bring  
 this whole matter to the destined conclusion, or that the varesistable force of their  
 sorrowes had ouerthrowne the wakefull vse of their senses) were as then possessed  
 with a mutuall sleepe, yet not forgetting with vniue embracements to giue any eye  
 a perfect modell of affection. But *Dametis* looking with the lampe in his hand,  
 but neither with such a face nor minde vpon these excellent creatures, as *Erysche* did  
 vpon her vnknowne louer, and giuing euery way freedome to his fearefull eyes, did  
 not onely perceiue it was *Zelmane*, and therefore much different from the Lady hee  
 sought: but that this same *Zelmane* did more differ from the *Zelmane* he and others  
 had euer taken her for, wherein the change of her apparell chiefly confirmed his opi-  
 nion; satisfied with that, and not thinking it good to awake the sleeping Lyon, hee  
 went downe againe, taking with him *Pyrocles* sword (wherewith vpon his slight  
 vnderfute *Pyrocles* came onely apparell'd thither) being sure to leaue no weapon in  
 the



the chamber, and so making the doore as fast as hee could on the out-side, hoping with the revealing of this (as he thought greater fault) to make his owne the lesse, or at least that this iniurie would fill the Kings head, that he should not have leisure to chafe his negligence (like a foole, not considering, that the more rage breeds the crueller punishment) he went first into the kings chamber, and not finding him there, hee ran downe crying with open mouth, the King was betrayed, and that *Zelmune* did abuse his daughter. The noise he made, being a man of no few words, joyned to the yelping sound of *Miss*, and his vnpleasant inheritor, brought together some number of the shepheards, to whom hee without any regard of refering it for the Kings knowledge, spattered out the bottome of his stomach, swearing by him he neuer knew that *Zelmune*, whom they had taken all the while to be a woman, was as arrant a man as himselfe was, whereof he had seene sufficient signes and tokens, and that he was as close as a Butterflie with the Lady *Philotela*. The poore men jealous of their Princes honour, were ready with weapons to have entered the Lodge, standing yet in some pause, whether it were not best, first to heare some newes from the king himselfe, when by the sodaine coming of other shepheards, which with astonished lookes ran from the one cry to the other, their griefes were surcharged with the euill tidings of the Kings death. Turning therefore all their minds and eyes that way, they ranne to the Cave where they said he lay dead, the Sunne beginning now to lend some promise of coming light, making haste, I thinke to be spectator of the following tragedies. For *Basilius* having past over the night more happy in contemplation than action, having had his spirits sublimed with the sweet imagination of embracing the most desired *Zelmune*, doubting lest the Caves darknes might deceiue him in the dayes approach, thought it now season to returne to his wedlocke bed, remembering the promise hee had made to *Zelmune*, to obserue true order towards *Gynice*. Therefore departing, but not departing without bequeathing by a Will of vwords, sealed with many kisses, a full gift of all his loue and life to his misconceiued bedfellow, he went to the mouth of the Cave, there to apparrell himselfe, which doing, the motion of his ioy could not bee bridled from vttering such like words: Blessed be thou, O night, said hee, that hast with thy sweet vings shrowded mee in the vale of blisse, it is thou that art the first gotten childe of time, the day hath benee but an vsurper vpon thy delightfull inheritance, thou inuest all lining things to comfortable rest, thou art the stop of strife, and the necessary truce of approaching battels. And there with he sang these verses to confirme his former prayses.

**O** Night, the ease of care, the pledge of pleasure,  
Desires best meane, hartest of hearts affected,  
The seat of peace, the throne which is erected,  
Of humane life to be the quiet measure.

Be victor still of Phœbus golden treasure:

who bath our sight with too much sight infected,  
whose light is cause we blame our lines neglected,  
Turning all natures course to selfe displeasure.

These stately starres in their now shining faces,  
with sleepe sleepe, and silence wisdomes maske,  
witness eu wrong which by thy helpe is eased:

At m

Then

*Thou art therefore of these our desert places  
The sure refuge; by thee and by no other  
My soule is blis, sense joy'd, and fortune rayed.*

And yet further would his ioyes needs breake forth. O *Basiliss* (said he) the rest of thy time hath beene but a dreame vnto thee: it is now onely thou beginnest to liue, now onely thou hast entred into the way of blissefulnesse. Should fancy of marriage keepe me from this paradise? or opinion of I know not what promise bind me from paying the right duties to nature and affection? O who would haue thought there could haue bin such difference betwixt yvomen? Be iealous no more, O *Gynecia*, but yeeld to the preheminance of more excellent gifts, support thy self with such marble pillars as she doth, deckethy breast yvith those Alabaister bowles that *Zelmane* doth: then accompanied with such a title, perhaps thou maist recover the possession of my otherwise inclined loue. But alas *Gynecia*, thou canst not shew such euidence, therefore thy plea is vaine. *Gynecia* heard all this he said, who had cast about her *Zelmaues* garment, wherein she came thither, & had followed *Basiliss* to the Caues entrie, full of inward vexation, betwixt the deadly accusation of her owne guiltinesse, and the spirefull doubt shee had *Zelmane* had abused her. But because of the one side (finding the King did thinke her to be *Zelmane*) she had liberrie to imagine it might rather be the Kings owne vnbridled entrefprise, which had barred *Zelmane*, than *Zelmaues* cunning deceiuing of her; and that of the other, if shee vould headily seeke a violent reuenge, her owne honour might be as much interess'd, as *Zelmane* endangered, she fell to this determination: First with sate handling of the King to settle in him a perfect good opinion of her, and then as shee should learne how things had passed, to take into her selfe new deuised counsell: but this being her first action, hauing giuen vnlooked for attendance to the King, she heard vvith what partiality he did preferre her to her selfe, she saw in him how much fancie doth not only darken reason, but beguile sense, she found opinion mistresse of the Louers iudgement, which seruing as a good lesson to her good conceit, she vvent out to *Basiliss*, setting her selfe in a graue behauiour and stately silence before him: vntill he (who at the first thinking her by so much shadow as he could see to be *Zelmane*, vvvas beginning his louing ceremonies) did now being helped by the peeping light, wherewith the morning did overcome the nights darknesse, know her face and his error, which acknowledging in himselfe with staring back from her, she thus vvith a modest biternesse spake vnto him: Alas my Lord, well did your words discipher your minde, and well be those words confirmed vvith this gesture. Very lothsome must that woman be, from whom a man hath cause to goe backe; and little better liked is that wife, before whom the husband preferres them he neuer knew. Alas, hath my faithfull obseruing my part of duetie made you thinke your selfe euer a whit the more exempted? Hath that vvich should claime gratefulnesse, been a cause of contempt? Is the being the mother of *Pamela* become an odious name vnto you? If my life hitherto led haue not auoyded suspicion, if my violated truth to you bee deserving of any punishment, I refuse not to bee chastised vvith the most cruell torment of your displeasure, I refuse not miserie, purchased by mine owne merit. Hard I must needs say (although till now I neuer thought I should haue had cause to say) is the destinie of womankind, the triall of whole verue must stand vpon the louing of them that employ all their industrie not to be beloued. If *Zelmaues* young yeares had not had so much grauitie hidden vnder a youthfull face, as your gray haire haue been but the vizar of vnfitting youthfulnessse, your vicious mind had brought

some



some fruits of repentance, and *Gynecia* might then have bin with much more right so basely despised.

*Basilius* that was more ashamed to see himselfe overtaken; than *Paleas* vvas, when vvith much cunning hee proued himselfe a Cuckold, began to make certaine extravagant excuses: but the matter in it selfe hardly brooking any purgation, vvith the sodainenesse of the time, vvwhich barred any good conioyned inuention, made him sometimes alleage one thing, to vvwhich by and by hee would bring in a contrary; one time vvith flat deniall, another time vvith mitigating the fault; now bratie, then humble, yse such a stammering defensue, that *Gynecia*, the violence of vvwhose fore indeced ran another way, was content thus to fasten vp the last stitch of her anger. Well, well my Lord, said shee, it shall well become you so to gouerne your selfe, as you may be fit rather to direct mee, than to be iudged of mee, and rather to bee a wise master of mee, than an vnskillfull pleader before mee. Remember the wrong ye haue done is not onely to mee, but to your children, whom you had of mee: to your Countrey; vvhen they shall finde they are commanded by him, that cannot command his owne vndecent appetites: lastly, to your selfe, since vvith these paines you doe but build vp a house of shame to dwell in: it from those moneable goods of nature (vvherewith, in my first youth my royall parents bestowed mee vpon you) bearing you children, and encrease of yeares haue vvithdrawne me; consider I pray you, that as you are cause of the one, so in the other, time hath not left to worke his neuer failing effects in you. Truly, truly (Sir) verie vntimely are these fires in you: it is time for vs both to let reason enioy his due soveraignerie. Let vs nor plant anew those weeds, vvwhich by natures course are content to fade.

*Basilius* that would rather than his life the matter had beene ended, the best Rhetoricke hee had, was flat demanding pardon of her, swearing it was the very force of *Apollo's* destinie vvwhich had carried him thus from his owne byas; but that now like as farre traouellers were taught to loue their owne Countrey, hee had such a lesson vvithout booke, of affection vnto her, as hee would repay the debt of this error vvith the interest of a great deale more true honour than euer before hee had done her. Neither am I to giue pardon to you, my Lord (said shee) nor you to beare honour to me. I haue taken this boldnesse for the vnfained loue I owe vnto you, to deliuer my sorrow vnto you; much more for the care I haue of your well-doing, than for any other selfe fancie. For well I know that by your good estate my life is maintained, neither, if I would, can I separate my selfe from your fortune. For my part therefore I claime nothing but that vvwhich may bee safest for your selfe; my life, vvill, honour, and vvhatsoeuer else, shall be but a shadow of that bodie. How much *Basilius's* owne shame had found him culpable, and had already enen in soule read his owne condemnation, so much did this vvunexpected mildenesse of *Gynecia* captiue his heart vnto her; vvwhich otherwise perchance would haue growne to a desperate carelesnesse. Therefore embracing her, and confessing that her vertue shined in his vice, hee did enen vvith a true resolu'd minde vowe vnto her, that as long as hee, vvunworthie of her, did liue, shee should be the furthest and onely limit of his affection. He thanked the destinies that had wrought her honour out of his shame, and that had made his owne struing to goe amisse, to be the best meane euer after to hold him in the right path. Thus reconciled, to *Basilius* great contentation, vvwho began something to marke himselfe in his owne doings, his hard hap guided his eye to the Cup of gold vv wherein *Gynecia* had put the liquor meant for *Zelmene*, and haauing failed of that guest, was now carrying it home againe. But hee

whom perchance sorrow, perchance some long disaccustomed paines, had made extremely thirsty, tooke it out of her hands, although she directly told him, both of whom shee had it, what the effect of it was, and the little prooffe she had seene thereof, hiding nothing from him, but that shee meant to minister it to another patient. But the King, whose belly had no eares, and much drouth kept from the desiring a taster, finding it not vnpleasant too his palate, dranke it almost off, leaning very little to couer the cuppes bottome. But within a while that from his stomacke the drinke had deliuered to his principall veines his noysome vapors, first with a painefull stretching, and forced yawning, then with a darke yellownesse dyng his skinne, and a cold deadly swear principally about his temples, his body by naturall course longing to deliuer his heauie burthen to his earthly damme, vwanting force in his knees, which vtterly abandoned him, with heauie fall gaue some prooffe whither the operation of that vnknowne potion tended. For, with pang-like grones, and gantly turning of his eyes, immediately all his limmes stiffened, and his eyes fixed, hee hauing had time to declare his case onely in these words; O *Gynecia*, I dye: haue care. Of what or how much further he would haue spoken, no man can tell: for *Gynecia* hauing vuell perceiued the changing of his colour, and those other euill signes, yet had not looked for such a sodaine overthrow, but rather had bethought her selfe what was best for him, when she sodainely saw the matter come to that period, comming to him, and neither with anie cries getting a word of him, nor with any other possible meanes, able to bring any liuing action from him, the height of all ougly sorrowes did so horribly appeare before her amazed minde, that at the first, it did not onely distract all power of speech from her, but almost wit to consider, remaining as it were quicke buried in a graue of miseries. Her painefull memory had streight filled her with the true shapes of all the fore-past mischiofes, her reason began to crie out against the filthy rebellion of sinnefull sense, and to teare it selfe with anguish, for hauing made so weake a resistance, her conscience a terrible vvitness of the inward wickednesse, still nourishing this debatefull fire, her complaint now not hauing an end to bee directed vnto, from something to disburden sorrow, but a necessary downfall of inward wretchednesse. She saw the rigour of the lawes was like to lay a shamefull death vpon her, which being for that action vnderferued, made it the more insupportable, and yet in depth of her soule most deserued, made it more miserable. At length, letting her tongue goe as dolorous thoughts guided it, shee thus with lamentable demourour spake:

O bottomlesse pit of sorrow, in which I cannot containe my selfe, hauing the firebrands of all furies within mee, still falling, and yet by the infinitenesse of it neuer falne. Neyther can I ridde my selfe, being fettered with the euerlasting consideration of it. For whither should I recommend the protection of my dishonoured fall: to the earth? it hath no life, and waytes to be encreased by the reliques of my shamed carcasle: To men? who are alwaies cruell in their neighbours faults, and make others ouerthrow become the badge of their ill masked vertue: To the heauens? O vnspokeable torment of conscience, which dare not looke vnto them. No sinne can enter there, oh there is no receipt for polluted mindes. Whither then wilt thou leade this captiue of thine, O snakie despaire? Alas, alas, was this the free holding power that accursed poyson hath granted vnto mee, that to be held the surer it should deprive life? was this the folding in mine armes promised, that I should fold nothing but a dead body? O mother of mine, what a deathfull lucke haue you giuen mee? O *Philocteta*, *Philocteta*, well hath my mother reuenged



reuenged vpon me my vnmotherly hating of thee. O *Zelmane*, to whom yet (lest any misery should faile mee) remaine some sparkes of my detestable loue, if thou hast (as now alas ! now my minde assures mee thou hast) deceiued mee, there is a faire stage prepared for thee, to see the tragicall end of thy hated louer. With that word there flowed out two riuers of teares out of her faire eyes, which before were dry, the remembrance of her other mischiefes being dryed vp in a furious fire of selfe-detestation, loue onely, according to the temper of it, melting it selfe into those brinie tokens of passion. Then turning her eyes againe vpon the body, she remembred a dreame shee had had some nights before, wherein thinking her selfe called by *Zelmane*, passing a troublesome passage, she found a dead body which told her there should be her onely rest. This no sooner caught hold of her remembrance, than that she determining with her selfe, it was a direct vision of her fore-appointed end, tooke a certaine resolution to embrace death, as soone as it should be offered vnto her, and no way to seeke the prolonging of her annoyed life. And therefore kissing the cold face of *Basilus*, And euen so will I rest, said shee, and ioyne this faulty soule of mine to thee, if so much the angry Gods vwill grant mee.

And as she was in this plight, the Sunne now climbing ouer our Horizon, the first Shepherds came by; who seeing the King in that case, and hearing the noyse *Damet* made of the Lady *Philoetes*, ranne vwith the dolefull tydings of *Basilus* death vnto him, who presently with all his companie came to the Caves entry where the Kings body lay; *Damet* for his part more glad for the hope hee had of his priuate escape, than sorry for the publique losse his Country receiued for a Prince not to be misliked. But in *Gynecia* nature preuailed aboue iudgement, and the shame she conceiued to be taken in that order, ouercame for that instant the former resolution, so that as soone as she saw the foremost of the pastorall troupe, the vyetched Princessse ran to haue hid her face in the next woods, but with such a minde, that she knew not almost her selfe what she could wish to be the ground of her safety. *Damet* that saw her run away in *Zelmanes* vpper raimet, & iudging her to be so, thought certainly all the spirits in hell were come to play a tragedy in these woods, such strange change he saw euery way. The King dead at the Caves mouth; the Queen (as he thought) absent; *Pamela* fled away with *Dorus*; his wife and *Mopsa* in diuers frenzies. But of all other things *Zelmane* conquered his capacity, sodainly from a woman growne to a man; and from a lockt chamber gotten before him into the fields, which he gaue the rest quickly to vnderstand; for in stead of doing any thing as the exigent required, he began to make circles, and all those fantastick defences that he had euer heard were fortifications against Devils. But the other Shepherds who had both better wits, and more faith, forthwith diuided themselves, some of them running after *Gynecia*, & esteeming her running away, a great condemnation of her owne guiltinesse; others going to their Prince, to see what seruice was left for them, either in recovery of his life, or honouring his death. They that went after the Queene, had soone taken her, in whom now the first feares were stayd, and the resolution to dye had repossessed his place in her minde. But when they saw it was the Queen, to whom besides the obedient duty they ow'd to her state, they had alwaies carried a singular loue, for her courteous liberalities, and other wise and verruous parts, which had filled all that people with affection and admiration; They were all sodainly stopped, beginning to aske pardon for their following her in that sort, and desiring her to be their good Lady, as she had euer beene. But the Queene who now thirsted to be ridde of her selfe, whom shee hated aboue all things; with such an

assured countenance as they haue, who already haue dispensed with shame, & digested the sorrowes of death, she thus said vnto them, Continue, continue, my friends: your doing is better than your excusing; the one argues assured faith, the other want of assurance. If you loued your Prince, when he was able & willing to do you much good, vvhich you could not then requite to him; do you now publish your gratefulnesse, when it shal be seene to the world, there are no hopes left to leade you vnto it. Remember, remember you haue lost *Basilus*, a Prince to defend you, a Father to care for you, a companion in your ioyes, a friend in your wants. And if you loued him, shew you hate the author of his losse. It is I, faithfull *Arcadians*, that haue spoiled the Country of their protector. I, none but I, was the minister of his vnnaturall end. Carry therefore my bloud in your hands, to testifie your owne innocencie, neither spare for my titles sake, but consider it was hee that so entituled me. And if you thinke of any benefits by my meanes, thinke with it that vvas but the instrument and hee the spring. What stay yee Shepheards vvhose great Shepheard is gone: you need not feare a woman, reuerence your Lords murtherer, nor haue pittie of her, who hath not pittie of her selfe. With this she presented her faire necke, to some by name, other by signes, desiring them to doe iustice to the world, duty to their good king, honour to themselves, and fauour to her. The poore men looked one vpon the other, vnused to bee arbiters in Princes matters, and being now false into a great perplexitie, betwixt a Prince dead and a Princess aliue. But once for them shee might haue gone whither shee would, thinking it a sacriledge to touch her person, when she finding she was not a sufficient oratour to perswade her owne death by their hands, well, said she, it is but so much the more time of misery, for my part I will not give my life so much pleasure from hence forward as to yeeld to his desire of his own choise of death; since all the rest is taken away, yet let me excell in misery. Leade me therefore whither you will, only happy, because I cannot be more wretched. But neither so much would the honest shepheards do, but rather with many teares bemoaned this encrease of their former losse, till she was faine to leade them, vvith a very strange spectacle, either that a Princess should be in the hands of shepheards, or a prisoner should direct her guardians: lastly, before either witnesse or accuser, a Lady condemne her selfe to death. But in such monestfull march they went towards the other Shepheards, who in the meane time had left nothing vnassayed to reuiue the King, but all was bootlesse, and their sorrowes encreased the more they had suffered any hopes vainly to arise. Among other trials they made to know at least the cause of his end, hauing espied the vnhappy cup, they gaue the little liquor that was left to a dogge of *Dametas*, in which vvithin a short time it wrought the like effect; although *Dametas* did so much to recover him, that for verie loue of his life he dashed out his braines. But now all together, and hauing *Gyrcia* among them, who to make her selfe the more odious, did continually record to their mindes the excesse of their losse, they yeelded themselves ouer to all those fortunes of lamentation, that dolefull images doe imprint in the honest, but over-tender hearts, especially when they thinke the rebound of the euill falls to their owne smart. Therefore after the ancient Greeke manner, some of them remembering the nobility of his birth, continued by being like his Ancestors: others his shape, which though not excellent, yet fauour and pity drew all things now to the highest point; others his peaceable gouernement, the thing which most pleased men, resolved to liue of their owne; others his liberalitie, which though it cannot light vpon all men, yet all men naturally hoping it may be they, make it a most valuable vertue. Some calling in question the greatnesse of his power, which



increased the compassion to see the present change, (having a dolefull memorie how hee had tempered it with such familiar courtesie among them, that they did more feele the fruits, than see the pompes of his greatnesse) all with one consent giuing him the sacred titles of good, iust, mercifull, the father of the people, the life of his Country, they ranne about his body, tearing their beards and garments; some sending their cryes to heauen, other inuentring particular howling musicke; many vowing to kill themselves at the day of his funerals, generally giuing a true testimony that men are louing creatures when iniuries put them not from their naturall course: and how easie a thing it is for a Prince by succession, deeply to sinke into the soules of his subjects, a more lively monument than *Mausolus* Tombe. But as with such hearty lamentation, they dispersed among those woods their resounding shrikes, the Sunne the perfectest marke of time, having now gotten vpon two houres iourney in his daily changing Circle, their voice helped with the onely answering Echo, came to the eares of the faithfull and worthy Gentleman *Philanax*: who at that time was comming to visite the King, accompanied with diuers of the worthy *Arcadian* Lords, who with him had visited the places adioyning for the more assurance of *Basilius* solitarinesse, a thing after the late mutinie hee had vsually done: and since the Princesses returne more diligently continued: which hauing now likewise performed, thinking it as well his duetie to see the King, as of good purpose, being so neare, to receiue his further direction: accompanied as aboue said hee was, this morning comming vnto him, when these vnpleasant voices gaue his mind an vncertaine presage of his neare approaching sorrow. For by and by hee saw the body of his dearly esteemed Prince, and heard *Gynecia's* lamenting: not such as the turtle-like loue is wont to make for the euer ouer-soone losse of her onely loued make, but with cursings of her life, detesting her owne wickednesse, seeming onely therefore not to desire death, because shee would not shew a loue of any thing. The shepheards, especially *Dametas* knowing him to bee the second person in authority, gaue forthwith relation vnto him, what they knew and had proued of this dolorous spectacle, besides the other accidents of his children: But hee principally touched with his masters losse, lighting from his horse with a heauie cheere, came and kneeled downe by him, where finding hee could doe no more than the shepheards had for his reouerie, the constancie of his minde, surprised before he might call together his best rules, could not refraine such like words. Ah deare master, said hee, what change it hath pleaseth the Almightie Iustice to worke in this place! How soone (not to your losse, who hauing liued long to nature, & to time longer by your well deserued glory, but longest of all in the eternall mansion you now possesse.) But how soone I say to our ruine, haue you left the fraile barke of your estate? O that the words I in most faithfull duty deliuered vnto you, when you first entred this solitarie course, might haue wrought as much perswasion in you, as they sprang from truth in me, perchance your seruant *Philanax* should not now haue cause in your losse, to bewaile his owne ouerthrow. And therewith taking him selfe, and in-deede euill fitteth it mee (said he) to let go my heart to womanish complaints, since my Prince being vndoubtedly well, it rather shewes loue of my selfe, which makes me bewaile mine owne losse. No, the true loue must bee proued in the honour of your memorie, and that must bee shewed with seeking iust reuenge vpon your vniust and vnnaturall enemies, and farre more honourable it will be for your Tombe, to haue the blond of your murderers sprinkled vpon it, than the teares of your friends. And if your soule looke downe vpon this miserable earth, I doubt not it had

had much rather your death were accompanied with well deserued punishment of the causers of it, than with the heaping on it more sorrowes with the end of them, to whom you vouchsafed your affection: let them lament that haue wouen the webbe of lamentation; let their owne deaths make them crie out for your death, that were the authors of it. Therewith carrying manfull sorrow and vindicative resolution in his face, hee rose vp, so looking on the poore guiltlesse Princeesse transported with an vniust iustice, that his eyes were sufficient Heraulds for him, to denounce a mortall hatred. She (whom furies of loue, firebrands of her conscience, shame of the world, with the miserable losse of her husband, towards whom now the disdain of her selfe bred more loue; with the remembrance of her vision, wherewith she resolued assuredly the gods had appointed that shamefull end to be her resting place, had set her mind to no other way but to death) vsed such like speeches to *Philanax*, as she had before to the shepheards; vvilling him not to looke vpon her as a woman, but a monster; not as a Princeesse, but as a traytor to his Prince; not as *Basilus* wife, but as *Basilus* murtherer. She told him how the world required at his hands, the iust demonstration of his friendship; if he now forgot his Prince, he should shew hee had neuer loued but his fortune: like those vermine that sucke of the liuing bloud, and leaue the body as soone as it is dead; poore Princeesse needlesly seeking to kindle him, who did most deadly detest her, which he vttered in this bitter answer. Madam (said hee) you doe well to hate your selfe, for you cannot hate a worse creature; and though we feele enough your hellish disposition, yet we need not doubt you are of counsell to your selfe of much worse than we know. But now feare not, you shall not long be cumbred with being guided by so euill a soule; therefore prepare your self, that if it be possible you may deliuer vp your spirit so much purer, as you more wash your wickednesse vvith repentance. Then hauing presently giuen order for the bringing from *Mantineia*, a great number of tents; for the receit of the principall *Arcadians*: the maner of that country being that where the Prince died, there should be orders taken for the countries gouernement, and in the place any murther was committed, the iudgement should be giuen there, before the body was buried, both concurring in this matter, and already great part of the Nobility being arrined, hee deliuered the Princeesse to a Gentleman of great trust; and as for *Damet* as taking from him the keyes of both the Lodges, calling him the moth of his Princes estate, and onely spot of his iudgement, he caused him with his wife and daughter, to bee fettered vp in as many chaines and clogs, as they could beare, and euery third houre to bee cruelly whipt, till the determinate iudgment should be giuen of all these matters. That done, hauing sent already at his coming, to all the quarters of the country to seeke *Pamela*, although vvith small hope of ouertaking them, he himselfe went well accompanied to the Lodge, where the two vnfortunate Louers were attending a cruell conclusion of their long, painefull, and late most painefull affection. *Damet* as clownishe eyes, hauing been the only discouersers of *Pyracles* stratagem, had no sooner taken a full view of them (which in some sights would rather haue bred any thing, than an accusing minde) and locked the doore vpon these two young folkes, now made prisoners for loue, as before they had been prisoners to loue, but that immediately vpon his going downe (whether with noyse *Damet* as made, or with the creeping in of the light, or rather that as extreame griefe had procured his sleepe, so extreame care had measured his sleepe, giuing his senses a very early *salue* to come to themselves) *Pyracles* awaked; and being vp, the first euill hansell he had of the ill case wherein he was, was the seeing himselfe depriued of his sword, from which he had neuer separated himselfe in any occasion,



occasion, and even that night first by the Kings bed, and then there had laid it, as he thought safe: putting great part of the trust of his well doing in his own courage to armed. For indeede the confidence in ones selfe is the chiefe nurse of magnanimity, which confidence notwithstanding doth not leave the care of necessarie furnitures for it: and therefore of all the Grecians, *Homer* doth ever make *Achilles* the best armed. But that as I say, was the first ill token: but by and by he perceived hee was a prisoner before any arrest: for the doore which he had left open, was made so fast of the outside, that for all the force he could employ vpon it, he could not vndo *Damet* doing, then went he to the windowes, to see if that way there were any escape of him and his deare Lady. But as vaine hee found all his employment there, not having might to breake out but onely one barre, wherein notwithstanding hee strayed his finewes to the vntermost. And that he rather took out to die for better fame, than for any possibility he had to escape, for euen then it was that *Damet* having gathered together the first comming Shepheards, did blabber out what he had found in the Lady *Philoeles*'s chamber. *Pyrates* markedly hearkened to all that *Damet* said, whose voice and minde acquaintance had taught him sufficiently to know. But when he assuredly perceived that his being with the Lady *Philoeles* was fully discovered; & by the folly or malice, or rather malicious folly of *Damet*, her honour therein touched in the highest degree, remembering withall the cruelty of the *Arcadian* lawes, which without exception did condemne all to death, who were found (as *Damet* reported of them) in act of marriage without solemnity of marriage, assuring himselfe besides the law, the King and the Queene would vie so much more hate against their daughter, as they had found themselves sorted by him in the pursuit of their loue. Lastly, seeing they were not only in the way of death, but fitly incaged for death, looking with a hearty griefe vpon the honour of loue, the fellowlesse *Philoeles*, whose innocent soule now enjoying his own goodnes did little know the danger of his ever faire then sleeping harbor, his excellent wit strengthened with vertue, but guided by loue, had soone described to himselfe a perfect vision of their present condition, wherein having presently cast a resolute reckoning of his own part of the misery, not only the chiefe but sole burthen of his anguish consisted in the vnworthy case, which was like to fall vpon the best deseruing *Philoeles*. He saw the misfortune, not the mismeaning of his worke, was like to bring that creature to end, in whom the world (as he thought) did begin to receiue honour, he saw the weak iudgement of man, would condemne that as death deseruing vice in her, which had in troth neuer broken the bonds of a true liuing vertue: & how often his eye turned to his attractive adamant, so often did an vspeakeable horror strike his noble heart to consider so vnripe yeares, so faultlesse a beaury, the mansion of so pure goodnesse, should haue her youth so vntimely cut off, her naturall perfections vnnaturally consumed, her vertue rewarded with shame; sometimes he would accuse himselfe of negligence, that had no more curiously looked to all the house entries, and yet could he not imagine the way *Damet* was gotten in: & to call backe what might haue been, to a man of wisdom and courage, carries but a vaine shadow of discourse, sometimes he could not chuse but with a dissolution of his inward might lamentably consider with what face he might looke vpon his (till then) joy *Philoeles*, when the next light waking should deliuer vnto her, should perchance bee the last of her hurtlesse life. And that the first time she should bend her excellent eyes vpon him, shee should see the accursed author of her dreadfull end, & euen this consideration more than any other, did so set it selfe in his well disposed minde, that dispersing his thoughts to all the wayes that might bee of her safetie, finding a very small discourse in so narrow limits

limits of time and place, at length in many difficulties he saw none beare any likelihood for her life, but his death. For then hee thought it would fall out, that when they found his body dead, hauing no accuser but *Dametas*, as by his speech he found there was not, it might iustly appeare that either *Philoclea* in defending her honour, or else he himselfe in despaire of archieuing, had left his carcasse prooue of his intent, but witness of her clearenesse. Hauing a small while stayed vpon the greatnesse of his resolution, & looked to the furthest of it: he it so (said the valiant *Pyrocles*) neuer life for better cause, nor to a better end was bestowed, for if death be to follow this doing, which no death of mine could make me leaue vndone, who is to die: so iustly as my selfe? & if I must die, who can be so fit executioners as mine owne hands, which as they were accessaries to the doing, so in killing me they shall suffer their owne punishment? But then arose there a new impediment; for *Dametas* hauing carried away any thing, which he thought might hurt as tender a man as himselfe, he could find no fit instrument which might giue him a finall dispatch: at length making the more haste, lest his Lady should awake, taking the iron bar, (which being sharper somewhat at the one end than the other, he hoped, ioyn'd to his willing strength, might breake off the feeble threed of mortality: Truly (said he) fortune thou hast well perseuered mine enemy, that will grant me no fortune to be vnfortunate, nor let mee have an easie passage now I am to trouble thee no more. But said he, o bar blessed in that thou hast done seruice to the chamber of the Paragon of life, since thou couldest not help me to make a perfecter escape, yet serue my turne I pray thee, that I may escape from my selfe, therewithall yet once looking to fetch the last repast of his eies, and new againe transported with the pitifull case he left her in, kneeling downe he thus prayed. O great maker and great ruler of this world (said he) to thee doe I sacrifice this bloud of mine, and suffer (Lord) the errours of my youth to passe away therein, and let not the soule by thee made, and ever bending vnto thee, be now reiected of thee, neither be offended that I do abandon this body, to the gouernment of which thou hadst placed me, without thy leaue; since how can I know but that thy vnsearchable mind is, I should so do, since thou hast taken from me all meanes longer to abide in it? And since the difference stands but in a short time of dying, thou that hast framed my soule inclined to do good, how can I in this small space of mine, benefite so much all the humane kinde, as in preserving thy perfectest workmanship, their chiefest honour? O Iustice it selfe, howsoeuer thou determinest of me, let this excellent innocency not bee oppressed! Let my life pay her losse, O Lord giue me some signe that I may dye with this comfort. (And pawling a little as if he had hoped for some token) and whensoever to the eternall darkenesse of the earth she doth follow mee, let our spirits possesse one place, and let them be more happy in that vniting. With that word striking the barre vpon his heart side with all the force hee had, and falling withall vpon to giue it the thorower passage, the barre in troth was too blunt to doe the effect, although it pierced his skinne, and bruised his ribs very sore, so that his breath was almost past him. But the noyse of his fall draue away sleepe from the quier senses of the deare *Philoclea*, whose sweet soule had an earely salutation of a deadly spectacle vnto her, with so much more astonishment, as the falling asleepe but a little before she had retired her selfe from the vttermost point of wofulnesse, and saw now againe before her eyes the most cruell enterprize that humane nature can vndertake, without discerning any cause thereof. But the lively print of her affection had soone taught her not to stay long vpon deliberation in so vrgent a necessity: therefore getting with speede her weake, though well accorded limmes out of her sweetned bed, as when iewels are hastily pulled out of some rich coffer, she spared



spared not the nakednesse of her tender feete, but I think borne as fast with desire as teare carried *Daphne*, she came running to *Pyrocles*, and finding his spirits something troubled with the fall, she put by the barre that lay close to him, and straying him in her most beloved embracements, My comfort, my ioy, my life (said she) what haue you to kil your *Philocles* with the most cruell torment that euer Lady suffered? Do you not yet perswade your selfe that any hurt of yours is a death vnto me? And that your death should be my hell? Alas, if any sodaine dislike of mee (for other cause I see none) haue caused you to loath your selfe, if any fault or defect of mine hath bred this terriblest rage in you, rather let mee suffer the bitternesse of it, for so shall the deseruer bee punished, mankind preserued from such a ruine, and I for my part shall haue that comfort, that I die by the noblest hand that euer drew sword. *Pyrocles* grieved with his fortune, that he had not in one instant cut off all such deliberation, thinking his life onely reserued to be bound to be the vnhappy newes-teller; Alas (said he) my only starre, why do you this wrong to God, your selfe, and mee, to speake of faults in you? no, no, most faultlesse, most perfect Lady, it is your excellency that makes me hasten my desired end, it is the right I owe to the generall nature, that (though against priuate nature) makes mee seeke the preseruacion of all that shee hath done in this age, let me, let me die. There is no way to saue your life (most worthy to be conserued) than that my death be your clearing: Then did hee with farre more paine and backward lothnesse, than the so neare killing himselfe was (but yet driuen with necessity to make her yeeld, to that he thought was her safety) make her a short, but pithy discourse, wher he had heard by *Dametas* speeches, confirming the rest with a plaine demonstration of their imprisonment. And then sought he new means of stopping his breath, but that by *Philocles* labour, above her force, he was stayed to heare her. In whom a man might perceiue what small difference in the working there is, betwixt a simple voidnesse of euill, and a iudiciall habit of vertue. For she, not with an vnshaken magnanimity, wherewith *Pyrocles* weyed and despised death, but with an innocent guiltlesnesse, not knowing why she should feare to deliuer her vnstained soule to God, helped with the true louing of *Pyrocles*, which made her thinke no life without him, did almost bring her minde to as quiet attending all accidents, as the vnmaisterd vertue of *Pyrocles*. Yet hauing with a pretty palenesse (which did leaue milken lines vpon her rosie cheekes) payd a little duty to humane feare, taking the Prince by his hand, and kissing the wound he had given himselfe, O the onely life of my life, & (if it fall out so) the comfort of my death, said she, farre, farre from you, be the doing me such wrong, as to thinke I will receiue my life as a purchase of your death, but well may you make my death so much more miserable, as it shall any thing be delayed after my onely felicity. Doe you thinke I can accompt of the moment of death, like the vspeakeable afflictions my soule should suffer, so oft as I call *Pyrocles* to minde, which should be as oft as I breathed? Should these eyes guide my steps, that had scene your murder? Should these hands feede mee, that had not hundred such a mischief? Should this heart remaine within mee, at euery pant to count the continuall clocke of my miseries? O no, if dye wee must, let vs thanke death, wee hath not diuided so true an vnion. And truely my *Pyrocles*, I haue heard my father, & other wise men say, that the killing of ones self is but a false colour of true courage, proceeding rather of a feare of a further euill, either of torment or shame. For if it were not a respecting the harme, that would likewise make him not respect what might be done vnto him: & hope, being of all other, the most contrary thing to feare, this being an vtter banishment of hope, it seemes to receiue his ground in feare. Whatsoeuer (would they say) comes out of despaire, cannot beare

beare the title of valour, which should be lifted vp to such a height, that holding all things vnder it selfe, it should be able to maintaine his greatnesse euen in the midst of miseries. Lastly, they would say, God had appointed vs Capitaines of these our bodily forts, which without treason to that Maiestie, were neuer to be deliuered ouer till they were redemanded. *Pyrrus*, vvhho had that for a law vnto him, not to leaue *Philotea* in any thing vn-satisfied, although hee still remained in his former purpose, & knew that time would grow short for it, yet hearing no noise (the shepherds being as then run to *Basilina*) with settled and humble countenance, as a man that should haue spoken of a thing that did not concerne himselfe, bearing euen in his eyes sufficient shewes, that it was nothing but *Philotea*'s danger, which did any thing burthen his heart, farre stronger than fortune, hauing with vehement embracings of her, got yet some fruit of his delayed end, hee thus answered the wise innocencie of *Philotea*. Lady most worthy not onely of life, but to be the very life of all things: the more notable demonstrations you make of the loue, to farre beyond my desert, with which it pleaseth you to ouercome fortune, in making mee happy: the more am I euen in course of humanitie (to leaue that loues force, which I neither can nor will leaue) bound to seeke requirals wittnesse, that I am not vngratefull: to do which, the infinitenesse of your goodnesse being such as I cannot reach vnto it, yet doing all I can, & paying my life, which is all I haue, though it be farre (without measure) short of your desert, yet shall I not die in debt to mine own duty. And truly the more excellent arguments you made, to keepe me from this passage, imagined far more terrible than it is, the more plainly it makes me to see what reason I haue, to prevent the losse not onely of *Arcadia*, but all the face of the earth should receiue, if such a tree (which euen in his first spring, doth not onely beare most beautifull blossoms, but most rare fruits) should be so vntimely cut off. Therefore, O most truly beloued Lady, to whom I desire for both our goods, that these may be my last words, giue me your consent euen out of that wisdom which must needes see, that besides your vnmarched betternesse, which perchance you will not see) it is fitter one dye than both. And since you haue sufficiently shewed you loue mee, let me claime by that loue, you will be content rather to let me die contentedly, than wretchedly: rather with a cleare and ioyful conscience, than with desperate condemnation in my selfe, that I accursed villaine, should bee the meane of banishing from the sight of men the true example of verue. And because there is nothing left mee to bee imagined, which I so much desire, as that the memory of *Pyrrus* may euer haue an allowed place in your wise iudgement, I am content to draw so much breath longer, as by answering the sweete objections you alledged, may bequeathe (as I thinke) a right conceit vnto you, that this my doing is out of iudgement, and not sprung of passion. Your father (you say) was wont to say, that this like action doth more proceed of fear of further euil or shame, than of a true courage: Truly first, they put a very ghesing case, speaking of them who can neuer after come to tell, with what mind they did it. And as for my part, I call the immortall truth to wittnesse, that no feare of torment can appall me: who know it is but diuerse manners of apparrelling death: and haue long learned to set bodily paine but in the second forme of my being. And as for shame, how can I be ashamed of that, for which my well meaning conscience will answer for mee to God, and your vnresistable beauty to the world? But to take that argument in his owne force, and grant it done for auoiding of further paine or dishonour, (for as for the name of feare, it is but an odious title of passion, giuen to that which true iudgement performeth) grant, I say, it is to shunne a worse case, and truly I doe not see, but that true fortitude, looking into all humane things with  
 a persisting



a persisting resolution, carried away neither with wonder of pleasing things, nor astonishment of the vnpleasant, doth not yet deprive it selfe of the discerning the difference of euill, but rather is the onely vertue, which in an assured tranquillity shuns the greater by the valiant entring into the lesse. Thus for his countries safety he will spend his life, for the sauing of a lim he will not niggardly spare his goods; for the sauing of all his body he vwill not spare the cutting off a lim, where indeed the weak-hearted man wil rather die, than see the face of a surgeon: who might with as good reason say, that the constant man abides the painefull surgery, for feare of a further euill; but he is content to waite for death it selfe, but neither is true, for neither hath the one any feare, but a well choosing iudgement: nor the other hath any contentment, but onely feare, and not hauing a heart actiuely to performe a matter of paine, is forced passiuely to abide a greater damage. For to do, requires a whole heart; to suffer fallerh easiliest in the broken minds. And if in bodily torment thus, much more in shame, wherein since valour is a vertue, and vertue is euer limited, vvee must not runne so infinitely, as to thinke the valiant man is vwillingly to suffer any thing, since the very suffering of some things is a certaine prooffe of want of courage. And if any thing vnwillingly, among the chiefest may shame goe: for if honour be to be held deare, his contrary is to bee abhorred, and that not for feare, but of a true election. For which is the lesse inconuenient, either the losse of some yeares more or lesse (once vvee know our liues bee not immortall) or the submitting our selues to each vnworthy misery, which the foolish world may lay vpon vs. As for their reason, that feare is contrarie to hope, neither doe I defend feare, nor much yeeld to the authority of hope; to either of which grear inclining shewes but a feeble reason, which must be guided by his seruants: and who builds not vpon hope, shall feare no earth-quake of despaire. Their last alledging of the heavenly powers, as it beares the greatest name, so it is the onely thing, that at all bred any comparē in my minde, And yet I doe not see, but that if God had made vs masters of any thing, it is of our owne liues; out of which without doing vvrong to any body, we are to issue at your owne pleasure. And the same argument would as much preuaile to say vvee should for no necessity lay away from vs, any of our ioynts, since they being made of him, vvithout his warrant wee should not depart from them; or if that may be, for a greater cause wee may passe to a greater degree. And if wee be Lieutenants of God, in this litle Castle, doe you not thinke we must take warning of him to giue ouer our charge when he leaues vs vnprouided of good meanes to tarry in it? No certainly doe I not, answered the sorrowfull *Philo-clea*, since it is not for vs to appoint that mighty Maiesty, what time hee will helpe vs: the vttermost instant is scope enough for him, to reuoke euery thing to ones owne desire. And therefore to preiudicate his determination, is but a doubt of goodnesse in him, who is nothing but goodnesse. But when indeed he doth either by sicknesse, or outward force lay death vpon vs, then are wee to take knowledge that such is his pleasure, and to know that all is well that hee doth. That we should be masters of our selues, we can shew at all no title, nor claime; since neither we made our selues, nor bought our selues, wee can stand vpon no other right but his gift, which hee must limit as it pleaseth him. Neither is there any proportion betwixt the losse of any other lim, and that, since the one bends to the preseruing of all, the other to the destruction of all; the one takes not away the minde from the actions for which it is placed in the world, the other cuts off all possibilitie of his working. And truly my most deare *Pyrocles*, I must needes protest vnto you, that I

cannot thinke your defence euen in rules of vertue sufficient, sufficient & excellent it were, if the question were of two outward things, vvherein a man might by natures freedom determine, whether he would preferre shame to paine, present smaller torment, to greater following, or no. But to this (besides the comparison of the matters values) there is added of the one part a direct euill doing, vvhich maketh the ballance of that side too much vnequall: since a vertuous man without any respect, whether the griefe be lesse or more, is neuer to do that which he cannot assure himselfe is allowable before the euerliuing rightfulnessse; but rather is to thinke honours or shames, which stand in other mens true or false iudgments; paines or not paines, which yet neuer approach our soules, to be nothing in regard of an vnspotted conscience. And these reasons do I remember, I haue heard good men bring in, that since it hath not his ground in an assured vertue, it proceeds rather of some other disguised passion. *Pyrocles* was not so much perswaded as delighted, by her wel conceived & sweetly pronounced speeches; but when she had cloed her pitiful discourse, & as it were sealed vp her delightful lips, with the moistnesse of her tears, which followed still one another like a precious rope of pearle: now thinking it hie time; Be it as you say (said hee, most vertuous beauty) in all the rest, but neuer can God himselfe perswade me, that *Pyrocles* life is not well lost, for to preserve the most admirable *Philoclea*. Let that be if it be possible written on my Tombe, and I will not enuie *Codruss* honour. With that he would againe haue vsed the barre, meaning if that fayled, to leaue his braines vpon the wall; when *Philoclea* now brought to that she most feared, kneeled down vnto him, and embracing so his legs, that without hurting her (vvhich for nothing hee vould haue done) hee could not ridde himselfe from her, she did with all the coniuring words, which the authority of loue may lay, beseech him, hee vould not now so cruelly abandon her, hee vould not leaue her comfortlesse in that misery, to vvhich hee had brought her. That then indeede shee would euen in her soule accuse him, to haue most foully betrayed her, that then shee would haue cause to curse the time that euer the name of *Pyrocles* came to her eares, which otherwise no death could make her doe. Will you leaue me, said she; not onely dishonoured as supposed vnchaste with you, but as a murderer of you? Will you giue mine eyes such a picture of hell, before my neare approaching death, as to see the mured body of him I loue more than all the liues that nature can giue? With that shee sware by the hiest cause of all deuotions, that if he did perseuere in that cruell resolution, she would (though vtruely) not only confesse to her father, that with her consent this act had been committed, but if that would not serue (after she had puld out her owne eies, made accursed by such a sight) shee would giue her selfe so terrible a death, as she might thinke the paine of it would counteruaile the neuer dying paine of her mind. Now therefore kill your selfe, to crowne this vertuous action with infamy: kill your selfe to make mee (whom you say you loue) as long as I after liue, change my louing admiration of you, to a detestable abhorring your name. And so indeede you shall haue the end you shoote at: for in stead of one death, you shall giue me a thousand, and yet in the meane time, deprive me of the helpe God may send me. *Pyrocles* euen overweyed with her so wisely vttered affection, finding her determination so fixed, that his end should but deprive them both of a present contentment, and not auoide a comming euill (as a man that hadde not vnto it, by a sodaine qualme of passion, but by a true vse of reason, preferring her life to his owne) now that wisdome did manifest vnto him, that way would not preuaile,

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he retired himselfe, with as much tranquillity from it, as before hee had gone vnto it. Like a man, that had set the keeping or leauing of the body, as a thing without himselfe, and so had thereof a freed and vntroubled consideration. Therefore throwing away the barre from him, and taking her vp from the place, where hee thought the consummating of al beauties, very vnworthily lay, suffering all his senses to deuoure vp their chiefeest foode, which he assured himselfe they should shortly after for euer be deprived off: Well, said he, most deare Lady, whose contentment I preferre before mine owne, and iudgement esteeme more than mine owne, I yeeld vnto your pleasure. The gods send you haue not wonne your owne losse. For my part they are my witneses, that I thinke I doe more at your commandement, in delaying my death, than another would in bestowing his life. But now, said hee, as thus farre I haue yeelded vnto you, so grant mee in recompence thus much againe, that I may finde your loue in granting, as you haue found your authority in obtayning. My humble suite is, you will say I came in by force into your chamber, for so am I resolved now to affirme, and that will be the best for vs both; but in no case name my name, that whatsoeuer come of mee, my house be not dishonoured. *Philoclea* fearing lest refusall would turne him backe againe to his violent refuge, gaue him a certaine countenance, that might shew she did yeeld to his request, the latter part wherof indeed she meant for his sake to performe. Neither could they spend more words together: for *Philanax*, with twentic of the noblest personages of *Arcadia* after him, were come into the Lodge, *Philanax* making the rest to stay belowe, for the reuerence he bare to womanhood, as stilly as he could came to the doore, & opening it, drew the eies of these two doleful louers vpon him. *Philoclea* closing againe for modesty sake, within her bed the riches of her beauties, but *Pyrocles* tooke hold of his barre, minding at least to dye, before the excellent *Philoclea* should receiue any outrage. But *Philanax* rested awhile vpon himselfe, stricken with admiration at the goodly shape of *Pyrocles*, whom before he had neuer scene, and withall remembring besides others the notable act he had done (when with his courage and eloquence, hee had saued *Basilina*, perchance the whole State from vnto ruine) he felt a kinde of relenting minde towards him. But when that same thought came wayted on with the remembrance of his masters death, which he by all probabilities, thought he had bin of counsell vnto with the Queene, compassion turned to hatefull passion, and left in *Philanax* a strange medley, betwixt pity and reuenge, betwixt liking and abhorring. O Lord, said he to himselfe, what wonders doth nature in our time, to set wickednesse so beautifully garnished, and that which is strangest, out of one spring to make wonderfull effects both of vertue and vice to issue? *Pyrocles* seeing him in such a muse, neither knowing the man, nor the cause of his comming, but assuring himselfe, it was for no good, yet thought best to begin with him in this sort. Gentleman, said he, what is the cause of your comming to my Lady *Philoclea's* chamber? is it to defend her from such violence, as I might goe about to offer vnto her? if it be so, truly your comming is vaine, for her owne vertue hath bin a sufficient resistance, there needs no strength to be added to so inuiolate chastity, the excellency of her mind makes her body impregnable. Which for mine owne part I had soone yeelded to confesse, with going out of this place (where I found but little comfort being so disdainfully receiued) had I not been, I know not by whom presently vpon my comming hither, so looked into this chamber, that I could neuer escape hence: where I was fetted in the most guilty shame, that euer man was, seeing what a paradise of vnspotted goodnes, my filthy thoughts sought to defile. If for that therefore you come,

already I assure you your errand is performed; but if it be to bring me to any punishment whatsoeuer, for hauing vnderaken so inexcusable presumption, truly I beare such an accuser about me of mine own conscience, that I willingly submit my selfe vnto it. Only thus much let me demand of you, that you will be a witness vnto the king what you heare me say, and oppose your selfe, that neither his sodain fury, nor any other occasion may offer any hurt to this Lady; in whom you see nature hath accomplished so much, that I am faine to lay mine own faultinesse, as a foyle of her purest excellencie. I can say no more, but looke vpon her beauty, remember her blood, consider her yeares, and iudge rightly of her vertues, and I doubt not a gentlemen's minde, will then bee a sufficient instructor vnto you, in this I may tearme it miserable chaunce, happened vnto her by my vnbridled audacitie. *Philanax* was content to heare him out, not for any fauour he owed him, but to see whether hee would reueale any thing of the originall cause, and purpose of the kings death. But finding it so far from that, that he named *Basilus* vnto him, as supposing him alieue thinking it rather cunning than ignorance: Yong man (said he) whom I haue cause to hate, before I haue meane to know, you vse but a point of skill, by confessing the manifest smaller fault, to be beleued hereafter in the deniall of the greater. But for that matter, all passeth to one end, and hereafter we shall haue easure by torments to seeke the truth, if the loue of truth it selfe will not bring you vnto it. As for my Lady *Philoclea*, if it so fall out as you say, it shall be the more fit for her yeares, and comely for the great house that she is come of, that an ill gouerned beautie hath not cancelled the rules of vertue. But howsoeuer it be, it is not for you to teach an *Arcadian* what reuerent duty we owe vnto any of that progenie. But, said he, come with me without resistance, for the one cannot auaille, & the other may procure pity. Pity? said *Pyrrcles*, with a bitter smiling, disdained with so currish an answer: no, no, *Arcadian*, I can quickly haue pitie of my selfe, and would think my life most miserable, which should be a gift of thine. Only I demand this innocent Ladies securitie, which vntill thou hast confirmed vnto me by an oath, assure thy selfe, the first that layes hands vpon her shal leaue his life, for a testimony of his sacriledge. *Philanax* with an inward scorne thinking it most manifest they were both, he at least, of counsell with the kings death, Well, said he, you speak much to me of the king: I do here sweare vnto you, by the loue I haue euer borne him, shee shall haue no worse, howsoeuer it fall out, than her own parents. And vpon that word of yours I yecld said the poor *Pyrrcles*, deceiued by him that meant not to deceiue him. Then did *Philanax* deliuer him into the hands of a nobleman in the cōpany, eueryone desirous to haue him in his charge, so much did his goodly presence (wherin true valor shined) breed a delightfull admiration in all the beholders. *Philanax* himselfe stayed with *Philoclea*, to see whether of her he might learne some disclosing of his former conclusion. But she, sweet Lady, whom first a kindly shamefastnesse had separated from *Pyrrcles* (having bin left in a more open view than her modesty would wel bear) then the attending her fathers cōming, & studying how to behaue her selfe towards him for both their safeties, had called her spirits all within her, now that vpon a sodain *Pyrrcles* was deliuered out of the chamber from her, at the first she was so surprized with the extreme stroke of the wofull sight, that like those that in their dreames are taken with some vgly vision, they would fain cry for help, but haue no force, so remained she awhile quite deprived not only of speech, but almost of any other liuely action. But when indeed *Pyrrcles* was quite drawn from her eyes, and that her virall strength began to returne vnto her, now not knowing what they did to *Pyrrcles*, but (according to the nature of loue) fearing the worst, wringing her hands, and letting

abundance



abundance of teares be the first part of her eloquence, bending her amber-crowned head ouer her bed side to the hard-hearted *Philanax*, O *Philanax*, *Philanax*, said she, I know how much authority you haue with my father: there is no man whose wisdom he so much esteemes, nor whose faith so much he reposeth vpon. Remember how oft you haue promised your seruice vnto me, how oft you haue giuen me occasion to beleue that there was no Lady in whose fauor you more desired to remain: and if the remembrance be not vnpleasant to your mind, or the rehearfall vnfitting for my fortune, remember there was a time when I could deserue it. Now my chance is turned, let not your truth turne. I present my selfe vnto you, the most humble and miserable suppliant liuing, neither shall my desire be great: I seeke for no more life than I shall be found worthy of. If my blood may wash away the dishonour of *Arcadia*, spare it not, although through me it hath indeed neuer been dishonored. My only sute is, you wil be a meane for me, that while I am suffered to enioy this life, I may not be separated from him, to whom the gods haue ioyned mee, and that you determine nothing of him more cruelly than you doe of mee. If you rightly iudge of what hath past, wherein the gods (that should haue beene of our marriage) are witnesses of our innocencies; then procure, wee may liue together. But if my father wil not so conceiue of vs, as the fault (if any were) was vnited, so let the punishment be vnited also. There was no man that euer loued either his Prince, or any thing pertaining to him, with a truer zeale than *Philanax* did. This made him euen to the depth of his heart receive a most vehement grief, to see his master made as it were more miserable after death. And for himself, calling to mind in what sort his life had bin preserued by *Philoclea*, what time taken by *Amphialus* he was like to suffer a cruell death, there was nothing could haue kept him from falling to tender pitie, but the perfect perswasion hee had, that all this was ioyned to the packe of his masters death, which the misconceiued speech of marriage made him the more beleue. Therefore first muttering to himselfe such like words: The violence the Gentleman spake of, is now turned to marriage: he alledged *Mars*, but she speaks of *Venus*. O vntfortunate master! This hath been that faire diuell *Gynecia*: sent away one of her daughters, prostituted the other, empoysoned thee, to ouerthrow the diadem of *Arcadia*. But at length thus vnder her selfe he said: If your Father, Madam, were now to speak vnto, truly there should no body be found a more ready aduocate for you than my selfe. For I would suffer this fault, though very great, to be blotted out of my minde, by your former led life, your benefit towards my selfe, and being daughter to such a father. But since among your selues you haue taken him away, in whom was the onely power to haue mercy, you must now be clothed in your owne working: and looke for none other, than that which dead pitilesse lawes may allot vnto you. For my part, I loued you for your vertue, but now where is that? I loued you in respect of a private benefit, what is that in comparison of the publike loss? I loued you for your father, vnhappy folks you haue robbed the world of him. These words of her father were so little vnderstood by the only wel vnderstanding *Philoclea*, that shee desired him to tell her, what he meant to speake in such darke sort vnto her of her Lord and Father, whose displeasure was more dreadfull vnto her, than her punishment: that she was free in her owne conscience, she had neuer deserued euill of him, no not in this last fact: wherein if it pleased him to proceede with patience, hee should finde her choise had not been vntfortunate. He that saw her words written in the plain table of her faire face, thought it impossible there should therein be contained deceit: and therefore so much the more abashed: Why, said he, Madam, would you haue me thinke you are not of conspiracie with

the Princeſſe *Pamela*'s flight, & your fathers death? With that vword the ſweet Ladie gaue a pitifullerie, hauing ſtreight in her face & breſt abundance of wirtueſſes, that her heart was far from any ſuch abominable conſent. Ah of all ſides vtterly ruined *Philoclea*, ſaid ſhee, now indeede I may well ſuffer all conceit of hope to dye in mee. Deare father, where vvas I, that might not do you my laſt ſeruiſe before, ſoon after miſerably following you? *Philanax* perceiued the demonſtration ſo liuely & true in her, that he eaſily acquitted her in his heart of that fact, and the more vvas moved to ioyne with her in moſt heauy lamentation. But remembring him, that the burthen of the ſtate, and puniſhment of his maſters murderers, lay all vpon him: Well, ſaid he, Madame, I can do nothing, without all the ſtates of *Arcadia*: what they vwill determine of you, I know not: for my part your ſpeeches would much preuaile with me, but that I finde not how to excuſe your giuing ouer your body to him, that for the laſt proof of his treaſon, lent his garments to diſguiſe your miſerable mother, in the moſt vile fact ſhe hath committed. Hard ſure it vwill be to ſeparate your cauſes, vvith whom you haue ſo nearely ioyned your ſelfe. Neither do I deſire it, ſaid the ſwoetely weeping *Philoclea*: whatſoeuer you determine of him, doe that likewiſe to me; for I know, from the fountaine of vertue nothing but vertue could euer proceed; onely as you find him faultleſſe, let him find you fauourable, & build not my diſhonour vpon ſumiſes. *Philanax* feeling his heart more & more mollifying vnto her, renewed the image of his dead maſter in his fancy, & vſing that for the ſpurs of his reuengefull choler, went ſuddenly vvithout any more ſpeech from the deſolate Ladie; to vvhom now fortune ſeemed to threaten vnripe death, and vnderſerued ſhame among her leaſt evils. But *Philanax* leauing good guard vpon the Lodge, went himſelfe to ſee the order of his other priſoners, vvhom euen then as he iſſued, he found increaſed by this vn hoped meanes.

The noble *Pamela* hauing deliuered ouer the burthen of her fearefull cares to the naturall eaſe of a well reſreſhing ſleep, repoſed both mind & body vpon the truſted ſupport of her Princely ſhepherd, when vvith the braying cries of a rascal compaignie ſhe was robbed of her quiet, ſo that at one inſtant ſhee opened her eies, and the enraged *Mufidorus* roſe from her, enraged betwixt the doubt he had what theſe men vvould go about, and the ſpite hee conceiued againſt their ill-pleaſing preſence. But the clownes hauing with their hideous noiſe brought them both to their ſeete, had ſoone knowledge what guiſts they had found, for indeede theſe were the ſkummy remnant of thoſe rebels, whoſe naughty minds could not truſt ſo much to the goodneſſe of their Prince, as to lay their hang-worthy neckes vpon the conſtancy of his promiſed pardon. Therefore, when the reſt (who as ſheepe had but followed their fellowes) ſo ſheepiſhly had ſubmitted themſelues, theſe only committed their ſaſetic to the thickeſt part of thoſe deſert woods: who as they were in the conſtitution of their mindes little better than beaſts, ſo were they apt to degenerate to a beaſtly kind of life, hauing now framed their gluttoniſh ſtomackes to haue for food the wild beaſts of nature, the vttermoſt end they had, being but to draw out (as much as they could) the line of a tedious life. In this ſort vagabonding in thoſe vntraden places, they were guided by the euerlaſting Iuſtice, vſing themſelues to be puniſhers of their faults, and making their owne actions the beginning of their chaſtizement, (vnhappily both for him and themſelues) to light on *Mufidorus*. Whom as ſoone as they ſaw turned towards them, they full well remembred it was he, that accompanied with *Baſilius*, had come to the ſuccour of *Zelmane*: and had left among ſome of them bloudie tokens of his valour. As for *Pamela*, they had many times ſcene her. Thus firſt ſtirred vp with a ruſticall reuenge againſt him,

and



and then desire of spoyle to helpe their miserable wants, but chiefly thinking it was the way to confirme their owne pardon, to bring the Princesse backe vnto her father (whom they were sure hee would neuer haue sent so farre so slightly accompanied) without any other denouncing of warre, set altogether vpon the worthy *Musidorus*. Who being before hand as much enflamed against them, gaue them so braue a welcome, that the smart of some made the rest stand further off, crying and prating against him, but like bad curre, rather barking than closing: hee in the meane time placing his trembling Ladie to one of the Pyne trees, and so setting himselfe before her, as might shew the cause of his courage grew in himselfe, but the effect was onely employed in her defence; the villaines that now had a second prooffe, how ill wards they had for such a sword, turned all the course of their violence into throwing darts & stones, indeed the onely way to ouermaster the valour of *Musidorus*. Who finding them some already touch, some fall so neare his chiefeft life *Pamela*, that in the end some one or other might hap to doe an vnsuccourable mischief, setting all his hope in despaire, ranne out from his Lady among them. Who streight like so many swine, when a hardy mastife sets vpon them, dispersed themselves. But the first he overlooked, as he ran away, carrying his head as farre before him, as those manner of runnings are wont to doe, with one blow strake it so cleane off, that it falling betwixt the hands, and the body falling vpon it, it made a shew as though the fellow had had great haste to gather vp his head againe. Another the speed he made to runne for the best game, bare him full butt against a tree, so that tumbling backe with a brused face, and a dreadfull expectation, *Musidorus* was straight vpon him: & parting with his sword one of his legs from him, left him to make a roling lamentation that his mortar-treading was marred for euer. A third finding his feete too slowe, as well as his hands too weak, sodainly turned back, beginning to open his lippes for mercie. But before he had well entred a rudely compiled oration, *Musidorus* blade was come betweene his iawes into his throate, and so the poore man rested there for euer with a very euill mouth full of an answer. *Musidorus* in this furious chafe would haue followed some other of these harefull wretches, but that hee heard his Lady cry for helpe, whom three of this villanous crue, had (whiles *Musidorus* followed their fellowes) compassing about some trees, sodainly come vpon and surpris'd, threatning to kill her if she cried, and meaning to conuey her out of sight, while the Prince was making his bloud-thirsty chase. But shee that was resolu'd, no worse thing could fall vnto her, than the being depriv'd of him, on whom she had established all her comfort, with a pitifull cry fetched his eyes vnto her: who then thinking so many weapons thrust into his eyes, as with his eyes hee saw bent against her, made all hearty speede to her succour. But one of them wiser than his companions, set his dagger to her Alablaster throat, swearing if he threw not away his sword, hee would presently kill her. There was neuer poore scholler, that hauing in stead of his booke some playing toy about him, did more sodainly cast it from him, at the child-fear'd presence of a cruell Schoolmaster, than the valiant *Musidorus* discharged himselfe of his onely defence, when he saw it stood vpon the instant point of his Ladies life. And holding vp his noble hands to so vnworthy audience, O *Arcadians*, it is I that haue done you the wrong. she is your Princesse (said he) shee neuer had will to hurt you, and you see shee hath no power. Vse your choller vpon me that haue better deserued it, do not your selues the wrong to do her any hurt, which in no time or place will euer be forgiuen you. They that yet trusted not to his courtesie, bad him stand further off from his sword, which he obediently did. So farre was loue aboue all other things in him. Then  
did

did they call together the rest of their fellowes, vvho though they were few, yet according to their number possessed many places. And then began these sauage Senators to make a consultation what they should do: some vvishing to spoile them of their iewels and let them go on their iournie (for that if they carried them back, they vv ere sure they should haue least part of their prey) others preferring their old homes to any thing, desired to bring them to *Basilus* as pledges of their surety: and there vvanted not which cried, the safest way vv as to kill them both, to such an vnworthy thraldome vv ere these great & excellent personages brought. But the most part resisted to the killing of the Princess, fore-seeing their liues would neuer be safe after such a fact committed, and began to vvish rather the spoile than death of *Musidorus*: when the villaine that had his leg cut off, came scrawling towards them, and being helped to them by one of the companie, began vvith a groning voice, and a disfigured face, to demand the reuenge of his blood, vv hich since he had spent vvith them in their defence, it vv ere no reason he should be suffered by them to die discontented. The onely contentment he required was, that by their help vvith his owne hands he might put his murtherer to some cruell death: he would faine haue cried more against *Musidorus*, but that the much losse of blood helped on with this vehemencie, choked vp the spirits of his life, leauing him to make betwixt his body and soule an ill-fauoured partition. But they seeing their fellow in that sort dye before their faces, did swell in new mortall rages: All resolu ed to kill him, but now onely considering vvhat maner of terrible death they should inuent for him. Thus vv as a while the agreement of his slaying, broken by disagreement of the maner of it; and extremity of cruelty grew for a time to be the stop of cruelty. At length they were resolu ed euery one to haue a peece of him, & to become all as well hangmen, as iudges: vvhen *Pamela* tearing her haire, and falling downe among them, sometimes vvith all the sort of humble prayers, mixt with promises of great good turns (vv hich they knew her state was able to performe) sometimes threatning them, that if they kild him and not her, she would not only reuenge it vpon them, but vpon all their wiues and children: bidding them consider that though they might think she was come away in her fathers displeasure, yet they might be sure he would eu er shew himselfe a father; that the gods would neuer if shee liued, put her in so base estate, but that she should haue ability to plague such as they were: returning afresh to praiers and promises, & mixing the same againe with threatnings, brought them who were now growne colder in their fellowes cause (vv ho was past aggravating the matter with his cries) to determine with themselves there vv as no way, but cyther to kill them both, or saue them both. As for the killing, already they hauing answered themselves, that that vv as a way to make them Citizens of the woods for eu er; they did in fine conclude they would returne them backe againe to the King, vv hich they did not doubt, vv ould be the cause of a great reward, besides their safety from their fore-deserued punishment. Thus hauing either by fortune, or the force of those two louers inward working verrue, settled their cruel hearts to this gentler course, they took the two horses, & hauing set vpon them their Princely prisoners, they returned towards the Lodge. The villaines hauing decked all their heads with lawrell branches, as thinking they had done a notable act, singing and showing, ran by them, in hope to haue brought them the same day againe to the king. But the time vv as so farre spent, that they vv ere forced to take vp that nights lodging in the midst of the woods. Where while the clownes continued their watch about them, now that the night, according to his darke nature, did adde a kinde of desolation to the pensiue hearts of these two afflicted louers, *Musidorus* taking the tender hand of

*Pamela,*



*Pamela*, & bedewing it with his tears, in this sort gaue an issue to the swelling of his hearts griefe. Most excellent Lady, said he, in what case thinke you am I with my self, how vnmerciful iudgments do I lay vpon my soule, now that I know not what god hath so reuerfed my well meaning enterprife, as in stead of doing you that honour which I hoped (& not without reason hoped) *Theffalus* should haue yeelded vnto you, am now like to becom a wretched instrumēt of your discomfort? Alas, how contrarie an end haue all the inclinations of my minde taken! my faith falls out a treason vnto you, and the true honour I beare you, is the field wherein your dishonour is like to be sowne! But I inuoke that vniuersall & only wisdom (which examining the depth of hearts, hath not his iudgment fixed vpon the euent) to bear testimony with me, that my desire though in extremest vehemencie, yet did not so ouercharge my remembrance, but that as far as mans wit might be extended, I sought to preuent all things that might fall to your hurt. But now that all the euill fortunes of euill fortune haue crossed my best framed intent, I am most miserable in that, that I cannot only not giue you helpe; but which is worst of all, am barred from giuing you counsell. For how should I open my mouth to counsell you in that, wherein by my counsel you are most vnderfrewedly fallen? The faire & wise *Pamela*, although full of cares of the vnhappy turning of this matter, yet seeing the griefe of *Musidorus* onely stirred for her, did so tread downe all other motions with the true force of vertue, that she thus answered him, hauing first kissed him, which before shee had neuer, loue commanding her, which doubted how long they should enioy one another; or of a liuely sparke of nobleness, to descend in most fauor to one, when he is lowest in affliction. My deare, & euer deare *Musidorus* (said she) a greater wrong do you to your self, that wil torment you thus with grief for the fault of fortune. Since a man is bound no further to himselfe, than to do wisely; chance is only to trouble them that stand vpon chance. But greater is the wrong (at least if anie thing that comes from you may beare the name of wrong) you doe vnto me, to thinke me either so childish, as not to perceiue your faithfull faultlesnesse; or perceiuing it, so basely disposed, as to let my heart be ouerthrowne, standing vpon it self in so vnspotted a purenesse. Hold for certain, most worthy *Musidorus*, it is your self I loue, which can no mote be diminished by these showres of euill hap, than flowres are marred with the timely raines of April. For how can I want comfort that haue the true and liuing comfort of my vnblemished vertue? And how can I want honour, as long as *Musidorus* in whom indeed honour is, doth honour me? Nothing bred from my self can discomfort me: & fooles opinions I will not reckon as dishonor. *Musidorus* looking vp to the starres, O mind of minds (said he) the liuing power of all things, which doest with all these eies behold our euer varying actions, accept into thy fauorable cares this prayer of mine: If I may anie longer hold out this dwelling on the earth, which is called a life, grant me ability to deserue at this Ladies hands the grace she hath shewed vnto me, grant me wisdom to know her wisdom, & goodnesse so to encrease my loue of her goodnesse, that all mine owne chosen desires, be to my selfe but second to her determinations. Whatsoeuer I be, let it be to her seruice: let mee herein be satisfied, that for such infinite fauours of vertue, I haue some way wrought her satisfaction. But if my last time approcheth, and that I am no longer to bee amongst mortall creatures, make yet my death serue her to some purpose, that hereafter she may not haue cause to repent her selfe that she bestowed so excellent a mind vpon *Musidorus*. *Pamela* could not chuse but accord the conceit of their fortune to these passionate prayers, in so much that her constant eies yeelded some seates, which wiping from her faire face with *Musidorus* hand, speaking softly vnto him,

as if she had feared more any body should be witnesse of her weaknesse, than of any thing else she had said, You see, said shee, my Prince and onely Lord, what you worke in me by your too much grieuing for me. I pray you think I haue no ioy but in you, & if you fill that with sorrow, what do you leaue for me? What is prepared for vs we know not, but that with sorrow we cannot preuent it, we know. Now let vs turn from these things, & think you how you will haue me behaue my self towards you in this matter. *Musidorus* finding the authority of her speech confirmed with direct necessity, the first care came to his minde was of his deare friend and cousin *Pyrocles*; with whom long before he had concluded what names they should beare, if vpon any occasion they were forced to giue themselves out for great men, and yet not make themselves fully known. Now fearing lest if the Prince should name him for *Musidorus*, the fame of their two being together, would discouer *Pyrocles*; holding her hand betwixt his hands a good while together: I did not thinke, most excellent Princess, said he, to haue made any further request vnto you; for hauing beene already to you so vnfortunate a suiter, I know not what modesty can beare any further demand. But the estate of one yong man, whom (next to you, far aboue my selfe) I loue more than all the world, one worthy of all well being for the notable constitution of his mind, and most vnworthy to receiue hurt by me, whom hee doth in all faith & constancy loue, the pitty of him only goes beyond all resolution to the contrary. Then did he, to the Princess great admiration, tell her the whole storie as farre as he knew of it, and that when they made the grieuous disunction of their long combination, they had concluded *Musidorus* should entitle himselfe *Paladin* Prince of *Iberia*, and *Pyrocles* should be *Daiphantus* of *Lycia*.

Now (said *Musidorus*) he keeping a womans habit, is to vse no other name than *Zelmune*: but I that find it best, of the one side for your honor, you went away with a Prince, and not with a shepheard; of the other side accounting my death lesse euill than the betraying of that sweete friend of mine, will take this meane betwixt both, and vsing the name of *Paladin*, if the respect of a Prince will stop your fathers furie, that will serue as well as *Musidorus*, vntill *Pyrocles* fortune being some way established, I may freely giue good proof that the noble country of *Theffalia* is mine: and if that will not mitigate your fathers opinion to mewards (nature I hope working in your excellencies will make him deale well by you) for my part the image of death is nothing fearfull vnto mee: and this good I shall haue reaped by it, that I shall leaue my most esteemed friend in no danger to be disclosed by me. And besides (since I must confesse, I am not without a remorse of her case) my vertuous mother shall not know her sonnes violent death hid vnder the same will go of *Paladin*. But as long as her yeares, now of good number, be counted among the liuing, shee may ioy her selfe with some possibility of my returne. *Pamela* promising him vpon no occasion euer to name him, fell into extremitie of weeping, as if her eies had beene content to spend all their seeing moistnesse, now that there was a speech of the losse of that, which they held as their chiefe light. So that *Musidorus* was forced to repaire her good counsels with sweet consolations, which continued betwixt them vntill it was about midnight, that sleepe hauing stolne into their beauiue senses, and now absolutely commanding in their vitall powers, left them delicately wound one in anothers armes quietly to wait for the comming of the morning: which as soon as she appeared to play her part, laden (as you haue heard) with so many well occasioned lamentations; their lobbish guard (who all night had kept themselves awake, with prating how valiant deeds they had done when they ran away: and how faire a death their fellow had dyed, who at his last gaspe sued to be a hangman) awaked them,



them; and set them vpon their horses, to whom the very shining force of excellent vertue, though in a very harrish subiect, had wrought a kind of reuerence in them; *Musidorus* as he rid among them (of whom they had no other hold but of *Pamela*) thinking it want of well squared iudgement, to leaue any mean vnassayed of sauing their liues, to this purpose spake to his vnseemly guardians, vsing a plaine kind of phrase to make his speech the more credible. My masters (said he) there is no man that is wise, but hath in whatsoeuer he doth some purpose wherto he directs his doings, which so long he follows, till he see that either that purpose is not worth the paines, or that another doing carries with it a better purpose. That you are wise in what you take in hand, I haue to my cost learned: that makes me desire you to tell me what is your end in carrying the Princeesse & me back to her father. Pardon said one, reward cryed another. Well (said he) take both; although I know you are so wise to remember, that hardly they both will goe together, being of so contrarie a making, for the ground of pardon is an euill, neither any man pardons but remembers an euill done: the cause of reward is the opinion of some good act, and who so rewardeth, that holds the chiefe place of his fancy. Now one man of one companie, to haue the same consideration both of good and euill, but that the conceit of pardoning, if it be pardoned, will take away the minde of rewarding, is very hard, if not impossible. For either euery in iustice will hee punish the fault as well as reward the desert, or else in mercy ballance the one by the other: so that the not chastising shall be a sufficient satisfying. Thus then you may see that in your owne purpose rests great vncertainty. But I will grant that by this your deede you shall obtaine your double purpose. Yet consider I pray you whether by another meane, that may not better be obtained, and then I doubt not your wisdoms will teach you to take hold of the better. I am sure you know, any body vvere better haue no neede of a pardon than enioy a pardon; for as it carries with it the surety of a preserved life, so beates it a continuall note of a deserued death. This therefore (besides the danger you may run into, my Lady *Pamela* being the vndoubted inheritor of this state, if she shall hereafter seeke to reuenge your wrong done her) shall be continually cast in your teeth, as men dead by the law: the honestest sort will disdaine your companie, and your children shall be the more basely reputed of, and you your selues in euery sleight fault hereafter, as men once condemned, aptest to bee ouerthrowne. Now if you will (I doubt not you will, for you are wise) turn your course & guard my Lady *Pamela* thitherward, whither she was going: first, you need not doubt to aduenture your fortunes where she goes, & there shall you be assured in a countrey as good and rich as this, of the same manners and language, to be so farre from the conceit of a pardon, as wee both shall be forced to acknowledge wee haue receiued by your meanes whatsoeuer wee hold deare in this life. And so for reward iudge you whether it be not more likely, you shall there receive it where you haue done no euill, but singular and vnderferued goodnes; or here where this seruice of yours shall be diminished by your duty, and blemished by your former fault. Yes I protest and sweare vnto you, by the faire eies of that Lady, there shall no Gentlemen in all that countrey bee preferred: you shall haue riches, ease, pleasure, and that which is best to such worthy mindes, you shall not be forced to cry mercie for a good fact. You only of all the *Arcadians*, shall haue the praise in continuing in your late valiant attempt; and not basely be brought vnder a halter for seeking the libertie of *Arcadia*. These words in their mindes, who did nothing for any loue of goodnesse, but onely as their senses presented greater shewes of profit, beganne to make them wauer, and some to clap their hands and scratch their heads, and sweare it was the best

best way. Others that would seem wiser than the rest, to capitulate what tencements they should haue, what subsidies they should pay : others to talke of their wiues, in doubt whether it were best to send for them, or to take new where they went: most (like fooles) not readily thinking what was next to be done, but imagining vwhat cheare they would make when they came there, one or two of the last discourters beginning to turne their faces towards the woods which they had left. But being now come within the plaine near to the Lodges, vnhappily they espied a troupe of horsemen. But then their false hearts had quickly, for the present feare, forsaken their last hopes : and therefore keeping on the way toward the Lodge, with songs & cries of ioy ; the horsemen, who vvere some of them *Philanax* had sent out to the search of *Pamela*, came galloping vnto them ; maruelling who they were that in such a generall mourning, durst sing ioyfull tunes, and in so publike a ruine weare the lawrell token of victory. And that which seemed strangest, they might see two among them vnarmed like prisoners, but riding like Captaines. But when they came nearer, they perceiued the one was a Lady, and the Lady *Pamela*. Then glad they had by hap found that which they so little hoped to meete withall, taking these clownes, who first resisted them, for the desire they had to be the deliuerers of the two excellent prisoners, learning that they were of those rebels, which had made the dangerous vproare, as well vnder colour to punish that, as this their last withstanding them, but indeed their principall cause being, because they themselves would haue the only praise of their own quest, they suffered not one of them to liue. Mary three of the stubbornest of them they left their bodies hanging vpon the trees, because their doing might carry the likelier forme of iudgement. Such an vnlooked for end did the life of iustice work, for the naughty minded wretches, by subjects to be executed, that would haue executed Princes : and to suffer that without law, which by law they had deserued. And thus these young folkestwise prisoners, before any due arrest, deliuered of their iaylours, but not of their iayle, had rather change than respite of misery ; these souldiers that tooke them vvith verie few words of entertainment, hasting to carry them to their Lord *Philanax*: to whom they came, euen as he going out of the Lady *Philoclea's* chamber, had ouertaken *Pyrocles*, whom before he had deliuered to the custody of a Nobleman of that country. When *Pyrocles* led towards his prison, saw his friend *Masidorus*, with the noble Lady *Pamela* in that unexpected sort returned, his grieffe (if any grieffe were in a mind, which had placed every thing according to his naturall worth) was verie much augmented, for besides some small hope he had, if *Masidorus* had once bene cleare of *Ariadia*, by his dealing and authority to haue brought his onely glad some desire to a good issue : the hard estate of his friend did no lesse, nay rather more vex him than his owne. For so indeede it is euer found, where valour and friendship are perfectly coupled in one heart: the reason being, that the resolute man, hauing once digested in his iudgement the worst extremity of his owne case, and hauing eyther quite expelled or at least repelled all passion, which ordinarily followes an ouerthrowne fortune, not knowing his friends minde so well as his owne, nor with what patience he brookes his case (which is as it were the materiall cause of making a man happy or vnhappy) doubts whether his friend accompts not himselfe more miserable, and so indeed be more lamentable. But as soone as *Masidorus* was brought by the souldiers neare vnto *Philanax*, *Pyrocles* not knowing whether euer after he should be suffered to see his friend, and determining there could be no aduantage by dissembling a not knowing of him, leapt sodainely from their hands that held him, and passing with a strength strengthened with a true affection,



affection, through them that encompassed *Musidorus*, he embraced him as fast as he could in his armes. And kissing his cheekes, O my *Paladin* (said he) let not our vertue now abandon vs, let vs proue our mindes are no slaues to fortune; but in aduersity can triumph ouer aduersitie. Deare *Daiphantus*, answered *Musidorus* (seeing by his apparrell his being a man was reuealed) I thank you for this best care of my best part: but feare not, I haue kept too long company with you to want now a thorow determination of these things; I well know there is nothing euill but within vs, the rest is either naturall or accidentall. *Philanax* finding them of so neate acquaintance, began presently to examine them apart: but such resolution he met within them; that by no such meanes hee could learne further than it pleased them to deliuer. So that hee thought best to put them both in one place, with espiall of their words and behauiour, that way to sift out the more of these forepassed mischiefes. And for that purpose gauethem both vnto the Nobleman, who before had the custodie of *Pyrocles*, by name *Simpathus*, leaving a trustie seruant of his owne to giue diligent watch to what might passe betwixt them. No man that hath euer passed thorow the schoole of affection, needs doubt what a tormenting grieve it was to the noble *Pamela*, to haue the company of him taken from her, to whose vertuous company she had bound her life. But weighing with her selfe, it was fit for her honour till her doing were clearely manifested, that they should remaine separate, kept downe the rising tokens of grieve; shewing passion in nothing but her eyes, which accompanied *Musidorus* euen vnto the tent, whither hee and *Pyrocles* were led. Then with a countenance more princely than she was wont, according to the wont of highest hearts (like the palme tree striuing most vpward, when hee is most burthened) shee commanded *Philanax*, to bring her to her father and mother, than she might render them account of her doings. *Philanax* shewing a sullen kinde of reuerence vnto her, as a man that honoured her as his Maisters heire, but much misliked her for her (in his conceit) dishonourable proceedings, told her what was past, rather to answer her, than that he thought shee was ignorant of it. But her good spirit did presently suffer a true compassionate affliction of those hard aduentures: which with crossing her armes, looking a great while on the ground, with those eyes which let fall many teares, she well declared. But in the end remembering how necessary it was for her, not to lose her selfe in such an extremitie, she strengthened her well created heart, and stoutly demanded *Philanax*, what authoritie then they had to lay hands on her person, who being the vndoubted heire, was then the lawfull Princeesse of that Kingdome. *Philanax* answered, her Grace knew the ancient lawes of *Arcadia* bare, she was to haue no sway of government till she came to one and twentie yeares of age, or were married. And married I am, replied the wise Princeesse, therefore I demaund your due allegiance. The gods forbid, said *Philanax*, *Arcadia* should be a dowrie of such marriages. Besides, hee told her all the States of her country were euill satisfied touching her fathers death, which likewise according to the statutes of *Arcadia*, was euen that day to be iudged of, before the bodie were remoued to receiue his Princely funeralls. After that past, she should haue such obedience, as by the lawes was due vnto her, desiring God shee would shew her selfe better in publike gouernement, than shee had done in private. She would haue spoken to the Gentlemen and people gathered about her: but *Philanax* fearing lest thereby some commotion might arise, or at least a hindrance of executing his masters murderers, which he longed after more than any thing, hastened her vp to the Lodge, where her sister was, & there with a chosen company of Souldiers to guard the place, left her with *Philocles*, *Pamela* protesting they

laid violent hands on her, and that they entred into rebellious attempts against her. But high time it was for *Philanax* so to doe: for already was all the whole multitude fallen into confused and dangerous diuisions.

There was a notable example, how great diffipations, Monarchall gouernment is subiect vnto. For now their Prince and guide had left them, they had not experience to rule, and had not whom to obey. Publike matters had euer beene priuately gouerned, so that they had no liuely taste what was good for themselves. But every thing was either vehemently desirefull, or extreamely terrible. Neighbour inuasions, ciuill dissention, cruelty of the comming Prince, and whatsoeuer in common sense carries a dreadfull shew, was in all mens heads, but in few how to prevent: harkening on euery rumour, suspecting euery thing, condemning them whom before they had honoured, making strange and impossible tales of the Kings death, while they thought themselves in danger, wishing nothing but safety, as soone as perswasion of safety tooke them, desiring further benefits, as amendment of forepassed faults (which faults notwithstanding none could tell either the grounds or effects of) all agreeing in the vniuersall names of liking or misliking, but of what in especiall points, infinitely disagreeing. Altogether like a falling steeple, the parts whereof, as windowes, stones, and pinnacles were well, but the whole masse ruinous. And this was the general cause of all, wherein notwithstanding was an extreame medley of diuersified thoughts, the great men looking to make themselves strong by factions, the gentlemen some bending to the, some standing vpon themselves, some desirous to ouerthrow those few which they thought were ouer them, the souldiers desirous of trouble, as the nurse of spoile, and not much vnlike to them though in another way, were all the needie sort, the rich fearfull, the wise carefull. This composition of conceits, brought forth a dangerous tumult, which yet would haue beene more dangerous, but that it had so many parts, that no body well knew against whom chiefly to oppose themselves. For some there were that cried to haue the state altered, and gouerned no more by a Prince, marie in the alteration, many would haue the *Lacedemonian* gouernment of a few chosen Senatours; others the *Athenian*, where the peoples voice held the chiefe authority. But these were rather the discourfing sort of men, than the actiue, being a matter more in imagination than practice. But they that went nearest to the present case, (as in a countrie that knew no gouernement without a Prince) were they that stroue whom they should make. Whereof a great number there were that would haue the Princeesse *Pamela* presently to enioy it: some disdainig that shee had as it were abandoned her owne country, enclining more to *Philoxlea*: and there wanted not of them, which wished *Gynecia* were deliuered, and made Regent till *Pamela* were worthily married. But great multitudes there were, which hauing beene acquainted with the iust gouernment of *Philanax*, meant to establish him as Lieutenant of the state: and these were the most popular sort, who indged by the comodities they felt. But the principall men in honour and might, who had long before enuied his greatnesse with *Basilus*, did much more spurne against any such preferment of him. For yet before their enuie had some kind of breathing out his rancour, by laying his greatnesse as a fault to the Princes iudgement, who shewed in *Dametas* he might easily be deceiued in mens valour. But now if the Princes choice, by so many mouths should be confirmed, what could they object so highly esteemed an excellency? They therefore were disposed, sooner to yeeld to any thing, than to his raising: and were content (for to crosse *Philanax*) to stop those actions, which otherwise they could not but thinke good. *Philanax* himselfe



as much hindered by those, that did immoderately honour him, (which brought both more enuie, and suspicion vpon him) as by them that did manifestly resist him but (standing onely vpon a constant desire of iustice, and a cleare conscience) went forward stoutly in the action of his masters reuenge, which he thought himselfe particularly bound to. For the rest, as the ordering of the gouernment, hee accounted himselfe but as one, wherein notwithstanding hee would employ all his loyall endeauour.

But among the Noblemen, hee that most openly set himselfe against him, was named *Timantus*, a man of middle age, but of extreame ambition, as one that had placed his vitermost good in greatnesse, thinking small difference by what meanes he came by it. Of commendable wit, if hee had not made it a seruant to vnbridled desires. Cunning to creepe into mens fauours, which he prized onely as they were seruiceable vnto him. He had beene brought vp in some souldierie, which he knew how to set out with more than deserued ostentation. Seruile (though enuious) to his betters: and no lesse tyrannically minded to them he had advantage of. Counted reuengefull, but indeed measuring both reuenge and reward, as the partie might either helpe or hurt him. Rather shamelesse than bold, and yet more bold in practice, than in personall adventures. In summe, a man that could bee as euill as he listed, and listed as much as any advancement might thereby be gotten. As for verue, hee counted it but a schoole name. He euen at the first assembling together, finding the great stroke *Philanax* carried among the people, thought it his readiest way of ambition, to ioyne with him; which though his pride did hardly brooke, yet the other vice carrying with it a more apparant object, preuailed over the weaker, so that with those liberal protestations of friendship, which men that care not for their word are wont to bestow, he offered vnto him the choise in marriage of either the sisters, so he would likewise helpe him to the other, and make such a partition of the *Arcadian* estate. Wishing him, that since he loued his master, because hee was his master, which shewed the loue began in himselfe, he should rather, now occasion yvas presented, seeke his owne good substantially, than affect the smoke of a glory, by shewing an vntimely fidelity to him that could not reward it: and haue all the fruit he should get, in mens opinions, which would be as diuers, as many; few agreeing to yeeld him due praise of his true heart. But *Philanax*, who had limited his thoughts in that he esteemed good (to which he was neither carried by the vaine tickling of vncertaine fame, nor from which he would be transported by enioying any thing, whereto the ignorant world giues the excellent name of goods) with great mislike of his offer, he made him so peremptory an answer, not without threatening, if he found him foster any such fancie, that *Timantus* went with an inward spite from him, whom before he had neuer loued; and measuring all mens marches by his owne pace, rather thought it some further fetch of *Philanax* (as that he would haue all to himselfe alone) than was any way taken with the louely beauty of his verue, whose image he had so quite defaced in his owne soule, that he had left himselfe no eyes to behold it, but staid waiting for opportunity to execute his desires both for himselfe and against *Philanax*, which by the bringing backe of *Paucels*, the people being diuided into many motions (which both with murmuring noyses, and putting themselves in seuerall troupes, they well shewed) hee thought apt time was layed before him, the waters being (as the Proverbe saith) troubled, and so the better for his fishing. Therefore going amongst the chiefeest Lords, whom he knew principally to repine at *Philanax*, and making a kind of conuocation of them, hee inuighed against his proceeding, drawing euery thing to

the most malicious interpretation; that malice it selfe could instruct him to doe. Hee said, it was season for them to looke to such a weed, that else would ouergrow them all. It was not now time to consult of the dead, but of the living: since such a flie Wolfe was enired among them, that could make iustice the cloake of tyrannie, and lone of his late master the destruction of his now being children. Doe you not see (said hee) how farre his corruption hath stretched, that hee hath such a number of Rascals voyces to declare him Lieutenant, ready to make him Prince, but that he instructs them, matters are not yet ripe for it? As for vs, because wee are too rich to be bought, he thinks vs the fitter to bee killed. Hath *Arcadia* bred no man but *Philanax*? Is shee become a stepmother to all the rest, and hath giuen all her blessings to *Philanax*? Or if there bee men amongst vs, let vs shew vvee disdain to be seruants to a seruant. Let vs make him know, we are farre worthier not to be slaues, than he to be a master. Thinke you he hath made such haste in these matters, to giue them ouer to another mans hand? Thinke you, he durst become the iaylor of his Princessse, but eyther meaning to be her master, or her murtherer? And all this for the deare good will (forsooth) he bears to the kings memory, whose authority as he abused in his life, so he would now perseuere to abuse his name after his death. O notable affection, for the loue of the father to kill the wife, and disinherite the children! O single-minded modestie, to aspire to no lesse than to the Princely Diademe! No, no, he hath viued all this while, but to come the sooner to his affected end. But let vs remember what we be, in quality his equals, in number farre before him: let vs deliuer the Queene and our naturall Princessses, and leaue them no longer vnder his authority; whose proceedings would rather shew that hee himselfe had beene the murtherer of the King, than a fit Gardian of his posterity. These words pierced much into the mindes, already inclined that way; insomuch that most part of the Nobilitie confirmed *Timantus* speech, and were ready to execute it: when *Philanax* came among them, and with a constant, but reuerent behauiour, desired them they would not exercise priuate grudges in so common a necessitie. Hee acknowledged himselfe a man, and a faulty man: to the clearing or satisfying of which, he would at all times submit himselfe; since his end was to bring all things to an vpright iudgement, it should euill fit him to flie the iudgement. But said hee, my Lords, let not *Timantus* rayling speech (who whatsoeuer hee findes euill in his owne soule, can with ease lay it vpon another) make me lose your good fauour. Consider that all well doing stands so in the middle betwixt his two contrary euils, that it is a ready matter to cast a slanderous shade vpon the most approued vertues. Who hath an euill tongue, can call seuerity, cruelty, and faithfull diligence, diligent ambition. But my end is not to excuse my selfe, nor to accuse him: for both those hereafter will be time enough. There is neither of vs, whose purging or punishing may so much import to *Arcadia*. Now I request you, for your owne honours sake, and require you by the duty you owe to this estate, that you doe presently (according to the lawes) take in hand the chastisement of our masters murtherers, & laying order for the gouernment: by whom so euer it be done, so it be done, and iustly done, I am satisfied. My labour hath beene to frame things so, as you might determine: now it is in you to determine. For my part, I call the heauens to witnesse, the care of my heart stands to repay that, wherein both I, and most of you were ryed to that Prince, with whom all my loue of worldly action is dead.

As *Philanax* was speaking his last words, there came one running to him with open mouth, and fearefull eyes, telling him, that there was a great number of

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the people, which were bent to take the young men out of *Simpatius* hands, and as it should seeme by their acclamations, were like enough to proclaim them Princes. Nay, said *Philanax*, (speaking aloud, and looking with a iust anger vpon the Noblemen) it is no season to heare *Timantus* idle slanders, while strangers become our Lords, and *Basilus* murderers sit in his throne. But whosoeuer is a true *Arcadian*, let him follow me. With that he went toward the place he heard of, followed by those that had other loued him, and some of the Noblemen. Some other remaining with *Timantus*, vvho in the meane time was conspiring by strong hand to deliuer *Gynecia*, of vvhom the weakest guard vvvas had. But *Philanax* where hee went, found them all in an uproare, vvwhich thus vvvas false out. The greatest multitude of people, that vvvere come to the death of *Basilus*, vvvere the *Mantineans*, as being the nearest city to the lodges. Among these, the chiefe man both in authority & loue, vvvas *Kalandar*, he that not long before had bin host to the two Princes, vvvhom though he knew not so much as by name, yet besides the obligation he stood bound to them in, for preserving the liues of his sonne and nephew, their noble behaviour had bred such loue in his heart towards them, as both vvith teares hee parted from them, vvhen they left him (vvnder promise to returne) and did keep their iewels and apparel as the reliques of two demi-gods. Among others, he had entred the prison, and seen them, vvvhich forthvvith so inuested his soule, both vvith sorrow & desire to help them (vvvhom he tendred as his children) that calling his neighbours the *Mantineans* vvnto him, he told them all the praises of those two young men, swearing, he thought the gods had promised for them better, than they themselves could haue imagined. He vvilled them to consider, that vvhen all vvvas done, *Basilus* children must enioy the state, vvvhich since they had chosen, & chosen so, as all the vvorld vvould not mend their choise, vvwhy should they resist Gods doing, & their Princesses pleasure? This vvvas the only vvway to purchase quietnes vvwithout blood, vvwhere otherwise they should at one instant crowne *Pamela* vvwith a crowne of gold, and a dishonored title: vvvhich vvwhether euer she vvould forget, hee thought it fit for them to vvveigh: such (said he) heroicall greatnesse shines in their eyes, such an extraordinary maiesty in all their actions, as surely either fortune by parentage, or nature in creation, hath made them Princes. And yet a state already vvwe haue, vvwe need but a man, vvvhich since he is presented vvnto you by the heavenly providence, embraced by your vvndoubted Princess, vvworthy for their youth, of compassion, for their beauty, of admiration, for their excellent vertue, to be Monarches of the vvworld: shall vvwe not be content vvwith our owne blisse, shall vvwe put out our eyes because another man cannot see? or rather like some men, vvwhen too much good happens vvnto them, they thinke themselves in a dreame, and haue no spirits to taste their owne goods? No, no, my friends, belecue me, I am so vvnpartiall, that I know not their names, but so overcome vvwith their vertue, that I shall then thinke, the destinies haue ordained a perpetuall flourishing to *Arcadia*, vvwhen they shall allot such a gouernour vvnto it. This spoken by a graue man in yeares, great in authority, neare allyed to the Prince, and known honest, preuailed so vvwith all the *Mantineans*, that vvwith one voice they ran to deliuer the two Princes. But *Philanax* came in time to vvwithstand them, both sides yet standing in armes, and rather wanting a beginning, than mindes to enter into a bloody conflict. Vvvhich *Philanax* fore-seeing, thought best to remoue the prisoners secretly, and if need vvvere, rather vvwithout forme of iustice to kill them, than against iustice (as hee thought) to haue them vvvsurpe the state. But there againe arose a new trouble. For *Simpatius* (the noble man that kept them) vvvas so vvsticken in compassion vvwith their excellent presence, that as hee vvwould not falsifie his promise to *Philanax*,

to giue them liberty, so yet would he not yeeld them to himselfe, fearing he would doe them violence. Thus tumult vpon tumult arising, the Sunne (I thinke) weary to see their discords, had alreadie gone downe to his Westerne lodging. But yet to know what the poore shepheards did, who were the first descryers of these matters, will not to some eares perchance be a tedious digression.

*Here endeth the fourth Booke or Aet.*

*The fourth E C L O G V E.*

**T**He shepheards finding no place for them in these garboils, to which their quiet hearts (whose highest ambition was in keeping themselves vp in goodnesse) had at all any aptnesse, retired themselves from among the clamorous multitude: and as sorrow desires company, went vp together to the Western side of a hill, whose prospect extended it so far, as they might wel discern many of *Arcadia's* beauties. And there looking vpon the Sunnes as then declining race, the poore men fate pensue of their present miseries, as if they found a wearinesse of their wofull words: till at last good old *Geron* (who as he had longest tasted the benefits of *Basilus* gouernmēt, so seemed to haue a speciall feeling of the present losse) wiping his eies and long white beard bedewed with great drops of teares, began in this sort to complaine. Alas poore sheepe (said hee) which hitherto haue enioyed your fruitfull pasture, in such quietnes as your wooll amongst other things hath made this country famous, your best dayes are now past: now you must become the victuall of an armie, and perchance an armie of forraigne enemies: you are now not onely to feare home-Wolues, but alien Lyons; now (I say) now that our right *Basilus* is deceased. Alas, sweet pastures, shall souldiers that know not how to vse you, possesse you? Shal they that cannot speake the *Arcadian* language be Lords ouer your shepheards? For alas with good cause may wee looke for any euill, since *Basilus* our onely strength is taken from vs. To that all the other shepheards present vttered pitifull voices, especially the verie borne *Arcadians*. For as for the other, though humanitie moued them to pitie humane cases, especially in a Prince, vnder whom they had found a refuge of their miseries, and iustice equally administred: yet could they not so naturally feele the liuely touch of sorrow. Neuerthelesse, of that number one *Agelastus* notably noted among them, as well for his skill in poetrie, as for an austere maintained sorrowfulnesse, wherewith he seemed to despise the workes of nature, framing an vniuersall complaint in that vniuersall mischiefe, vttered it in this Sestine.

*Since wayling is a bud of causessfull sorrow,*

*Since sorrow is the follower of euill fortune,*

*Since no euill fortune equals publike damage,*

*Now Princes losse hath made our damage publike,*

*Sorrow, pay me to thee the rights of Nature,*

*And inward griefe scale vp with outward wayling.*

*Why should we spare our voice from endlesse wayling,*

*Who iustly make our hearts the seats of sorrow?*



In such a case where it appears that nature  
Doth adde her force unto the sting of fortune:  
Choosing alas this our theatre publike,  
Where they would leaue trophies of cruell damage.

Then since such pow'rs conspir'd vnto our damage  
(which may be knowne, but neuer helps with wayling)  
Yet les vs leaue a monument in publike  
Of willing teares, torne haire, and cries of sorrow.  
For lost, lost is by blow of cruell fortune  
Arcadia's gemme, the noblest childe of nature.

O nature doting old, O blinded nature,  
How hast thou torne thy selfe! sought thine owne danger!  
In granting such a scope to filthy fortune,  
By thy impes losse to fill the world with wayling,  
Cast thy stepmother eyes vpon our sorrow,  
Publike our losse: so, see, thy shame is publike.

O that we had, to make our woes more publike,  
Seas in our eyes, and brasse tongues by nature,  
Ayelling voice, and heares compass'd of sorrow,  
Breath made of flames, with knowing nought but damage,  
Our sports murthering our selues, our musiques wayling,  
Our studies fixt vpon the falls of fortune.

No, no, our mischief grows in this vile fortune,  
That private paines can not breathe out in publike  
The furiours inward griefes with hellish wayling:  
But forced are to burthen feeble nature  
With secret sense of our eternall damage,  
And sorrow feed, feeding our soules with sorrow.

Since sorrow then concludeth all our fortune,  
With all our deaths shew we this damage publike.  
His nature feares to dye who liues still wayling.

It seemed that this complaint of Agelaus had awaked the spirits of the Arcadians, astonished before with exceedingnelle of sorrow. For he had scarcely ended, when diuers of them offred to follow his example, in bewayling the generall losse of that countrey which had been as well a nurse to strangers, as a mother to Arcadians. Among the rest one accounted good in that kind, & made the better by the true feeling of sorrow, roared out a song of lamentation, which (as well as might be) was gathered vp in this forme:

Since that to death is gone the shepheard he,  
Who most the silly shepheards pipe did prisse,  
Towr dolefull tunes from Mules new apple.

And you O trees (if any life there lies)  
 In trees) now through your pious barks receive  
 The strange resound of these my causefull cries:  
 And let my breath upon your branches cleave,  
 My breath distinguish'd into words of woe,  
 That so I may signes of my sorrow leave.  
 But if among your selves some one tree grow,  
 That aptest is to figure miserie,  
 Let it embassage heare your griefes as bow,  
 The weeping Myrrhe I thinke will not denie  
 Her help to this, this iustest cause of plaints:  
 Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now applie.

And thou poure Earth, whom fortune doth attaine,  
 In Natures name to suffer such a harme,  
 As for to lose thy gemme, and such a Saint,  
 Vpon thy face let coaly Ravens swarme:  
 Let all the Sea thy teares accounted be:  
 Thy bowels with all killing metalls arme.  
 Let gold now rust, let Diamonds waste in thee:  
 Let pearles be wax with woe their flame doth beare:  
 Thy selfe henceforth the light doe neuer see.  
 And you, O flowers, which sometimes Princes were,  
 Till these strange altrings you did hap to trie,  
 Of Princes losse your selves for tokens reare.  
 Lilly in mourning blacke thy whiteneffe die:  
 O Hyacinthe let Aibe on thee fill,  
 Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now apply.

O Echo, all these woods with roaring fill,  
 And doe not onely marke the accents last,  
 But all, for all reach out my wailfull will:  
 One Echo to another Echo call  
 Sound of my griefes, and let it neuer end,  
 Till that it bath all woods and waters spend.  
 Nay to the heau'ns your iust complaining send,  
 And stay the stars inconstant constant race,  
 Till that they doe vnto our dolours bend:

And aske the reason of that speciall grace,  
 That they which haue no liues, should liue so long,  
 And vertuous soules so soone should lose their place?  
 Aske if in great men good men do so throng,  
 That he for want of elbow room must die?  
 Or if that they be skant, if thou be wrong?  
 Did wisdom thus our wretched time espio

In one true chest to rob all Vertues treasure?

Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now applie.

And if that any counsell you to mensure

Your dolefull tunes, to sham still pining sor



To well felt griefe, plaine is the onely pleasure.  
 O light of Sunne, which I enuie too day,  
 O well thou doest that thou no longer bidest,  
 For mourning night her blacke weeds may display.  
 O Phoebe with good cause thy face thou hidest,  
 Rather than haue thy all beholding eye  
 Fowl'd with this sight, while thou thy chariot guidest,  
 And well (me thinkes) becomes this vauity skie  
 A stately tombe to cover him deceased,  
 Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now applie.

O Philomela with thy breast oppressed  
 By shame and griefe, helpe, helpe me to lament  
 Such cursed harmes as cannot be redressed,  
 Or if thy mourning notes be fully spent,  
 Then giue a quiet care unto my plaining:  
 For I to teach the world complaine am bent.  
 Ten dimmie clouds, which well employ your staining  
 This chearfull ayre with your obscur'd cheare,  
 Witnesse your wofull teares with daily raining.  
 And if, O Sunne, thou euer didst appeare,  
 In shape, which by mans eye might be perceiued:  
 Vertue is dead, now set thy triumph here,  
 Now set thy triumph in this world bereaued  
 Of what was good, where now no good doth lie:  
 And by thy pompe our losse will be conceiued.  
 O notes of mine, your selues together tie:  
 With too much griefe me thinkes you are dissolued.  
 Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now applie.

Time euer old, and young is still renew'd  
 Within it selfe, and neuer tasteth end:  
 But mankind is for aye to nought resolu'd.  
 The filthy snake her aged coate can mend,  
 And getting youth againe in youth doth flourish:  
 But vnto man age euer death doth send.  
 The very trees with grafting was an cherish,  
 So that we can long time produce their time:  
 But man which helpeth them, helpelesse must perish.  
 Thus, thus the minde which ouer all doth shine,  
 When they by yeares experience get best graces,  
 Must finish then by deaths desired crime.  
 We last short while, and build long lasting places:  
 Ah let vs all againe fowle Nature try:  
 We Natures worker do helpe, she vs deface.  
 For how can Nature onto this reply?

That she her child, if fay, her best child killeth?  
 Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now applie.  
 Alas, me thinkes, my weakned voice but spillet

The vehement course of his last lamentation:  
 He thinks, my sound no place with sorrow filleth.  
 I know not I, but once in detestation  
 I haue my selfe, and all that life containeth.  
 Since death on Vertues feet hath made invasion,  
 One word of woe anoth' he after traineth:  
 Ne doe I haue how rude be my inuention,  
 So it be seene what sorrow in me reigneth.  
 O Elements, by whose (men say) contention,  
 Our bodies be in lining power maintained,  
 Was this mans death the fruits of your dissension?  
 O Physicks power, which (some say) hath restrained  
 Approach of death, alas how helpe'st meagerly,  
 When once one is for Atropos disstrained.  
 Great be Physicians brags, but aide is biggerly,  
 When rooted moisture failes or groweth drie,  
 They leane off all, and say, death comes too eagerly.  
 They are but words therefore that men doe buy  
 Of any, since god Aesculapius cou'd,  
 Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now apply.  
 Injustice, in justice is now (alas) oppressed:  
 Bountifullnesse hath made his last conclusion:  
 Goodnesse for best assire in dust is dressed.  
 Shepheards bewaile your uttermost confusion:  
 And see by this picture to you presented,  
 Death is our home, life's but a delusion.  
 For see alas who is from you absented,  
 Absented? nay I say for euer banished  
 From such as were to dye for him contented?  
 Out of our sight in turne of hand is vanished  
 Shepheard of Shepheards, whose well sealed order  
 Prinate with wealth, publike with quiet garvished,  
 While he did line, farre, farre was all disorder:  
 Example more preuailling than direction,  
 Far was home-strife, and far was far from border,  
 His life a law, his looks a full correction:  
 As in his health we healthfull were preserved,  
 So in his sicknesse grew our sure infection.  
 His death our death. But ah, my Muse hath smarked  
 For such deepe plaints as should such woes deserve,  
 Which he of vs for euer hath deserved.  
 The stile of beaute hearts can neuer flie  
 So high, as should make such a name notorious:  
 Cease Muse therefore, thy darts O Death applie,  
 And farewell Prince, whom goodnesse hath made glorious.

Many were ready to haue followed this course, but the day was so wasted, that  
 onely his riming *Sestine* deliuered by one of great account among them, could ob-  
 taine fauour to be heard.



**F**arewell O Sunne, Arcadia's clearest light:  
 Farewell O pearle, the fairest man's treasure.  
 Farewell O golden staffe, the weakes maine might:  
 Farewell O loy, the ioyfulls onely pleasure.  
 Wisdome farewell, the skillesse mans direction:  
 Farewell with thee, farewell all our affection.

For what place now is left for our affection,  
 Now that of purest lamp is quenched the light,  
 Which to our darkned mindes was best direction?  
 Now that the mine is lost of all our treasure?  
 Now death hath swallow'd up our worldly pleasure,  
 We Orphans made, void of all publique might?

Orphans indeed, depriv'd of fathers might:  
 For he our father was in all affection,  
 In our well-doing placing all his pleasure,  
 Still studying how to vs to be a light.

As well he was in peace a safest treasure:  
 In warre his wit and word was our direction.

Whence, whence alas, shall we seeke our direction?  
 When that we feare our hatefull neighbours might,  
 Who long have gap't to get Arcadians treasure.

Shall we now finde a guide of such affection,  
 Who for our sakes will thinke all trouble light,  
 And make his paine to keep vs safe, his pleasure?

No, no, for ever gone is all our pleasure;  
 For ever wandring from all good direction;  
 For ever blinded of our clearest light;  
 For ever lamed of our surest might;  
 For ever banish'd from well plac'd affection;  
 For ever robd of all our royall treasure.

Let teares for him therefore be all our treasure,  
 And in our wailfull naming him our pleasure:

Let hating of our selues be our affection,  
 And unto death bend still our thoughts direction:

Let vs against our selues employ our might,  
 And putting out our eyes seeke we our light.

Farewell our light, farewell our spoiled treasure:

Farewell our might, farewell our damned pleasure:

Farewell direction: farewell all affection.

The night began to cast her dark canopy over them, & they euen weary with their woes, bended homewards: hoping by sleep, forgetting themselves, to ease their present dolours: when they were met with a troupe of twenty horse, the chief of which asking them for the King, & vnderstanding the hard newes, therupon stayed among them, expecting the return of a messenger, who with speed he dispatcht to Philomena.

The end of the fourth Booke.

THE  
FIFTH BOOKE OF THE  
COUNTESSSE OF PEM-  
BROKE'S ARCADIA.

**T**HIS dangerous division of mens mindes, the ruinous renting of all estates, had now brought *Arcadia* to feelee the pangs of the vttermost perill (such convulsions neuer coming, but that the life of that gouernement drawes neare his necessary period) when to the honest and wise *Philanax*, equally distracted betwixt desire of his masters reuenge and care of the estates establishment, there came (vnlooked for) a *Macedonian* Gentleman, who in short, but pithie manner, deliuered vnto him, that the renowned *Euarchus*, King of *Macedon*, purposing to haue visited his old friend and confederate the King *Rafimus*, was now come within halfe a mile of the Lodges, where hauing vnderstood by certain Shepheards the sudden death of their Prince, had sent vnto him (of whose authority and faith he had good knowledge) desiring him to aduertise him, in what security he might rest there for that night, where willingly he would (if safely he might) help to celebrate the funerals of his ancient companion and ally, adding he need not doubt, since he had brought but twenty in his company, hee would be so vnwise as to enter into anie forcible attempt with so small force. *Philanax* hauing entertained the Gentleman, as wel as in the midst of so many tumults he could, pausing a while with himselfe, considering how it should not only be vniust, and against the law of Nations, nor well to receiue a Prince whom good will had brought among them, but (in respect of the greatnesse of his might) very dangerous to giue him any cause of due offence; remembring withall the excellent trials of his equity, which made him more famous than his victories, he thought hee might be the fittest instrument to redresse the ruines they were in, since his goodnesse put him without suspicion, and his greatnesse beyond enuie. Yet weighing with himselfe how hard many heads were to be bridled, and that in this monstrous confusion such mischief might be attempted, of which late repentance should after be but a simple remedie; he iudged best first to know how the peoples mindes would sway to this determination. Therefore desiring the Gentleman to returne to the King his master, and to beseech him (though with his paines) to stay for an houre or two, where he was, till hee had set things in better order to receiue him: he himselfe went first to the Noblemen, then to *Kalandor* and the principall *Martineans*, who were most opposit vnto him; desiring them that as the night had most blessedly stayed them from entering into ciuill blood, so they would be content in the night to assemble the people together, to heare some newes, which he was to deliuer vnto them. There is nothing more desir-

rous



rous of nouelties than a man that feares his present fortune. Therefore they, whom mutuell diffidence made doubtfull of their vnter destruction, were quickly perswaded to heare of any new matter, which might alter at least, if not helpe the nature of their feare. Namely the chiefeft men, who as they had most to lose, so were most calous of their owne ease, and were already grown as wearie to be followers of *Timanus* ambition, as before they were enuiers of *Philanax* worthinesse. As for *Kalandes* and *Simplicius*, as in the one a vertuous friendship had made him seeke to aduance, in the other a naturall commiseration had made him willing to protect the excellent (though vnfortunate) prisoners, so were they not against this conuocation. For hauing nothing but iust desires in them, they did not mistrust the iustifying of them. Only *Timanus* laboured to haue withdrawn them from this assembly, saying, it was time to stop their eares from the ambitious charmes of *Philanax*. Let them first deliuer *Gynecia*, and her daughters, which were fit persons to heare, and then they might begin to speake. That this was but *Philanax* cunning, to linke broyle vpon broyle, because he might auoyde the answering of his trespasses, which as hee had long intended, so had he prepared coloured speeches to disguise them. But as his wordes expressed rather a violence of rancour, than any iust ground of accusation, so pierced they no further, than to some partiall eare, the multitude yeelding good attention to what *Philanax* would propose vnto them. Who, like a man, whose best buikding was a well framed conscience, neither with plausible wordes, nor sawning countenance, but euen with the graue behaiour of a wise father, whom nothing but loue makes to chide, thus said vnto them. I haue (said he) a great matter to deliuer vnto you, and thereout am I to make a greater demand of you: But truely such hath this late proceeding bene of yours, that I know not what is to bee demanded of you. Methinks I may haue reason to require of you, as men are wont among Pirates, that the life of him that neuer hurt you, may be safe. Methinks I am not without apparence of cause, as if you were *Cyclopes* or *Cannibals*, to desire that our Princes body, which hath thiny years maintained vs in a flourishing peace, bee not torne in peeces, or deuoured among you, but may bee suffered to yeeld it selfe, which neuer was defiled with any of your bloods, to the naturall rest of the earth. Meethinks, not as to *Arcadians* renowned for your faith to Prince, & love of countrey, but as to sworne enemies of this sweet soile, I am to desire you, that at least, if you will haue strangers to your Princes, yet you will not deliuer the seigniory of this goodly kingdom to your noble Kings murtherers. Lastly, I haue reason, as if I had to speake to mad men, to desire you to be good to your selues. For before God, what either barbarous violence or vnnaturall folly, hath not this day his seare in your minds, & left his footsteps in your actions? But in troth I loue you too well, to stand long displaying your faults: I would you your selues did forget them, so you did not fall againe into them. For my part, I had much rather be an Orator of your praises. But now (if you will suffer attentive iudgement, and not foreiudging passion, to bee the weight of my words) I will deliuer vnto you what a blessed meane the gods haue sent vnto you if you list to embrace it. I thinke there is none among you so yong, either in yeares, or vnderstanding, but hath heard the true fame of that iust Prince *Eurarchus* King of *Macedon*. A Prince with whom our late master did euer hold most perfect alliance. He, euen he, is this day come, hauing but twentie horse with him, within two myles of this place, hoping to haue found the vertuous *Basilius* aliue, but now willing so to honour to his death. Surely, surely the heauenly powers haue in so full time bestowed him on vs, to vnite our diuisions. For my part therefore I wish, that since

among our selues we cannot agree in so manifold partialities, we doe put the ordering of all these things into his hands, as well touching the obsequies of the King, the punishment of his death, as the mariage and crowning of our Princesse. He is both by experience and wisdom taught how to direct; his greatnesse such, as no man can disdain to obey him: his equitie such, as no man neede to feare him. Lastly, as he hath all these qualities to helpe, so hath he (though he would) no force to hurt. If therefore you so thinke good, since our lawes bear that our Princes murder be chastised before his murdered bodie bee buried, wee may inuite him to sit to morrow in the iudgement seate; which done, you may after proceede to the buriall. When *Philanax* first named *Euarchus* landing, there was a muttering murmur among the people, as though in that euill ordered weaknesse of theirs hee had come to conquer their country. But when they vnderstood he had so smal a retinue, whispering one with another, and looking who should begin to confirme *Philanax* proposition, at length *Simpasus* was the first that allowed it, then the rest of the Noblemen, neither did *Kalander* strue, hoping so excellent a Prince could not but deale graciously with two such yong men, whose authoritie ioyned to *Philanax*, all the popular sort followed. *Tymantus* still blinded with his own ambitious hast (not remembring factions are no longer to be trusted, than the factious may be perswaded it is for their owne good) would needes strue against the streame, exclaiming against *Philanax*, that now he shewed who it was, that would betray his countrie to strangers. But well hee found, that who is too busie in the foundation of an house, may pull the building about his eares. For the people already tyred with their owne diuisions (of which his clampring had beene a principall nurse) and beginning now to espie a haue of rest, hated any thing that should hinder them from it: asking one another whether this were not hee, whose euill tongue no man could escape? whether it were not *Tymantus* that made the first mutinous Oration, to strengthen the troubles? whether *Tymantus*, without their consent, had not gone about to deliuer *Gynecia*? And thus inflaming one another against him, they threw him out of the assembly, and after pursued him with stones and stauces, so that with losse of one of his eyes, sore wounded and beaten, he was faine to flie to *Philanax* seete, for succour of his life: giuing a true lesson, that vice it selfe is forced to seeke the sanctuarie of vertue. For *Philanax* who hated his euill, but not his person, and knew that a iust punishment might by the manner be vniustly done; remembring withall, that although herein the peoples rage might haue hit rightly, yet if it were nourished in this, no man knew to what extremities it might extend it selfe: with earnest dealing, and employing the vitermost of his authoritie, hee did protect the trembling *Tymantus*. And then hauing taken a generall oath, that they should in the nonage of the Princesse, or till these things were settled, yelde full obedience to *Euarchus*, so farre as were not preiudiciall to the lawes, customes, and liberties of *Arcadia*: and hauing taken a particular bond of *Simpasus* (vnder whom he had a seruant of his owne) that the prisoners should be kept close, without conference with any man: he himselfe honourably accompanied with a great number of torches, went to the King *Euarchus*, whose comming in this sort into *Arcadia* had thus fallen out.

The wofull Prince *Plangus* receiued of *Basilus* no other succours, but only certaine to conduct him to *Euarchus*, made all possible speede towards *Byzantium*, where he vnderstood the King, hauing concluded all his warres with the winning of that towne, had now for some good space made his abode. But being far gone on his way, hee receiued certaine intelligence, that *Euarchus* was not onely some

daies



dayes before returned into *Macedon*, but since was gone with some haste to visit that coast of his country that lay towards *Italy*; The occasion giuen by the *Latines*, who hauing already gotten into their hands, partly by conquest, and partly by confederacie, the greatest part of *Italy*, and long gaped to deuour *Greece* also (observing the present opportunitie of *Euarchus* absence, and *Basilus* solitarinesse, which two Princes they knew to bee in effect the whole strength of *Greece*) were euen ready to lay an vniust gripe vpon it, which after they might beautifie with the noble name of conquest. Which purpose though they made not knowne by any solemne denouncing of warre, but contrariwise gaue many tokens of continuing still their former amitie: yet the staying of his Subjects ships, trafficking as Merchants into those parts, together with the daily preparation of shipping, and other warlike prouisions in Ports, most conuenient for the transporting of Souldiers, occasioned *Euarchus* (not vnacquainted with such practises) first to suspect, then to discern, lastly to seeke to preuent the intended mischiefe. Yet thinking warre neuer to be accepted, vntill it be offered by the hand of necessity, he determined so long openly to hold them his friends, as open hostility bewraied them not his enemies; nor ceasing in the meane time by letters and messages to moue the States of *Greece* by vniing their strength, to make timely prouision against this peril: by many reasons making them see, that though in respect of place some of them might seeme further remoued from the first violence of the storme, yet being imbarcked in the same ship, the small wracke must needs be common to them all. And knowing the mighty force of example, with the weake effect of faire discourses not wayted on with agreeable actions, what he perswaded them, himselfe performed, leauing in his own Realme nothing either vndone or vnproviden, which might be thought necessary for withstanding an inuasion. His first care was to put his people in a readinesse for warre, and by his experienced Souldiers to traine the vnskilfull to marriall exercises. For the better effecting wherof, as also for meeting with other inconueniences in such doubtfull times incident to the most settled states, making of the diuers regions of his whole Kingdome so many diuisions as he thought conuenient, he appointed the charge of them to the greatest, and of greatest trust he had about him: arming them with sufficient authoritie to leaue forces within their seuerall gouernements, both for resisting the inuading enemy, and punishing the disordered subject. Hauing thus prepared the body, and assured the heart of his countrey against any mischiefe that might attaint it, he then tooke into his carefull consideration the externall parts, giuing order both for the repairing and increasing his Navy, and for the fortifying of such places, especially on the Sea coast, as either commoditie of landing, weakenesse of the countrey, or any other respect of advantage was likeliest to draw the enemy vnto. But being none of them who think all things done, for which they haue once giuen direction, he followed every where his commandment with his presence, which witnessed of euery mans slacknesse or diligence, chastising the one, & encouraging the other, suffered not the fruit of any profitable counsell for want of timely taking to bee lost. And thus making one place succeed another in the progresse of wisdom & vertue, he was now come to *Aulon* a principall Port of his Realm, when the poor *Plangus* extremely wearied with his long iourney (desire of succouring *Eryna*, no more relieving, than feare of not succouring her in time, aggravating his travell) by a lamentable narration of his childrens death, called home his cares from encountering forreine enemies, to suppress the insurrection of inward passions. The matter so haynous, the maner so villanous, the losse of such persons, in so varipe yeares, in a time so dangerous to the whole

state of Greece, how vehemently it moued to griefe and compassion others, onely not blind to the light of vertue, nor deafe to the voice of their countrey, might perchance by a more cunning workeman in liuely colours bee deliuered. But the face of *Euarchus* sorrow, to the one in nature, to both in affection a father, and iudging the world so much the more vnworthily deprived of those excellencies, as himselfe was better iudge of so excellent worthines, can no otherwise be shadowed out by the skilfullest pencell, than by couering it ouer with the veile of silence. And indeede that way himselfe took, with so patient a quiernesse receiuing this pitifull relation, that all the words of weaknesse suppressed, magnanimity seemed to triumph ouer misery. Only receiuing of *Plangus* perfect instruction of all things concerning *Plexirtus* and *Artaxia*, with promise not onely to aide him in deliuering *Erova*, but also with vehement protestation, neuer to returne into *Macedon*, till he had pursued the murtherers to death: he dispatched with speede a ship for *Byzantium*, conmanding the gouernour to prouide all necessaries for the warre against his owne coming, which hee purposed should bee very shortly. In this shippe *Plangus* would needes goe, impatient of stay, for that in many dayes before hee had vnderstood nothing of his Ladies estate. Soone after whose departure, newes was brought to *Euarchus*, that all the shippes detayned in *Italy* were returned. For the *Latines* finding by *Euarchus* proceedings their intent to bee frustrate (as before by his sodaine returne they doubted it was discovered) deeming it no wisdom to shew the will, not hauing the ability to hurt, had not only in free & friendly maner dismissed them, but for the time wholly omitted their enterprise, attending the opportunity of fitter occasion. By meanes whereof *Euarchus*, rid from the cumber of that warre (likely otherwise to haue stayed him longer) with so great a fleet as haste would suffer him to assemble, forthwith imbarqued for *Byzantium*. And now followed with fresh winds he had in a short time run a long course, when on a night encountred with an extreme tempest, his ships were so scattered, that scarcely any two were left together. As for the Kings owne ship, deprived of all companie, sore bruised, and weather-beaten, able no longer to brooke the seas churlish entertainment, a little before day it recovered the shore. The first light made them see it was the vnhappy coast of *Laconia*: for no other country could haue shown the like euidence of vnnaturall war. Which hauing long endured betweene the nobilitie and the *Helotes*, and once compounded by *Pyrocles*, vnder the name of *Diaphantus*, immediately vpon his departure had broken out more violently than euer before. For the King taking opportunitie of their Captaines absence, refused to performe the conditions of peace, as extorted from him by rebellious violence. Whereupon they were againe deeply entred into warre, with so notable an hatred towards the very name of a King, that *Euarchus* (though a stranger vnto them) thought it not safe there to leaue his person, where neither his owne force could be a defence, nor the sacred name of Majesty, a protection. Therefore calling to him an *Arcadian* (one that comming with *Plangus* had remained with *Euarchus*, desirous to see the warres) hee demaunded of him for the next place of suretie, where hee might make his stay, vntill hee might heare somewhat of his fleet, or cause his ship to be repayed. The Gentleman glad to haue this occasion of doing seruice to *Euarchus*, and honour to *Basilus* (to whom he knew he should bring a most welcome guest) told him, that if it pleased him to commit himself to *Arcadia*, (a part wherof lay open to their view) he would undertake ere the next night were far spent to guide him safely to his Master *Basilus*. The present necessity much preuailed with *Euarchus*, yet more a certaine vertuous desire to try, whether by his authoritie he might withdraw *Basilus* from burying himself alie,



still, and to employ the rest of his old yeares in doing good, the only happy action  
 of mans life. For besides the vnderfall case of *Orontes*, deprived by this means of a  
 principall pillar, he weighed and piked the pitifull state of the *Arctian* people, who  
 were in worse case than *Pithia* had taken away their Prince. For to see their necessi-  
 tie would have placed some one to the helme: not a Prince being, and not doing  
 like a Prince, keeping the state exceeding the place they were in so much more evil  
 case, as they could not provide for their euilt. These rightly wife & vertuous consi-  
 derations especially moved *Eurechus* to take his journey towards the desert, where  
 arriving with his might & vnderstanding to his great griefe, the howes of the Princes  
 death, he waited for his late conduct from *Pithia*. In the meane time taking his  
 rest vnder a tree, with as more affected pompe, than as a man that knew how soe-  
 ner he was exalted, the beginning and end of his bodie was earth. But *Pithia* as  
 soon as he was in sight of him, lighting from his horse, presented himself vnto him  
 in all those humble behaviors, which not only the great reverence of the party, but  
 the conceit of ones own miserie, is wont to frame. *Eurechus* rose vp vnto him with  
 so gracious & countenance, as the goodness of his minde had long exercised him  
 vnto: care full so much more to defend in all courtesies, as he saw him beare a low  
 representation of his afflicted state. But so *Pithia* as soone as by neere looking on  
 him, he might perfectly behold him, the grauitie of his countenance, & yeares, not  
 much vnlike to his late deceased, but euer belov'd master, brought his soule to  
 liuely vnto his memory, and returned to all the thoughts of his wonted loyes within  
 him, that in stead of speaking to *Eurechus*, he stood a while like a man gone a farre  
 journey from himself, calling as it were with his mind an account of his losses, and  
 gining that this pain needed not, if nature had not bin violently stopped of her own  
 course, & casting more louing than wife conceits, what a world this would haue bin  
 if this sudden accident had not interrupted it. And so far stayed he into his railing  
 melancholy, that his eies humbler than his tongue, let fall a flood of teares, his voyce  
 being stopped with extremitie of sobbing, so much had his friendship carried him to  
*Basilius*, that he thought no age was timely for his death. But at length taking the  
 occasion of his own weeping, he thus did speak to *Eurechus*. Let not my yeares most  
 worthily renowned Prince make my presence vnplesant, or my speech vnmarked  
 of you. For the iustnesse of the cause takes away the blame of any weakness in me,  
 and the afflictie that the same beareth to your griefes, seems euer lawfully to  
 claime pittie in you. A Prince of a Princes sake, a lover of iustice, of a most iust vio-  
 lence. And giue me leaue excellent *Eurechus* to say, I am become representer of all the  
 late flourishing *Arcadia*, which now with minceles doth weep, with my tongue doth  
 complain, with my knees doth lay it selfe at your feet, which neuer had bin vnrea-  
 dy to cary you to the vertuous protecting of innocents, mighte, was able to ima-  
 gine, most wise & good King, that here is before your eyes, the pittifull spectacle of  
 a most dolorously ending Tragedie, wherein I doe but play the part of all the new  
 miserable province, which being spoiled of their guide, doth lye like a ship without  
 a Pilot, tumbling vp and downe in the vncertaine waves, till it either runne it selfe  
 vpon the rocks of selfe destruction, or be ouerthrowne by the storme winds of for-  
 reine force. *Arcadia* finding her selfe in these desolate termes, doth speake, and I  
 speake for her, to thee not vainely bustling Prince, that since now she is not onely  
 robbed of the naturall support of her Lord, but so suddenly robbed that shee hath  
 not breathing time to stand for her selfe: so vnto the Prince, that it doth appall  
 their mindes, though they had leisure: and so misfortunate, that it doth exceede  
 both the suddenesse and infortunatenesse of it, thou wilt lend thine arme vnto her,

and as a man, take compassion of mankind, as a vertuous man chastise most abominable vice, and as a Prince protect a people, which all haue with one voyce called for thy goodnesse: thinking, that as thou art onely able, so thou art fully able, to redresse their imminent ruine. They do therfore with as much confidence as necessity, flye vnto you for succour, they lay themselves open vnto you: to you, I mean your selfe, such as you haue euer beene: that is to say, that hath alwaies had his determinations bounded with equitie. They only reserve the right to *Basilis* blood, the maner to the ancient prescribing of their lawes. For the rest without exception, they yeelde ouer vnto you, as to the elected protectour of this kingdome, which name & office they beseech you, till you haue layd a sufficient foundation of tranquillitie, to take vpon you; the particularitie both of their statutes and demands you shal presently after understand. Now only I am to say vnto you, that this countrey fals to bee a faire field, to proue, whether the goodly tree of your vertue, will liue in all soyles. Here I say will be seene, whether either feare can make you short, or the likerousnesse of dominion make you beyond iustice. And I can for conclusion say no more but this, you must thinke vpon my words, and on your answer depend not only the quiet, but the liues of so many thousands, which for their ancient confederacie, in this their extreme necessitie, desire neither the expence of your treasure, nor hazard of your subjects, but only the benefit of your wisdom, whose both glorie and encrease standes in the exercising of it. The summe of this request was vtterly vnlooked for of *Eumachus*, which made him the more diligent in marking his speech, and after his speech take the greater pause for a perfect resolution. For as of the one side, he thought nature required nothing more of him than that he should be a helpe to them of like creation, and had his heart no whit commanded with feare, thinking his life well passed, hauing satisfied the tyrannie of time with the course of many yeares, the expectation of the world with more than expected honour, lastly the tribute due to his owne minde with the dayly offering of most vertuous actions: so of the other he weyed the iust reproach that followed those who easily enter into other folkes businesse, with the opinion might bee conceived, loue of seigniorie rather than of iustice, had made him embarke himselfe thus, into a matter nothing pertayning to him, especially in a time when earnest occasion of his own businesse so greatly required his presence. But in the end, wisdom being an essentiall and not an opinionate thing, made him rather to bend to what was in it selfe good, than what by euill minds might be iudged not good. And therein did see that though the people did not belong vnto him, yet doing good (which is not inclosed within any termes of people) did belong vnto him, and if necessity forced him for some time to abide in *Arcadia*, the necessitie of *Arcadia* might iustly demand some fruit of abiding. To this, secret assurance of his owne worthinesse (which although it bee neuer so well clothed in modestie, yet alwaies liues in the worthiest mindes) did much push him forward, saying vnto himselfe, the treasure of those inward gifts he had were bestowed by the heauens vpon him, to be beneficiall and not idle. On which determination resting, and yet willing before hee waded any further, to examine well the depth of the others proffer, he thus with that wel-poysed gestur, vnpassionate nature bestoweth vpon mankind, made answer to *Philanax* most vrgent petition. Although long experience hath made me know all men (and so Princes which be but men) to be subiect to infinite casualties, the very constitution of our liues remaining in continuall change: yet the affaires of this countrey, or at least my meeting so iumple with them, makes me abashed with the strangenesse of it. With much paine I am come hither to see my long approved

friend,



friend, and now I find if I will see him, I must see him dead: after, for mine owne security, I seeke to be warranted mine owne life: and there suddenly am I appointed to be a iudge of other mens lines: though a friend to him yet am I a stranger to the country, and now of a stranger you would suddenly make a director. I might ob-  
 in to your desire my weaknesse, which age perhaps hath wrought in mine de-  
 dy: & insly I may pretend the necessity of mine owne affaires, to which as I am by  
 all true rules most nearly ryed, so can they not long beate the delay of my absence.  
 But though I would and could dispencc with these difficulties, what assurance can I  
 haue of the peoples will: which having so many circles of imaginations can hard-  
 ly bee inclosed in one point. Who knows a people, that knows not sudden opi-  
 nion makes them hope, which hope if it be not answered, they fall in hate, chusing  
 and refusing, erecting, & ouerthrowing, according as the presentesse of any fancie  
 carries them. Even this their hastic drawing to mee, makes mee thinke they will bee  
 as hasty withdrawne from mee, for it is but one ground of inconstancie, soone to  
 take or soone to leave. It may bee they haue heard of *Enarchus*, more than cause:  
 their owne eies will be perhaps more curious iudges, out of hear-say they may haue  
 builded many conceits, which I cannot, perchance will not performe, then will vn-  
 deserved repentance be a greater shame and injury vnto mee, than their vnder-  
 proffer is honour. And to conclude, I must be fully enformed, how the patient is  
 minded, before I can promise to vndertake the cure. *Philanax* was not of the mo-  
 derate mindes, who make suers magistrates: but did euer thinke the vnwilling wor-  
 thy man, was sicer than the vnderferuing desier. Therefore the more *Enarchus* drew  
 backe, the more hee found in him, that the cunningest Pilot doth most dread the  
 rocks, the more earnestly hee pursued his publike request vnto him. Hee desired  
 him not to make any weak excuse of his weaknesse, since so many examples had  
 well proued his minde was strong to ouerpasse the greatest troubles, and his body  
 strong enough to obey his minde, and that so long as they were ioyned together, he  
 knew *Enarchus* would thinke it no wearisome exercise, to make them vessels of ver-  
 tuous actions. The duty to his country he acknowledged: which as he had so serled,  
 as it was not to feare any sudden alteration, so since it did want him, as well it might  
 endure a fruitfull as an idle absence. As for the doubt hee conceiued of the peoples  
 constancie in this their election, hee said it was such a doubt as all humane actions  
 are subiect vnto: yet as much as in politique matters, which receive not Geome-  
 tricall certainties, a man may assure himself there was euident likelihood to be con-  
 ceived of the continuance, both in their unanimity, & his worthinesse: whereof the  
 one was apt to be held, and the other to hold, ioyned to the present necessity, the fir-  
 mest band of mortall mindes. In summe, hee alledged so many reasons to *Enarchus*  
 his minde, (already inclined to enter into any veruous action) that hee yielded to  
 take vpon himselfe the iudgement of the present cause, so as he might finde indeede  
 that such was the peoples desire, out of iudgement and not faction. Therefore moun-  
 ting on their horses, they hasted to the Lodges, where they found though late in the  
 night, the people wakefully watching for the issue of *Philanax* Embassage. No man  
 thinking the matter would be well done, without he had his voice in it, & each dec-  
 ming his owne eyes the best guardians of his thronie in that vnaccustomed tumult.  
 But when they saw *Philanax* returne, hauing on his right hand the King *Enarchus*,  
 on whom they had now placed the greatest burthen of their feares, with joyfull  
 shoutes and applauding acclamations, they made him and the world quickly know,  
 that one mans sufficiency is more auailable than tenne thousands multitude. So  
 euill balanced be the extremities of popular mindes: and so much naturall  
 imperiousnesse

impertinence there rests in a well formed spirit. For as if *Euarchus* had been born of the Princely blood of *Arcadia*, or that long and well acquainted proofe had ingrafted him in their country, so looked they about this stranger, most of them alreadie from deiectioned feares, rising to ambitious considerations, who should catch the first hold of his fauour. And then from those crying welcomes to babbling one with the other, some praising *Philanus* for his exceeding paine, others liking *Euarchus* aspect, and as they iudged his age by his face, so iudging his wisdom by his age, *Euarchus* pulled through them like a man that did neither disdain a people, nor yet was anything tickled with their flatteries. But alwaies holding his owne, a man might reade a constant determination in his eyes. And in that sort dismounting among them, he forthwith demanded the comutation to be made, which accordingly was done, with as much order and silence, as it might appeare. *Neptunus* had not more force to appease the rebellious wind, than the admiration of an extraordinary vertue hath, to temper a disordred multitude. He being raised vp vpon a place more high than the rest, where he might be best vnderstood, in this sort spake vnto them. I vnderstand (said he) faithfull *Arcadians*, by my Lord *Philanus*, that you haue with one consent, chosen me to be the Iudge of the late euils hapned: order of the present disorders: & finally protector of this country, till therein it bee seene what the customes of *Arcadia* require. He could say no further, being stopped with a generall cry, that so it was, giuing him all the honorable titles, and happy wishes they could imagine. He beklaid vnto them for silence, and then thus againe proceeded. Well, said he, how good choice you haue made, the attending must be in you, the proof in me. But because it many times falls out, we are much deceiued in others, we being the first to deceiue our selues, I am to require you, not to haue an overshooting expectation of mee, the most cruell aduersary of all honourable dolings. Nor promise your selues wonders out of a sudden liking. But remember I am a man, that is to say, a creature, whose reason is oft darkened with error. Secondly, that you will lay your hearts void of foretaken opinions: else whatsoeuer I do or say, will be measured by a wrong rule, like them that haue the yellow laundise, euery thing seeming yellow vnto them. Thirdly, whatsoeuer debate haue risen among you, may be vterly extinguished, knowing that euen among the best men are diuersities of opinions, which are no more in true reason to breed hatred, than one that loues blacke, should be angry with him that is clothed in white, for thoughts & conceits are the very apparrell of the minde. Lastly, that you do not easily iudge of your Iudge, but since you will haue me to command, think it is your part to obey. And in reward of this, I will promise & protest vnto you, that the vitermost of my skill, both in the general lawes of nature, especially of *Orax*, and particular of *Arcadia* (wherein I must confesse I am not vnacquainted) I will not only see the passed euils duly punished, and your weale hereafter established, but for your defence in it, if need shall require, I will imploy the force and treasures of mine owne country. In the meane time, this shall be the first order I will take, that no man vnder paine of grieuous punishment, name me by any other name but Protector of *Arcadia*. For I will not leaue any possible colour, to any of my naturall successours, to make claime to this, which by free election you haue bestowed vpon me. And so I vow vnto you, to depose my selfe of it as soone as the iudgement is passed, the king buried, and his lawfull successour appointed. For the first whereof, I meane the trying which be guilty of the kings death, and these other hainous trespasses, because your customes require such haste. I will no longer delay it, than till to morrow as soone as the Sunne shall giue vs fit opportunity. You may therefore reure your selfe to your rest, that

you



you may be readier to be present, at these so great important matters. With many allowing tokens was *Eurarchus* speech heard, who now by *Philanax* (that tooke the principall care of doing all due seruices vnto him) was offered a lodging made ready for him, (the rest of the people as well as a small commoditie of that place would suffer, yeelding their weary heads to sleepe) when loe the night thoroughly spent in these mixed matters, was for that time banished the face of the earth, and *Eurarchus* seeing the day begin to disclose his comfortable beauties, desiring nothing more, than to ioyne speed with iustice, willed *Philanax* presently to make the iudgement place be put in order: & as soone as the people (who yet were not fully dispersed) might be brought together, to bring forth the prisoners and the Kings bodie: Which the manner was, should in such cases be held in sight, though couered with blacke veluet, vntill they that were accused to be the murtherers were quitted, or condemned; whether the reason of the law were to shew the more graefull loue to their Prince, or by that spectacle, the more to remember the iudge of his duty. *Philanax* who now thought in himselfe, hee approached to the iust reuenge hee so much desired, went with all care & diligence to perform his charge. But first it shal be wel to know, how the poore & Princely prisoners passed this tedious night. There was neuer tyrant exercised his rage with more grieuous torments, vpon any he most hated, then afflicted *Gynecia* did crucifie her own soule, after the guiltines of her heart was surcharged with the suddenesse of her husbands death: for although that effect came not from her minde, yet her minde being euill, and the effect euill, she thought the iustice of God had for the beginning of her paines coupled them together. This incessantly boiled in her brest, but most of all, when *Philanax* hauing closely imprisoned her, she was left more freely to suffer the firebrands of her owne thoughts, especially when it grew darke, and had nothing left by her but a little lampe, whose small light to a perplexed mind, might rather yeelde fearefull shadowes, than any assured sight. Then began the heapes of her miseries, to weigh down the platforme of her iudgement, then began despaire to lay his ougly clawes vpon her, she began then, to feare the heauenly powers (she was wont to reuerence) not like a childe, but like an enemy, neither kept shee her selfe from blasphemous repynning against her creation. O Gods would she cry out, why did you make me to destruction? If you loue goodnes, why did you not giue me a good minde? Or if I cannot haue it without your gift, why do you plague me? Is it in me to resist the mightinesse of your power? Then would she imagine she saw strange sights, and that she heard the cries of hellish ghosts, then would she skirrich out for succour, but no man comming vnto her she would faine haue killed her selfe, but knew not how. At sometimes againe, the very heauinesse of her imaginations would close vp her senses to a little sleepe: but then did her dreames become her tormentors. One time it would seeme vnto her, *Philanax* was haling her by the haire of the head, and hauing put out her eyes, was ready to throw her into a burning furnace. Another time she would thinke she saw her husband making the complaint of his death to *Pluto*, and the magistrates of that infernall region, contending in great debate, to what eternall punishment they should allot her. But long her dreaming would not hold, but that it would fall vpon *Zelmane*: to whom she would thinke she was crying for mercy, and that she did passe away by her in silence, without any shew of pitying her mischief. Then waking out of a broken sleep, and yet wishing she might euer haue slept, new formes, but of the same miseries, would seaze her minde, she feared death, and yet desired death, shee had passed the vttermost of shame, and yet shame was one of her cruellest assaults; she hated *Pyrocles* as the originall of her mortal ouerthrow: and yet the loue she had conceiued

conceiued to him, had still a high authority of her passions. O *Zelmene*, would thee say (not knowing how neare hee him selfe was to as great a danger) now shalt thou glut thy eyes, with the dishonoured death of thy enemy! Enemy, alas enemy, since so thou hast well shewed, thou wilt haue me account thee; couldest thou not as well haue giuen me a determinate denial, as to disguise thy first disguising, with a double dissembling? Perchance if I had beene vtterly hopelesse, the vertue was once in me, might haue called together his forces, and not haue beene led captiue to this monstrous thraldome of punished wickednesse. Then would her own knowing of good inflame anew the rage of despaire: vvhich becomming an vnresisted Lord in her breast, she had no other comfort but in death, which yet she had in horroure, when she thought of. But the wearisome detesting of her self, made her long for the daies approach, at which time she determined to continue her former course, in acknowledging any thing which might hasten her end: wherein although she did not hope for the end of her torments, feeling already the beginning of hell agonies; yet according to the nature of paine, the present being most intolerable, shee desired to change that, and put to aduenture the ensuing. And thus rested the restless *Gynecia*. No lesse sorrowfull, though lesse ragefull, were the mindes of the Princeesse *Pamela*, and the Lady *Philoclea*, whose only aduantages were, that they had not consented to so much euill, and so were at greater peace with themselues: and that they were not left alone, but might mutually beare part of each others woes. For when *Philanax* not regarding *Pamela's* princely protestatiōs, had by force left her vnder guard with her sister, & that the two sisters were matched, as well in the disgraces of fortune, as they had beene in the best beauties of nature: those things that till then, bashfulnesse and mistrust had made them hold reserued one from the other, now feare, the underminer of all determinations, and necessity the victorious rebell of all lawes, forced them interchangeably to lay open. Their passions then so swelling in them, as they would haue made Auditors of stones, rather than haue swallowed vp in silence the choking aduentures were fallen vnto them; Truly the hardest hearts, which haue at any time thought womans teares to be a matter of slight compassion (imagining that faire weather will quickly after follow) would now haue beene mollified: and beene compelled to confesse, that the fairer a Diamond is, the more pite it is it should receiue a blemish. Although, no doubt, their faces did rather beautifie sorrow, than sorrow could darken that, which euen in darknesse did shine. But after they had so long, as their other afflictions would suffer them, with doleful ceremonies bemoaned their fathers death: they sat downe together apparrelled as their misadventures had found them; *Pamela* in her iournying weedes now conuerted to another vse: *Philoclea* only in her night gowne, which she thought should bee the rayment of her funerals. But when the excellent creatures had after much panting (with their inward trauell) gotten so much breathing power, as to make a pitiful discourse one to the other, what had befallen them, & that by the plain comparing the case they were in, they thoroughly found that their griefes were not more like in regard of themselues, than like in respect of the subiect (the two Princes, as *Pamela* had learned of *Atusidorus*, being so minded, as they would euer make both their fortunes one) it did more vnite, & so strengthen their lamentation: seeing the one could not bee miserable, but that it must necessarily make the other miserable also. That therefore was the first matter their sweete mouths deliuered, the declaring the passionate beginning, troublesome proceeding, and dangerous ending, their neuer ending loues had passed. And when at any time they entred into the praises of the yong Princes, too long it would haue exercised their tongues, but that their



their memory forthwith warned them, the more praise worthy they were, the more at that time they were worthy of lamentation. Then againe to crying & wringing of hands; & then anew, as vnquiet grief sought each corner, to new discourses, from discourses to wishes, from wishes to prayers. Especially the tender *Philoelea*, who as she was in yeares younger, and had neuer lifted vp her minde to any opinion of soveraigntie, so was she the apter to yeeld to her misfortune; having no stronger debates in her mind, than a man may say a most witty childhood is wont to nourish: as to imagine with her selfe, why *Philapan* & the other Noblemen, should deale so cruelly by her, that had neuer deserved euill of any of them. And how they could finde in their hearts, to imprison such a personage, as she did figure *Pyrocles*, whom she thought all the world was bound to loue, as well as she did. But *Pamela*, although endued with a vertuous mildnesse, yet the knowledge of her self, and what was due vnto her, made her heart full of a stronger disdain against her aduersitie.

So that she joyned the vexation for her friend, with the spite to see her selfe, as she thought, rebelliously detayned, and mixed desirous thoughts to helpe, with reuengefull thoughts if she could not helpe. And as in pangs of death, the stronger heart feeles the greater torment, because it doth the more resist to his oppressour; so her minde, the nobler it was set, and had already embraced the higher thoughts, so much more it did repine; and the more it repined, the more helpelesse wounds it gaue vnto it selfe. But when great part of the night was passed ouer the dolefull Musicke of these sweete Ladies complaints, and that leasure though with some strife, had brought *Pamela* to know, that an Eagle when she is in a Cage, must not thinke to doe like an Eagle, remembring with themselves, that it was likely the next day, the Lords would proceed against those they had imprisoned; They employed the rest of the night in writing vnto them, with such earnestnesse as the matter required, but in such stiles as the state of their thoughts was apt to fashion. In the meane time, *Pyrocles* and *Masidorus* were recommended to so strong a guard, as they might well see it was meant, they should pay no lesse price than their liues, for the getting out of that place, which they like men indeed, (fortifying courage with the true Rampier of patience) did so endure, as they did rather appeare gouernours of necessitie, than seruants to fortune. The whole summe of their thoughts resting vpon the safetie of their Ladies, and their care one for the other: wherein (if at all) their hearts did seeme to receive some softnesse. For sometimes *Masidorus* would feele such a motion to his friend, and his vnworthy case, that hee would fall into such kinde speeches. My *Pyrocles*, would he say, how vnhappy may I thinke *Theffalia*, that hath beene as it were the middle way to this euill estate of yours? For if you had not beene there brought vp, the Sea should not haue had this power, thus to seuer you from your deare Father. I haue therefore (if complaints doe at any time become a mans heart) most cause to complaine, since my couatrey, which receined the honour of *Pyrocles* education, should bee a step to his ouerthrow, if humane chances can bee couated an ouerthrow to him, that standes vpon vertue. Oh excellent *Masidorus*, answered *Pyrocles*, how doe you teach mee rather, to fall out with my selfe, and my fortune, since by you I haue receiued all good, you only by me this affliction? to you and your vertuous Mother, I in my tenderest yeares, and Fathers greatest troubles, was sent for succour. There did I learne the sweete mysteries of Philosophie; there had I your liuely example to confirme that which I learned; there lastly had I your friendship, which no vn-happinesse can euer make mee say, but that hath made mee happie. Now see how my destinie (the gods know) not my will, hath rewarded you: my father sends  
for

for you away out of your land, whence but for mee you had not come: what after followed, you know. It was my lorie not yours, which first stayed you here, and therefore if the heavens euer held a iust proportion, it were I & not you, that should feele the smart. O blame not the heavens, *Pyrocles*, said *Musidorus*, as their course neuer alters, so is there nothing done by the vntouchable ruler of them, but hath an euermlasting reason for it. And to say the truth of these things, wee should deale vngatefully with nature, if we should be forgetfull receivers of her gift, and diligent Auditors of the chaunces we like not. We haue liued, and haue liued to be good to our selues and others, our soules which are put into the sifting earth of our bodies, haue archieued the causes of their thither coming: they haue known and honoured with knowledge, the cause of their creation, and to many men (for in this time, place, and fortune, it is lawfull for vs to speake gloriously) it hath been behouefull, that we should liue. Since then eternitie is not to be had in this conuiction, what is to be lost by the separation, but time: which since it hath his end, when that is once come, all that is past is nothing: and by the protracting nothing gotten, but labour and care. Doe not me therefore that wrong, (who something in yeares, but much in all other desert, am fitter to die than you) as to say, you haue brought me to any euill: since the loue of you, doth ouerbalance all bodily mischiefes, and those mischiefes bee but mischiefes to the baser mindes, too much delighted with the kennell of this life. Neither will I any more yeeld to my passion of lamenting you, which howsoeuer it might agree to my exceeding friendship, surely it would nothing to your exceeding vertue. Adde this to your noble speech my deare cousin, said *Pyrocles*, that if wee complaine of this our fortune, or seeme to our selues faultie, in hauing one hurt the other, wee shew a repentance of the loue we beare to these matchlesse creatures, or at least a doubt, it should be ouer dearly bought, which for my part (and so dare I answer for you) I call all the Gods to witnesse, I am so far from, that no shame, no torment, no death, would make mee forgoe the least part of the inward honour, essentiall pleasure, and liuing life, I haue enioyed in the presence of the faultlesse *Philotes*. Take the preheminance in all things, but in true louing, answered *Musidorus*, for the confession of that no death shall get of me. Of that, answered *Pyrocles* soberly smiling, I perceiue we shall haue a debate in the other world, if at least there remaine any thing of remembrance in that place. I doe not thinke the contrarie, said *Musidorus*, although you know, it is greatly held, that with the death of bodie and senses (which are not onely the beginning, but dwelling and nourishing of passions, thoughts and imaginations) they failing, memorie likewise failes, which riseth only out of them: & then is there left nothing, but the intellectuall part or intelligence, which void of all morall vertues, which stand in the meane of perturbations, doth onely liue in the contemplatiue vertue, and power of the omnipotent good, the soule of soules, and vniuersall life of this great work, & therefore is vterly void from the possibility of drawing to it self these sensible considerations. Certainly, answered *Pyrocles*, I easily yeeld, that we shall not know one another, and much lesse these passed things, with a sensible or passionate knowledge. For the cause being taken away, the effects follow. Neither do I thinke, we shall haue such a memorie, as now we haue, which is but a relick of the senses, or rather a print the senses haue left of things past in our thoughts, but it shall be a vitall power of that very intelligence, which is while it was here, it held the chiefe seate of our life, & was as it were the last resort, to which of all our knowledges, the highest appeale came, and so by that meanes was neuer ignorant of our actions, though many times rebelliously resisted, alwaies with this prison darkened:



so much more being free of that prison, and returning to the life of all things, where all infinite knowledge is, it cannot but bee a right intelligence, which is both his name and being, of things both present and passed, though void of imagining to it selfe any thing; but each growne like to his Creator hath all things, with a spirituall knowledge before it. The difference of which is as hard for vs to conceiue, as it was for vs, when wee were in our mothers wombes, to comprehend (if any bodie would haue told vs) what kinde of light wee now in this life see, what kinde of knowledge wee now haue: yet now we doe not onely feele our present being, but wee conceiue what wee were before wee were borne, though remembrance make vs not doe it, but knowledge, and though wee are vnder without any remorse of any misery wee might then suffer. Even such and much more oddes, shall there be at that second deliuey of ours, when void of sensible memory, or memoratiue passion, wee shall not see the colours, but liues of all things that haue been or can bee: and shall (as I hope) know our friendship, though exempt from the earthly cares of friendship, hauing both vntied it, and our selues, in that high and heavenly lone of the vnquenchable light. As he had ended his speech, *Amidas* looking with a heavenly ioy vpon him, sang this song vnto him, hee had made before loose turned his muse to another subiect.

*Since natures workes be good, and death doth serue  
As natures worke: why should we feare to die?  
Since feare is vaine, but when it may preserve  
Why should we feare that, which we cannot flee?  
Feare is more paine than to be paine it feares,  
Disarming humane mindes of native might:  
While each conceits an angly figure beares,  
Which were not euill well view'd in reasons light.  
Our only eyes, which dimm'd with passions be,  
And scarce discern the dawning of coming day,  
Let them be clear'd, and now begin to see,  
Our life is but a step in dustie way.  
Then let vs hold the blisse of peacefull minds,  
Since thus we feele, great losse we cannot finde.*

Thus did they like quiet Swannes, sing their owne obsequies, and vertuously enable their mindes against all extremities, which they did thinke would fall vpon them, especially resolving, that the first care they would haue, should be by taking the fault vpon themselves, to cleare the two Ladies, of whose ease (as of nothing else that happened) they had not any knowledge. Although their friendly hoste, the honest Gentleman *Kalander*, seeking all meanes how to helpe them, had endeauoured to speake with them, & to make them know who should be their iudge. But the curious seruant of *Philanax* forbad him the entry, vpon paine of death. For so it was agreed vpon, that no man should haue any conference with them, for feare of new tumults. In so much that *Kalander* was constrained to retire himselfe, hauing yere obtained thus much, that he would deliuer vnto the two Princes their apparrell and Jewels, which being left with him at *Martinea* (wisely considering that their disguised vveedes which were all as then they had, would make them more odious in

the sight of the iudges) he had that night sent for, & now brought vnto them. They accepted their owne, with great thankfulness, knowing from whence it came, and attired themselves in it against the next day, which being indeed rich and Princely, they accordingly determined to maintaine the names of *Palladin* and *Dianthus*, as before it is mentioned. Then gaue they themselves to consider, in what sort they might defend their causes, for they thought it no lesse vaine to wish death, than cowardly to feare it, till something before morning, a small slumber taking them, they were by and by after called vp to come to the answer, of no lesse than their liues imported. But in this sort was the iudgement ordered. As soone as the morning had taken a full possession of the Element, *Euarchus* called vnto him *Philanax*, and willed him to draw out into the middest of the Greene, (before the chiefe lodge) the throne of iudgement seate, in which *Basilus* was wont to sit, and according to their customes, was euer carried with the Prince. For *Euarchus* did wisely consider, the people to bee naturally taken with exterior shewes, far more than with inward consideration of the materiall points. And therefore in this new entry into so entangled a matter, hee would leaue nothing which might bee eyther an armour or ornament vnto him, and in these pompous ceremonies hee well knew a secret of gouernement much to consist. That was performed by the diligent *Philanax*, and therein *Euarchus* did set himselfe all clothed in blacke, with the principall men, who could in that suddennesse provide themselves of such mourning rayments. The whole people commanded to keepe an orderly silence of each side, which was duly obserued of them, partly for the desire they had to see a good conclusion of these matters, and partly stricken with admiration, as well at the graue and Princely presence of *Euarchus*, as at the greatnesse of the cause, which was then to come in question. As for *Philanax*, *Euarchus* would haue done him the honour to sit by him, but he excused himselfe, desiring to be the accuser of the prisoners in his masters behalfe, and therefore since hee made himselfe a party, it was not conuenient for him to sit in the iudiciall place. Then was it a while deliberated, whether the two young Ladies should be brought forth in open presence: but that was stopped by *Philanax*, whose loue and faith, did descend from his master to his children, and only desired, the smart should light vpon the others, whom hee thought guilty of his death and dishonour, alledging for this, that neither wisdom would they should be brought in presence of the people, which might herenpon grow to new vprores, nor iustice required they should be drawne to any shame, till some body accused them. And as for *Pamela*, he protested the lawes of *Arcadia*, would not allow any iudgement of her, although she her selfe were to determine nothing till age or marriage enabled her. Then the kings body being laid vpon a Table, iust before *Euarchus*, & all couered ouer with blacke, the prisoners, namely the Queen & two young Princes, were sent for to appeare in the Protectors name: which name was the cause they came not to know ledge, how neare a kinsman was to iudge of them, but thought him to be some Nobleman, chosen by the Country, in this extremity. So extraordinary a course had the order of the heauens produced at this time, that both nephew & son, were not only prisoners, but vknown to their vncle and father, who of many years had not seen them. And *Pyrocles* was to plead for his life before that throne, in which throne lately before he had saued the Kings life. But first was *Gynecia* led forth, in the same weedes that the day & night before she had wore, sauing that in stead of *Zalmoxis* garment in which she was found, she had cast on a long cloak, which reached to the ground, of russet course cloath, with a poore felt hat, which almost couered all her face,



face, most part of her goodly haire (on which her hands had laid many a spitefull hold) so lying vpon her shoulders, as a man might well see, had no artificiall carelesnesse. Her eies downe on the ground, of purpose not to looke on *Pyrocles* face: which shee did not so much shun, for the vnkindnesse shee conceived of her owne overthrow, as for the feare, those motions in this short time of her life, should be requied, which shee had with the passage of infinite sorrowes mortified. Great was the compassion the people felt, to see their Princeesse state and beautie so deformed by fortune and her own desert, whom they had euer found a Ladie most worthy of all honour. But by and by the sight of the other two prisoners drew most of the eies to that spectacle. *Pyrocles* came out led by *Sympathus*, clothed after the Greeke manner, in a long coate of white veluet, reaching to the small of his legges, with great buttons of Diamonds all along vpon it: His necke without any collar, not so much as hidden with a ruffe, did passe the whiteness of his garments, which was not much in fashion vnlike to the crimson rayment our Knights of the order first put on. On his feete hee had nothing but slippers, which, after the ancient maner, were tyed vp with certaine laces, which were fastned vnder his knee, hauing wrapped about (with many prettie knots) his naked legges. His faire auberne haire (which hee ware in great length, and gaue at that time a delightfull shew, with being sturd vp and downe with the breath of a gentle wind) had nothing vpon it, but white Ribbin, in those daies vsed for a Diademe. Which rouled once or twise about the vppermost part of his forehead, fell downe vpon his backe, closed vp at each end with the richest pearle were to be seen in the world. After him followed another nobleman, guiding the noble *Masidorus*, who had vpon him a long cloake, after the fashion of that which wee call the Apostles mantle, made of purple Satten, not that purple which we now haue, and is but a counterfeite of the *Getulian* purple (which yet was farre the meaner in price and estimation) but of the right *Tyrian* purple, which was nearest to a colour betwixe our murry & scarlet. On his head, which was blacke and curled, he ware a *Persian Tiara*, all set downe with rowes of so rich Rubies, as they were inough to speake for him, that they had to iudge of no meane personage.

In this sort with erected countenances, did these vnfortunate Princes suffer themselves to bee ledde, shewing a right, by the comparison of them and *Gynesia*, how to diuers persons compassion is diuersly to bee stirred. For as to *Gynesia*, a Ladie knowne of great estate, and greatly esteemed, the more miserable representation was made of her sudden ruine, the more mens hearts were forced to bewaile such an euident witnesse of weake humanitie: so to these men, not regarded because vnknowne, but rather (besides the detestation of their fact) hated as strangers, the more they should haue fallen downe in an abiect semblance, the more in stead of compassion they should haue gotten contempt: but therefore, were to vse (as I may terme it) the more violence of magnanimitie, and so to conquer the expectation of the lookers with an extraordinarie vertue. And such effect indeede it wrought in the whole assembly, their eyes yet standing as it were in ballance to whether of them they should most direct their sight. *Masidorus* was in stature so much higher than *Pyrocles*, as commonly is gotten by one yeaeres growth. His face now beginning to haue some tokens of a beard, was composed to a kinde of manlike beautie. His colour was of a well pleasing brownenesse, and the features of it such, as they carried both delight and maiestie: his countenance seuer, and promising a minde much gluen to thinking. *Pyrocles* of a pure complexion, and of such a chearefull fauour, as might seeme either a womans face in a boy, or an excellent boyes face in

a woman. His looke gentle and bashfull, which bred the more admiration, hauing shewed such notable proofes of courage. Lastly, though both had both, if there were any oddes, *Musidorus* was the more goodly, and *Pyrocles* the more louely. But as soone as *Musidorus* saw himself so farre forth led among the people, that he knew to a great number of them his voice should bee heard, misdoubting their intencion to the Princeesse *Pamela*, (of whom hee was more carefull than of his owne life,) euen as he went (though his leader sought to interrupt him) hee thus with a lowd voice spake vnto them. And is it possible, O *Arcadians*, said hee, that you can forget the naturall duty you owe to your Princeesse *Pamela*? hath this soyle bene so little beholding to her noble Ancesters? hath so long a time rooted no surer loue in your hearts to that line? Where is that faith to your Princes blood, which hath not onely preserued you from all dangers heretofore, but hath spread your fame to all the Nations in the world? Where is that iustice the *Arcadians* were wont to flourish in, whose nature is to render to euery one his owne? Will you now keepe the right from your Prince, who is the onely giuer of iudgement, the key of iustice, and life of your lawes? Doe you hope in a few yeares, to set vp such another race, which nothing but length of time can establisth? Will you reward *Basilus* children with vngratefulness, the very poyson of manhood? Will you betray your long settled reputation, with the fowle name of traytours? Is this your mourning for your Kings death, to encrease his losse with his daughters miserie? Imagine your Prince doth looke out of the heauens vnto you, what do you thinke he could wish more at your hands than that you doe well by his children? And what more honour I pray you can you doe to his obsequies, than to satisfie his soule with a louing memorie, as you doe his bodie with an vnfelt solemnity? What haue you done with the Princeesse *Pamela*? *Pamela* the iust inheritrix of this Countrey, *Pamela* whom this earth may bee happy, that it shall be hereafter said, shee was borne in *Arcadia*, *Pamela* in her selfe your ornament, in her education your foster childe, and euerie way your onely Princeesse, vwhat account can you render to your selues of her? Truly I do not thinke that you all know what is become of her: so soone may a Diamond bee lost: so soone may the fairest light in the world bee put out. But looke, looke vnto it, O *Arcadians*, be not so wilfully robbed of your greatest treasure, make not your selues ministers to priuate ambitions, who doe but vse your selues to put on your owne yokes. Whatsoeuer you determine of vs (who I must confesse are but strangers) yet let not *Basilus* daughters bee strangers vnto you. Lastly, howsoeuer you barre her from her publike soueraignie, (which if you do, little may we hope of equirie where rebellion reignes) yet deny not that childs right vnto her, that she may come and do the last duties to her fathers bodie. Denie not that happines (if in such a case there bee any happinesse) to your late King, that his bodie may haue his last touch of his dearest childe. With such like broken maner of questions and speeches, was *Musidorus* desirous as much as in passing by them hee could, to moue the people to tender *Pamela*'s fortune. But at length, by that they came to the iudgement place, both *Simpastus* and his guider had greatly satisfied him, with the assurance they gaue him, this assembly of people had neither meaning nor power to doe any hurt to the Princeesse, whom they all acknowledged as their soueraigne Ladie. But that the custome of *Arcadia* was such, till shee had more yeares, the state of the Countrey to be guided by a Protector, vnder vvhom, he and his fellow were to receiue their iudgement. That eased *Musidorus* heart of his most vehement care. when he found his beloued Lady to bee out of danger. But *Pyrocles* as soone as the

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Queene of the one side, hee and *Masidorus* of the other, were stayed before the face of their Iudge, (having onely for their barre the Table on which the Kings bodie lay) being nothing lesse vexed with the doubt of *Philoclea*, than *Masidorus* was for *Pamela*, in this sort with a lowly behaviour, and onely then like a suppliant, he spake to the Protector. Pardon mee most honoured Iudge, saith hee, that vncommanded I begin my speech vnto you, since both to you and mee, these words of mine shall bee most necessary. To you hauing the sacred exercise of iustice in your hand, nothing appertaines more properly, than truth nakedly and freely set down. To mee, being enuironed round about with many dangerous calamities, what can bee more convenient, than at least, to bee at peace with my selfe, in hauing discharged my conscience, in a most behouefull veritie. Vnderstand therefore, and truly vnderstand, that the Ladie *Philoclea* (to whose vnstained vertue it hath been my vnspokeable miserie, that my name should become a blot) if shee be accused, is most vniustly accused of, any dishonourable fact, which by my meanes shee may be thought to haue yeilded vnto. Whatsoeuer hath been done, hath bene my onely attempt, which notwithstanding was neuer intended against her chastitie. But whatsoeuer hath bene informed, was my fault. And I attest the heauens, to blaspheme which I am not now in fit tune, that so much as my comming into her chamber, was wholly vniwitting vnto her. This your wisdom may withall consider, if I would lye; I would lye for mine owne behoofe; I am not so old, as to bee wearie of my selfe; but the verie sting of my inward knowledge ioyned with the consideration I must needes haue, what an infinite losse it should bee, to all those who loue goodnesse in good folkes, if so pure a child of vertue should wrongfully be destroyed, compels me to vse my tongue against my selfe, and receiue the burden of what euill was, vpon mine owne doing. Looke therefore with pitifull eyes vpon so faire beames, and that misfortune which by mee hath fallen vpon her, helpe to repaire it with your publike iudgement, since whosoever deales cruelly with such a creature, shewes himselfe a hater of mankind, and an enuier of the worlds blisse. And this petition I make, euen in the name of iustice, that before you proceed further against vs, I may know how you conceiue of her noble, though vnfürfortunate action, and what iudgement you will make of it. Hee had not spoken his last word, when all the whole people both of great and low estate, confirmed with an vnited murrur *Pyrocles* demand, longing (for the loue generally was borne *Philoclea*) to know what they might hope of her. *Enarshus* though neither regarding a prisoners passionate prayer, nor bearing ouerplausible cares to a many headed motion, yet well enough content, to winne their liking with things in themselves indifferent, hee was content: first, to seeke as much as might bee of *Philoclea*'s behaviour in this matter: which being cleared by *Pyrocles*, & but weakly gainesaid by *Philanax* (who had framed both his owne and *Dametas* euidence most for her fauour, and in truth could haue gone no further than conjecture,) yet finding by his wisdom, that shee was not altogether faultlesse, he pronounced she should all her life long, bee kept prisoner among certaine women of religion like the *Vestall* Nunnes, so to repay the touched honour of her house, with well obseruing a strict profession of chastitie. Although this were a great preiudicating of *Pyrocles* case, yet was he exceedingly ioyous of it, being assured of his Ladies life; and in the depth of his minde not sorry, that what end soeuer he had, none should obtaine the after enioying that iewell, whereon he had set his lines happines. After it was by publike sentence deliuered, what should bee done with the sweete *Philoclea*, the lawes of *Arcadia* bearing, that what was appointed by the Magistrates

in the nonage of the Prince, could not afterwards bee repealed) *Euarchus* still vsing to himselfe no other name but Protector of *Arcadia*, commanded those that had to say against the Queene *Gynecia* to proceed, because both her estate required shee should bee first heard, and also for that shee was taken to bee the principall in the greater matter they were to iudge of. *Philanax* incontinently stepped forth, and shewing in his greedie eies, that he did thirst for her bloud, began a well thought on discourse of her (in his iudgement) execrable, wickednesse. But *Gynecia* standing vp before the Iudge, casting abroad her armes, with her eies hidden vnder the bredth of her vnseemly hat, laying open in all her gestures the despairfull affliction, to which all the might of her reason was conuerted, with such like words stopped *Philanax*, as hee was entring into his inuective oration. Stay, stay *Philanax*, said shee, doe not defile thy honest mouth, with those dishonourable speeches: thou art about to vtter against a woman, now most wretched, lately thy Mistresse. Let either the remembrance how great she was, moue thy heart to some reuerence; or the seeing how low she is, stirre in thee some pitie. It may bee truth doth make thee deale vntuly, and loue of iustice frames vniustice in thee, doe not therefore (neither shalt thou neede) tread vpon my desolate ruines. Thou shalt haue that thou seekest; and yet shalt not be oppressour of her, who cannot choose but loue thee for thy singular faith to thy master. I doe not speake this to procure mercie, or to prolong my life, no, no, I say vnto you I will not liue, but I am onely loth, my death should bee engriued with any wrong thou shouldest doe vnto mee. I haue been too painfull a iudge ouer my selfe, to desire pardon in others iudgement. I haue been too cruell an executioner of mine owne soule, to desire that execution of iustice should bee stayed for me. Alas, they that know how sorrow can rent the spirits, they that know what fiery hell are contained in a self-condemning mind, need not fear that fear can keepe such a one from desiring to be separated from that which nothing but death can separate. I therefore say to thee (O iust Iudge) that I and onely I, was the worker of *Basilus* death. They were these hands that gaue vnto him the poysonous potion that hath brought death to him, and losse to *Arcadia*; it was I and none but I, that hastned his aged yeares to an vnnaturall end, and that haue made all his people orphans of their royall father. I am the subiect that haue killed my Prince, I am the wife that haue murthered my husband, I am a degenerate woman, an vndoer of this Countrey, a shame of my children. What wouldest thou haue said more, Oh *Philanax*? and all this I grant, there resteth then nothing else to say, but that I desire you, you will appoint quickly some to rid mee of my life, rather than these hands, which else are destinied vnto it, and that indeede it may be done with such speed as I may not long die in this life, which I haue in so great horror: with that shee crossed her armes, and fate downe vpon the ground, attending the Iudges answer. But a great while it was, before anie bodie could bee heard speake, the whole people concurring in a lamentable crie, so much had *Gynecia's* words and behauiour stirred their hearts to a dolefull compassion, neither in troath could most of them in their iudgements tell, whether they should bee more sorrie for her fault or her miserie: for the losse of her estate, or losse of her vertue. But most were most moued with that which was vnder their eies, the sense most subiect to pitie. But at length the reuerent awe they stood in of *Euarchus*, brought them to a silent waiting his determination, who hauing well considered the abomination of the fact, attending more the manifest prooffe of so horrible a trespasse, confessed by her selfe, & proued by others, than anie thing relenting to those tragicall phrases of hers (apt to stirre a vulgar pitie, than his minde, which hated euill,



in what colours fouer hee found it) hauing considered a while with the principall men of the countrey, and demanded their allowance, hee definitiue gaue this sentence: That whereas both in priuate and publike respects, this woman had most hainously offended (in priuate, because marriage being the most holy coniunction that falls to mankind, out of which all families, and so consequently all societies do proceede, which not only by communie of goods, but communie of children, is to knit the mindes in a most perfect vnion, which who so breakes dissolues all humanitie, no man liuing free from the danger of so neare a neighbour, shee had not onely broken it, but broken it with death, and the most pretended death that might bee: In publike respect, the Princes persons, beeing in all monarchall governments the very knot of the peoples welfare, and light of all their doings, to which they are not only in conscience, but in necessitie bound to be loyall, shee had trayterously empoysoned him, neither regarding her countries profite, her own dutie, nor the rigour of the lawes.) That therefore, as well for the due satisfaction to eternall iustice and accomplishment of the *Arcadian* statutes, as for the euermore example to all wiues and subiects, shee should presently be conueyed to close prison, and there kept with such foode as might serue to sustaine her aliue, vntill the day of her husbands buriall, at which time, shee should be buried quicke, in the same tombe with him: that so his murder might bee a murder to her selfe, and shee forced to keepe company with the body from which shee had made so detestable a seuerance; and lastly death might redresse their disioyned conjunction of marriage. His iudgement was receiued of the whole assembly, as not with disliking, so with great astonishment, the greatnesse of the matter and person as it were ouerpressing the might of their conceits. But when they did set it to the beame, with the monstrousnesse of her ougly misdeed, they could not but yeeld in their hearts, there was no ouerballancing. As for *Gynecia*, who had already settled her thoughts, not only to looke but long for this euent, hauing in this time of her vexation, found a sweetness in the rest she hoped by death (with a countenance witnessing shee had beforehand so passed through all the degrees of sorrow, that shee had no new looke to figure forth any more) rose vp, and offered forth her faire hands to bee bound or led as they would, being indeed troubled with no part of this iudgement, but that her death was as she thought long delayed. They that were appointed for it, conueyed her to the place shee was in before, where the guard was releued, and the number increased to keepe her more sure for the time of her execution: None of them all that led her, though most of them were such, whose hearts had been long hardened with the often exercising such offices, being able to bar teares from their eyes, and other manifest tokens of compassionate sorrow. So goodly a vertue is a resolute constancie, that euen in euill deserters, it seems that patrie might haue beene notably well deserving. Thus the excellent Lady *Gynecia*, hauing passed fiftie and thirtie yeares of her age, euen to the admiration of a beautifull minde & body, and hauing not in her owne knowledge, euer spotted her soule with any wilfull vice, but her immoderate loue of *Zelmira*, was brought first by the violence of that ill-answered passion, & then by the despairing conceit she took of the iudgment of God in her husbands death, and her owne fortune, purposely to ouerthrow her selfe, and confirme by a wrong confession, that abominable shame, which with her wisdom, ioyned to the truth, perhaps she might haue refuted. Then did *Archus* aske *Philanax*, whether it were he that would charge the two young prisoners, or that some other should doe it, and hee sit, according to his estate, as an assistant in the iudgement. *Philanax* told him as before hee had done, that hee thought no

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man could lay manifest the naughtinesse of those two yong men, with so much either truth or zeale as himselfe, and therefore he desired he might doe this last seruice to his faithfully beloued master, as to prosecute the trayterous causers of his death and dishonour; which being done, for his part hee meant to giue vp all dealing in publicke affaires, since that man was gone who had made him loue them. *Philanax* thus being ready to speake, the two Princes were commaunded to tell their names, who answered according to their agreements, that they were *Diaphantus* of *Lycia*, & *Palladius* Prince of *Iberia*. Which when they had said, they demanded to know by what authoritie they could iudge of them; since they were not onely forreners and so not borne vnder their lawes, but absolute Princes, and therefore not to be touched by lawes. But answer was presently made them, that *Arcadia* Lawes were to haue their force vpon any were found in *Arcadia*: since strangers haue scope to know the customes of a country, before they put themselves in it: & when they once are entred, they must know, that what by many was made, must not for one bee broken. And so much lesse for a stranger, as hee is to looke for no priuiledge in that place, to which in time of neede, his seruice is not to be expected. As for their being Princes, whether they were so or no, the beleefe stood in their own words, which they had so diuersly falsified, as they did not deserue beleefe. But whatsoeuer they were, *Arcadia* was to acknowledge them but as priuate men, since they were neither by Magistracie nor alliaunce to the princely blood, to claime any thing in that region. Therefore if they had offended (which now by the plaintife and their defence was to be iudged) against the lawes of nations, by the lawes of nations they were to be chastised: if against the peculiar ordinances of the prouince, those peculiar ordinances were to lay hold of them. The Princes stood awhile vpon that, demanding leasure to giue perfect knowledge of their greatnesse; but when they were answered, that in a case of a Princes death, the Law of that Countrey had euer been, that immediate triall should be had: they were forced to yeelde, resolu'd that in those names, they would as much as they could, couer the shame of their royall parentage, and keepe as long as might bee (if euill were determined against them) the euill newes from their carefull kinsfolke, wherein the chiefe man they considered was *Euarchus*: whom the strange and secret working of iustice had brought to be the iudge ouer them, in such a shadow, or rather pit of darkenesse, the wormish mankind liues, that neither they know how to foresee, nor what to feare: and are like tennisbals, tossed by the racket of the higher powers. Thus both sides ready, it was determined, because their cases were separated, first *Philanax* should be heard against *Pyrocles*, whom they termed *Diaphantus*, and that heard, the others cause should follow, and so receiue together such iudgement, as they should be found to haue deserued. But *Philanax* that was euen short-breathed at the first, with the extreme vehemencie hee had to speake against them, stroking once or twice his forehead, and wiping his eyes, (which either wept, or he would at that time haue them seeme to weepe) looking first vpon *Pyrocles*, as if he had proclaimed all hatefulnessse against him; humbly turning to *Euarchus*, (who with quiet grauitie, shewed great attention) he thus began his Oration. That which all men, who take vpon them to accuse another, are wont to desire (most worthy Protector) to haue many proofes of faults in them they seeke to haue condemned: that is to me in this present action, my greatest comber, & annoyance. For the number is so great, and the qualitie so monstrous, of the enormities this wretched yong man hath committed, that neither I in my selfe, can tell where to begin (my thoughts being confus'd with the horrible multitude of them) neither doe I think  
your



your vertuous eares will be able to endure the report : but will rather imagine, you hear some Tragedie inuented of the extremitie of wickednes, than a iust recitall of a wickednesse indeed committed: for such is the disposition of the most sincere iudgments, that as they can beleeue meane faults, and such as mans nature may slide into, so when they passe to a certaine degree, nay when they passe all degrees of vn-speakeable naughtinesse, then finde they in themselues a hardnesse to giue credit that humane creatures can so from all humanity be transformed. But in my self, the strength of my faith to my dead master will helpe the weakenesse of my memorie; in you, your excellent loue of iustice will force you to vouchsafe attention : and as for the matter, it is so manifest, so pitifull euidences lye before your eyes of it, that I shal need to be but a brief recounter, & no rhetoricall enlarger of this most harmful mischiefe. I will therefore, in as few words, as so huge a trespasse can be contained, deliuer vnto you the sum of this miserable fact: leauing out a great number of particular tokens of his naughtinesse, & onely touching the essentiall points of this dolefull case. This man, whom to begin withall I know not how to name, since being come into this countrie, vnaccompanied like a lost pilgrime, from a man grew a woman, from a woman a rauisher of women, thence a prisoner, and now a Prince: But this *Zelmane*, this *Diaphantus*, this what you will (for any shape or title hee can take vpon him, that hath no restraint of shame) hauing vnderstood the solitary life my late master liued, and considering how open he had layd himselfe to any trayterous attempt, for the first maske of his falshood, disguised himselfe like a woman : which being the more simple and hurtlesse sexe, might easier hide his subtle harmefulnesse. And presenting himselfe to my master, the most curteous Prince that liued, was receiued of him with so great graciousnesse, as might haue bound not only any gratefull minde, but might haue mollified any enemies rancour. But this venomous serpent, admitted thus into his bosome, as contagion wil easily find a fit body for it, so had he quickly falne into so neate acquaintance with this naughty woman, whom euē now you haue most iustly cōdemned, that this was her right hand, she saw with no eyes but his, nor seemed to haue any life but in him, so glad she was to finde one more cunning than her selfe, in couering wickednesse with a modest veile. What is to be thought passed betwixt two such vertuous creatures, wherof the one hath confessed murder, & the other rape, I leaue to your wise consideration. For my hart hastens to the miserable point of *Basilus* murder, for the executing of w<sup>ch</sup> with more facility, this yong nymph of *Diana's* bringing vp, fained certain rites she had to performe: so furious an impietie had caried him frō all remembrance of goodnes, that he did not onely not feare the gods, as the beholders and punishers of so vngodly a villany, but did blasphemously vse their sacred holy name, as a minister vnto it. And forsooth a caue here by was chosen, for the temple of his deuotions, a caue of such darkenesse, as did prognosticate, hee meant to please the infernall powers; for there this accursed caytife, vpon the altar of falshood, sacrificed the life of the vertuous *Basilus*. By what means he trained him thither, alas I know not, for if I might haue knowne it, either my life had accompanied my master, or this fellowes death had preserued him. But this may suffice, that in the mouth of this Caue, where this traytor had his lodging and chappell, when already master shepheard his companion had conueyed away the vndoubted inheritrix of this countrey, was *Gynecia* found by the dead corps of her husband, newly empoysoned, apparrelled in the garments of the yong Ladie, and readie no question to haue fled to some place, according to their consort, but that shee was by certaine honest shepheards arrested : while in the meane time, because there should bee left no reuenger of this bloudie mischiefe,

chief, this noble *Amazon* was violently gotten into the chamber of the Lady *Philoclea*, where by the mingling (as much as in him lay) of her shame with his misdeed, he might enforce her to be accessary to her fathers death, & vnder the countenance of her and her sister (against whom they knew wee would not rebell) seaz as it were with one gripe into their trecherous hands, the regiment of this mighty Prouince. But the almighty eie preuēted him of the end of his mischief, by vsing a villain *Dametas* his hand to inclose him in there, where with as much fortificatio as in a house could be made, he thought himselfe in most securitie. Thus see you most iust iudge, a short and simple storie of the infamous miserie false vpon this Countrey. Indeed infamous, since by an effeminate man, wee should suffer a greater ouerthrow, than our mightiest enemies haue been euer able to lay vpon vs. And that all this, which I haue said is most manifest, as well of the murdering of *Basilus*, as the rauishing of *Philoclea* (for those two parts I establish of my accusation) who is of so incredulous a minde, or rather who will so stop his eyes from seeing a thing clearer than the light, as not to hold for assured so palpable a matter. For to begin with his most cruell misdeed, is it to be imagined, that *Gynecia* (a woman though wicked, yet witty) would haue attempted & atchieued an enterprize, no lesse hazardous than horrible, without hauing some counsellor in the beginning, and some comforter in the performing? Had shee, who shewed her thoughts were so ouer-ruled with some strange desire, as in despite of God, nature and womanhoode, to execute that in deeds, which in words we cannot heare without trembling? had shee I say no practice to leade her vnto it? Or had she a practice without conspiracie? Or could she conspire without some body to conspire with? And if one were, who so likely as this, to whom she communicated I am sure her minde, the world thinks her bodie? Neither let her words taking the whole fault vpon her selfe, bee herein any thing auailable. For to those persons who haue vomitted out of their soules all remnants of goodnesse, there rests a certaine pride in euill, and hauing else no shadow of glorie left them, they glory to bee constant in iniquity, and that God knowes must bee held out to the last gaspe, without reuealing their accomplices; As thinking great courage is declared in being neither affeard of the heauens, nor ashamed of the world. But let *Gynecia's* action dye with her selfe, what can all the earth answer for his comming hither? Why alone, if he be a Prince? How so richly iewelled if he be not a Prince? Why then a woman if now a man? Why now *Diaphantus*, if then *Zelmene*? Was all this play for nothing, or if it had an end, what end but the end of my deare master? Shall wee doubt so many secret conferences with *Gynecia*, such fained fauour to the ouer-soone beguiled *Basilus*, a Cave made a lodging, and the same lodging made a Temple of his Religion, lastly such changes and trecheries, as a quiet Poet could scarce fill a Poeme withall, were directed to any lesse scope than to this monstrous murther? Oh snakie ambition, which can winde thy selfe to so many figures, to slide thither thou desirest to come! O corrupted reason of mankind, that can yeeld to deforme thy selfe with so filthy desires! And O hopelesse bee those mindes, whom so vnnaturall desires doe not with their owne ougliness sufficiently terrifie! But yet euen of fauour let vs grant him thus much more, as to fancie that in these foretold things, fortune might be a great Actor, perchance to an euill end, yet to a lesse euill end all these entangled deuises were entended. But I beseech your Ladishippe, my Ladie *Diaphantus*, tell mee what excuse you can finde for the changing your lodging with the Queene, that very instant she was to finish her execrable practice? How can you cloke the lending of you cloake vnto her, was all that by chance too? Had the



the starres sent such an influence vnto you, as you should be iust wearie of your lodging and garments, when our Prince was destenied to the slaughter? What say you to this, O shamefull and shamelesse creature? fit indeede to bee the dishonour of both sexes. But alas, I spend too many words in so manifest and so miserable a matter. They must be foure wilde horses (which according to our lawes are the executioners of men which murder our Prince) which must decide this question with you. Yet see so farre had my zeale to my beloued Prince transported me, that I had almost forgotten my second part, and his second abomination, I meane his violence offered to the Lady *Philoclea*: wherewith as if it had wel become his womanhood, he came brauing to the iudgement seate: indeed our lawes appoint not so cruella death (although death too) for this fact as for the other. But whosoeuer well weighes it, shall finde it sprong out of the same fountaine of mischieuous naughtinesse, the killing of the father, dishonouring the mother, and rauishing the childe. Alas could not so many benefits receiued of my Prince, the iustice of nature, the right of hospitalitie, be a bridle to thy lust, if not to thy crueltie? Or if thou hadst (as surely thou hast) a heart recompensing goodnesse with hatred, could not his death, which is the last of reuenges, satisfie thy malice, but thou must heape vpon it the shame of his daughter? Were thy eyes so stonie, thy breast so tygrish, as the sweete and beautifull shewes of *Philoclea*'s vertue did not astonish thee? O wofull *Arcadia*, to whom the name of this mankind curtisan, shall euer be remembered as a procurer of thy greatest losse! But too farre I finde my passion, yet honest passion hath guided me; the cause is euery way too too much vnanswerable. It resteth in you O excellent protector to pronounce iudgement, which if there bee hope that such a yong man may proue profitable to the world, who in the first exercise of his owne detetmination, farre passed the arrantest strumpet in luxuriosnesse, the cunningest forger in falshood, a player in disguising, a Tyger in crueltie, a Dragon in ingratifullnesse, let him be preserued like a iewel, to do greater mischief. If his youth be not more defiled with trechery, than the eldest mans age, let I say his youth be some cause of compassion. If he haue not euery way sought the overthrow of humane societie, if he haue done any thing like a Prince, let his naming himselfe a Prince, breede a reuerence of his base wickednesse. If he haue not broken all the lawes of hospitalitie, and broken them in the most detestable degree that can be, let his being a guest, be a sacred protection of his more than saluage doings: or if his whorish beauty, haue not been as the high way of his wickednesse, let the picture drawn vpon so poisonous a wood, be reserued to shew how greatly colours can please vs. But if it is as it is, what should I say more, a very spirit of hellish naughtinesse; if his act be to be punished, and his defiled person not to be pitied, then restore vnto vs our Prince, by duly punishing his murderers, for then we shall thinke him and his name to liue, when we shall see his killers to dye. Restore to the excellent *Philoclea* her honour, by taking out of the world her dishonour, and think that at this day, in this matter are the eyes of the world vpon you, whether any thing can sway your minde from a true administration of iustice. Alas though I haue much more to say, I can say no more, for my teares & sighes interrupt my speech, & force me to giue my selfe ouer to my priuate sorrow. Thus when *Philanax* had vttered the vttermost of his malice, he made sorrow the cause of his conclusion. But while *Philanax* was in the course of his speech, and did with such bitter reproaches defame the Princely *Pyrocles*, it was well to be scene, his heart was vnused to beare such iniuries, and his thoughts such, as could arme themselves better against any thing than shame. For sometimes blushing, his blood with diuerse motions

comming

comming and going, sometimes closing his eyes, and laying his hand over them, sometimes giuing such a looke to *Philanax*, as might shew hee assured himselfe hee durst not so haue spoken if they had beene in indifferent place: with some impatience he bare the length of his oration: which being ended, vvith as much modest humbleness to the Iudge, as despitefull scorn to the accuser, vvith words to this purpose he defended his honour.

My accusers tale, may vvell beare witness vvith mee, most rightfull Iudge, in how hard a case, and inuironed with how many troubles, I may esteeme my selfe. For if he, who shewes his tongue is not vnacquainted with rayling, was in an agony in the beginning of his speech, vvith the multitude of matters he had to lay vnto me, wherein notwithstanding the most euill could fall vnto him, yvas, that hee should not do so much euill as he would, how combred do you think may I acknowledge my selfe, vvho in things no lesse importing than my life, must be mine owne aduocate, vvithout leasure to answer, or foreknowledge vvhat should be objected: In things I say promoted vvith so cunning confusion, as hauing mingled truths vvith falsehoods, surmises vvith certainties, causes of no moment vvith matters capitall, scolding vvith complaining, I can absolutely neither grant nor deny, neither can I tell, vvether I come hither to be iudged, or before iudgement to be punished, being compelled to beare such vnworthy vvords, farre more grieuous than any death vnto me. But since the forme of this gouernment, allowes such tongue-liberty vnto him, I will picke as well as I can out of his inuective those few points, vvich may seeme of some purpose in the touching of me, hoping that by your easie hearing of me, you will shew, that though you hate euill, yet you wish men may proue themselves not euill, so in that he hath said, you will not wey so much vvhat he hath said, as vvhat he hath proued, remembring that truth is simple and naked, and that if hee had guided himselfe vnder that banner, hee needed not out of the way haue sought so vile and false disgracing of mee, enough to make the vvtruest accusation beleued. I will therefore, vsing truth as my best eloquence, repeate vnto you as much as I know in this matter, and then by the onely clearenesse of the discourse, your wisdom I know will finde the difference betwixt cauilling supposition, and direct declaration. This Prince *Palladius* and I being enamored vvith loue, (a passion farre more easily reprehended than refrained) to the two peerlesse daughters of *Basilius*, and vnderstanding how he had secluded himself from the world, vvhat like Princes, there was no accesse vnto him, vve disguised our selues, in such forms, as might soonest bring vs to the reuealing of our affections. The Prince *Palladius* had such euent of his doings, that vvith *Pamela's* consent hee was to conuey her out of the thraldome shee liued in, to receiue the subiection of a greater people than her own, vntill her fathers consent might be obtained. My fortune was more hard, for I bare no more loue to the chaste *Philoclea*, than *Basilius* deceived in my sexe, shewed to me, in so much that by his importunacy, I could haue no time to obaine the like fauour of the pure *Philoclea*, till this policie I found, taking vnder colour of some deuotions, my lodging, to draw *Basilius* thither, vvith hope to enioy mee, vvich likewise I reuealed to the Queene, that shee might keepe my place, and so make her husband see his errour. While I in the meane time, being deliuered of them both, & hauing lockt so the doores as I hoped if the immaculate *Philoclea* would condescend to goe vvith me, there should be none to hinder our going, I was made prisoner there, I know not by vvhat meanes, vvhen being repelled by her diuine vertue, I vvould fainest haue escaped. Here haue you the thread to guide you in the Labyrinth, this man of his tongue, had made so monstrous. Here you see the true discourse,



discourse, which he mountebanke-fashion doth make so wide a mouth over. Here may you conceiue the reason, why the Queene had my garment, because in her going to the Caue, in the Moone shine night, she might bee taken for me, which hee vseth as the knot of all his wise assertions: so that as this double minded fellow's accusations was double, double likewise my answer must perforce bee, to the murder of *Basilus*, and violence offered to the inniolate *Philus*. For the first, O heauenly gods, who would haue thought any mouth could haue beene found so mercenarie, as to haue opened so slight proofes of so horrible matters! His first argument is a question, who would imagine that *Gynecia* would accomplish such an Act, without some accessaries? and if any, who but I? Truly I am so farre from imagining any thing, that till I saw these mourning tokens, and heard *Gynecia's* confession, I neuer imagined the King was dead. And for my part so vehemently, and more like the manner of passionate, than guiltie folkes, I see the Queene persecute her selfe, that I thinke condemnation may goe too hastily ouer her, considering the vnlikelihood, if not impossibilitie, her wisdom, and vertue so long nourished, should in one moment throw downe it selfe to the ytermost end of wickednesse. But whatsoeuer she hath done (which as I say, I neuer beleueed) yet how vniustly should that aggravate my fault? Shee found abroad, I within doores (for as for the wearing my garment I haue told you the cause) shee seeking as you say to escape, I locking my selfe in a house: without perchance the conspiracie of one poore stranger, might greatly enable her attempt, or the fortification of the Lodge (as the trimme man alleaged) might make mee hope to resist all *Arcadia*. And see how treacherously he seekes to draw from me my chiefeest clearing, by preuenting the credit of her words; wherewith shee had wholly taken the fault vpon her selfe. An honest and vpartiall examiner! her words may condemne her, but may not absolue me. Thus voyde of all probable allegation, the crauen crows vpon my affliction, not leauing out any euill, that euer he hath felt in his owne soule, to charge my youth withall. But who can looke for a sweete breath out of such a stomacke: or for honney from so filthy a Spider? What should I say more? if, in so inhumane a matter (which hee himselfe confesseth, sincerest iudgements are loathest to beleue, and in the severest lawes proofes clearer than the Sunne are required, his reasons are onely the scumme of a base malice, my answers most manifest, shining in their owne truth) there remaine any doubt of it, because it standes betwixt his affirming and my deniall, I offer, nay I desire, and humbly desire I may be granted the triall by combate, wherein let him be armed and me in my shirt, I doubt not iustice will be my shield, and his heart will shew it selfe as faint as it is false.

Now come I to the second part of my offence towards the yong Ladie, which howsoeuer you tearme it, so farre forth as I haue told you, I confesse, and for her sake heartily lament. But if herein I offered force to her, loue offered more force to mee. Let her beautie bee compared to my yeares, and such effects will be found no miracles. But since it is thus as it is, and that iustice teacheth vs not to loue punishment, but to flye to it for necessitie: the salue of her honour (I meane as the world will take it, for else in truth it is most vtrouched) must be my marriage, and not my death, since the one stops all mouthes, the other becomes a doubtfull fable. This matter requites no more words, and your experience I hope in these cases shall neede no more, for my selfe me thinks I haue shewed already too much lone of my life to bestow so many. But certainly, it hath beene loue of truth which could not beare so vnworthy falsehood, and loue of iustice, that would

brooke no wrong to my selfe nor other, and makes me now, euen in that respect to desire you, to bee moued rather with pitie at a iust cause of teares, than with bloody teares this Crocodile spendes, who weepes to procure death, and not to lament death. It will bee no honour to *Basilus* tombe, to haue guiltlesse blood sprinkled vpon it, and much more may a Iudge ouer-weigh himselfe in crueltie, than in clemencie. It is hard, but it is excellent where it is found, a right knowledge when correction is necessary, when grace doth more auaille. For mine own respect, if I thought in wisdom I had deserued death, I would not desire life: for I know nature will condemne me to dye, though you do not; and longer I would not wish to draw this breath, than I may keepe my selfe vnspotted of any horrible crime; onely I cannot, nor euer will deny the loue of *Philoclea*, whose violence wrought violent effects in mee. With that hee finished his speech, casting vp his eyes to the iudge, and crossing his hands, which he held in their length before him, declaring a resolute patience in whatsoeuer should be done with him. *Philanax* like a warchful aduersary curiously marked all that hee said, sauing that in the beginning hee was interrupted by two Letters were brought him from the Princeesse *Pamela*, and the Lady *Philoclea*; who hauing all that night, considered and bewayled their estate, carefull for their mother likewise, of whom they could neuer thinke so much euill, but considering with themselves that she assuredly should haue so due tryall by the lawes, as eyther she should not need their helpe, or should be past their helpe, they looked to that which neerliest touched them, and each wrote in this sort for him, in whom their liues ioy consisted.

*The humble hearted Philoclea wrote much after this manner.*

MY Lords, what you will determine of me, it is to me vncertaine, but what I haue determined of my selfe I am most certaine, which is, no longer to enioy my life, than I may enioy him for my husband, whom the heauens for my highest glory, haue bestowed vpon me. Those that iudge him, let them execute mee. Let my throate satisfie their hunger of murder. For alas what hath he done, that had not his originall in me? Looke vpon him I beseech you with indifferencie, and see whether in those eyes all vertue shines not. See whether that face could hide a murder. Take leasure to know him, and then your selues will say, it hath been too great an inhumanitie, to suspect such excellencie. Are the gods thinke you deceived in their workmanship? Artificers will not vse Marble but to noble vses. Should those powers bee so ouershot, as to frame so precious an image of their owne, but to honourable purposes? O speake with him, O heare him, O know him, and become not the putters out of the worlds light. Hope you to ioy my fathers soule, with hurting him hee loued aboue all the world? Shall a wrong suspicion make you forget the certaine knowledge of those benefits, this house hath receiued by him? Alas, alas, let not *Arcadia* for his losse, bee accursed of the whole earth, and of all posteritie. Hee is a great Prince, I speake vnto you that which I know, for I haue seene most euident testimonies. Why should you hinder my advancement? who if I haue past my childhood hurtlesse to any of you, if I haue refused no body to doe what good I could, if I haue often mitigated my fathers anger, euer sought to maintaine his fauour towards you, nay if I haue held you all as fathers and brothers vnto me, rob me not of more than my life comes vnto. Teare not that which is inseparably ioyned to my soule; but if hee is disliked of you, (which O God, how can it be) yet giue him to me, let mee haue him, you know I pretend



pretend no right to your state. Therefore it is but a private person I make my  
you. Or if you be heartily bent, to appoint other wife, which I formerly  
me, dye than know, then to end as I began, let me by you be ordered to the point  
end: without for more cruelty, you meane to force *Philomena* to give her hand  
to kill one of your Kings children.

*Pamela's letter (which she means to send to the general assembly of the knights and  
bishops) is for to show they were kept, as they were, in the prison of the men in the  
order, and thus framed.*

IN such a state my Lords you have placed me, I can neither write nor be silent,  
for how can I be silent, since you have left me nothing but my solitarie words to  
testifie my miserie: and how should I write, (for as for speech I have none but my  
Iaylor, (that can hear me) who neither can resolve what to write, nor to whom  
to write. What to write is as hard for me to say, as what I may write, so little  
hope have I of any successe, and so much hath beene done to me, to  
wards. To whom to write, where may I learne, since you I say not how to write,  
you? Shall I call you my Soueraigne? set downe your lawes that I may doe you  
homage. Shall I fall downe, and name you my fellowes? show me I beseech you that  
Lord and master quer vs. But shall I *signe* here name her selfe your Princeesse?  
Alas I am your prisoner. But whatsoeuer I be, or whatsoeuer you be, O all you  
beholders of these dolefull lines, this doe I signifie vnto you, and signifie it with  
heart that euen shall remaine in that opinion. The good or euill you doe to the ex-  
cellent Prince was taken with me, and after by force from me, I will suffer impo-  
it as eyther way done to mine owne person. He is a Prince, and worthy to be my  
husband, and so is he my husband by me worthily chosen. Beleeue it, beleeue it  
eyther you shall be traytors for murdering of me, or if you let me liue, the  
deers of him shall smart as traytors. For what doe you thinke I can thinke? Am  
I so childish, as not to see, wherein you touch him you condemne mee? Can his  
flame be without my reproach? no nor shall be, since nothing he hath done, that  
I will not auow. Is this the comfort you bring mee in my fathers death, to make  
me fuller of shame than sorrow? Would you doe this, if it were not with full  
intention to preuent my power with slaughter? And so doe I pray you, it is high  
time for me, to bee wearie of my life so long led, since you are weary of mee be-  
fore you haue me. I say againe, I say indefinitely vnto you, I will not liue without  
him, if it bee not to reuenge him: either doe iustly in slaying both, or wisely in  
killing both. If I be your Princeesse, I command his preservation, if but a private  
person, then are wee both to suffer. I take all truth to witnesse, we haue done no  
fault but in going with me. Therefore to conclude, in iudging him you iudge mee,  
neither conueie with your selues, the matter you treat, is the life of a stranger  
thoughtless in that name hee deserued priuie, nor of a shepheard, to which estate  
loue of me made such a Prince descend, but determine most assuredly, the life that  
is in question is of *Pamela*, *Basilias* daughter.

Many blots had the teares of these sweet Ladies made in their letters, which ma-  
ny times they had altered, many times come and written anew, euen thinking some  
thing either wanted, or was too much, or would offend, or which was worst, would  
breede deniall: but at last the day warned them to dispatch, which they accord-  
ly did, and calling one of their guard (for no body else was suffered to come neere  
them) with great entreatie, they requested him, that hee would present them

to the principall Noblemen and Gentlemen together. For they had more confidence in the numbers fauour, than in any one, vpon whom they would not lay the liues they held so precious. But the fellow trustie to *Philanax*, who had placed him there, deliuered them both to him (what time *Pyrocles* began to speake) which he suddenly opened, and seeing to what they tended, by the first words, was so farre from publishing them (whereby he feared in *Euarchus* iust minde, either the Princess might be endangered, or the prisoners preferred, of which choyce he knew not which to thinke the worst) that he would not himselfe read them ouer, doubting his owne heart might be mollified, so bent vpon reuenge. Therefore vterly suppressing them, hee sent a spitefull cate to *Pyrocles*, and as soone as hee had ended, with a very willing heart desired *Euarchus* he might accept the combate: although it would haue framed but euill with him; *Pyrocles* hauing neuer found any match neere him, besides *Musidorus*. But *Euarchus* made answer, since bodily strength is but a seruant to the minde, it were very barbarous and preposterous, that force should be made iudge ouer reason. Then would he also haue replied in words vnto him, but *Euarchus* who knew what they could say, was already said, taking their arguments into his minde, commanded him to proceede against the other prisoner, and that then he would sentence them both together. *Philanax* nothing the milder for *Pyrocles* purging himselfe, but rather (according to the nature of arguing, especially when it is bitter) so much more vehement, entred thus into his speech against *Musidorus*, being so ouergone with rage that hee forgate in this oration his precise methode of oratorie. Behold most noble Protector, to what a state *Arcadis* is come; since such manner of men, may challenge in combate the faithfullest of the nobilitie, and hauing merited the shamefullest of all deaths, dare name in marriage the Princesses of this countrey. Certainly my masters, I must say, you were much out of taste, if you had not rather enioy such Ladies, than be hangd. But the one you haue as much deserued, as you haue dishonoured the other. But now my speech must be directed to you good master *Dorus*, who with *Pallas* helpe pardie, are lately growne *Palladiu*. Too much this sacred seate of iustice graunts vnto such a fugitiue bondslauie, who in steed of these examinations should be made confesse with a whippe, that which a halter should punish. Are not you hee Sir, whose sheepehook was prepared to bee our Scepter; in whom lay the knot of all this tragedie? or else perchance, they that should gaine little by it were dealers in the murder, you onely that had prouided the fruits for your selfe, knew nothing of it; knew nothing: hath thy companion here infected thee with such impudency, as euen in the face of the world to deny that which all the world perceiueth? The other pleads ignorance, and you I doubt not will alledge absence. But he was ignorant, when he was hard by, and you had framed your absence, iust against the time the act should be committed, so fit a Lieutenant he knew he had left of his wickednesse, that for himselfe his safest meane; was to condey away the Ladie of vs all, who once out of the countrey, he knew we would come with oliue branches of intercession vnto her, and fall at his feet to beseech him to leaue keeping of sheepe, & vouchsafe the tyrānizing ouer vs: for to thinke they are princes, as they say (although in our lawes it behooueth them nothing) I see it no reason. These iewels certainelie with their disguising sleights, they haue pillred in their vagabounding race. And think you such Princes should be so long without some followers after them? Truly if they be Princes, it manifestly shewes their vertues such, as all their subiects are glad to be rid of them. But bee they as they are, for we are to consider the matter, & not the men, *Basilus* murder hath bin the cause of their comming, *Basilus* murder



der they haue most treacherously brought to passe; yet that I doubt not you will denie as well as your fellow. But how wil you deny the stealing away the Princesse of this Prouince, which is no lesse than treason? So notably hath the iustice of the gods provided for the punishing of these malefactors, as if it were possible, men would not beleene the certaine euidences of their principall mischiese, yet haue they dis-  
countered themselves sufficiently for their most iust ouerthrow. I say therefore (to omit my chiefe matter of the Kings death) this wooluish sheeheard, this counterfet Prince hath trayterously contrary to his allegiance (hauing made him selfe a seruant and subiect) attempted the depriuing this country of our naturall Princesses and therefore by all right must receiue the punishment of traytors. This matter is so assured as he himselfe will nor deny it, being taken and brought back in the fact. This matter is so odious in nature, so shameful to the world, so contrary to all lawes, so hurtfull to vs, so false in him, as if I should stand further in declaring or defacing it, I should either shew great doubts in your wisdom, or in your iustice. Therefore I will transerre my care vpon you, and attend (to my learning and comfort) the eternall example you will leaue to all mankind, of disguisers, falsifiers, adulterers, rauishers, murderers, and traytors. *Musidorus* while *Philoanax* was speaking against his cousin and him, had looked round about him, to see whether by any meanes he might come to haue caught him in his armes, & haue killed him. So much had his disgracing words filled his breast with rage. But perceiuing himselfe so guarded as he should rather shew a passionate act, than performe his reuenge, his hand trembling with desire to strike, and all the veines in his face swelling, casting his eyes ouer the iudgement seate. O gods, said hee, and haue you spared my life to beare these iniuries of such a drueell? Is this the iustice of this place, to haue such men as we are, submitted not onely to apparant falsehood, but most shamefull reuiling? But marke I pray you the vngatefulnesse of the wretch, how vterly he hath forgotten the benefits both he and all this countrey hath receiued of vs. For if euery men may remember their own noble deedes, it is then when their iust defence, and others vniust vnkindnesse doth requise it. I omit our seruices done to *Basilis* in the late warre with *Amphialus*, importing no lesse than his daughters liues, and his states preseruacion: were not we the men that killed the wilde beasts which other wise had killed the Princesses, if we had not succoured them? Consider if it please you, where had beene *Diaphantus* rape, or my treason, if the sweete beauties of the earth had then bin deuoured? Either think them now dead, or remember they liue by vs. And yet full often this tel-gale can acknowledge the losse they should haue by their taking away, while maliciously he ouerpasseth who were their preseruers: neither let this be spoken of me, as if I meant to ballance this euill with that good, for I must confesse that saving of such creatures was rewarded in the act in selfe: but only to manifest the partiall iangling of this vile pick-thanke. But if we be traytors, where was your fidelitie, O onely tongue valiant Gentleman, when not onely the yong Princess, but the King himselfe was defended from vttermost perill, partly by me, but principally by this excellent yongmans both wisdom and valour? Were we that made our selues against hundreds of armed men, openly the shields of his life, like secretly to be his imphysoners? Did wee then shew his life to be dearer to vs than our owne, because wee might after robbe him of his life, to die shamefully? Truly, truly master Orator, who soeuer hath hyed you to be so busie in their matters, who keepe honest seruaunts than your selfe, hee should haue bid you in so many raylings, bring some excuse for your selfe, why in the greatest needs of your Prince, to whom you pretend a miraculous good will, you were not then

as forward to doe like a man your selfe, or at least to accuse them that were slacke in that seruice: but commonly they vse their feete for their defence, whose tongue is their weapon. Certainly a very simple subtiltie it had been in vs, to repose our liues in the daughters, when we had killed the father. But as this Gentleman thinks to winne the reputation of a copious talker by leauing nothing vsaid which a filthy minde can imagine, so thinke I (or else all words are vaine) that to wise mens iudgement, our clearenesse in the King death is sufficiently notorious. But at length when the merchant hath set out his gilded baggage, lastly hee comes to some stuffe of importance, and saith, I conueied away the Princesse of this country. And is she indeede your Princesse? I pray you then whom should I wait on else but her that was my mistresse by my professed vow, & Princesse ouer me while I liued in this soile? Aske her why she went; aske not me why I serued her. Since accounting me as a Prince, you haue not to do with me: taking me as her seruant, then take withall that I must obey her. But you will say, I perswaded her to flye away; Certainly I will for no death deny it, knowing to what honor I should bring her from the thraldome by such fellowes counsell as you, she was kept in. Shall perswasion to a Prince grow treason to a Prince? It might be error in me, but falshood it could not be, since I made my selfe partaker of whatfoeuer I wished her vnto. Who will euer counsel his king, if his counsel be iudged by the euent, & if it be not found wise, shall therefore be thought wicked? But if I be a traytor, I hope you wil grant me a correlative, to whom I shall be the traytor. For the Princesse against whom the treasons are considered, I am sure will anow my faithfulnessse, without you wil say that I am a traytor to her, because I left the countrey; and a traytor to the country because I went with her. Here do I leaue out my iust excuses of loues force, which as thy narrow heart hath neuer had noble roome enough in it to receiue, so yet those manlike courages, that experience know how subiect the vertuous mindes are to loue a most vertuous creature (witnessed to bee such by the most excellent gifts of nature) will deeme it a veniall trespasse, to seeke the satisfaction of honourable desires. Honourable euen in the curiouslest points of honour, whereout there can no disgrace nor disparagement come vnto her. Therefore O iudge, who I hope dost know what it is to be a iudge, that your end is to preserue and not to destroy mankinde, that lawes are not made like lime-twigges or nets, to catch euery thing that toucheth them, but rather like sea-markes, to auoyd the shipwrack of ignorant passengers, since that our doing in the extreamest interpretation is but a humane error, and that of it you may make a profitable euent (we being of such estate, as their parents would not haue misliked the affinitie) you will not I trust at the perswasion of this brabler, burne your house to make it cleane, but like a wise father turne each the fault of your children to any good that may come of it: since that is the fruit of wisdom and end of all iudgements. While this matter was thus handling, a silent and as it were astonished attention, possesse all the people. A kindly compassion moued the noble Gentleman *Simpasbus*, but as for *Kalander*, euery thing was spoken either by or for his owne deare guests, moued an effect in him: sometimes teares, sometimes hopefull lookes, sometimes whispering perswasions in their eares, that stood by him, to seeke the sauing the two yong Princes. But the generall multitude waited the iudgement of *Euarchus*, who shewed in his face no motions, either at the ones or others speech, letting passe the flowers of rhetorike, & only marking whether their reasons tended; hauing made the question to be asked of *Gynecia*, who continued to take the whole fault vpon her selfe, and hauing called *Dametas* with *Maiso* and *Mopsa* (who by *Philanax* order had bene held in most cruell prison) to make



make a full declaration, how much they knew of these passed matters, and then gathering as assured satisfaction to his owne minde as in that case he could, not needing to take leasure for that, whereof a long practice had bred a well grounded habite in him, with a voice and gesture directed to the vniuersall assembly, in this sort pronounced sentence. This waighy matter, wherof we are presently to determine, doth at the first consideration yeeld two important doubts. The first whether these men be to be iudged: the second, how they are to be iudged. The first doubt ariseth, because they giue themselves out for Princes absolute: a sacred name, and to which any violence seemes to be an impietic. For how can any lawes, which are the bonds of all humane societie, be obserued, if the law-giuers, and law-rulers be not held in an vntouched admiration? But hereto although already they haue been sufficiently answered, yet thus much againe I will repeat vnto you. That whatsoeuer they be or be not, here they be no Princes, since betwixt Prince & subiect there is as necessary a relation as betweene father and sonne, and as there is no man a father, but to his childe, so is not a Prince a Prince, but to his owne subiects. Therefore is not this place to acknowledge in them anie principallitie, without it should at the same time by a secret consent confesse subiection. Yet hereto may be objected, that the vniuersall ciuilitie, the law of nations (all mankind being as it were coinhabitants or world-citizens together) hath euer required publike persons should be of all parties especially regarded, since not onely in peace but in waire, not only Princes, but heralds and trumpets, are with great reason exempted from iniuries. This point is true, but yet so true, as they that will receiue the benefit of a custome, must not be the first to breake it, for then can they not complaine, if they bee not helped by that which they themselves hurt. If a Prince doe acts of hostilitie, without denouncing warre, if he breake his oath of amitie, or innumerable such other things contrarie to the law of armes, he must take heed how he fall into their hands whom hee so wrongeth, for then is courtisie the best custome he can claime, much more these men, who haue not onely left to doe like Princes, but to be like Princes, not onely entred into *Arcadia*, and so into the *Arcadian* orders, but into domesticall seruices, and so by making themselves priuate, deprived themselves of respect due to their publike calling. For no proportion it were of iustice that a man might make himselfe no Prince when he would doe euill, and might anew create himselfe a Prince when he would not suffer euill. Thus therefore by all lawes of nature and nations, and especially by their owne putting themselves out of the sanctuarie of them, these young men cannot in iustice auoide the iudgement: but like priuate men must haue their doings either cleared, excused, or condemned. There resteth then the second point, how to iudge well. And that must vndoubtedly be done, not by a free discourse of reason and skill of philosophie: but must be tryed to the laws of Greece, and municipall statutes of this kingdome. For although out of them these came, & to them must indeed referre their off-spring, yet because philosophicall discourses stand in the general consideration of things, they leaue to every man a scope of his owne interpretation: where the lawes applying themselves to the necessarie vse, folde vs within assured bounds: which once broken, mans nature infinitely rangeth. Iudged therefore they must be, and by your lawes iudged. Now the action offereth in selfe to due ballance, betwixt the accusers twofold accusation, and their answer accordingly applied. The questions being, the one of a fact simply the other of the quality of a fact. To the first they vse direct detiall, to the second, qualification and excuse. They deny the murder of the King, and against mighty presumptions bring forth some probable answers, w<sup>ch</sup> they do principally fortifie

fortifie with the Queenes acknowledging her selfe onely culpable. Certainly as in equalitie of conitutes, we are not to take hold of the worse, but rather to be glad we may find any hope that mankind is not growne monstrous (being vndoubtedly lesse euill a guilty man should escape, than a guiltlesse perish) so if in the rest they be spotlesse, then is this no farther to be remembered. But if they haue aggravated these suspicions with new euils, then are those suspicions so farre to shew themselves, as to cause the other points to be thoroughly examined, and with lesse fauour weyed, since this no man can denie, they haue bene accidentall, if not principall causes of the kings death. Now then we are to determine of the other matters, which are laid to them, wherein they doe not denie the fact, but denie, or at least diminish the fault: but first I may remember (though it were not first alleaged by them) the seruices they had before done, truly honorable, and worthy of great reward, but not worthy to counteruaile a following wickednesse. Reward is proper to well doing, punishment to euill doing, which must not be confounded, no more than good and euill are to be mingled. Therefore hath it bene determined in all wisdomes, that no man because he hath done well before, should haue his present euils spared: but rather so much the more punished, as hauing shewed he knew how to be good, yet would against his knowledge bee naught. The fact then is nakedly without passion or partialitie to be viewed: wherein without all question they are equally culpable. For though he that termes himselfe *Diaphantus*, were sooner disappointed of his purpose of conueying away the Lady *Philoclea*, than he that perswaded the Princeesse *Pamela* to flie her countrey, and accompanied her in it: yet seeing in causes of this nature, the will by the rules of iustice standeth for the deede, they are both alike to be found guiltie, and guiltie of haynous rauishment. For though they rauished them not from themselves, yet they rauished them from him that owed them, which was their father. An act punished by all the Grecian lawes, by the losse of the head, as a most execrable theft. For if they must dye, who steale from vs our goods, how much more they, who steale from vs that, for which wee gather our goods: and if our lawes haue it so in the priuate persons, much more forcible are they to be in Princes children, where one steals as it were the whole state and well being off that people, being tyed by the secret of a long vse, to be gouerned by none but the next off that blood. Neither let any man maruell, our ancestors haue bene so seuerel in these cases, since the example of the *Phenician Europa*, but especially of Grecian *Helene*, hath taught them, what destroying fires haue growne of such sparkes. And although *Helene* was a wife, & this but a child, that booteth not, since the principall cause of marrying wiues, is, that we may haue children of our owne. But now let vs see how these yong men (truly for their persons worthy of pity, if they had rightly pitied themselves) doe goe about to mitigate the vehemencie of their outrages. Some of their excuses are common to both, some pettiliar onely to him that was the shepheard. Both remember the force of loue, and as it were the mending vp of the matter by their marriage: if that vnbreded desire which is intituled loue, might purge such a sicknesse as this, surely wee should haue many louing excuses of hatefull mischiefe. Nay rather, no mischiefe should be committed, that should not be veiled vnder the name of loue. For as wel he that steals might challenge the loue of mony, he that murders, the loue of reuenge, he that rebels, the loue of greatnesse, as the adulterer the loue of a woman. Since they doe in all speeches affirme they loue that, which an ill gouerned passion maketh them to follow: but loue may haue no such priuiledge. That sweete and heavenly vniting of the minds, which properly is called loue, hath no other knot but vertue, and therefore if it bee a right loue, it can neuer



neither slide into anie action that is not vertuous. The other, & indeed more effectual reason is, that they may be married vnto them, & so honorably redrest the dishonor of them, whom this matter seemeth most to touch. Surely if the question were, what were conuenient for the parties, and not what is iust in the neuer changing iustice, there might be much said in it. But herein wee must consider, that the lawes looke how to prevent by due examples, that such things be not done: & not how to saue such things when they are done. For if the gouernors of iustice shall take such a scope, as to measure the foote of the law by a shew of conueniencie, and measure that conueniencie not by the publike societie, but by that which is fittest for them which offend: young men, strong men, and rich men, shall euer finde private conueniences how to palliate such committed disorders, as to the publike shall not only be inconuenient, but pestilent. The marriage perchance might bee fit for them, but verie vnfit were it to the state, to allow a patterne of such procurations of marriage. And thus much doe they both alleage. Further goes hee that went with the Princesse *Pamela*, and requireth the benefit of a Counsellor, who hath place of free perswasion: & the reasonable excuse of a seruant, that did but wait of his Mistresse. Without all question, as Counsellors haue great cause to take heede how they aduise any thing, directly oppositeto the forme of that present government, especially when they do it singly without publike allowance: yet so is the case much more apparant; since neither shee was an effectuell Princesse, her father being then alieue, and though hee had beene dead, she not come to the yeares of authoritie, nor he her seruant in such manner to obey her, but by his own preferment first belonging to *Dametis*, and then to the king, and therefore if not by *Arcadia* lawes, yet by household orders, bound to haue done nothing without his agreement. Thus therefore since the deedes accomplished by these two, are both abominable and inexcusable, I do in the behalte of iustice, and by the force of *Arcadia* lawes pronounce, that *Diphobus* shall be throwne out of a high tower to receiue his death by his fall. *Palladius* shall be beheaded, the time before the sunne set: the place, in *Mantineia*: the executioner, *Dametis*: which office hee shall execute all the daies of his life, for his beastly forgetting the carefull duetie hee owed to his charge. This said, hee turned himselfe to *Philanax*, and two of the other Noblemen, commanding them to see the iudgement presently performed. *Philanax* more greedie than any hunter of his prey, went straight to lay hold of the excellent prisoners, who casting a farewell looke one vpon the other, represented in their faces as much vnappalled constancy, as the most excellent courage can deliuer in outward graces. Yet if at all there were any shew of change in them, it was that *Pyrocles* was somewhat nearer to bashfulness, and *Musidorus* to anger, both ouer-ruled by reason & resolution. But as with great number of armed men, *Philanax* was descending vnto them, and that *Musidorus* was beginning to say something in *Pyrocles* behalte, behold *Kalandor*, that with armes cast abroad, and open mouth came crying to *Euarchus*, holding a stranger in his hand that cryed much more than he, desiring they might be heard speak before the prisoners were remoued, euen the noble Gentleman *Simpasus* aided them in it, and taking such as hee could command, stopped *Philanax* betwixt entreatie and force, from carrying away the Princes, vntill it were heard what new matters these men did bring. So againe mouning to the Tribunall, they hearkened to the strangers vehement speech, or rather appassionate exclainging. It was indeed *Kalodulus*, the faithfull friend of *Musidorus*, to whom his master, when in despite of his best grounded determinations hee first became a slave to affection, had sent the shepheard *Maulen* to be arrested; by the helpe of whose rayment in the meane time he

advanced

advised himselfe to that estate, which hee accounted most high, because it might be fruitfull to that fancie, which he had placed most high in his minde. For *Kalander* having faithfully performed his errand, was as faithfully imprisoned by *Kalander*. But as *Kalander* performed the first part of his duety in doing the commandement of his Prince: so was hee with abundance of sincere loyaltie extremely perplexed when hee vnderstood of *Menelaus* the strange disguising of his beloved master. For as the acts hee and his cousin *Pyrrus* had done in *Asia*, had filled all the parts of the *Thessalians* and *Macedonians* with no lesse ioy than admiration: so was the feare of their losse no lesse grievous vnto them, when by the noise of report they vnderstood of their lonely committing themselves to the Sea, the issue of which they had no way learned. But now that by *Menelaus* he perceived where hee was, ghesing the like of *Pyrrus*, comparing the vnusdnesse of this act with the vnripenesse of their age, seeing in generall coniecture they could do it for nothing that might not fall out dangerous: he was sometime troubled with himselfe, what to doe, betwixt doubt of their hurt, and doubt of their displeasure. Often hee was minded (as his safest and honestest way) to reucale it to the King *Eurachus*: that both his authority might preuent anie damage to them, and vnder his wings he himselfe might remaine safe. But considering a iourney to *Byzantium* (whereas yet he supposed *Eurachus* lay) would require more time, than hee was willing to remaine doubtfull of his Princes estate, hee resolved at length to vwrite the matter to *Eurachus*, and himselfe the while to goe into *Arcadie*, vncertaine what to do when hee came thither, but determined to doe his best seruice to his deare master, if by any good fortune hee might finde him. And so it happened, that being euen this day come to *Mantissa*, and as vvarily and attentively as hee could, giuing eare to all reports, in hope to heare something of them hee sought, hee straight received a strange rumour of these things: but so vncertainly, as popular reports carry so rare accidents. But this by all men he was willed, to seeke out *Kalander*, a great Gentleman of that Countrey, who would soonest satisfie him of all occurrences. Thus instructed hee came euen about the midst of *Eurachus* iudgement to the desert: where seeing great multitudes, and hearing vnkowne names of *Palladius* and *Diaphantus*, and not able to presse to the place where *Eurachus* sat, he enquired for *Kalander*, and was soone brought vnto him, partly because he was generally known vnto all men, and partly because hee had withdrawne himselfe from the prease, when he perceived by *Eurachus* words whether they tended, being nor able to endure his guests condemnation. Hee enquired forthwith of *Kalander* the cause of the assembly; and whether the same were true of *Eurachus* presence, who with manie teares made a dolefull recital vnto him, both of the *Amazon* and shepheard, setting forth their naturall graces, and lamenting their pitifull vndoing. But this description made *Kalander* immediately know the shepheard was his Duke, and so iudging the other to bee *Pyrrus*, and speedily communicating to *Kalander*, who he saw did fauour their case, they brake the prease with astonishing cryes, every man with their cries. And being come to *Eurachus*, *Kalander* fell at his feet, telling him those he had iudged, were his owne Sonne and Nephew, the one the comfort of *Macedon*, the other the onely stay of *Thessalia*. With many such like words, but as from a man that assured himselfe in that matter hee should neede small speech, while *Kalander* made it knowne to all men, what the prisoners were: to whom hee cried they should salute their father, and ioy in the good hap the gods had sent them; who were no lesse glad, than all the people amazed at the strange euent of these matters. Euen *Philanus* owne reuengefull heart was mollified, when hee saw

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from diuers parts of the world so neare kinsmen should meete in such a necessitie. And withall the fame of *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, greatly drew him to a compassionate conceit, and had alreadie ynclothed his face of all shew of malice. But *Eurachus* staid a good vvhile vpon himselfe, like a valiant man that should receiue a notable encounter, being vchemently stricken with the fatherly loue of so excellent children, and studying vwith his best reason, what his office required: at length with such a kind of grauitie, as was neare to sorrow, he thus vttered his mind: I take witnesse of the immortall gods (said hee) O *Arcadians*, that what this day I haue said, hath beene out of my assured perswasion, what iustice it selfe and your iust lawes require. Though strangers then to mee, I had no desire to hurt them, but leauing aside all considerations of the persons, I weighed the matter which you committed into my hands, with my most vnpartiall and farthest reach of reason. And thereout haue condemned them to lose their liues, contaminated with so manie foule breaches of hospitality, ciuility & vertue. Now contrary to all expectations, I find them to be my onely sonne and nephew, such vpon whom you see what gifts nature hath bestowed: such who haue so to the wonder of the world heretofore behaued themselues, as might giue iust cause to the greatest hopes, that in an excellent youth may be conceiued. Lastly, in few words, such, in whom I placed all my mortall ioyes, and thought my selfe now neare my graue, to recouer a new life. But alas, shall Iustice halt? Or shall shee winke in ones cause, vvhich had *Cyprius* in anothers? Or rather shall all priuate respects giue place to that holy name? Bee it so, be it so, let my gray haire be laid in the dust with sorrow, let the small remnant of my life be to me an inward and outward desolation, and to the world a gazing stocke of wretched miserie: but neuer, neuer let sacred rightfulness fall: it is immortall, and immortally ought to bee preserved. If rightly I haue iudged, then rightly I haue iudged mine owne children: vnlesse the name of a child should haue force to change the neuer changing Iustice. No, no, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, I preferre you much before my life, but I preferre Iustice as farre before you: while you did like your selues, my body should willingly haue beene your shield, but I cannot keep you from the effects of your own doing: nay I can not in this case acknowledge you for mines: for neuer had I shepheard to my nephew, nor euer had woman to my son, your vices haue degraded you from being Princes, & haue disanuld your birth-right. Therefore, if there be any thing left in you of Princely vertue, shew it in constant suffering, that your vnprincely dealing hath purchased vnto you. For my part I must tell you, you haue forced a father to rob himselfe of his children. Doe you therefore, O *Philanax*, and you my other Lords of this countrie, see the iudgement bee rightly performed in time, place and manner, as before appointed. With that, though he would haue refrained them, a man might perceiue the teares drop downe his long white beard. Which moued not onely *Kaladulus* and *Kalander* to roring lamentations, but all the assembly dolefully to record that pitifull spectacle. *Philanax* himselfe could not abstaine from great shewes of pitying sorrow, and manifest withdrawing from performing the kings commandement. But *Musidorus* hauing the hope of his safetie, and recouering of the Princesse *Pamela*, which made him most desirous to liue, so sodainely dashed, but especially moued for his deare *Pyrocles*, for whom hee was euer resolu'd his last speech should be, and stirred vp with rage of vnkindnesse, he thus spake: Enioy thy bloudy conquest, tyrannicall *Eurachus*, said he, for neither is conuenient the title of a king to a murderer, nor the remembrance of kindred to a destroyer of his kindred. Goe home and glorie that it hath beene in thy power, shamefully to kill *Musidorus*. Let thy flattering Orators

dedicate

dedicate Crownes of Laurell vnto thee, that the first of thy race thou hast overthrowne a prince of *Thessalia*. But for me I hope the *Thessalians* are not so degenerate from their ancestors, but that they will reuenge my iniury, & their losse vpon thee. I hope my death is no more vnjust to me, than it shalbe bitter to thee, howsoeuer it be, my death shall triumph ouer thy cruelty; neither as now would I liue, to make my life belolding vnto thee: But if thy cruelty hath not so blinded thine eies, that thou canst not see thine own hurt, if thy hart be not so dinelish, as thou hast no power but to torment thy self, then look vpon this yong *Pyrocles* with a manly eie, if not with a pitifull: Giue not occasion to the whole earth to say, see how the gods haue made the tyrant tear his own bowels! Examine the eies & voices of al this people, & what al men see, be not blind in thine own cause. Look, I say look vpon him, in whom the most curious searcher is able to finde no fault, but that he is thy sonne. Beleeue it, thy owne subiects wil detest thee, for robbing them of such a Prince, in whom they haue right as well as thy self. Some more words to that purpose he would haue spoken: but *Pyrocles* who often had cald to him, did now fully interrupt him, desiring him not to doe him the wrong to giue his father ill words before him, willing him to consider it was their owne fault, & not his vniustice, & withall, to remember their resolution of well suffering all accidents, which this impatiencie did seeme to varie from: & then kneeling down with all humbleness, he tooke the speech, in this order to *Enarchus*: If my daily praiers to the almighty gods, had so farre preuailed, as to haue granted me the end whereto I haue directed my actions, I should rather haue beene now a comfort to your minde, than an example of your iustice, rather a preseruer of your memory by my life, than a monumēt of your iudgment by my death. But since it hath pleased their vnsearchable wisdomes to overthrow all the desires I had to serue you, and make me become a shame vnto you, since the last obedience I can shew you is to die: vouchsafe yet O father (if my fault haue not made me altogether vnworthy so to terme you) vouchsafe I say to let the few and last words your sonne shall euer speak, not to be tedious vnto you. And if the remembrance of my vertuous mother, who once was dear vnto you, may beare any sway with you, if the name of *Pyrocles* haue at any time beene pleasant, let one request of mine, which shall not bee for mine owne life, be graciously accepted of you. What you owe to iustice is performed in my death: a father to haue executed his only sonne, will leaue a sufficient example for a greater crime than this. My blood will satisfie the highest point of equitie, my blood will satisfie the hardest hearted in this countrey. O saue the life of this Prince; that is the onely all I will with my last breath demand of you. With what face will you looke vpon your sister, when in reward of nourishing mee in your greatest need, you take away, and in such sort take away that which is more deare to her than all the world, and is the onely comfort, wherewith she nourisheth her old age? O giue not such an occasion to the noble *Thessalians*, for euer to curse the match that their Prince did make with the *Arce-don* blood. By my losse there followes no publike losse, for you are to hold the sear, and to provide your selfe perchance of a worthier successour. But how can you or all the earth recompence that damage that poore *Thessalia* shall sustaine? who sending out (whom otherwise they would no more haue spared than their owne eyes) their Prince to you, and you requesting to haue him, by you hee should thus dishonourably be extinguished. Set before you I beseech you, the face of that miserable people, when no sooner shall the newes come that you haue met your Nephew, but withall they shall heare that you haue beheaded him. How many teares they shall spend, how manie complaints they shall make, so many iust execrations will

light



light vpon you. And take heed O father (for since my death answers my fault, while I liue I will call vpon that deare name) lest seeking too precise a course of iustice, you bee not thought most vnjust in weakning your neighbours mightie estate, by taking away their only pillar. In me, in me this matter began, in me let it receiue his ending. Assure your self no man will doubt your seuerely obseruing the lawes, when it shall be knowne *Enarchus* hath killed *Pyrocles*. But the time of my euer farewell approcheth: if you do thinke my death sufficient for my fault, and do not desire to make my death more miserable than death: let these dying words of him, that was once your sonne, pierce your eares. Let *Musidorus* liue, and *Pyrocles* shall liue in him, and you shall not want a childe. A child, cried out *Musidorus*, to him that kills *Pyrocles*? with that he fell again to entreate for *Pyrocles*, and *Pyrocles* as fast for *Musidorus*, each employing his wit how to shew himself most worthy to die, to such an admiration of all the beholders, that most of them examining the matter by their owne passions, thought *Enarchus*, (as often extraordinary excellencies, not beeing rightly conceined, doe rather offend than please) an obstinate hearted man, and such an one, who being pitilesse, his dominion must needs be insupportable. But *Enarchus* that felt his owne miserie more than they, and yet loued goodnesse more than himselfe, with such a sad assured behaviour as *Caio* killed himselfe in hall, when he had heard the vttermoost of that their speech tended vnto, he commanded againe they should be carried away, rising vp from the seate (which he would much rather haue wished should haue bin his graue) and looking who would take the charge whereto euery one was exceeding backward. But as this pitiful mater was entring into, those that were next the Dukes bodie, might heare from vnder the veluet wherewith hee was couered, a great voyce of groning. Whereat euery man astonished (and their spirits appalled with these former miseries, apt to take any strange conceit) when they might perfectly perceiue the bodie stir, then some began to feare spirits, some to looke for a miracle, most to imagine they knew not what. But *Philanax* and *Kalandar*, whose eyes honest loue (though to diuers parties) held most attentiuely, leapt to the table, and putting off the veluet couer, might plainly discern, with as much wonder as gladnesse, that the Duke liued. For so it was, that the drinke he receiued, was neither as *Gynecia* first imagined, a lone potion, nor as it was after thought a deadly poyson, but a drinke made by notable art, and as it was thought not without naturall magick, to procure for thirtie houres such a deadly sleep, as should oppresse all shew of life. The cause of the making of this drinke had first bin, that a Princeesse of *Cyprus*, grandmother to *Gynecia*, being notably learned (and yet not able with all her learning to answer the obiections of *Cupid*) did furiously loue a young nobleman of her fathers Court. Who fearing the kings rage, and not once daring either to attempt or accept so high a place, she made that sleeping drinke, and found means by a trustie seruant of hers (who of purpose inuited him to his chamber to procure him, that suspected no such thing, to receiue it. Which done, he no way able to resist was secretly caried by him into a pleasant chamber, in the midst of a garden she had of purpose prouided for this enterprise, where that space of time, pleasing her selfe with seeing and cherishing of him, when the time came of the drinckes end of working, and he more astonished than if he had falne from the cloudes, she bad him choose either then to marry her, and to promise to flye away with her in a barke she had made ready, or else she would presently cry out, and shew in what place he was, with oath he was come thither to rauish her. The Nobleman in these straites, her beaurie preuailed, he married her, and escaped the realme with her. And after many strange aduentures, were reconciled to the King her father, after whose death they

reigned. But she gratefully remembering the seruice that drinke had done her, preserved in a bottle (made by singular art long to keepe it without perishing) great quantity of it, with the foretold inscription, which wrongly interpreted by her daughter in law the Queen of *Cyprus*, was giuen by her to *Gynecia* at the time of her marriage; and the drink finding an old body of *Basilins*, had kept him some houres longer in the trance, than it would haue done a yonger. But a while it was before good *Basilins* could come againe to himselfe: in which time *Euarchus* more glad than of the whole worlds Monarchy, to bee rid of his miserable magistracie, which euen in iustice he was now to surrender to the lawfull Prince of that Countrey, came from the throne vnto him, and there with much adoe made him vnderstand how these intricate matters had falne out. Many garboyles passed through his fancy, before he could be perswaded *Zelmane* was other than a woman. At length remembering the Oracle which now indeed was accomplished (not as before he had imagined) considering all had falne out by the highest prouidence, & withall weighing in all these matters his owne fault had bene the greatest, The first thing he did, was with all honourable pompe to send for *Gynecia*: who (poore Lady) thought shee was leading forth to her liuing buriall: and (when she came) to recount before all the people, the excellent vertue was in her, which she had not only maintained all her life most vnspotted, but now was content so miserably to dye, to follow her husband. He told them how she had warned him to take heed of that drink: & so with all the exaltings of her that might be, publicly desired her pardon for those errors he had committed. And so kissing her, left her to receiue the most honourable fame of any Princessesse throughout the world, all men thinking (sauiug onely *Pyrocles*, and *Philo-clea*, who neuer betrayed her) that she was the perfect mirrour of all wisely loue. Which though in that point vnderferued, shee did in the remnant of her life duly purchase, with obseruing all dutie and faith to the example and glory of *Greece*: so vncertaine are mortall iudgements, the same person most infamous, and most famous, and neyther iustly. Then with Princely entertainment to *Euarchus*, and many kind words to *Pyrocles*, whom still he dearely loued though in a more vertuous kind, the marriage was concluded, to the inestimable ioy of *Euarchus*, (towards whom now *Musidorus* acknowledged his fault) betwixt the peerelesse Princes and Princesses. *Philanax* for his singular faith euer held deare of *Basilins* while he liued, and no lesse of *Musidorus*, who was to inherit that kingdome, and therein confirmed to him and his the second place of that Prouince, with great increase of his liuing to maintaine it. Which like proportion he vsed to *Kalodulus* in *Thessalia*: highly honouring *Kalander* while hee liued: and after his death continuing in the same measure to loue and aduance his sonne *Clitophon*. But as for *Sympastus*, *Pyrocles*, (to whom his father in his own time gaue the whole kingdome of *Thrace*) held him alwaies about him, giuing him in pure gift, the great City of *Abdera*. But the solemnities of these marriages with the *Arcadian* pastorals, full of many comical aduentures hapning to those rurall louers, the strange stories of *Artaxia* and *Plexirtus*, *Erona* and *Plangus*, *Helene* & *Amphialus*, with the wonderfull chances that befell them: the shepheardish loues of *Menalcas* with *Kalodulus* daughter: the poor hopes of the poore *Philisides* in the pursuit of his affections; the strange continuance of *Klains* and *Strephons* desire: Lastly the sonne of *Pyrocles*, named *Pyrophilus*, and *Melidora*, the faire daughter of *Pamela* by *Musidorus*, who euen at their birth entred into admirable fortunes; may awake some other spirit to exercise his pen in that, wherewith mine is already dulled.



*A*  
SIXTH BOOKE,  
TO  
THE COVNTESSE  
OF PEMBROKES  
ARCADIA:

Written by R. B. of Lincolnes  
Inne Esquire.

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*Sat, si bene; si male, nimium.*

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## TO THE READER.

**O** strive to lessen the greatnesse of the attempt, were to take away the glory of the Action. To adde to Sir Philip Sidney, I know is rashnesse; a fault pardonable in me, if custome might as well excuse the offence, as youth may prescribe in offending in this kinde. That her should undergoe that burden, whose mother-tongue differs as much from this language, as Irish from English; augments the danger of the enterprise, and gives your expectation, perhaps an assurance, what the event must be. Yet let no manudge wrongfully of my endeavours: I have added a limme to Apelles Picture, but my minde neuer entertain'd such vaine hopes, to thinke it of perfection sufficient to delude the eyes of the most vulgar, with the likenesse in the workmanship. No, no, I doe not follow Pythagoras his opinion of transmigrations: I am well assur'd divine Sidney's soule is not insus'd into me, whose Iudgement was onely able to finish, what his Invention was onely worthy to undertake. For this, courteous Reader, let it suffice I place Sir Philip Sidney's desert (even in mine own esteeme) as farre beyond my endeavours, as the most fault-finding Censor can imagin this assay of mine, to come short of his Arcadia. Vale.

R. B.



# SIXTH BOOK TO THE COUNTESS OF PEM-

BROKES ARCADIA.



What changes in Fortune the Princes of *Macedon* and *Theffely* have past, together with what event the vncertaine action of so blinde a goddesse hath bene crowned; they may remember, whose eares have bene fed with their eloquent Story, written by the neuer enough renowned Sir *Philip Sidney*.

*Basilus* therefore having beheld with the eye of successe, the accomplishment of his misinterpreted Oracle, hastened (together with *Euarchus*) to his Court of *Mantinea*; where the infinite assembly, and the publique Sacrifices of his Subjects, did well witness what joy did possess their hearts, whose eyes were restored to the sight of long-eclipsed Sonne.

None also, prond to bee the messenger of such royall newes, had soone (with speedy flight) past the limits of *Arcadia*: so as in few dayes the Court was filled with forraigne Princes, whom either the tie of a long obscured league of amitie, or a newnesse in blood to *Basilus*, at such a time brought thither, to congratulate with him; or were such whose honour-thirstie mindes hunted after occasions to make knowne their skill in acts of Chiuahrie.

And now was the Marriage day come, when *Pamela* (attired in the stately ornament of beauteous Maieftie, led by the constant forwardnesse of a vertuous minde, waited on by the manie thoughts of the forpassed crosses in her looe, which now made up a perfect harmony in the pleasing discord of indeer'd affection) was brought to Church: whom soone after, her sister *Philoclea* (being in the same degree of happinesse, clad in the bashfull innocencie of an vnspotted soule, guided by the honest desire of her *Purples* satisfaction, attended on by many Graces of a milde chearefulnesse) followed; both equally admired, both equally lookt vpon. The Temple (whereto in triumph Beauty and Maiesty were led prisoners by the famous sisters) was a fit dwelling place for the *Arcadian* Deities, sent from the Sunne and Windes too free acesse, by many ranks of euen-growne euen-set trees: neare which, in diuided branches, ran two cleare streames, whose sweete murmure (as they tumbled ouer their bed of pibble stones) did much adorne the religious solitarinesse of that place. And, that nothing should be wanting that might set forth the carefull iudgement of the builder, it was seated in such a neare distance from the Palace, as might not presently burie the gloriousnesse of the show, nor cloy the beholders

beholders with the tediousnesse of the sight. In the way, on both hands, were many altars, on which the crowned initials of the much-prosperous sacrifices were laid. At the doore the two sisters were received by as many Virgins, attired in a white Lawne livery, with Garlands on their heads of Lillies and Roses intermixt, holding in their left hands a paire of Pigeons, the gratefull offering to the Queene of Loue. Soone after, the accustomed Rites in the *Arcadian* nuptials being ended, the King and *Eurarchus* (with the rest of the Princes) returned vnto a stately Palace, sumptuously furnished, where both Art and Nature seem'd to be at variance, whether should bestow most ornaments to enrich so rare a worke: seated where the earth did rise a little (as proud to be the supporter of so curious a building) by mean whereof, the sight had freedome to ouerlook a large territory; where the greene leuell of the *Arcadian* Plaines, beautified by the intercourse of many Fountains, represented the delightfull mixture of a ciuill Wildernesse. The building of Marble, where, whether the Art in caruing into many formes, the in-vaine resisting hardnesse of the stone, the cunning in knitting these dis-ioynted members, or the inuention in contriuing their febrall roomes, did excell, was hard to be iudged of.

The inside also might well bee the inner part of so glorious an outside: for, besides the well-matcht largenesse of the roomes, and light some pleasantnesse of the windowes, it was all hung with the choice rarenesse of far-fetcht Arras, in which the ingenious workman, with the curious penfill of his little Needle, had limn'd the dumme records of requir'd Antiquity. Here did he present the memorable siege of *Troies*, where the ruines of her walls seem'd yet to hang, and make the beholders feare the downefall of the lively stones. There you might see how cunningly hee had expres't the constrain'd sight of the *Troian* Prince, and the cruell sacrifice of enraged *Dido's* loue: Nor was the story of *Silla* forgotten, who there stood before *Atina* with the present of her fathers fatall haire; while you might perceiue, by his bent browes and disdainfull countenance, the iust reward of her vnnaturall attempt. With these and others, wherein cost and inuention stroue for the mastery, were the Hangings adorned: yet these many Stories did so stealingly succeed each other, that the most curious observers eye (though his admiration might dwell on each peece) could finde no cause of stay, vntill he had ouerlookt them all. But neither these, nor what Art or Nature could haue added, did set forth so much the Palace, as the gracefull presence of the *Arcadian* sisters; whose beauties, till now, of long time had borne a part with their troubled mindes, in a sweete pilgrimage to a happy end: And therefore at this present so far disburdened of those thoughts, as 'twas to be settled in the most desir'd enioying of vnspeakable blisse, the imagination would needs perswade, if it were possible, were bettered.

Dinner being set and ended, while the Knights, (who, to honour that day with Tiltting, and to shew what they dar'd & could affect in the seruice, as they thought, of vnresistable beauties) were putting on their armour, there entred the Hall a Page, who with submissive humblenesse, told the King, hee was sent from his Master the naked Knight, who desired there to be receiued as a Challenger, to extolize, as the iustnesse of his cause required, the famous memorie of his deceased Mistress *Helen* the Queene of *Cyrene*. *Asilus* much pitying the before vnheard death of so excellent a Queene, will'd the Page to relate the circumstance; which being strange in it selfe, and of so great a subject, wrought a passionate willingnesse in the hearers to be attentive.

After that fortune (said he) had bestowed by the conquest of *Amphialus*, in *Crotopia's* Castle, the victory on his aduersary the black Knight: this Queene (having long



long time, by the command of Loue, her inward tyrant, made all *Greece* a Stage for her wandering passions) at length went thither, where the end of her search was the beginning of her sorrowes. Finding the curtaines of eternall night ready to close vp his eyes, who (in the voyage her affection made) had alway beene the Port shee steered to: yet hoping shee knew not what, that if perhaps *Proserpine* should meete in *Elidion* his departed soule, she would in meeke compassion of her sorrow, send it backe to re-inhabite her ancient seate, she carried the life little-desiring bodie to *Cornish*, where at that time liu'd an aged man, by name *Arctio*, one whose fortunate experience in desperate cures, had made famous. Him, by the powerfull command of his Queen, and the humble teares of a still-mistrusting louer, she conuinc'd to employ the vtermost of his skill, in preserving him in whom shee liu'd. Some time there was, ere his vitall spirits, almost now prou'd strangers to their wonted mansion, would accept the tye of hospitalitie: but when the hand of Art had taught them courtesie, and that each sense, though faintly, did exercise his charge, *Amphialus* returning to himselfe, from that sweet ignorance of cares, wherein hee liu'd, began to question in what estate the Castle was against the besiegers, thinking he had alway been there, when *Hellen* entred the roome, with a countenance where beauty appear'd thorow the cloudes of care and feare of his danger. Her the double and deeply wounded patient, (bearing still about him the inward picture of *Philoclea*, whom long I haue heard, in vaine, he lou'd) thought to be the same Saint; the remembrance of whom return'd, together with his wandering soule, from which it was inseparable. Now therefore with a languishing looke (the true Herald of what he suffer'd) Ladie, said he, though the welcome harbringer of a neere-following death hath provided this body (while it was mine, alway deuoted to your seruice) as a lodging for his Master an euer-certaine guest, yet when I passe to the *Elizian* Plaines (if any memory there remaine of this world of comfort, you now vouchsafe, heauens knowes, your faithfull though vnfortunate seruant) I shall neuer cease to pay the eternall tribute of thanks to well-deseruing death, who (with his presence) brings the happinesse in life denied me.

The Queene, with a pensiue silence, sorrowing she stood to act the counterfeite of her riuall, and still desirous to enioy the sweet speech of her reuiu'd *Amphialus*, was like a passenger, whom the loud command of the rough Windes had forc'd to wander through the vneuenesse of the deepe furrowed Seas, now in sight of land, equally distracted, betweene the desire to leaue this his vnnaturall habitation, where each waue seemes to be the proud messenger of destruction, and feare to approach it, being iealous of his hard entertainment on the rockie shore. Thus did shee continue (fixt in a doubtfull imagination) loth to interrupt his pleasing speech, and more than grieu'd hee meant not her whom hee spake to; vntill *Amphialus* (strengthening his newly recover'd senses with the conceited presence of *Philoclea*) found his error, and then with a looke on his mistaken object (which he could not make disdainfull, because his happie thoughts had once ador'd it for *Philoclea*) hee suddenly fell into a deadly trance: whereat *Hellen* (feelingly suffering in his danger) ran to him, and bedewing his euen then louely face with the louing oblation of her many teares, she together poured forth the most passionate plaints that loue could inuent, or grieve utter: so as a while, this accident, overthrowing the fabrick of her halfe-built comfort with the suddenesse of so vnlookt for an assault, constrained her (with bemoaning his case) to forget the care of his safety: but being withdrawn by her seruants, the indisposition of her body, caus'd her a while to entertaine in bed the feauer of her affectionate sorrow.

In meane time *Amphialus*, by the skilfull care of *Artelio*, was againe brought to enioy that, whose losse hee would accompt his chiefest happinesse; and faintly withdrawing the couer that obscur'd his weake sight, and setting his looke vpon *Artelio*, Father, said he, if you felt the inward agonies of my tormented soule, as you see the desperate state of my low-brought bodie, I assure my selfe you would not bee so inhumane, there to employ your endeaours, where when they haue wrought their effect, they serue only to confirme the memory of forepassed calamity, with the growing apprehension of future misfortune: but since my destinies haue so set downe, that the whole course of my life should be ineuitably disastrous, I must thinke my Tragedie is not yet acted, though what worse than hath befallne me cannot be imagined, or what may be kept in store (more than I haue pass'd) far exceeds my apprehension, though not my expectation.

Here he began to runne ouer his vnfortunate loue to *Philoclea*, the killing of *Parthenia*, his ouerthrow in the encounter with the blacke Knight; inserting manie more disgraces, which, the most enuious of his glory, would not haue cast as aspersions on his well-knowne fame. Thus with the thought that Fate (whose working he could not limit) had reseru'd him for more mischief, he suffered his wounds to be cured: And soone after, walking one euening, as his manner was, in the Garden, he chose a time, as he thought, vnspied by any, to conuey himselfe thorow a back doore, and there finding his horse (which his Page had brought by his appointment) he rid away, whither he knew not, and much car'd not, so he might leaue her whose affection deseru'd a more courteous farewell. But alas! when shee heard of his going, what tongue is able to expresse her sorrow, in whom the equally tormenting passions of griefe and despaire were lifted to their vttermost height.

Two dayes since the departure of *Amphialus* posted away, struing in vaine to ouertake their irrecoverable fellowes, and now the third was come, to bee a prologue to the following Tragedie, when *Hellen* (slaking the violent course of her incessant plaints) gaue occasion to her seruants to be the lesse mistrustfull of her actions, thinking that time began to weare away her sorrowes. But shee (as by the euent was gathered) vsing this as a policie to rid her selfe of the cumber of carefull attendance, when (now her truce, in show, with sorrow, & the restraint of her plaints had wrought the effect she desired) taking her trusty seruant *Mylama* with her, & leauing a letter with *Lada* (whom, besides *Mylama*, shee only trusted with this secret) which vpon the first knowledge of her flight should bee giuen to *Drenus* the chiefe of her counsell, wherein shee excused her secret stealing away by a vow pass'd to *Apello*, in such manner to goe a pilgrimage to *Delphos*. Shee put her selfe on her journey, hauing an army of passions for her conuoy, led by Loue and waited on by Desire, in hope of what shee knew was hopelesse, yet often checking her despairing foresight, with such vnlikely possibilities, as affection (vpon these occasions) is wont to supply.

Many daies shee had not wandred (changing places, to reue her companions in sorrow) when coming into a pleasant valley, where, of each side, many trees (in the Greene lea'd mantle of their summer luerie) did apparrell two neighbour mountaines, where some sun-burnt saplesse pines by the aduantage of the ground (like little in themselves deseruing birth onely enobled men) over-topp'd the strait vp-raised Cedar, the stock of selfe-begun honour. Through this flowrie plaine ran a manie-headed chrystall current, that did indent the earth as it smoothly glided by, to make the obligation of friendship between them more firme; and where it faine-like encreas'd by trauell, there (as it was the naturall, so) it seem'd to haue beene



bee the politicke body of the state of Springs; such was the constant care of the fountain Magistrates, & such the wel-agreeing vnion of the watry Commons. Here she staid (inuitd by solitarines, the best repose for wearied sorrow) yet giuing no respit to her mind, she spake nothing but *Amphialus*, or of *Amphialus*. O *Amphialus*, did she say: and to this inuocation the flattering Nymph (that alwaies seconds what is spoken) did ioyne the like of her own; & *Hellen*, delighted to heare the sound of so sweet a name beaten back vpon her, for a time seal'd vp her lips, listening (with attentive silence) what *Eccho* would haue further said: but she (who of all the powers of a reasonable soule, only had a memory & a tongue only seruiceable to that vse) together gaue ouer to reflect her borrowed language, expecting (with like stilnesse) her further speech. But *Hellen*, not able longer to restrain the ouerflow of her panning heart, began to cry out, Vnkind *Amphialus*. Thus also did the *Eccho* repeat. But she hearing, by the rebound of the words, *Amphialus* accus'd; Discourteous Nymph, said she, and how is *Amphialus* vnkinde; can the harmony of such excellence admit so foule a fault to beare a part with his vertues? Yet, wo is me, he is vnkinde: could his hard heart else suffer this loue of his, (which I only name, because it is the only part worth naming in me) thus long vnregarded? Could not my Crown (crown'd in being a footstool to *Amphialus*) haue purchas'd some respect? Alas no: how could vnhappy *Hellen* expect the Fates refer'd so great a blessing in store for her?

She had not long debated the reasons of her misfortune, when *Rinatus* (the only brother to *Timotheus*, but yonger by many years) chanc'd to passe that way: a man on whom Fame had bestow'd, and deseruingly, the name of Valiant; yet of disposition so mischieuously cruell, and ambitiously proud, that where his deedes might well haue claim'd so great an honour, there his conditions (as wel weighed) brought a reproachful burthen to the ballance of his reputation. He, (his father dying yong, and vnwilling to dismember his estate, and vnable otherwise to satisfie the hopes of his sonnes ambition) hearing of the warres of *Laconia*, went thither; where soone he purchased the opinion of a man resolute to vndertake, and fortunate to execute what hee had vndergone: and seruing vnder *Eborbas* (chiefe commander for the King) because of the sympathie of humours betweene them (whereby Nature did insinuate for *Rinatus*, and taught him flatterie without dissimulation) he grew great in his fauour. Soone after, this *Eborbas*, in a conflict betweene him and the *Helus*, being mortally wounded; yet in death, carefull of the welfare of his countrey, recommended this *Rinatus* (partly for his good liking of him, but principally for his experience in warres, and well-seconded iudgement) to the King: who, though with some opposition, the country men repining at his (a strangers) aduancement, after his trustie *Eborbas*'s death, preferred him to the same place: his discharge of which, ourwent so farre the enuie of the iealous Noblemen, that well might their King and they, in the death of the valiant *Eborbas*, deplore the losse of a private man, but must confesse, that his watchfull care and vndanted well-ordered courage did suruive in this their Generall.

In this esteem he had scarce liued a year, when hearing of his brother & nephewes death, together with his vndoubted right to the large territory which his brother in his life time had enjoyed, hee notwithstanding continued in the charge to which he was lately aduanc'd; framing in his conceit, his new-acquired greatness but as a step to climbe the souerainety of *Laconia*: which being elective, he thought the easier to be compass'd, hauing, by his bounteous affability, gain'd the hearts of the souldiers, & being already possit of the chief Forts (the best strength of the countrey) wherein he had plac't such, who had their deuotions link'd to his will, because they ought him

him the benefit of their creation. But finding the accomplishment of these practices to depend upon the death of the King, which his youth promised was unlikely soone to happen, and fearfull to draw on the discovery of his practices, by seeking any secret meanes to make him away, whom the watchfull eye of dutifull observance did warrant secure from any trayterous plots, hee solicites the King to dispen-  
 pence with his presence, who (seeing the ground of his journey to bee the iust cause of his long deferr'd reuenge, for *Timothew* his brother, and *Philoxenus* his nephews death. Now a peace was lately concluded with the *Helots*, and therefore his absence the more excusable) vpon condition of a speedy returne, though vawilling, yet for his satisfaction, grants his request: who now on his journey, and hauing in his way to crosse this valley, met the vnfortunate Queen, whom, though her habit might disguise, her words (ouer-heard) did assure *Rinatus* his willingnesse to beleue, that she was the same she so often spake her selfe to be, the vnfortunate *Hellen*.

A while he stood doubtful of the person, a while amaz'd at so fortunate an encounter, and a long time perplex'd what punishment his reuenge would iudge fit for (the conceited heinousnesse of) his brother and nephews death. At length the Queene (now first withdrawing her thoughts from that object, wherto affection in sweetest contemplation had bound them, & suffering her mind, before retyr'd within it self, now to be inform'd by her seruants senses) seeing this stranger near her, began, as her manner was, to find by enquiry what he knew of *Amphialus*. Wicked woman, replied *Rinatus*, the all-seeing Iustice hath now deliuer'd thee to receive fit punishment for *Philoxenus* and *Timothews* death: and vsing no more words, presently caus'd her to be mounted on horsebacke, prolonging her life to make her death more miserable. Thus farre hath *Mylama* discover'd, who, poore, Lady, was there left, most cruelly beaten, to bee the reporter of *Rinatus* reuenge, and her Mistis hard hap.

The last act of this Tragedie, my Master had the fortune to know, by one of trust and great esteeme in the Court of *Laconia*, to which *Rinatus* had conueied *Hellen*, where, for a time, shee was honourably entertain'd, finding no want but of command and liberty: the King, belike, fearing the power of the wronged *Corinthians*, preserving her as a sure Card for a dead list. But when he vnderstood that one *Tenarus* (a man apt to practise innouations, and at this time able, when the many-headed multitude wanted the awfull presence of their Soueraigne) tooke vpon him the government, pretending a title to the Crowne as descended from thole, from whom *Hellens* ancestors (as he alledged) had trayterously forc'd it. Then did the Tyrant of *Laconia*, finding the way secure for his mischienous practice, vehemently importuned by *Rinatus*, and vrg'd forward by the politique wickednesse of his owne desire to pleasure the new King, secretly cause *Hellen* to be poysoned. Such was the end of this great Queene, iustly belou'd of all who heard the fame of her vertues, and therefore iustly to be deplor'd of all, who heare the vnredeemeable losse of so many perfections.

*Basilus* and the rest of the Princes were much mou'd with so tragicall a story, especially *Musidorus*, who (in search of *Pyrocles*) hauing the fortune to see her, could witnesse, that though fame had borrowed all mens mouthes to proclaim her many excellencies, yet it was far from doing right to her desert. But this was no fit lodging for pittie to dwell in, where ioy had so great command. The messenger therefore being permitted to part, with free leaue for his Master to enter the lists, Iudges were appointed, and the Challenge proclaim'd.

The Challenger vnderstanding of the Kings liking of his demand, came forth of his Pauillion with Armour so liuely representing nakednesse, wounded

in



in many places, (where the staunchlesse blond, in the course the workeman had allotted it, seem'd to drop destruction) that many thought a madnesse had possesst him (so vnarmed, so wounded) to present himselfe in such a tryall, where a surer defence, and a sounder body were more needfull. Before him went sixe, as Sauages, bearing the Launces for his first courses; who, comming within distance to bee heard, did sing these following Verses.

**T**oo soone you fled from hence to that faire place,  
The happy period of a well-run Race:

Too late I stay in griefe & eternall night,

To doe this penance for my ouer-sight.

Once let me dye, let not my dying life

Prolong my woes, and keepe my thoughts as strife:

Let him that did offend your heavenly eyes,

Now please your anger with selfe-sacrifice.

Then one of them reaching him a lance, he began his course against *Tyro* Prince of *Andria*, famous for his constant loue to the faire *Lydia*, now married and Queene of *Epire*, and euer fortunate in the course of his aduentures: but here his fortune gaue place to vertue, or rather ioyn'd with her to assist the naked Knight; for at the third encounter he was put beside his Saddle, much bruised in body, and no lesse afflicted in minde.

The next that supplied his place, was *Pansanias*, a *Macedonian*, one who in his late wars had done *Emarchus* faithfull seruice; and now, thinking to be as successfull in this enterprife, had put on Armour to doe honour to his Mistis: but his first course compell'd him to acknowledge hee was deceiue'd, seeing himselfe fall so far short of his expectation.

To him succeeded *Nicanor*, a *Corinthian* Knight, aduanc'd by the new king: one extremely confident of himself, because neuer tryed, and now very forward, fearing to be preuented of the honour, for which already, in conceit, he had triumphed at *Corinth*, with the great applause of the people, and the good liking of the King. But the naked Knight, at second course, cut off both his life and imagined trophée: for, couching his Launce, and allotting it in his course a iust descent, rightly leuell'd by his wel-iudging experience, it met with *Nicanors* sight, & passing thorow that weak resistance, it pearc't his right eye, and with it his braine, so as *Nicanor* fell down forgetfull both of his fore-thought fame & following reproach. With this aduenture the Tilting that day ended; the Sun, with loose rayes, posting to his Western home, and the naked Knight retyr'd himselfe to his Pauillion, whence hee sent his Page, who humbly, for his Master, intreated that his vnwillingnesse to be knowne, should excuse the omission of his durie to the King.

Thus that night drew on, which, to them who enioy'd delight, seem'd to haue put on all her failes to be the speedier in passing ouer. But farre other was the naked Knights apprehension: he (who made her vgly darknesse a patterne of the sorrow his afflicted soule endur'd) thought shee was becalm'd in the Sea of his misfortune. At length *Phabus* weary of his importunity, made halte to distribute his gratefull light, to his care-tyr'd senses; & he, as soon imbracing the smallest shew of comfort, put on his Armour. About two houres after the Iudges being set, and *Basilus* and *Emarchus* (with the rest of the Court) present, *Leontas* the yong King of *Pontus* (who had bin there to acknowledge his beholdingnesse to them, whom hee was desert-

uingly

ningly bound to) tooke the field. His Armour was of a darke colour, thorow which many flames seem'd to break out, as when the clouds, great in labour with exhalations, at length give way to their more violent power: His three first Courses promised a more happy euent, than Fortune meant he should enioy, for (hauing perform'd them with a well-order'd firmnesse in his seat, and a mouing constancy in the carriage of his lance, to the great delight of the beholders) the fourth time he was dismounted: whose disgrace *Pyrocles* was ready to reuenge, but he was, by a secret look from *Philoetes*, commanded the contrary. Then *Telamon*, *Phelanceas* and *Diremnus* felt, with little aduantage in Fortune, the like successe.

Thus most part of that morning the naked knight, with little resistance, had the best against all commers, which most of the lookers on, with publick acclamation, did testifie: but he, hauing giuen over the vse of himself to sorrow, somtimes by the carelesse shaking of his head, did let them know, they burdened his desert with the vnpleasing weight of his praise, and staying a while on horseback, expecting the next aduenturer, with such a demeanour of himselfe as (though it did accuse him of much griefe) could not conceale the grace of his stately presence. But when he saw none ready to take the field, with an humble bend taking his leaue of the King, he softly trotted towards his Tent, not so much to repose his body as to giue a quiet way to the assaults of his mind. At length, when all the beholders expectation were almost wearied, there entred the Lists a Lady, attended only by one Page, who hauing lighted, presently went towards the place where *Basilus* sat; where first kneeling, then taking away a black Scarffe (which griefe had hyr'd to ioyne with her self, in eclipsing the excellent feature of a most faire face) she began to speak: but *Basilus* & *Gynecis* hastily ran to embrace *Hellen* Queen of *Corinth*, for this was she. Great was the ioy for her reui'd presence, and great the desire to know the meanes of her safety: But she (accounting these gratulations cumbersome, and the relation of her adventures tedious) fixing her watry eies on *Basilus*, Great King, I am (said shee) that vnfortunate *Hellen*, sometime Queen of *Corinth*, now both depriv'd of crowne and kingdome, by *Tenarus*. Yet why should I mention this, as fit to bee inserted among my greatest misfortunes? The cause why now I come, is my care of *Amphialus* his safetie, in whom I liue, to whose disdaine I haue vowed the tribute of my constant loue: Hee (alas, why should I liue to speake it?) not long since following the course of his adventures, came to *Amasia*, where he was made prisoner, and carried to *Dupalbus* Prince of that countrey; whose brother it was *Amphialus* his fortune to kill in rescue of a Lady, to whom he would haue offered dishonourable violence. These newes came to mine eares (to adde more to many miseries) at that time when I chanc'd to be at *Delphos*, pouring forth my heartiest deuotions for my most beloued, my most vnkinde *Amphialus*: but the pitying god, either to stay my hands from the execution they intended (but to what end might that be; that god knowes; no time can vnbind my affection) or (as heauen grant it may bee) in commiseration of my case, thus comforted me;

*Hellen* returne, a naked Knight shall finde  
Rest for thy hopes, and quiet to thy minde.

Thus farre haue I wandred, ledde by that diuine promise; in pursuit of such a one; but no where can I finde a happy euent to confirme that Oracle: yet dare I not despaire, haping so high a warrant; nor hope, hauing so bad successe.

You are fortunately come, said the King. This Knight whose skill in Armes hath made your well-deseruing vertues famous, may be that man, pointed out by



the finger of heaven, to release *Amphialus*, who both in name & armour represents a naked Knight. O no, said the Queen, it cannot be expected that *Apollo* would leane so plaine a way for vs to tracke out the footsteps of his obscure mysteries. Madam, replied *Basilus*, (hauiing first plac'd her in a chaire by him) the all-seeing prouidence, with whom the ends of all things are present, is sometimes pleas'd to cast forth the Emblem of our destinies, so strangely hidden in the couert of ambiguous words, that doubtlesse it serues to beget nothing but matters of distrust, and labyrinths of errors, where the imagination a thousand waies may be led astray. Of this you haue a present prooffe, confirm'd by my experience: and sometimes the same Iustice unfolds the secret of our fate, and plainly let vs know the mystery of our fortune: yet euen that plainnesse, to the curious search of our still-mistrusting braine, becomes a reason sufficient to enforce vs to a contrarie belief. This last I think (if in the interpretation of an Oracle my opinion may be receiu'd) is that meane, whereby *Apollo* both reueales & hides the author of *Amphialus* freedom. This said, he sends presently for the naked Knight, who, as soon obeying the Kings command (as he was completely armed) came before him; to whom *Basilus* chearfully told (as glad to be the reporter of so good news to him, whose prowess in arms deservingly gain'd much of his good opinion) of *Hellens* being there, together with her desire to employ him in an action the heauens had also interest'd him. What is it, replied the naked Kn. that without such a command I would not endeauour to accomplish for my most deare *Hellen*? & then with excesse of comfort and astonishment his weak limbs were ready to giue ouer the support of his ioy-burdened body; but, being upheld by *Masidarus* who stood next him, his ouercharg'd spirits had time to recollect themselves.

The Queene gathering comfort from his promise, and seeing faire likelihood of the Oracles accomplishment, with the oratory of loue, who thinks no words but his owne able to expresse his minde, began in this manner. Sir, ill fortune my awfull gouernesse, as in the most of my actions she is pleas'd to keepe a hard hand ouer me, so in this (distrustfull belike of my willingnesse) she forces me to repeat my wonted lesson of receiuing courtesies without power of requitall, making one vnderfer'd fauor from you become a cause of farther beholdingnesse to you: But the glory that followes your good success in this aduventure (the best spur to set forward braue spirits to noble actions) hath almost assur'd me, that the lone you profess, and a distressed Ladies cause, neede not ioyne petitioners in a request your vertue must be willing to grant. The reward of your victory, is the releasing of *Amphialus*, of whom I may speake, and the world with me, all praise-worthy things. Madam, replied the naked Knight, I thought the gods could not haue fauour'd me more, than in giuing you respite of life, and mee power to be seruiceable to you: but when I consider the end I must employ my endeouours to, it buries my conceited happinesse in the graue of a certaine misfortune. Shall I labour to preserue that monster of men, whose story (if the world will needs reade) containes nothing but a volume of disasters, & a vaine discourse of a few aduentures, cast vpon him by the blindness of chance? Shall I hazard my life for him, against whom, had I liues innumerable, I would venture them all? Shall I liue to make another happy in your fauour, and crosse mine owne desires? No Madam, I will sooner leaue my blood here before you, as a testimony that feare hath no interest in my disobedience to your command, than I will make my after-life truly miserable in the burden of a hopelesse affection. To this the Queen a while in teares, as if her eies strone to speak for her, made a silent answer: but when her sighs had breath'd forth the ouercharge of her brest, first she kneeled, then faintly said, O eternall president of this Court of cares, when will thy

thy iust pitie commiserate my distresse: Alas Sir, what new way haue the gods found to vent their malice on me! haue I made disdain my only mishap, and must now affection to me wards be another vnderferued misfortune? Behold Sir, and if you can, with pitie, a Queene, borne to command, a suppliant at your feet, begging what goodnesse sollicites you to grant, Release *Amphialus* and if your iea-  
lousie thinks hee hath too much interest in my loue, restore him to the world that wants him; I will vow a Virgins life. Stay, vengious Queene, replied the naked Knight, and lifting vp his Beauer, Receiue, said he, thou best of women thy ouer-joy'd *Amphialus*.

The Queene, as when the Ocean swells with the rage of a tempest, if on a sudden these blasts be appeas'd; yet the proud waues, mindefull of their forepast iniurie, and indispos'd to so speedie a reconciliation, some while retain the rough remembrance of the windes malice: so were her thoughts, before mou'd by the storme of despaire, though now she had caus'd of contented quiet, on a sudden, incapable of so vnlook't for a happinesse; first doubt, then amazement, lastly extesse of ioy, by succession were admitted to the Helm of her distressed hart. But when ioy had once got to be the steers-man, his want of practice (by his long absence from that imployment) soon brought a confusion: here the warme teares of sorrow, there the cold drops of a present comfort, did strue whether should shew him selfe most officious in drowning her pale blushing cheekes. At length they both, no longer able to resist this powerfull inuasion of their mindes (as by mutuall consent) fell, the one intwin'd in the others armes, and made the earth happy in bearing such marchlesse louers: But their senses being soon restor'd to their wonted function, after some passionate words (to which their eies and touch of their hands gaue the life of expression) *Amphialus*, diuided into many minds by the turbulent working of his thoughts (turning towards his Vncle) with his eies fixt on the ground, stood with the grace of a man condemned, who, hauing led a lothsome life in an vgly dungeon, is now brought to a freedome of looking vpon the open aire, yet sees the day is but a Taper to light him to his execution. Of the one side he was brought from the hell of despaire, wherein he liu'd, in the assurance of *Hellen*s death, to the certainty of her life & presence: of the other, what was his treason to his Vncle, to expect but an infamous death, & a diuorce from his new-born happinesse. The shame also of a crime so foule as his rebellion, was not the least torment to his minde, vnwillingly beate from a seeld course of vertue by *Geopie*s practices. At length (when these thoughts, that almost ouercame all the powers of life in him, were themselves overcome by his resolution) casting himselfe at *Nasilius* his feet, he thus said: Great Sir, if treason in a subiect, and vnnaturalnesse in a nephew be punishable, here you haue before you a fit exercise for your iustice: I am that subiect, whose rebellion interrupted the contented quiet of my Kings solitarie life, & brought him to behold the bloody tragedy of a ciuill dissension in his diuided State: I am that nephew, whom a wilful disobedience made a traytor to the nearness of his blood. Hither did I come (*Orestes*-like tormented by the inward fright of my guilty conscience) with my blood to wash away (if good fortune, in the defence of the cause I vnderooke, would draw death vpon me) the staines of such vnpardonable faulrs: but now that I haue found what I least look't for (and then he cast a side-look on *Hellen*) for her, I confesse, I should desire to liue, if your iust indignation might finde mercie for so hainous offences: which I will not strine to mitigate (how euer iustly I may:) for I would thinke such faulrs ill excus'd, with which (to ease my selfe) I must haue burdened my nearest friends.



*Amphilas* first graciously lifting him from the ground, Nephew, replied hee, did I retain the memory of your youthfull oversights, this your vertuous acknowledgement were sufficient to beare them away: but long since I have buried in oblivion, the thought of your rashnesse, because I knew (by what after happened) that the gods had made you an instrument to worke their ends: it were iniurie therefore to question his actions, whose will was not his owne, being over-rul'd by their all-commanding decree. No, Nephew, I doe not onely pardon these transgressions, but freely also doe resigne all such possessions as your father held in *Arcadia*, taken from you in the last warre, and now in the hands of *Philanax*. Live happily in your choise: I shall be prond of our alliance with the Crowne of *Corinth*, and shall rejoyce to see the succession continue in our blood. This said, he led him to *Gynecia*, then to *Euarchus*: but when he came to *Musidorus*, This, Nephew, is that blacke knight (said he) who, at your last meeting gaue such euident proofe of his vnconquerable valour: This is *Musidorus*, the Prince of *Thebais*, whom the gods haue bestow'd as a blessing on my daughter *Pamela*. *Amphilas* now assured by the kings speech, vnto vvhose hand the honour of his conquest had fallen (for doubt had long tormented him, that some baser hand had reapt the glory of his victorie,) Prince *Musidorus*, said hee, my hard successe in our last encounter much perplexed mee: nor that my confidence of my selfe, was lifted to such an arrogant presumption, to thinke my strength and skill in Armes matchlesse; but that it grieved me, an vknowne knight (one vvhom the world might thinke had conceal'd his name, lest together vvvith him, his bad fortune in tryalls of that kinde, might be discovered) should haue the better of me. But now that I know to whose lot my victorie hath fallne, I doe not onely bring an excuse, but an honour, from the vvorthinesse of the Conquerour.

Courteous *Amphilas*, replid the Prince, whose side the advantage of Fortune did then incline to, if it may bee determined, with greater reason, and more deferre should the honour bee giuen you, than bestowed on mee: but hauing such tryall I then made of your manhood, that hereafter I shall desire to bee of your part. Worthie Prince, said *Amphilas*, your vertue will alway chuse to bee of the weaker side: and so turning to *Philoclea*, Divine Lady, said hee, in your excellent choise of the famous *Pyrocles*, you haue (besides the happinesse gain'd to your selfe, for which the vvorld may enuie you (shew'd mee the way to my best hopes, by grassing my affection in the stooke of my *Hellen*) constancie. Deare Cousin, replied *Philoclea*, I am glad it was in my power, and your good fortune so much to better your choise in so excellent a remoue. And so casting a bashfull looke towards *Pyrocles*, Sir, said she, we may loyne in thanksgiving: This is my Cousin, whose vertuous disposition during our imprisonment, was our safest defence against my Aunt *Cecropia*'s crueltie. I doe acknowledge it, said *Pyrocles*, and besides this fauour (in which we haue a common interest) Sir, I must crave pardon for a wound giuen you at such a time, when belike you made Patience your only defence. *Amphilas* stood with his eye fixed on *Pyrocles*: for his memory supply'd him with a confused remembrance of such a face. *Zelmira* like could not take him to be; her sexe and this change, at their first birth destroy'd these apprehensions. *Pyrocles*, his heart swore he was not, whose youth and beauty God wot were no fit liuerie for such achievements as the world fain'd him for. Thus a while hee continued, troubled with the vncertaintie of coniectures, vntill *Pyrocles* (happily conceiuing the cause of his amazement) stopp'd his further admiration, by letting him know, that the then *Zelmira* was the now

*Pyrocles*.

*Pyrocles*. Whereat *Amphialus*, as one newly wak't out of a dreame, cryed out, *Anaxius*! *Anaxius*, said hee, 'twas the Prince of *Macedon* (not a woman) ouercame thee. Wherefoeuer thy soule be, let it keep this time festiuall, as the birth-day of thy glory. And so after mutuall embraces, together with the rest of the Princes, they entred the Palace: where, when they were seated, the eyes of all the company were set on the Queene of *Corinth*, longing to know the story of her strange fortune, now a Queene; then a prisoner, now aliue; then dead: which shee at *Basilus* intreaty, with a maiestic (which her fortune could not change, because 'twas innate) thus declared.

Great Sir; that I was made prisoner by *Rinatus*, and by him carried to *Laconia*, Fame (together with the newes of my supposed death) belike hath brought you: the rest, since you esteeme worthy your hearing, I shall esteeme worthy my relation.

There yet gouerns (and then did) among the Nobility of *Laconia*, one *Creton*, a man elected to the Crowne rather to recompence the desert of his Ancestors than for his own vertues, beloued & borne with for the same reason: such an euerlasting monument, of it self, can goodnesse leaue to posterity. To him when I was brought, my guilt & my guilty selfe, with the best oratory *Rinatus* had, was made knowne; who with vehement importunity desired, that my speedy punishment (as my fault) should be terrible. The king answered, Though he found his demands reasonable, & such to which he was sure there could be no opposition made, yet he thought it fit the Nobility should be acquainted with so weighty a cause, before hee proceeded further in it; and so for this time (being committed to the charge of *Partinax*, Chamberlain to the king) I was dismiss. The next day, the Councell being sent for, my cause ran the hazzard of many opinions: some thought it fit I should dye; and though Iustice, said they, might not dispence with such seuerity, yet it was fit to please *Rinatus*, one who had deseru'd well, and had the power (if otherwise he were dealt with) to reuenge his iniury. Others (the more in number, and esteem'd the wiser, because the king held with them) oppos'd this sentence, alledging so inconsiderate an act might call the safety of *Laconia* in question: for, said they, shall wee thinke the *Corinthians* so degenerate, that being iustly incen'd against vs, they will not endeauour to reuenge the death of their Prince, in shade of whose reigne they enioy that peace and plenty their neighbours enuie them for? and if they stirre in it, what people is so barbarous, whom the iustnesse of their cause will not procure into the sociery of this warre? See then if a priuate mans satisfaction, be to be compar'd to these ensuing dangers: no, let her liue, and when the gods do otherwise dispose of her, let her death come without the ruine of *Laconia*. This determin'd, a new doubt arose, how I should be dispos'd of: They that before thought it expedient I should dye (now that opinion was pur by) concluded that it was best to send me to *Corinth* with an honourable conuoy, so to tye them, by a perpetuall bond of gratitude, to be their friends, whom they so much fear'd to bee their enemies: the rest, to gratifie the king, whose affection they perceiu'd to leane that way (and well asur'd it was an aduice too profitable to be reiect'd that gain'd a kingdome) though his promise after the Queens death (who not long before left him a widower) had been pas't to *Lemnia*, a faire and vertuous Lady, daughter to my keeper *Partinax*; yet they wish't, if so he pleas'd, my Crowne might winne mee to his bedde, little doubting but I had thought it an egregious felicity to be so grac't. The King after many protractions, at length, as if he were wrought to it (by a desire to satisfie the Nobility rather than selfe-will) declares his mind, to be directed by them: which once knowne, behold the flatterie of Court beganne to fawne vpon mee; who



more obseru'd, who more admir'd: only *Rinat*, much impatient of this my greatnesse (in Court) vttered some words in choller, which made known (by further enquiry) a conspiracy of his against the King; so as soon after (the rather to giue mee, whom they studied to please satisfaction) he was beheaded.

But long it was not before Fortune, neither constant to my happy aduersity, nor aduerse felicity, had brought thither (sent by the vsurper *Tenarus*) a wife, but wicked instrument, whom he call'd his Ambassador, who laboured by the policie of his high reaching braine, and the secret practises of his vndermining gold, so farre for his Masters ends, that now in an instant the stil-changing face of Court-respect began to frowne vpon mee; my death was decreed, and (vntill the time were appointed for it) my self made a close prisoner in my accustomed gaole. But the King, chiefly mou'd with the hope of my Crowne, and drawne by a self-conceit of liking to my sorrow, (which perhaps had a sympathy with his melancholy) would needs continue the suit of his affection to me, though he durst not interpose his ouer-rul'd authority for my liberty. Thus for a time did I liue, accompanied by some few whom the King might trust with his intents; he in shew courting his first loue *Lemnia*, & making that a pretence to come priuate to her fathers house neare adioyning to Court. But indeed (as at that time he could haue no reason to dissemble with me) this kindnesse came another way: which *Lemnia* suspecting, and being as far gone in affection to this double-dealing King, as hee was in the profession of a little-regarded loue to me, her watchfull eye soon found the aduantage of a happy opportunity to heare himselfe speake his owne deceit, with such a heart-burning vehemencie, that *Lemnia* (who had plac't her selfe vnknown to either of vs, behinde the hangings) scarce could suppress her entry, to play a part in our Comedie of affection. But to his demands truth answered for me plainly, that death, in whose expectation I liu'd, would be far more pleasing, than the marriage he thought so reasonable: adding withall to my speech, much of *Lemnia's* praise, which she deseru'd, to instruct his eyes that indeed were blinde, in his choise.

But when he parted, vowing to bee seuer in my punishment vnlesse I resolved better at his next comming, behold *Lemnia* (with teares in her eyes) fell at my feet: and when shee saw amazement in my lookes, with a kinde bashfulnesse taking my hand, and rising with that helpe; Vertuous Lady, said she, if euer you haue been acquainted with the tyrannie of all-commanding affection, to that Iudge I appeale, who (though courtesie and good maners oppose him) will find my fault excusable: This man, who in your presence hath bene the trumpet of his owne inconstancie, first with the vehement protestation of his singere affection, wonne mee in gratefulnesse to meet him, in the recompence of his vnknowne dissimulation, if such then it were, and now with the good liking of the State, were the solemnities appointed for our marriage, when your arriual cross those hopes, and drew his thoughts to their naturall temper of vnstayednesse. But since I haue found by this fortunate vn-mannerlinesse, your answers so resolutely oppos'd to his demands, henceforth I vow to worke your freedome, or bring my selfe to perish with you. Her fault found an easie pardon at the tribunall shee appeal'd too: I thank't her (as there was good cause) for her desire of my good, only I wisht, if my freedome could not bee procur'd without danger to her, she would not heape miseries vpon me, by ioyning her selfe a companion in my disasters. She comforts mee with the hope of a better euent: and to bring her intention to a wished successe, shee winnes my vowillingnesse to shew some fauour to the King; which next day I did, hauing plac't *Lemnia* where shee had plac't her selfe the day before, to bee a witnesse to our conference:

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for otherwise perhaps her loue this second time might haue egg'd her suspition, already prone that way, to the distrust of a practice betwixt vs. And happy was this foret dissimulation: for the King not long before his coming to me, had receiu'd aduertisement that the vsurper of *Corinth* had leuied an Army, and set forth manie ships to inuade *Laconia*, making the delay of my promised execution the pretence of this warre: which being also knowne, they (who together with this forreine enemy feared the rebellion of the *Helots*, who alway lay in vwait for an opportunity of such aduantage) now, more than euer began to sollicite the King to satisfie so potent an enemy in so iust a demand. The King well weighing the imminent dangers that were to be prevented by my death, and seeing the little comfort he did enioy by the prolonging of my life, (likely euery day to encrease my obstinacy, being none of those louers that would dye for his disdainning Masters) was ready to deliuer me ouer as a sacrifice for the State and Coubtry, when behold, his sailes were fill'd with a selfe-opinion in my fauour. Borne vp therefore with the wings of hope, he returns to Court, where Loue (or some indulgent Fate) inspired this project into his head: He calls the Nobility, and after a long narration of the mischiefs that hung ouer *Laconia*, he desires their aduice for prevention. They glad that the only opposer, as they thought, of their designs, would haue recourse to their directions, in that cause wherein they were iealous of his partaking, after a flattering insinuation (the common *exordium* to men of his place) they concluded that it was fit *Hellen* should dye. I doubt it not, said he, nor was it to that end I sought your counsaile, that the necessity of the times, the welfare of our person, and the preservation of our state required her death: but it much perplext mee, that our fame should bleed with her, or that the world should say, the threats of the King of *Corinth* had inforc't vs to behead her, whom lately wee were to take to wife. 'Twas this, my Lords, that caus'd my misinterpreted resolution hang in suspence: for this I haue turn'd my inuention into all formes, and now behold I haue found an euery way to leade me betweene the perils of a threatened war, and the ill-bought quiet of an ignominious peace. My will is, shee be brought to Court (for *Partinax*'s house I thinke not conuenient for this project) & plac't here, with such about her as I know most trustie in such a secret: whom that her keepers at farthest within two daies poyson her, which done, wee leaue it out she dyed of a disease: and to confirme this opinion in the vulgar, wee will honour her death with such funerall pompe as the state of her life required. Thus shall our cause of dissention with *Corinth* be taken away, and wee freed from that imputation the world might iustly lay vpon vs. The Nobility with silent admiration, began to applaud what hee had determined; chiefly *Partinax*, who (making the common cause his pretence) labour'd by all meanes to confirme a resolution so necessarie for his daughter *Lemnia*'s happinesse. The King hauing dismiss'd the Councell, acquaints me with these his proceedings, setting forth with no meane pride the pregnancy of his owne wit, who had found a way to over-reach such gray-bearded dotards: for, said hee, you shall that night when you are thought to be poysoned, be conueyed hence (by two of chiefeest trust about me) vnto my Castle of *Nieat*: then will I cause a statue, form'd to your proportion, to be coffin'd ypon which (forsooth) my graue Councell shall solemnly waite, and performe the obsequies in that ceremonie requisite; meane time you shall liue, and liue beloued of him who hath vndergone this dangerous enterprise, and will doe many more to increase his affection to you. And when the limmes of this disioyned State bee set againe, you shall bee restor'd to bee your selfe, and to enioy this Crowne of *Laconia* so much enui'd you.



till when, I locke these proiects in the closet of your secrecie.

The good King was scarce gone from mee, when I made *Lemnia* of counsaile with me, who seeing the fittest of the time, being my journey to *Nicos* was to be performed in the night, and the easie execution of so dangerlesse an enterprize, my guard being only two of the Kings seruants, she giues in charge to a sufficient number of such whom she knew faithfull to her, to meet them midway, and after they had well beaten my conuoy (to discharge them of the suspicion of their consenting to the fact) to carry mee to the next sea port, where there stay'd a ship bound for *Delphos*; to which I needs would bend my course. This being resolud vpon, the Lady (equally troubled with the care of my safety, and the losse of my presence) wept many teares, which I confesse had been ingratitude in mee not to second; so as a while sorrow seem'd to haue flowne thither to bathe her selfe in our eyes: but loue at length, in both of one anothers good, had well neare claim'd this passion, when the guard, appointed by the king, was come, and ready to carrie mee to Court. But why should I, great Sir, any longer stay you in a story, whose tediousnesse I am well assur'd hath tyr'd you? Know therfore that this means of my safety was as fortunately executed, as happily contrin'd; the king not once daring to send to seeke me, lest he should by that discover his owne craft vs'd in this dangerous deluding of the *Laconian* Noblemen.

But I was scarce a moneth absent, when he whose eies held the raines of his constancie, the obiect being remou'd, married (as it was before determined) the beauteous *Lemnia*; who now in possession of his loue, stick't not to make knowne to him this whole matter, which otherwise in her behalfe I was bound to keep secret. Thus sir, if my desire to obey your commands hath made the story of my misfortunes tedious, you may excuse me, since all is done for your satisfaction.

Faire Queene, replyed *Basilus*, the sweetly deliuered strangenesse of the storie, would still rauish the hearers with a desire of a further cause of attentiuenesse, did not a greater desire in vs who know your vertues, hasten to heare the end of your much pitied distresse: and so calling *Amphialus* to him, hauing agreed on the day of marriage betweene the Queene and him, they all arose; for now their appetites (growing iealous of the satisfaction their mindes receiued by the former discourse) began to sollicite them in the behalfe of their stomackes.

After dinner, when most of the company began to impe the wings of time with the feathers of seuerall recreations, *Amphialus* and *Hellen* priuately went together into an arbor in the garden, where first with teares (the common apologic of ouer-joy'd affection) they spake their mindes in silence, their panting hearts (as they imbract) with mutuall desire beating their enuious garments, that gaue them not leaue to meet. At length *Hellen* gracefully shaking her head, as if shee would shake away the drops that (like the morning dew on full-ripe Cherries) hung on her rosie cheekes: O *Amphialus*, said she, and then kist him, as loth to leaue so perfect a sentence without a comma; I will not say you were vnkinde, but, and there with his lips (loth belike to accuse him) she clos'd vp her speech. My sole happinesse, replyed *Amphialus*, (softly wringing her hand) though the foulness of my fault bee no fit subiect for her to speake of, who breathes nothing but goodnesse, yet I want not an accuser, my soule sets forth my ingratitude; nor can I yet conceiue, how mercie can be so far remou'd from iustice, as to finde a pardon for my offence: but you haue giuen it, and (if it be any requitall) it shall be my after liues studie to loue and honour your vertues, as it was hitherto to offend you. It is fit therefore (said *Hellen*, with the counterfeit settlednesse of Maestie) we impose a penance vpon you  
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for your oversight; and this it shall be; that henceforth you neither shall nor think of that you acted in your fault; and to help you in obeying my command, I must inforce you to keepe your minde and tongue for a time busied here with what befell you in your travell since our being in this land, and thus it will be goodly, as if you meant to conceale what Fame hath so largely blowne abroad, yet if you were expos'd at this time to much danger, which I have cause to feare, I should have you here, and blow the insurrection, and I should not know what to do.

Most deare Ladie, said *Alphonsus*, to comfort my selfe to your last request, would make me disobedient to your first command. Shall I begin with the posture from you, alas, at what time should I more employ my minde in a speech in disfigure of my fault, than now? But if your eyes begin to be angry with them, I will no longer insist on mine owne accusation.

Know therefore, most constant Ladie, that accompanied onely with my Page, when I had past the limits of your dominion, at that time of day when the high mounned Sunne makes least shadowes, wearied with travell, and desirous of some shelter from the Sunnes violent rayes, I laid my selfe vnder the protection of an Olive tree, thinking to set my murinous thoughts at peace, but it would not be these outward signes could nor appease the fure of an inward enemy. Thus thus, dearly purchasing the hie ease of my bodie with the affliction of my minde, with mine eares like faithfull servants, desirous to end this dissention between their master and himselfe, caus'd all the powers of my minde to ioyne in attention to mine eies, loth to be out-gone in such good offices, did look that way from whence the noise came; where I might discern sixe men armd, on horsebacke, carry a faire Ladie with them, whose reares and out-cries well shew'd her disposicion to that journey. This sight mov'd compassion in me, and pitie brought her distress to help her distresse: but my horse (deceiving belike my legions, and unwilling to lose his food) could by no meanes be taken, so that made with might, I began to repaire over all the misfortunes that ever had befallne mee; to let this know I would not fellowes, when there came posting that way, one whom they had lately known to have beene of the compaignie gone before. Of him I intreated to know what fault could be so heinous, that might take away the name of knighthood from so valiant a violence as they offered to so beauteous a Ladie: but hee with a sorrowfull smile smild, and would be gone, and so perhaps hee might, had not the narrowness of the way, and his courteous horse, that would not tread vpon me, compell'd him to stay. Whereat his anger burst forth into these threats: Villaine, thy want of armour shall not excuse thee from a death wilfully drawne vpon thee; and though there be no glorie, there will be satisfaction in thy overthrow. Then drawing his horse a little backe, he lighted, and without further complement runne towards me: but his fury brought him too hastily to his death, for thinking belike his threatening mouth was able to defend itselfe, he forgot to parry my sword, and by good fortune was laid in his way, and so justly his death ended at his mouth, whose life I thinke was in his tongue. At his fall *Fidalgus* came in, who helping to sit on the armour, of which we had dispossesse this vnsentient knight, I mounted on his horse, that seem'd to have regarded my haste more than mine owne. Riding on the spur, I overooke my company, for so they would needs make themselves, saluing me by the name of my friend *Alphonsus*. But their better obseruance soon put them out of that opinion: so as guessing indeed rightly, that I had kill'd *Alphonsus*, and by that meanes got his armour, without desire to bee further than by their owne coniecture satisfied, they ioynd all hands in his revenge. But the Ladies



cause was just whose rescue I came to, & the all seeing Providence (that would not see indigne overlaid) fought for me. And now shee & her men had either receiv'd their well-deserv'd payment of death, or were kept by their wounds from further opposition, when shee first who all this time had held the Ladies and lookt on, seeing my hand whose weakness had left forth pretenses of the effects of a good cause, now it against him alone, took him prisoner by the haire, and with his sword gave her a deep wound in the necke. That inhumane act would have given desire to the most barbarous, and power of revenge to the most cowardly: but hee (as if he meant to save me a labour) making haste that their wounding blood should meete, with the same sword cut himselfe thorow, dying as just a Judge as hee was a traitorous offender. Amazement would have fixt mine eyes vpon him, but the Ladies wound brought them to her succour. Experience on my selfe made me skillfull, and my faire patient officious: so that tying vp the wound, for sometime I stancht the blood. Shee in meane time, with her wavy eyes bent to heaven-ward, heartily praying for my good fortune, and many times thanking her destiny that (with her death) had ended the miseries of her ever-dying life. When I had done comforting her (as I thought) with my opinion of her safetie, I pretreated to know her name, and the cause of this iniury done to her. No, no, replied shee, Courteous stranger, the comfort of my near-coming death (in spite of the torment the memorie of my most wretched life puts me too) brings this chearfulness I now present in my looks: and though the least delay of my end is accompanied with a world of sorrowes, yet I am glad, for satisfaction of your demand, my breath is a while preserv'd.

My name is *Leaneade*, the onely daughter to Count *Bravie*, a man of large possessions in this Countrie; whom (you may well think, because in expectation of his lands) many sued for, and those not of the meanest estate: but my carelesnesse of love had taught me such a carriage, that further than of the favour of my courtiers (of which they did all indifferently partake) none could boast. And this, till about a year since, was my daily practice, disdainning (as most that have not knowne it, doe) so ridiculous a passion as I then esteem'd love. At which time this *Fluente*, whose happy hand hath done vs both right, came to my fathers Count a neighbour Prince, with whom (for inroaching vpon the bounds of his territory) my father hath had much dissention. But a reconciliation being made betwene them, and both alike thinking the best meanes to persevere in amitie, were to have vs two ioyn'd in marriage, without my knowledge (as if it were fit I should bee a stranger to their proceedings) determine of the match. But alas sir, at this time I was so far from being at their dispose, that I was not at my owne: for love (I thinke keeping mischief vntill it were ripe for mee) had presented a Gentleman to mine eyes, by birth noble; whose Ancestors, all to his father (being men of knowne vertue in the countrie) were admitted to the prime offices of the Kingdome: but hee, taking a pride to be vnthristie, and little esteeming these publike employments, lauish't exceedingly both his fame and patrimony, yet it seem'd hee only made away his estate to purchase goodnesse for his childe: such a sonne hee was father too, so rare, so excellent. His name was *Persidas*, and at that word the seares gusht forth in such abundance, that it seem'd her blood had chang'd his course and colour, to run forth at the sluices of her eyes: Alas sir, what shall I say of him, or who from *Leaneade* will beleue the desert of *Persidas*? But alas, if they deserve no credite that love him, in this countrie you must heare nothing of him; the knowledge of his person, and the love of his vertues, being things vnseparable. In him begun this tragedie, in mee it ends: for when my father and *Fluente* had drawn their agreements to a head, then,

and

and not before, hee thought it time (hee said) to let me know my happinesse. And thus, finding me alone, he breaks the matter to me: Deare childe, I haue euer since the death of your vertuous mother (though much importuned by many) refer'd you to these yeares vnmarried, because your content should bee of counsaile with me in your choise: and happy was this delay for the honour of our house; for behold *Fluente* makes his fortunes seruiceable to your will: Prince *Fluente*, daughter, whose powerfull greatnesse the neighbour Potentates stand in awe of, him I haue wonne for you, and so forward we be, that this day forth he is to call you to wife. Father, said I, that your wisdom hath deferr'd my marriage hitherto to giue me the comfort of election, my obedience (my onely requirall) shall bee the same it euer was to you: and yet I wonder, that having attain'd to these yeares, when my iudgement in my choise may be receiued, you will exclude me from the end for which I was so long reserued. Iust like a Physitian that tells his patient hee hath brought a potion to cure him, yet saies he must by no meanes take it: I must be married to Prince *Fluente*, & yet your meaning is, I should haue libertie to choose, as if this enforcement destroyed not my freedom of election. That hee is a man beyond all respects (as you praise him) fit for your estate, I may well grant you: but that he is unfit for your daughter, I am priuilegd'd to say. At this his severe look, before he spoke, began to lay before me my obedience: and when hee had walkt two or three turnes in the roome, Daughter, daughter, said he, I neuer thought you were so wilfull. Where I pray you is there a match fit for your birth, if not *Fluente*? Beware, beware you doe not giue your posterity iust cause to curse you, that denied them so great, so good a father. I answered, that I thought it were too tender a respect of children, whom perhaps I might not haue, or should not enjoy, to chuse for them, and not a husband for my selfe, and too senselesse a feeling of the honour of my house, to wrong my selfe to doe my birth right. Then kneeling on my knees, Sir, said I, sollicite me no more, I haue not power to grant. He hastily, when it was scarce deliuered, snatcht this word: And why not power to grant, said hee? Because *Perfidus* is the anchor-hold of my life and loue. *Perfidus*, cried out my father! now all misfortune fall thicke vpon me: shall my meanes helpe to make vp a Bankrout in his estate? Accursed be my Fate, that gaue me life to heare it. *Perfidus*, why sure it cannot be. Sir, said I, if my loue were not far past, my desperate presumption would nor bring a truth, much lesse an vntruth to moue your anger. And if those after-hopes haue not clean compell'd you to forget you are my father, haue pitie on me, if so, I craue the tryall of the law. This last request (after conference with *Fluente*) finding my obstinacie, hee condescended to. But because I perceiue sir, you are a stranger here, and that the knowledge of this law doth much concern the storie of my present mishap, I will make it knowne to you.

This Kingdome of *Argos*, wherein you are, was gouern'd not long since by *Phenissa*, a woman worthy to haue come to that place by election; if nature had not bestow'd it vpon her by descent from her famous ancestors. This Queene (that you may see wee want not the president of greatnesse to excuse affection) in her fathers lifetime, though by him she was promised to *Dioxippus*, the tyrant of *Syracusa*: was enamoured of one *Eumenes* Gouernour (for the *Lacedemonians*) of the Island and citie of *Delfos*. And when it well might bee thought the kings death and her succession had taken away the restraint of her will, yet shee growing lesse willing when she was most powerfull, like a horse that finding the raine hang loose vpon him, begins to stay his fury: so shee, though by this change shee had not receiue'd anie slacknesse into her affection, began to tender the case of her country that lay open



to the insultion of her proud enemy *Deirippus*, if so she would haue made him. Preferring therefore now this common respect, before her priuate satisfaction, as shee had done her obedience in her fathers life time before her loue, she buries her selfe in the grave of *Deirippus* loathsome bed.

When the vncexpected newes of *Pheniffes* marriage came to the eares of her faithfull loue *Eumenes*, his passion (as *Agamemnon* at the death of *Iphigenia*) can best be exprest in silence: all the wilde furies that distracted griefe could gather, being summoned to the siege of his soone ouerthrowne heart: hastily thereupon to the Temple his mad passion beares him; where casting himselfe at the feet of *Adollo*, Vniust god (said he) haue I for this giuen vpon thy vngratefullnesse, the offerings of my daily prayers: but if I wrong thy name, shew thy iustice in reuenging my death: whereat, transported with violence of sorrow, running his head against the Altar, his bloody braines flew forth of their battered lodging. Soone after, the contagion of a most pestilent ayre brought such a plague among the *Argians*, that many daily felt the furie of the gods reuenging indignation: amongst whom, the King and Quene (reserved belike, the more to bee punished in their subiects calamity) after the desolation of their wel-peopled country, both in one day, by the same infection, ended their liues and gouernement; wherewith this mortality ceased, as hitting now at length the marke it aim'd at.

The few remnant of the Nobility sent to *Delphos* to know what fault of theirs had brought these miseries vpon their country; where being inform'd of what was past, *Adollo* aduis'd them to prouide that no such mischiefe should after happen. They well weighing whence it arose, being fully satisfied by the Oracle, enact this law: That neither private nor publicke respect shall detaine a virgin from reuealing her loue: and if her friends or parents thinkes another than she hath chosen, more fit for her, the combate between them two shall determine the gods pleasure. How vnwilling I was to hazzard my *Perfidus* in this triall, loue that bleeds in the thought of a danger, can best assure you: but his earnestnesse that it might be so, and the hard constraint that it could not be otherwise, wonne me to it.

The day therefore being appointed, *Fluents* (vpon whom Fame, the flatterer of greatnesse, had pin'd the opinion of valour) entred the Lifts, mounted on a bay Courser, whose armour all ouer represented a greene Plaine, through which ranne little riuulets of blood that sprung from the wounds of many Centaures, dispeare'd ouer all the field. In his shield hee bore the counterfeit of *Hercules* and *Deianira*, with this word; *Indeerd by Conquest*. From him my *Perfidus* drew the eies and hearts of all the company: his horse was a fiery sorrell: his armour like the azure skie, curiously spotted with many starres, (whose glimpse the well set Diamonds, by reflection of the Sun, represented) shewed as if night had flowne thither to end in that assembly, some controuersie betweene her and her brother. In his shield hee caus'd *Andromeda* and *Perseus* to be ingrauen, with this word, *Neuer too dearly bought*. But I must hasten to the event, said she; for long I finde you may not enioy your Historian: Know therefore that my *Perfidus*, contenting himselfe only with the victory, when he might haue taken (woe is me that he was so mercifull) *Fluents*'s life, was accepted by my father for his sonne in law; good fortune, as I then thought, changing my husband, and not my day of marriage. In meane time *Fluents*, repining at this disgrace, and desirous euen vpon the basest tearmes to bee reuenged, plotted a treacherie vnheard of against him. This morning, hauing before heard wee were to hunt in this Forrest, *Fluents* (with that company your valour hath brought to their deserved ends) lay in wait for vs: and when my selfe and my *Per-*

*fidus* (Count *Brunio* my father and the rest hauing followed the chase) were left alone, behold these bloody villaines, comming vnawares vpon him, with manie wounds sent his soule to that place; whither mine (hoping to finde a more lasting vnion in that life, than our loues hath found in this) doth also hasten: and with this word, her dull languishing eyes began to roll as if they stroue to referne morion in spire of death; yet raising her selfe a little, her loue found breath to say this, Let me be buried by my *Perfidus*: and so grasping my hand, as it were to put mee in minde of her last words, alas she dies.

But many teares I could not haue bestowed as obsequies vpon her, when some of her fathers traine, who by chance crossing that way where *Perfidus* lay dead, guided by *Fidatio* (who, with their helpes had now taken my horse) came to this place; to whom when I had related all what I learn'd from *Leucade* of *Perfidus* his death, together with her last will, wee all ioynd hands in carrying her to the next village: whither also certaine of their fellowes (whom they had left behinde to that end) conueyed the body of *Perfidus*; from whence soone after, Count *Brunio* (hauing begg'd of griefe a little respite of life to fulfill his daughters testament) brought them both, with all funeral pomp, to his chiefe city *Coniga*, where he caus'd a stately Tombe to be built for them, on which this Epitaph was ingrauen:

*Loue, Beauty, Valour, when their death drew nye  
Consulted long, where they should buried lye:  
At length with one consent they hastned hither,  
And chose this place to be intomb'd together.*

Leauing the wofull kingdom of *Argos*, no better accompanied than with *Fidatio*, yet better guarded by *Satibarisis* armor; my sorrow I think that bore infection with it, made all places where I came fit stages for tragedies: for descending vnto a green vallie, where of each side the rocky mountains threatned the humble earth with the frowns of their down-cast browes, I might see a yong man leaning with both hands on his sword, breathing as ouer-toild with labour, & round about him foure or fife cast prostrate at his feete, who were dead, or thought their counterfeiting so to be would proue their best defence against this yong mans fury. But the clashing of my armour had no sooner made knowne my approach, than he came running towards me, vttering words wherby I might gather his quarrell to me brought the excuse of mistake with it. Not to draw on therfore his misconceiued opinion, that his breathlesse companions did witnesse would be dangerous for mee. Sir, replied I, I am so far from maintaining their cause, whose reuenge vpon a lone man, being so manie; mine owne eies do perswade me was iniurious, that had I come at the beginning of your fight (though this euent shewes I should but haue rob'd you of part of the honour of this action) I would haue ioynd my selfe to you.

Alas sir, said he, to oppose your selfe against me, (though it were the more vniust) would be the most secure way: for what you see, is but a fore-runner of a certain destruction soon at hand. Leauie me therefore, courteous sir, & seeke for safety; death to me is so gratefull, that I enuie you should be a partner in so great a gaince. But it were a fault vnardonable to haue abandoned the most accomplisht man, that ever mine eies, before that time, beheld: my resolution therefore, though hard against his will, must haue preuail'd with him; so that intreating to know the cause of his former fight, and further doubt, I found his courtesie as forward in the relation of his owne danger, as it was obstinate in the care of my safety.



Sir, said hee, seeing my story will bee but a heape of misfortunes, I shall doe well to lay the foundation my selfe, than whom the Sunne lookes not vpon a more miserable creature: My name is *Caristio*, Nephew (by his brother *Cassio*) to the king of *Natolia*, brought vp in my youth in the good opinion of my Vncle, and the great expectation of many; Fortune then belike proroguing my miseries vntill a more serious age should make mee more sensible of them: which time had no sooner brought on, but that my ill fate, to traine mee vp for the burden of them, chiefe that was prepar'd for mee, began by little and little to make mee acquainted with the course I was to runne; first taking away my father, whose vertuous age deserued (if that may bee thought a recompence for desert) a longer time in this life: when hee was dead, and that the slipperie steppes of my rash youth wanted the stay of his fatherly aduice, presently (not knowing what one mans hands I should put the raynes of my then vnbridled youth into, and yet well seeing I might not trust my selfe with mine owne gouernment) I chose many friends, and being by nature giuen to hate pride, to eschue a vice so loathsome (thinking it might not bee done otherwise) I beganne to affect popularitie. But I had scarce liu'd thus a twelue-month, when my Cousin the kings sonne, a young man, who (besides the hope of succession, for which the Courtiers did adore him) had nothing more than ordinary in him, grew suspicious of my practices, as he tearm'd them: to which humour (besides the mistrust of his owne little desert) his Sycophants, the bellowes of this fire, did daily adde further causes to encrease his ieaousie. But seeing the discouerie of his suspicion would little please the king, who euer since the death of my father had doubled his care vpon mee, hee was compell'd to dissemble a good liking towards mee. In meane time a Truce, made for some few yeares with the Duke of *Amasia*, being expir'd, the warre grew hote on both sides: at length, after the tryall of manie changes in fortune, necessitie mediating a peace betweene them, my selfe being giuen as hostage for performance of certaine conditions of my Vncles part, a perpetuall league was concluded on: 'twas now, and not before, mischief began to vnmaske her selfe, and take a pride to grow terrible. There was at Court during my abode there, attending vpon the Dutchesse, a Ladie by name *Alcida*, whose many excellencies wonne as manie hearts as she had beholders, nature making her beautie and shape but the most faire Cabinet of a farre fairer minde. To her mine eyes at first sight gaue vp my heart, with so vnfortunate an encounter in affection, that this surrender was but a mutuall exchange; shee hauing in a mercifull gratefulnesse, fixt her loue on mine. But her parentage, though not base, was so meane in respect of my birth, that thence whole armies of afflictions did inuade my minde, equally distracted betweene my desire to enioy this my best of happinesse, and feare of my Vncles displeasure, on whom this match (for his care and loue of mee) I was sure would draw on an vntimely death. But before I could determine a doubt of so great consequence, the conditions of the league being faithfully performed, I was safely at a day prefixt, sent backe to *Natolia*, desirous (euen in my soule desirous, I am sure) rather by their breach of couenant to haue hazzarded my life, than thus cruelly to bee taken away from her presence, who (farre beyond my life) was most deare to me. Soone after my returne, the king (as if the gods had stay'd him to see the quiet of his State, now that was brought to passe, worne with age, and much broken with trauaile & care in his last wars) left his kingdome to his degenerate son & successor, who had no sooner seized vpon the gouernment, but meaning to begin his reigne with an admirable act of policie, now his power was vnrestrain'd, limits

me to the absence from my Countrey, declaring my bloud for euer vncapable of succession: and not content with this, to such a height his vnderferued malice to me was raised, that he dealt with some bad ministers of his wickednesse, secretly to make me away. To preuent therefore what was plotted against mee (disguising my selfe) I hastily fled away, and making vse of necessity to further my affection, I put my self into the seruice of a Nobleman here in the Court of *Amasia*, easily remaining vndiscovered, among them who would sooner fall out with their eies, than beleue that the greatnesse wherein they lately had seene mee, could admit so great a change. By meane whereof, I enioyed the presence of my *Alcida*, whose constancie neither time nor absence (the mothes of affection) nor what is more, this my change in fortune, could alter.

Thus while I liu'd in this happinesse of seruitude, *Mermidon* (brother to the Duke) hauing commanded with fortunate successe against the *Daxians*, returned to Court; where seeing this Lady, he became enamoured of her, to no other end than to satisfie his lust: and thinking at first (because he was in good esteeme with himselfe) she would haue strain'd her modesty to sue for the acceptance of a present so gratefull to him; a while he was silent; but when he perceiued the vanity of his fruitlesse expectation; and found that this delay encreas'd the fury of his passion; dispensing with the Maiesty he had taken on, hee beganne to make knowne his loue to her (for such a title did he giue to so base a desire) forgetting not withall to tell her, that to excuse her modestie, hee had first spoken her wishes. But the vertuous *Alcida* loathing as much the thought of such a sinne, as she loued the memory of me, (together with a resolute deniall) let him know how base his minde was that made so iniurious a request. Whereat *Mermidon*, because this answer came vnexpected, was so much the more amazed. But bringing arguments from his late practice in the war, he began to thinke his honour would be the greater, if after long resistance, he did surpris a well defended Fort: and therefore daily both by rich gifts, the base enamell of affection, and many promises (which to winne the more vpon her, were sent by one of her owne sexe, who, if example might moue her, could tell of such a president in her selfe) did hee seeke to vndermine her resolution. Meane time my constant *Alcida* seeing the intemperance of *Mermidons* lust to bring the threatnes of force with it, not daring to speake with mee, because our conference began to bee suspected, sent me a letter to hasten her carrying away, appointing this the fall place of our meeting.

I much reioyc'd to be so neare my happinesse, the rather, that since our last conference I receiued intelligence, that my young Cousin of *Natolia* being made away by one whom hee had rais'd to an vnderferued height in his fauour; the Countrey was in great distresse by the factious ambition of the Nobility, and that the best affected to the State, much desired my presence. But these meanes, how well soeuer as I thought, conducing to my happinesse, by the vnmmercifulnesse of my hard destinie were preuented, as one of those, whom 'twas my fortune to kill, at his death reuealed: for *Mermidon* hauing intercepted the messenger, made vvith rage to finde his hopes crost by so meane a man, as he tooke mee to bee; hauing againe seal'd vp the letter, hee caus'd it to bee deliuered, and determining to bee reueng'd, sent these men to apprehend mee, himselfe intending to follow presently, leading with him my dearest *Alcida*, vvhom in my presence (to adde a glorie to the execrablenesse of the offence) hee meanes to rauish. And now Sir, you haue heard (said hee) all what my selfe knowes of my birth and fortune; euer till this time



(when I am vvell assur'd my end is neare at hand) kept secret. He scarce had clos'd vp this lamentable story with a hearty sigh, the compendious abridgement of his sufferings, when we might discerne *Mermidon* with twenty more (so distrustful is treachery, though there be no cause to fear) make towards vs: but that sight, together with the thought of *Alcida's* distresse, was a signall sufficient for *Cariclio* to begin his vnequal encounter; so as like a shee Tygre, who at her return to her caue finds her little ones to be stolne, with a wilde furie, breathing nothing but destruction, he runs amongst them, making way for my willingnesse to second his attempt. A while the iustnesse of the cause and *Cariclio's* valour (to which the glorie is only due) with the death of many, did hold the victory in an equal balance: at length the multitude of our assailants made iniury the stronger, bringing to a death much to be pitied so incomparable a man at Arms as was *Cariclio*; yet not before he had (in the sight of *Alcida*) sent *Mermidon* to be his harbinger at *Carons* Ferrie. And when by his death, the only stay & support of the fight was remoued, if sometimes my desire of reuenge made good the ground *Cariclio* had bequeath'd me, alas how could I long resist without him? Know therefore, excellent Lady, that here I was made prisoner, & together with *Alcida*, carried back to Court, though (I call *Cariclio's* ghost to witnes) I sought all means to ioyne my selfe, euen in death, a companion to his vertues. The solemnity intended for our execution, & the preparation of new formes of torment, for vs that had bin parties in the murder of the Dukes brother, won some lingring daies of life to the inward torture of our expectation: in meane time the euerlasting prouidence (that by changing the intentions and doomes of men, will let them know, there is a power beyond theirs) sent an vnexpected meane to helpe our distresse.

*Plangus* the famous Prince of *Iberia*, at this time making haste with a few such as vertue had ioynd partners in his cause, and taking into his Army such of *Enarchus* souldiers as in a tempest at Sea were driuen to *Byzantium*, to the succour of *Eryna*, (whose story you cannot be ignorant of) & being to pass thorow *Amasia*, sent to the Duke to demand a through-fare for his souldiers. But he who of long time had obserued an vniolable league with the *Armenians*, knowing the pretence of this war, & despising the weaknesse of those few *Plangus* led with him, not onely denied his request, but gathering a great power of souldiers (whom since his last warres he had kept in garrison in his frontier towns) meant, with the overthrow of her vngrateful nephew, to gratifie *Artaxia* and her ill chosen husband *Plexertus*. But the excellent *Plangus* (than whom this age shewes not, for conduct in warre a better Generall) with the well ordering those few resolute Troupes, & skilfull industry in choise of aduantages, in two set battels put him to the worst: After which the Duke, not able to re-inforce his weakened power, put himselfe (with the relicks of his late overthrow) into his chiefe Citie, wherein we were prisoners; to which *Plangus*, finding no open resistance, with wondrous celeritie followed him. And though the Towne by Nature and Art for site and fortification vvere thought impregnable, yet being defended but by such vvhoe by their owne losse held a too superstitious opinion of the enemies, it vvas soone forc't by *Plangus* his victorious Troupes, vvhoe beleueed the successe of nothing impossible; to which their euer-fortunate Captaine would leade them. With the sacke of this Citie (wherein hee took the Duke, with his sonne, prisoners) *Plangus* hauing enrich't his souldiers with the bootie, and his owne fame by the speedinesse of the Conquest, not able to assure the Countrey to his deuotion, otherwise than by dismemb'ring his Armie, and delaying his chiefe ends; mou'd with a necessary clemency, hauing

hauing first receiued fixe moneths pay for his souldiers, & the Dukes son as hostage, to barre his desire of reuenge, (making *Alcida* and my selfe to secure our freedoms, companions in his trauaile) he leaues the *Amasians* to their former gouernment.

Many daies iournie we had not bin in our way to *Armenia*, when the good *Alcida*, by the inward working of her thoughts, began to find the burden of her grieffe too heauie for her; which when the dulness of her euer-warry eies, & the paleness of her cheeks had bewray'd to vs, we carried her to a Monastery near adioyning dedicated to *Diana*, and much fam'd for the stricnesse of the Virgins orders that be attendants on the goddesse her ceremonies: where hauing recommended her to the gouernesse of the house, alas I left her, bound euen by the greatest tye of gratefulnesse to follow him whom I ought my life to.

These former accidents, most dear Lady, together with the excellent *Plangus* his company, in whom sorrow was drawne to the life, made mee reflect vpon my vngrateful self, & consider how cruel I had bin to you, whose desert pass'd my best endeavors of requital: so that (far ingag'd to the memory of your vertues) thenceforth the thought of my most dear *Hellen*, won my heart to a most passionate affectiō. The Queen at this interrupted his speech, with this answer: My *Amphialus*, they who follow examples in their actions, are to match rightly what they are to do, & what they see done. *Leucade*, *Alcida*, & *Erona* might iustly claim the reward of loue, but *Hellen* (whose desert was far short) could expect but disdain. Disdain, said *Amphialus*! you reuue a punishment: your mercy did once forgiue. And here, with teares in his eies, he would haue kneel'd to begge a further pardon: but *Hellen*, killing away the burthen his eies went with, made as much haste to preuent his suit with the like of her owne; so that a friendly composition being made (as it well might bee where both were parties, & both Iudges in one cause) the Queen got the continuance of the story (which *Amphialus* would put off to another time) to boot. And then, willing to discharge himselfe of the debt he ought for so good a bargaine, he thus began.

Madam, though my memory be a continued record of much sorrow, yet among the many stories grieffe hath engrauen in mee, there is none compar'd with the disaster of *Plangus* and *Erona*, that deserues compassion: Know therfore, my only happiness, that *Plangus* hauing receiued aduertisement how the Nobleman, vnto whose faithfull custody *Erona* (vpon the accord between him and *Artaxia*) was deliuered, being hardly besieg'd by *Plexertus*, and brought to an extremity by famine, had yeelded to a composition, that if within fiue daies he were not succour'd hee must deliuer the Castle. *Plangus* therefore ouer-running the fame of his comming with his presence, the fift night was neare *Plexertus* Campe, where (by one of the enemies, whom his Scouts had taken) he was inform'd that late that euening, the keyes of the City and Fort were giuen vp to *Plexertus*; but that he deferr'd his entry till morning, leauing the next gate to the Campe open, that all night his officers might prepare a magnificent triumph for him: as for *Erona*, he would determine nothing of her, vntill he had receiued the honour due to his victory. At these newes *Plangus*, causing the reporter to bee safely kept, and giuing to his wearied souldiers some time to refresh themselves, after the toile endur'd in their last dayes trauell, an houre before day (rightly imagining the ayre vvas then apt to disperse a dull sleepeinesse among *Plexertus* carelesse souldiers) he calls his Troupes together: and setting before them the easinesse of the victory, the riches of the Campe, and the necessitie of the time; hee did incourage them with the repetition of their former Conquest in *Amasia*, the iustnesse of their cause, and the fame of their enterprise: and then presently disposing of



them for his most aduantage, he sets vpon his enemy, who dream'd of nothing but security. But what should I fright you, most deare Lady, with the particulars of this fight? It will suffice you know, that *Plangus* (doing things in his owne person, past the power of expression) made a bloody slaughter among them. Some few there were that escaped, among whom *Plexertus* (fortune being alway indulgent to mischiefe) found, in the speed of his horse, a dishonourable safeguard for his wretched life. This tumult being soone perceiu'd by the citizens (whom sorrow made watchfull, and the well-knowne treacheries of *Plexertus*, suspicious) they as soone imagined this was a practice of his, contrary to his faith giuen, to sacke the towne. This once conceited, it seemed by the hideous cries and confused lamentations, that, as sorrow had put on the vizzard of night to make griefe vgly; so black night had borrowed the mouth of sorrow to implore compassion. The people leauing their walls and houses, ran to their Temples & Altars, offering vp (as they thought) their last deuotions to their gods. Nor did this mistake bring forth the effect of mistrust only in the Citie: the Campe had likewise this feare added to their present misfortune: for *Plexertus* souldiers (like Satyrs, frightened with the sound of the horne themselues blow) thinking the Vantguard of the enemy had entred the towne, and caus'd this confusion; durst not venture to make themselues masters of it. But betweene both, vnable to determine of a meane of safety, stood fixt in a stupid irresolution.

Meane time *Aurora*, weary of aged *Titans* bed, began to warne *Phoebe* of her brothers approach, when *Erona* who had set downe in her settled iudgement, a death worthy the greatnesse of her birth, now first giuing eare to the cries of the citizens, and misdoubting the same false measure they expected: and not long after, hearing a man arm'd comming vp the staires to her lodging, she tooke a poysoned cup (long before for that end prepar'd) and making haste lest shee should be made a present to the proud Conqueror the wicked *Plexertus*, shee dranke more than halfe when her eyes met with the eyes of *Plangus*, who (infortunate Gentleman) desirous to be the messenger to *Erona* of *Erona's* freedome, had made this haste. The sight of *Plangus* stay'd her full draught a while; but vnable to satisfie her selfe how he might come thither, she began to imagine that it was the force of the poyson which dimm'd her eyes, and plac'd the character of *Plangus* (euer present to her minde) vpon each object. With this thought she was ready to begin againe, when *Plangus*, falling at her feet, let her know the euent of so many dangers vndergone for her: Whereat *Erona* being much astonished, lifting him vp from the ground, thus said; Prince *Plangus*, you come in a fit time to receiue a hearty welcome, and as hearty a farewell. What I meane by this leaue-taking, alas you will too soone know: now suffer mee, only at such a time, when the end will assure you I did not flatter, speake a few words. I would haue you belecue, yet I am sorry, for your sake, I haue practis'd such a meane to worke a beleefe in you: True it is, most excellent *Plangus* (nor let that truth accuse me of inconstancie) that since the death of *Antiphilus*, whose memorie euen at this time is deare to mee, though at first the excesse of sorrow had clos'd vp my minde from the thought of a second choise; yet enforc't by your desert, and to reward mine owne loue in rewarding your desires, I was resolu'd to satisfie you, and make my selfe happy: but my enuious Fate, finding the times fit to cause me to despaire, hath made your selfe the instrument to barre our hopes for euer. Deare *Erona*, replied the Prince, what may there now bee that the most partiall iudgement can equall to the excesse of content *Plangus* enioyes in the welfare of his free and louing *Erona*? For this I haue pay'd the mercifull heauens the tribute of my  
vowes

vowes and teares: to this harbour, through the Sea of griefe, (having imbarqu'd my carefull loue in the ship of my desire) I haue alway bent my course; and shall I now, when my wishes be at anchor in so secure a haven, fear fortune? No, no, most deare Lady; you are the life and being of what I only esteeme happy. Alas *Plangus*, said the sweet *Erona*, the testimonies of your loue haue been so many, that I feare (and only feare) they who haue heard your vnderferued affection, & are not present at this my dying protestation, will for euer record (together with my want of iudgment) my iniury to your vertues. Your dying protestation, said *Plangus*, affright not my soule with such heauie news. Long may you liue: the Fates must be indulgent to your youth & beauty. And perhaps, said she, so they might, had not my self hastened *Clotbo* to cut in two the halfe-spun threed of my life. And then shee let him know how (to preuent the tortures and disgraces *Artaxia's* indignation had prepar'd for her, seeing the City brought to that desperate state in which he found it, and thinking himself to haue bin an officer sent by *Plexurus* to bring her before him) she had poysoned her selfe. *Plangus* at these last words (with a fixt look vpon *Erona*, as if his eies would for euer dwell there) indenting his hands & suffering them to fall down, or rather not able to stay them, sinks to the ground; & was a while happy in this excessse of sorrow, that made him senselesse of all sorrow. *Erona* would haue forc't her self to help him, but this sight (ioyn'd with the inward working of the poyson) constrain'd her to beare him company in his happy forgetfulness of his misfortunes. But when, by the help of her women, her senses were restor'd, & that my endeouours wrought the same effect on *Plangus*: as if this had bin but griefes dumbe show, Alas excellent Prince, said shee, what vnexpected effects hath the speech of my death brought forth! & yet though I were silent, I beleue the deadly signes in mine eies, this trembling in my full-swolne veines, & the often set and rise of the bloud in my cheeks, would expresse it. But my *Plangus*, should you, whom the world is proud of, take it so to heart? *Erona* loues you: why so may a more deseruing Lady; yet *Plangus* remember me, and it will be the best part of my soules life to liue in your memory. Then taking his hand, & placing it on her heart, that now proudly began to beat the loud alarum of death; Feele here, said she, the battery is begun, and this Fort is abandoned of all the powers of life: only my desire to be with you, desperately a while keeps the breach. But O my *Plangus*: & at that word death clos'd vp (in eternall silence) her tongue that yet still mou'd, as loth to leaue her speech imperfect.

It was a desperate griefe, & wilde passion, that seiz'd vpon the heart of the poore *Plangus*. Accursed earth, did hee say, how darest thou support the burthen of these many mischiefes, cast by the spitefull heauens into this sink of misery? 'Twas I, *Erona*, brought an vntimely set to thy sun shine of goodnesse: & do the heauens mean I should breathe, that haue so much wronged them? What doe they doe? will they heare me speak that kil'd *Erona*? But they would haue me liue, to torture me with the memory of my guilt. No, no; I will preuent their proiect: that were a punishment fit for an ill-meant offence, not an infortunate. And with these words, drawing his sword, & lifting vp his Bases, he would haue run himselfe through the belly: but I stay'd his hand from so vnmanly (as I then alleag'd it) a violence, forcing (with the remembrance of our friendship, & my much-preuailing teares) the sword, but not his resolution, from him. Then did I beginne to alleage all that I thought in reason might remoue him from his purpose: for well I might see in the vnappal'd staydnesse of his countenance, the greatnesse of some determination. To all my objections, for a time his eies gaue a more heedfull attention, than did his eares. But when I came to call his valour in question, whose vnspotted memory hitherto, I said, this

last



last inconsiderate act would accuse of a little firme constancie, in bearing the changes of Fortune; Alas, said he, & will you my friend be cruell to me? Is it certain *Amphialus*, that it well becomes that courage you would haue in your friend, to beare an equall temper both in the frownes and smiles of Fortune? and is it not as certain, that when the malice of heauen hath ioyn'd with Fortune in producing a monstrous effect, there cannot be left in man so infinite a power of suffering, which he dare oppose to such vnlimited workes? No, I will not gyant-like bandy against the gods: such is their will; I must die. Then leading me softly ouer to *Erona*, as if he would perswade mee the violence of passion had not bin his guide to this resolution; See *Amphialus*, said he, this is she whom you would haue me to liue after: what can mine eies, now she is gone, desire to look on? *Erona*, a woman, could die for *Plangus*; and would you haue me wrong mankind with a greater fear of death, or my loue with a lesse desire to die? This said (but with a countenance that promis'd no suddennesse in the execution, especially to me who was Master of his sword, his onely offensive weapon) behold with a down-cast look (which sorrow excus'd, though deceit had then, I am sure, put it on for further mischiefe) and such a pace as vsed slownesse to the same end, he approach't the window; where the remaine of *Erona's* intercepted draught, appointed by the destinies to be fatal to them both, stood in a gilt cup: this he hastily takes, and as hastily drinks off. I, all confus'd, pale, and trembling (as if the poyson had wrought its effect in me) made, alas, too slow speede to him. But *Plangus*, (now first presenting an vnfaired chearfulnesse in his lookes, as if this draught had giuen him life) kneeling near *Erona*; Diuine soule, said he, if confidence in thy *Plangus* constancie makes thee houer near this sacred mansion of thine, to see the end of his sufferings, O stay a while & beare me with thee: thy presence, when I appear before *Radamanth*, will be a countenance to my cause. Then turning himself to me; *Amphialus*, Reuenge (*Amphialus*) *Erona's* death vpon the wicked *Plexertus*: his blood will be the best sacrifice to my ghost. Leade the Army to *Byzantium*, and restore the *Amasian* hostage. Then putting his trembling lips to the pale lips of *Erona*, he coldly kiss'd away his life.

What my sorrow was to be a looker on these tragedies, these tears, even at the remembrance of that time, may testifie: yet leauing the bodies to be imbalmed (with the Nobleman, who in her life time had beene faithfull to *Erona*) dissembling the death of *Plangus*, lest it should work an innouation among the souldiers; with some choise Troupes of light horsemen I followed *Plexertus*, who posting to Court, had receiued aduertisement from thence, how *Arguto* (the admirable engine by whom he wrought much mischiefe) being lately falne from the faith vowed to his practices, had reueal'd to *Artaxia* the purpose his Master had to dispatch her out of his way, since now he had a sonne by her to whom he might be guardian: esteeming it more content to be great alone, than to share the royalties of her owne kingdome with *Artaxia*. These newes made his flight as dangerous as would be his stay: but when he vnderstood (for the heauens had made this the rendezuow where his misfortunes should meete) that the Princes of *Thassaly* and *Macedon* (of whom his treacheries were to expect their iust reward) did liue, and should be happy in the addition of *Arcadia* to their greatnesse: that *Leonatus* had seiz'd vpon his seigniories in *Trebisond* for his treason to *Pyracles* and *Musidorus*, of which not long before he had gloriously boasted: that there was no new forme of dissimulation left, to which in this extremity hee might haue recourse; O then the vglinesse of his guilty conscience, that vntill this time had made peace with his wickednesse, presented before him the progresse of his ill-spent daies, drawne to life in the colours of despaire:

now

now his father, now his friends, *Tidens* and *Telmor* were summon'd by his soule to make partie against him. In this affright he continued all that day, which scarce was time sufficient for him to reade over his misdeedes: & when the silent night, drawn in her Ebon Chariot, had spread her curtaines to hide her brothers face, *Plexertus* (glad to see her flatter his minde in this likenesse of darknesse) resolu'd, by despaire, that the gods wou'd mercy for his faults, and well assured men had lesse, he secretly went into a Garden, to which a backe doore from his chamber led him: where, loathing as much to die, as wishing he were dead, he spent some time in execrations on himselfe. At length, tying a cord (newly taken out of his bed) to the stump of an Elder tree (that stood with such conueniencie as if it would inuite him to that exercise) he slipt into his death, easing the earth vntill morning of the burthen of so detestable a wretch.

But when the day appear'd, and made knowne his death, the Magistrates of the towne (striving who could be best sighted in the discoverie of the murther, hoping to haue the reward of their diligence from their Queen *Artaxia*) soon found out, as a man to be most suspected, the messenger come from Court, whom *Plexertus* had (till late in the night) kept in his chamber, to know of him the particulars of *Argus's* reuolt. This fellow, because none more likely, in the wilde forme of their popular iustice, was to die a thousand maner of deaths: But he, making iust protestations of his innocencie, being questioned what occasion he had so long to stay the last night with the King, if not for that end. Hee plainly let them know, vvhhat *Argus* desired; which he then reported to *Plexertus*. The many-headed multitude called not the truth much in question of vvhhat they heard, but with the same violence as before (euery one in this also thinking to gratifie the Queene) ranne to as vncertaine a forme of execution on the dead, as they did before to a iudgement of the liuing: first they stript the body naked, then dragg'd it through the streets; now they open his belly, and suffer his guts to marke forth his progresse, doing many mo indignities to him who had deserued many more. I much reioyc'd to heare *Plexertus* had been so iust to himselfe: yet I determin'd to ioyne *Erona's* reuenge on *Artaxia* (so *Plexertus* his iudgement on himselfe) but her an yntimely death had freed from my reuenge: for taking to the heart *Plexertus* his treacheries, and her brother *Tetidates* vnreuenged death, she calmly gaue her selfe ouer to a life oppressing griefe, leauing her kingdome and young son to the care of *Salindor*, whom she appointed Protector during the minority.

Returning therefore somewhat grieued that both *Plangus* & *Erona's* death, without my help had bin reuenged, I conueyed the bodies to *Lycia*, where the sumptuousnesse of their Tombes shewes their estates, and their euerlasting fame their euerliuing vertues. From hence I would haue parted priuate; but remembring *Plangus* his last will, I pass'd thorow *Amassia*, restoring his son to the Duke: and comming to *Byzantium*, I gaue vp my charge into the hands of *Lisantus* a *Macedonian*, leauing the souldiers full of hearty sorrow for the death of *Plangus* their Generall.

Soon after, hearing of your death, and resolu'd to sacrifice my blood to your memory, to disingage my selfe of some part of my faultinesse, leauing *Fidusio* in *Thrace* (lest by him I should bee discovered) disguising my selfe in an armour, fitly (as I thought) presenting the massacre of my naked heart: passing the Courts of *Elis* and *Argos*, and lastly comming hither, I met (what should I more say?) with thee my *Hel-len*, refer'd to be a blessing beyond what most I could desire. And so with a sincere feruency kissing her hand, they both walkt towards the Palace: where hauing ended Supper, while *Basilus* and *Euerchus* (with the rest) expected a Maske, prepar'd  
for



for them; the Queen of *Corinth* let them know what she had heard of *Plangus* & *Ezra*, together with *Plexertus* deserved end, and the death of *Artaxia*. The audience greatly pitied their fortunes, especially *Pyrocles*, who much grieved to hear of *Plangus* his death, for the love he bore his vertues; & was no lesse troubled at *Plexertus* his mischance, for his deare seruant *Zelmunes* sake. But the entry of the Maskers caus'd him put ouer those thoughts to more solitarines, his eie being fed with a dainty variety of representations, & his eares with most harmonious well-agreeing musick: to which the footing kept so good time, that doubtfull it was whether the musick conform'd it self to the life of their motion, or the Maskers their motion to the musicks liuelinesse. But night (mask't in these sports) crept on vndiscover'd: & though *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* at other times would dispence with the length of the sports, yet now (in respect of the armfuls of ioy they were to expect in bed) they thought them tedious; w<sup>ch</sup> once perceiu'd, their dances were sooner at an end than was intended.

Thus daies and nights past ouer, as if they had no other Spheare than delight to moue in; and the appointed time for *Amphialus* his marriage was at hand: to which *Basilus* inquired the Shepheards, both to change their daily pleasures, as also to shew *Enarchus*, that though a greater cause had mou'd him to the solitary course of life by him imbrac't; yet the wits of *Arcadia*, and the pleasantnesse of their harmelesse life, might haue drawne him to that retirednesse.

#### THE E C L O G V E S.

**K** *Alydorus* now minded to marry his daughter, and vncertain whether he should bestow her on the contented young *Arcadian Menalcas*, or the much-hauing, much-wanting *Thessalian Coridon*, who both werethen present, hearing of this summons; puts ouer their cause to be determined by *Basilus*: And *Strephon* and *Klains*, no lesse desirous to bring *Vrania's* name to Court, ioyned themselues to the rest. Nor was *Agelastus* wanting, who not for a Mistris but *Heraclitus*-like thinking man, was made to mourne; and repining at the vanity of greatnesse, had maintain'd a religious sorrow. No sooner was the company set, and that their silence began to proclaime their expectation, but *Strephon* who before his comming had prepar'd an *Epithalamium*, began thus to sing.

*Strephon*, Sweet lincke of hearts, ioyes surest anchor-hold,  
Loves peacefull Crowne, the harbour of desires.  
Hymen approach, but thinke not Pan too bold;  
If to inuoke thy name our love aspires.

Dwell here for euer, that this couple may  
Renew the blessings of their marriage day.

Firme be their roote of love, and cause a blisse

From forth this royall happy stocke to spring;

That all the world may iustly say he is

Worthy to be, and to succeed a King.

But shorten not their dayes; for 'tis decreed,

The best can be, but worthy to succeed.

*Amphialus* thank't *Strephon* for his hearty wishes: but he had scarce ended, when *Klains* looking vpon him with as fower a countenance as their friendship could allow; thus said.

*Klains*. I pray thee *Strephon*, if these glorious shewes,  
Of Courts admired greatnesse, do not close

Thy minde, from former thoughts, where can thy layes,  
 Finde other subject than Vrania's praye,  
 Or dost thou fondly thinke, thou wert too blame,  
 To breathe among these Lords Vrania's name,  
 Or is it certaine that her flander is  
 Are quench't, that lately doubled were no more.

**Strephon.** Nor so, nor thus; that Verse I last day made,  
 As with my flocke I fate in Heavens shade  
 I studied it; yet all my studie was  
 I vow, to stinne to let Vrania passe.  
 For 'twas the only name my pen would write,  
 My thoughts imagine, or my lips indite.  
 Am I not bold, when nights vast stage is set,  
 And all the stars and beaughty audience met,  
 To speake my minde, while the bright world is flame,  
 Seemes to reioyce to heare Vrania's name,  
 And shall I feare, that what the Heavens approve,  
 By men (though great men) should be disallow'd?  
 But where you thinke that I haue checkt mine eye,  
 And freed your Strephon from their treacherie,  
 O no, mine is the Gyant Tithius man  
 That doth encrease to feele a Follies paine.  
 No day runnes ouer, but my woes keepe sore  
 Renues his paine, and festers more and more.

**Klains.** No day runnes ouer but our lones deepe sore  
 Renues his paine, and festers more and more,  
 Alas, where's pitie then? belike it lies  
 The place we come too, frighted with our eyes.

**Strephon.** Pitie; why friend, 'tis certaine that their eyes  
 who know they can ore come, learne to despise.  
 Yet Klains why should we repute? our Saine  
 Is pleas'd sometime to heare our lones complaint.  
 And if mine eyes (to ease my inward paine)  
 Become not flatterers, she doth not disdaine.

**Klains.** Disdain! that were a blisse, so great a welch  
 Might lift our sorrowes to their utmost height,  
 And then perhaps our owne despaire would mend  
 Our lingring hopes, that must or breake, or bend.  
 O no, ours is a worse calamitie,  
 A heedlesse care, and carelesse courttesie.

Then Klains pawing a while, with crost armes and a down-cast looke, beganne  
 againe these following Verses to Strephon, whom hee spake so as representing the  
 person of sorrow.

**Klains.** Foule sorrow, wilt thou alway build thy nest  
 In the wilde mountaines of my care-froline breast?

**Strephon,**



Strephon. O yes, I finde it happy for my breed,  
And neare your heart where can I else be freed.

Klarius. But gentle grieve, if not for pittie, spare  
Me, for Vrania's sake: she lieth & share  
In these my wounds, and she must feele the smart,  
whose image's carv'd so lively in my heart.

Strephon. O no, she shares no paine, from whose faire eyes  
The wound did first, and now the cure must rise.

Klarius. why gentle grieve, thou'rt witness of my love,  
Then alway sigh my plaints untill you move.

Strephon. O no, there's too much rigour in such lawes,  
They binde a man to speake against his cause.  
Suppose I move, this is my recompence:  
Ioy must succeed, and I am banish'd hence.

Klarius. Then must I dye unpittied, no help's found  
Since you my spokesman doe conceal my wound.

Strephon. O no, let not that make us to despaire:  
Shee knowes we love her, but she knowes she's faire.

When they ended, *Menalcas* (in whose memorie their courtesie to him, had ingrauen a beholdingnesse) forgot not to approue what they had said. But the audience had little time to determine whether they deseru'd, what the Prince thought them worthie of; when *Coridon*, who long'd to heare the debate between him and *Menalcas* (for *Kalydons* daughter) ended, clapping him on the shoulder, thus said.

Coridon. Fond bearded boy, now shall the chastisement,  
(Fit for thy rash youths unweighed attempt)  
Fall heauie on thee, but you may relent,  
I'll not be cruell if you doe repent.  
O no you will not, you'll be alway blinde:  
That gracelesse smile bewrayes thy scornfull minde.  
Sing then, and shew these goodly doats in thee,  
with which thy brainlesse youth can equall mee.

Menalcas. Gray bearded frenzie, what can it thou alledge  
To shun my blowes, but thy age's priuiledge?  
Thy tongue may safely snarle, while his offence  
Is still protected by that reverence.  
The doer, old Dotard, I can bring to proue  
My selfe deserves that choice, are only loue.  
A prizelesse Treasure, not to be express'd,  
A guest too great, for thy cough-breeding breast.

Coridon.

**Coridon.** *Young man, thou speak'st as if thy braines were wood,  
who can determine of that inward good?  
I say I loue, and will Menalcas grieue  
That all the world should Coridon beloue  
But that's not it; these flames will soone decay  
If they be not maintain'd some other way.  
A thousand sheepe I haue, whose snow-white fleece  
Doe adde a lustre to these parts of Greece:  
On whom as many lambes doe waite hard by,  
That weare their dammes white curled linerie.  
O what a ioy wil't be to her I loue,  
Each morne and euen to see her sheepe remoue  
From field to fold, while she may freely say  
That Lambe is fat, that Lambe I'le eate to day?*

**Menalcas.** *Blinde fortune, I'le confesse, hath giuen you more:  
Yet I am richer; my content's my store.  
A thousand sheep thou hast, 'tis very like,  
But thy diseases want Arithmeticke.  
Nature betweene our yeares a marriage made:  
We bloome together, and at once may fade.  
But your old age is gone too farre before,  
Time beates you on, and you'l retorne no more.*

**Coridon.** *Hasty young man, doe not despise the end  
To which your selfe, as to a censre bend.  
What if I want your bodies alltime ioyes?  
My seiled minde a greater good enioyes.*

**Menalcas.** *Old man, thou speak'st as if thy braines went wood,  
who can determine of that inward good?  
Think'st thou wilt that sweet beauty take delights  
To heare thee cough a proverbe in the night?  
O no, there are some other ioyes in bed,  
They must partake whom you desire to wed.*

*Coridon inwardly out of countenance to heare his owne words bite so sore vpon him, would haue shrunk away; but hoping he had found a Iudge whom the cause concern'd, stood a while to attend what *Basilins* would haue said. But the King put it ouer to *Musidorus*, who (glad to finde an occasion to pleasure *Menalcas*, his first Master in the practice of a Shepheards life) thus ended it.*

*Coridon* said he, could I as well lop away some of your ouer-grown years, to make your match with *Kalydons* daughter equall, as I can adde to *Menalcas* state, I would for a time suspend my iudgement: for readily I know not whether of you two deserves best; but in the one my power seconds my will, as in the other my will ouergoes my power. *Kalydons* daughter I therefore adiudge to *Menalcas*; and I will make him worthy of her, the rather, that I know his rash youth would impatiently beare a repulse, where your experience (when it reflects vpon it selfe) with more discretion may consider thee was but a woman. Glad was *Menalcas* to speed so well: nor



was *Coridon* displeas'd, because the Prince (as he conceiu'd) had entertain'd a good opinion of his wisdom. Thus when they ended, *Pyrales*, who mark't *Agelastus* his silent pensiuenesse, desir'd to heare him disburthen his minde of the thoughts that brought him to so deepe a studie; thinking that *Agelastus* stood fixt, with the eye of his minde cast vpon the beauty of some faire Mistris: but he, who thought of nothing lesse, thus answered his expectation.

*Agelastus.* Nor fate, nor fortune, whose inforcing power,  
Man still complaines, vpon his state to lower;  
Doe worke these changes: man himselfe's the cause;  
They be but wheelles that keepe their mouers lawes:  
Yet alway when he sees his fault too late,  
He turnes it ouer vpon chance or fate.  
Each man is borne a King, his passions be  
The practice of his soueraintie:  
who though they still their Soueraign's good pretend  
Conspire his ruine for their primate end.  
The loue of skin-thicke beauty drawes his eye  
To yeeld to loue, his reasons Maiestie.  
His feare throwes Bugbeares in his way, his state  
Is still infested by reuengefull hate.  
His idle griefe, for what he might preuent,  
Or might not, doth vsurpe his government.  
Thus he whom God ordain'd a King to be,  
Obeys his subiects, and is neuer free.  
Besides, whose state's so firme, into whose way  
The world flings not his ioyes iniurious stay?  
The surges of the deepe, whose iawes deuoure  
The Merchants far-fetcht hopes, the skies that poure  
A second deluge on the plow-mans corne,  
When now his fields are ready to be borne;  
The souldiers long remote, the doubtfull chance  
Of bloody warre, the new found ordinance,  
The Citie hornes, the Courts brane flatterie,  
Doe force content to dwell with pouertie.

Then looking round vpon the Princes, as if by their suruey he were againe enabled to speake, he thus said:

Honour, thou spongie Idoll of mans minde,  
That sok'st content away, thou hast confinde  
Ambitious man, and not his destinie,  
within the bounds of forme and ceremonie.  
Oh happy life of shepheards, whose content  
Rests in a soule that's free and innocent:  
They stay their lodging, and remoue their roose,  
Not for their owne, but for their flocks behoofe;  
While some (to fill the blankes of their meane story)  
Doe trauell in their caves, to gaine vaine-glory.  
They neuer leaue the plaines, unlesse sometime  
To looke about them, they the mountaines clime,

But dwell not there; for euen this change doth shew  
 what chaſer ſweets they doe enjoy beſide.  
 Here the rough windeſ doe buzze about their eares,  
 The rockes ſteepneſſe addes vnto their feares:  
 Here they are ready to be turne ſumder,  
 By malice's hatefull blaſts, and enuie's thunder.  
 From hence they may deſcend; but greatneſſe ſays,  
 If you come downe, it muſt be th' other way:  
 For 'tis a bliſſe, in which your honour ſhares,  
 That though you would, you cannot leaue your cares.

When *Agelaſtus* ended, the company might ſee a man, who ſeemed to bee miſfor-  
 tunes Herald, with a ſcope about his necke, make towards the Queene of *Corinth*,  
 and caſt himſelfe at her feete. They, thinking it had beene ſome Shepheardiſh in-  
 uention, expected a while the conceit of it: but approching after a time nearer to  
 him, they might diſcerne that it was *Tenarus* the Vſurper of *Corinth*, who hearing  
 of the Queenes welfare, and her happy marriage to *Amphialus* (finding in his owne  
 praſtice for the Crowne, the *Corinthians* aptneſſe to embrace change, and conſide-  
 ring the powerfullneſſe of his enemies) had come thither in the baſeſt forme of  
 humbleneſſe, to ſet a beleefe vpon his ſubmiſſion. Him the Queene (becauſe he was  
 a ſutor on her marriage day) pardoned, and reſtored to his poſſeſſions, forfeited by  
 his treaſon to the Crowne; onely ſhee cauſed his liberty to be reſtrained, vntill her  
 going to *Corinth*: whither, after ſhee had taken leaue of *Baſilius* and the reſt of the  
 royall company, ſhee tooke her iourney, making *Amphialus*, within a yeare after  
 her departure, a happy father of a much-promiſing ſonne, whom they named *Ha-  
 leamphilus*. *Euarchus* alſo ſoone after, with his ſonne *Pyrocles*, and *Philoclea*, and  
 his nephew *Mufidorus*, together with *Pamela* (who was deſirous both to accompany  
 her ſiſter, and to ſee her mother of *Theſſaly*) parted from *Mantineæ*, leauing *Baſilius*  
 and *Gynecia*, when they had accompanied them to the frontiers of *Arcadia*, to the  
 happy quiet of their after life.

STAT. THAEB.

*Tu longè ſequere & veſtigia ſemper adora  
 Sidnei*

FINIS.

XI 2

CERTAINE





# CERTAINE SONNETS VVRITTEN

BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY:

Neuer before Printed.



*Since shunning paine, I ease can neuer finde;  
Since bashfull dread seekes where he knowes me harmed:  
Since will is won, and stopped eares are charmed:  
Since force doth faint, and sight doth make me blind:*

*Since loosing long, the faster still I bind,  
Since naked sense can conquer reason armed,  
Since heart in chilling feare with yce is warmed,  
In fine, since strife of thought but marres the mind,*

*I yeelde, O Loue, vnto thy loathed yoke,  
Yet craving law of armes whose rule doth teach,  
That hardly vs'd, who euer prison brake,  
In iustice quit, of honour made no breach:  
Whereas if I a gratefull gardian haue,  
Thou art my Lord, and I thy vowed slaue.*

**W**hen Loue putt vp with hope of his disdain,  
Resolu'd to make me patterne of his might,  
Like foe, whose wits inclin'd to deadly spite,  
Would often kill to breed more feeling paine.

*He would not arm'd with beauty, only raigne  
On those affects which easily yeeld to sight,  
But vertue sets so high, that reasons light,  
For all his strife can onely bondage gaine.*

*So that I line to pay a mortall fee,  
Dead palse sicke of all my chiefest parts:  
Like those whom dreames make vgly monsters see,  
And can cry helpe with nought but groines and starts:  
Longing to haue, hauing no wit to wish,  
To staruing mindes such is God Cupid's dish.*

## To the same Tune.

**T**He Nightingale as soone as Aprill bringeth  
 Vnto her rested sense a perfect waking,  
 While late bare earth, proud of new clothing springeth,  
 Sings out her woes, a thorne her song-booke making:  
 And mournfully bewailing,  
 Her throat in tunes expresseth  
 What grieve her breast oppresseth,  
 For Tereus force on her chaste will prevaileth.  
 O Philomela faire, O take some gladnesse,  
 That here is in her cause of plaintfull sadnesse:  
 Thine earth now springs, mine fadeeth,  
 Thy thorne without, my thorne my heart invadeeth.

Alas she hath no other cause of anguish  
 But Tereus love, on her by strong hand wrooke,  
 wherein she suffering all her spirits languish,  
 Full womanlike complains her will was broke.

But I who daily craving,  
 Cannot haue to content me,  
 Haue more cause to lament me,  
 Since wanting is more woe than too much having.  
 O Philomela faire, O take some gladnesse,  
 That here is in her cause of plaintfull sadnesse:  
 Thine earth now springs, mine fadeeth,  
 Thy thorne without, my thorne my heart invadeeth.

## To the tune of Balsami vita mia.

**S**leep Baby mine, Desires nurse Beautie singeth:  
 Thy cries, O Baby, set my head on aking:  
 The Babe cries may, thy love doth keepe me waking.

Lully, lully, my babe, hope cradle bringeth  
 And my children all a good rest taking:  
 The Babe cries may, thy love doth keepe me waking.

Since Baby mine, from me thy watching springeth,  
 Sleepe then a little, pay content is making:  
 The Babe cries may, for that abide I waking.

## To the tune of the Spanish Song, Se tu fennora no dueles de mi.

**O** Faire, O sweet, when I do looke on thee,  
 In whom all ioyes so well agree,



Heart and soule doe sing in me,  
 This you heare is not my tongue,  
 Which once said what I conceaned,  
 For it was of use bereaued,  
 With a cruell answer strong.  
 No, though tongue to roue be cleaued,  
 Fearing lest he chasteide be,  
 Heart and soule do sing in me.

O faire, O sweet, &c.  
 Inst accord all musick makes;  
 In thee inst accord excelleteth,  
 Where each part in such peace dwelleth,  
 One of other beantie takes.  
 Since then trush to all mindes telleteth,  
 That in thee lyes harmonic,  
 Heart and soule doe sing in me.

O faire, O sweet, &c.  
 They that bea'n haue knowne, doe say  
 That who so that grace obtaineth,  
 To see what faire sight there raigneth,  
 Forced are to sing alway;  
 So then since that heauen remaineth,  
 In thy face I plainly see,  
 Heart and soule doe sing in me.

O faire O sweet, &c.  
 Sweete thinke not I am at ease,  
 For because my chiefe part singeth,  
 This song from deaths sorrow springeth:  
 As to Swanne in last disease:  
 For no dumbnesse nor death bringeth  
 Stay to true lones melodie;  
 Heart and soule do sing in me.

These foure following SONNETS were made when  
 his Ladie had paine in her face.

THE scourge of life, and deaths extreme disgrace,  
 The smoke of hell, the monster called paine,  
 Long sham'd to be accurst in euery place,  
 By them who of his rude resort complaine,  
 Like crafty wretch by time and tranell taught,  
 His wily euill in others good to hide,  
 Late harbours in her face whom nature wrought,  
 As treasure-house where her best gifts do bide,  
 And so by priuiledge of sacred seate.

*A seat where beauty shines and vertue raignes,  
He hopes for some small grace, since she hath great  
Within her beames wrapping his cruell staines.*

*Ab sawey paine let not thy error last,  
Adore longing eyes she drawes, more base than hast.*

**W**O, woe to me, on me returne the smart:  
My burning tongue hath bred my mistresse paine,  
For oft in paine to paine my painefull heart,  
With her due praise did of my state complaine.  
I praise her eyes whom neuer chance doth moue,  
Her breath which makes a sower answer sweet,  
Her milken breasts the nurse of child-like loue,  
Her legges (O legges) her ay well stepping feete.  
Paine heard her praise, and full of inward fire,  
(First scaling vp my heart as pray of him)  
He flies to her, and boldned with desire,  
Her face (this ages praise) she thiefe doth kisse,  
O paine I now recant the praise I gaue,  
And sweare she is not worthy mee to haue.

Thou paine the only guest of loath'd constraint,  
The child of curse, mams weaknesse foster-child,  
Brother to woe, and father of complaint:  
Thou paine, thou hated paine, from heau'n exile,  
How holdst thou her, whose eyes constraint doth feare,  
Whom curst do blisse, whose weaknesse vertues arme,  
Who others woes and plaints can chastly beare:  
In whose sweet heau'n Angels of high thoughts swarme?  
What courage strange hath caught thy easie hart,  
Fear'st not a face that oft whole hearts deuours,  
Or art thou from alone bid play this part,  
And so no helpe 'gainst enuy of those powers?  
If thus alas: yet while those parts haue wo,  
So say her tongue, that she no more say no.

And haue I heard her say, O cruell paine!  
And doth she know what mould her beauty heares?  
Mournes she in truth, and thinks what others saue?  
Feares she to feeble, and feels not others feares?  
Or doth she think all paine she minde forbears?  
That heauie earth, nor feric sprites may plaine?  
That eyes weep worse than heart in bloudy teares?  
That sense feels more than what do sense contains?

No, no, she is too wise, she knowes her face  
Hath not such paine as it makes others haue:  
She knowes the sicknesse of that perfect place  
Hath yet such health, as it my life can saue.

But thus she thinks, our paine by cause excuseth,  
Where her who should rule paine, false paine abuseth.

Translated



Translated out of *Horace*, which begins *Robins rime*

**Y**on better sure shall live, nor euer more  
 Trying high Seas, nor while Seas rage you see,  
 Pressing too much upon ill harbord shore

The golden mean who loves, lives safely free  
 From filth of foreworne house, and quies lines,  
 Released from Court, where enue needs must be.

The winde most oft the hugest Pine-tree greener:  
 The stately towers come downe with greater fall:  
 The highest hills the bolts of thunder cleever:

Evill happes doe fill with hope, good happes appall  
 With feare of change, the courage well prepar'd:  
 Fowle Winters as they come, away they shall.

Though present times and past with evils be shar'd,  
 They shall not last: with Citherne silent muse,  
 Apollo wakes, and bow hath sometime spar'd.

In hard estate with bent shew valour use,  
 The same man still in whom wisdom greuailes,  
 In too full winde draw in thy swelling sailes.

Out of Ca-  
 tullus.

Nulli se dicat mulier mea nubere malle,  
 Quam mihi non si se Iupiter ipse petat,  
 Dicit sed mulier Cupido quæ dicit amanti,  
 In vento aut rapida scribere oportet aqua.

**V**Nt no body my woman saith she had rather a wife be,  
 Then to my selfe, not though loue grew a suser of hers.  
 These be her words, but a woman's words to a loue that is eager,  
 In minde or waters streame do require to be wis.

Qui scepta sævus duro imperio regit,  
 Timet timentes, metus in Authlorem redit.

Faire seeke not to be fear'd, most lonely beloved by thy servants,  
 For true it is, that they feare many whom many feare.

**L**ike as the Dove, which scolded up doth flye,  
 Is neither freed, nor yet to service bound,  
 But hopes to gaine some helpe by mouing his,  
 Till want of force doe force her fall to ground:

Right

Right so my mind caught by his guiding eye,  
 And thence cast off, where his sweet hart he found,  
 Hath neuer leane to line, nor doome to dye,  
 Nor held in euill, nor suffered to be found.

But with his wings of fancies up he goes,  
 To his conceits whose fruits are oft but small,  
 Till wounded, blind, and wearied spirit, lose  
 Both force to flye and knowledge where to fall;  
 O happy Dove if she no bondage tried:  
 More happy I, might I in bondage bide.

E. D.

**P**rometheus when first from heauen he,  
 He brought dawne fire, ere then on earth not seene,  
 Pond of delight, a Satyr standing by,  
 Gane it a kisse, as it like sweet had beene.

Feeling forthwith the other burning power,  
 Wood with the smart with shewts and shryking shrill,  
 He sought his ease in river, field, and bower,  
 But for the time his griefe went with him still.

So silly I wish that unwonted sight  
 In humane shape an Angell from above,  
 Feeding mine eyes, the impression there did light,  
 That since I runne and rest as pleaseth loue.  
 The difference is, the Satyrs lips, my heart,  
 He for a while, I euermore haue smart.

A Satyr once did run away for dread,  
 With sound of horne, which he himselfe did blow;  
 Fearing and feared thus from himselfe he fled,  
 Deeming strange euill in that he did not know.

Such canselesse feares when comard mindes do take,  
 It makes them flye that which they faine would haue:  
 As this poore beast who did his rest forsake,  
 Thinking not why, but how himselfe to save.

Euen thus might I for doubts which I conceiue  
 Of mine owne words, mine own good hap betray,  
 And thus might I for feare of may be, leaue  
 The sweet pursuit of my desired prey.  
 Better like I thy Satyr deereſt Dyer,  
 Who burne his lips to kisse faire ſhining fire:



**M**istresse I amere and saith I doe not love:  
 I doe protest and seeke with service doe,  
 In humble minde a constant faith to prone,  
 But for all this I cannot her remoue  
 From deepe waine thought that I may not be true.

If other might serue, euen by the Stygian lake,  
 Which Poets say, the gods themselues doe feare,  
 I neuer did my vowed word forsake:  
 For why should I, whom free choise flane doth make,  
 Else what in face, than in my fancie beare?

My cause therefore, for onely thou canst tell,  
 Tell me the cause of this my causelesse woe,  
 Tell how ill thought disgrac'd my doing well:  
 Tell how my ioyes and hopes thus fowly fell  
 To so lowe ebbe that wanted were to flowe.

O this it is, the knotted straw is found:  
 In tender hearts, small things engender hate:  
 A horse worth laid waste the Trojan ground:  
 A shree foote stoule in Greece made Trampets sound,  
 An offes shade ere now hath bred debate.

If Greekes themselues were mou'd with so small cause,  
 To twist those broyles, which hardly would untwine:  
 Should Ladies faire be tyed to such hard lawes,  
 As in their moodes to take a lingring pause?  
 I would it not, their mettall is too fine.

My hand doth not beare witness with my heart,  
 She saith, because I make no wofull layes,  
 To paint my lining death and endlesse smart:  
 And so for one that felt god Cupids darr,  
 Shee thinkes I leade and liue too merrie dayes.

Are Poets then the onely louers true?  
 whose hearts are set on measuring a Verse:  
 who thinke themselues well blest, if they reuer  
 Some good old dumpe, that Chaucers mistresse knew,  
 And vse but you for matters to rehearse.

Then good Apollo doe enuay thy bow:  
 Take harge and sing in this our versing time:  
 And in my braine some sacred humane flame:  
 That all the earth my woes, sighes, seares may know,  
 And see you not that I full now to rime.

As for my mirth, how could I but be glad,  
 whilst that me thought I iustly made my host,  
 That only I the only Mistresse had;  
 But now if ere my face with ioy be clad:  
 Thinke Hannibal did laugh when Carthage lost.

Sweete Lady, as for those whose sullen cheare,  
 Compar'd to me, made me in lightnesse found:  
 who Stoick-like in cloudy hew appeare:  
 who silence force to make their words more deare:  
 whose eyes seeme chaste, because they looke on ground:  
 Beloeue them not; for Physicke true doth finde,  
 Choler adust is ioyed in woman-kinde.

IN wonted walkes, since wonted fancies change,  
 Some cause there is, which of strange cause doth rise:  
 For in each thing whereto mine eye doth range,  
 Part of my paine me seemes engraued lyes.

The Rockes which were of constant minde, the mark  
 In clymmyng steepe, now hard refusall shew:  
 The shading woods seeme now my Sunne to darke,  
 And statelie hils disdain to looke so low.

The restfull Canes now restless visions giue,  
 In Dales I see each way a hard ascent:  
 Like late mowne meades, late cut from ioy I lue.  
 Alas sweet Brookes doe in my teares augment:  
 Rockes, woods, hils, canes, dales, meades, brooks answer me,  
 Infected mindes infect each thing they see.

IF I could thinke how these my thoughts to leaue,  
 Or thinking still my thoughts might haue good end:  
 If rebell sense would reasons law retene;  
 Or reason soild would not in vaine contend:  
 Then might I thinke what thoughts were best to thinke:  
 Then might I wisely swimme or gladly sinke.

If eyther you would change your cruell heart,  
 Or cruell (still) time did your beauty staine:  
 If from my soule this lone would once depart,  
 Or for my lone some lone I might obtaine,  
 Then might I hope a change or ease of minde,  
 By your good helpe, or in my selfe to finde.

But since my thoughts in thinking still are spent,

with



*With reasons strife, by senses overstrawne,  
 You fairer still, and still more cruel beane,  
 I louing still a loue that loueth none.  
 I yeeld and frine, I kisse and curse the paine,  
 Thought, reason, sense, time, you, and I, maintain.*

## A Farewell.

**O**ft haue I mus'd, but now at length I finde,  
 Why those that dye, men say they doe depart:  
 Depart, a word so gentle to my minde,  
 Weakely did seeme to paint deaths singly dart.

But now the starres with their strange course doe binde  
 Me one to leaue, with whom I leaue my heart,  
 I heare a cry of spirits faint and blinde,  
 That parting thus my chiefeest part I part.

Part of my life, the loathed part to me,  
 Lines to impart my weary clay some breath.  
 But that good part, wherein all comforts be,  
 Now dead doth shew departure is a death,  
 Tea worse than death, death parts both woe and ioy,  
 From ioy I part still lining in annoy.

**F**inding those beames, which I must euer loue,  
 To marre my minde, and with my heart to please,  
 I deem'd it best some absence for to proue,  
 If further place might further me to ease.

My eyes thence drawne, where lined all their light,  
 Blinded forthwith in darke despair did lye,  
 Like to the Moule with want of guiding sight,  
 Deepe plung'd in earth, deprived of the skie.

In absence blinde, and wearied with that woe,  
 To greater woes by presence I returne,  
 Euen as the Flie, which to the flame doth goe,  
 Pleas'd with the light, that his small corse doth burne:  
 Faire choise I haue, eyther to line or dye  
 A blinded Moule, or else a burned Flye.

## The seuen wonders of ENGLAND.

**N**eere Wilton sweete, huge heapes of stones are found,  
 But so confus'd, that neyther any eye

Can count them out, nor reason reason trye,  
what force brought them to so unlikely ground.

To stranger weights my mindes waste soyle is bound,  
Of passion hilles reaching to reasons skie,  
From fauncies earth passing all numbers bound,  
Passing all ghesse, whente into we should flye  
So mazde a masse, or if in mist growes,  
A simple soule should bring so mixed woes.

The Bruetons haue a Lake, which when the Sunne,  
Approaching warmes (not else) dead logges vp sends,  
From hideous depth, which tribute when it ends,  
Sore signe it is, the Lords last threed is span.

My lake is sense, whose still streames neuer run,  
But when my Sunne her shining twinnes there bends,  
Then from his depth with force in her begonne,  
Long drowned hopes to watry eyes it lends:  
But when that failes, my dead hopes vp to take,  
Their maister is faire warn'd his will to make.

We haue a fish, by strangers much admir'd,  
which caught, so cruell search yeelds his chiefe part:  
(With gall cut out) clos'd up againe by art,  
Yet liues untill his life be new requir'd.

A strange fish, my selfe not yet expir'd,  
Though rapt with beauties hooke, I did impart  
My selfe vnto th' Anatomy desir'd,  
In stead of gall, leauing to her my hart:  
Yet liue with thoughts clos'd up, till that she will  
By conquests right in stead of searching kill.

Peake hath a cane, whose narrow entries finde  
Large roomes within, where droppes distill amaine:  
Till knit with cold, though there vnkown remaine,  
Decke that poore place with Alabaſter linde.

Mine eyes the freight, the roomie cane, my minde,  
whose cloudy thoughts, let fall an inward raine  
Of sorrowes drop: till colder reason binde  
Their running fall into a constant vaine  
Of truth, far more than Alabaſter pure,  
which though despis'd, yet still doth truth endure.

A field there is, where if a stake be prest,  
Deepe in the earth, what hath in earth receipt,  
Is chang'd to stone in hardnesse, cold, and weight.



*The wood above, doth soon consume rest.*

*The earth her cares: the stake is my request:  
Of which how much may pierce to that sweet seat,  
To honour turn'd, doth dwell in honours nest,  
Keeping that forme, though wayd of wanted beate:  
But all be rest; which feare darst not applye,  
Failing themselves, with withered conscience dye.*

*Of ships by shipwracke cast on Albion coast,  
which rotting on the rockes their death do dye:  
From wodden bones, and blond of pitch doth flye.  
A bird which gets more life than ship hath lost.*

*My ship, desire, with winde of lust long tost,  
Brake on faire cleenes of constant chastitie:  
where plagu'd for rash attempt, giues up his ghost,  
So deepe in seas of vertue beauties lye.  
But of this death flies up a purest lone,  
Which seeming lesse, yet nobler life doth mane.*

*These wonders England breeds, the last remains,  
A Lady in despite of nature chaste.  
On whom all lone, in whom no lone is plaste,  
where fairenesse yeelds to wisedomes shortest raines.*

*An humble pride, a scorne that fauour staines:  
A womans mould, but like an Angell graste,  
An Angels minde, but in a woman caste:  
An heauen on earth, or earth that heauen contains:  
Now thus this wonder to my selfe I frame,  
She is the cause that all the rest I am.*

A Dialogue betweene two Shepheards, vttered in a pastorall  
shew at WILTON.

Will. **D**ick, since we cannot dance, come let a chearfull voyce  
Shew, that we do not grudge at all when others do reioyce.

Dick. *Oh Will, though I grudge not, I count it feeble glee  
With sight made dimme with daily teares anothers sport to see.  
Who euer Lambkins saw (yet Lambkins lone to play)  
To play when that their loued dammes are home or gone astray?  
If this in them be true, as true in men think I*

*A lustlesse song forsooth thinkes he that hath more lust to cry.*  
Will. *A time there is for all, my mother often sayes,  
when she with skirts tuckt very hie, with girles at stoolball playes.  
when thou hast minde to weepe, seeke out some smokie roome:  
Now let those light some sights we see thy darknesse overcome.*

Dick.

Dick. *What loy the ioyfull sunne giues vnto bleared eyes:*

*That comfort in these sports you like, my minde his comfort tryes.*

Will. *What is thy bagpipe broke, or dyesthy lamber misuent;*

*Thy wailer or thy Turke lost, or thy new payment rent?*

Dick. *I would it were but chaw, for thus it were too well.*

Will. *I thou seest my cares do itch at it: good Dick thy sorrow tell.*

Dick. *Hear thyward hearme so sigh: a mistresse I do serue,*

*whose wages makes me beg the more, who feeds me till I sterue,*

*whose lynesie is such, amongst I freeze appalled most,*

*And lookes for neere vnto my cure that I must needs be lost.*

Will. *What? these are riddles sure, art thou then bound to her?*

Dick. *Bound as I neither power haue, nor would haue power to stir.*

Will. *Who bound thee? D. Love my Lord. W. What witness thereto?*

Dick. *Faith in my selfe and worth in her, which no proofe can vndoe.*

Will. *What seale? D. My heart deep graue. W. Whomant the band so fast?*

Dick. *wonder that by two so blacke eyes the gliding starres be past.*

Will. *What keepeth saue thy band? D. Remembrance wth best*

*Locks fast with knowing that she is of worldly things the best.*

Will. *Thou late of wages playndst: what wages must thou haue?*

Dick. *Her beauenly lookes, which more and more do giue me cause to crane.*

Will. *If wages make you want, what should that forgiue?*

Dick. *Tearcs drink, sorrows meat, when wisth, nor I, but in my death lines.*

Will. *What lining get you then? D. Disdaine, has lost disdaine:*

*So haue I cause my selfe to plaine, but narrow to remaine.*

Will. *What care takes she for thee? D. Her hand is so precise*

*My freedome with shon of her beames, with wenge my counte.*

Will. *God shield vs from such Dainties: If so our Dainties be feed,*

*The Shepheards will grow leane I trow, their sheep will be feed.*

*But Dick my counsell marke: run from the place of wo;*

*The arrow being shot from far, doth yet the smaller blow.*

Dick. *Good Will, I cannot take thy good aduise, before*

*That Foxes leane to seale, because they fild they are before.*

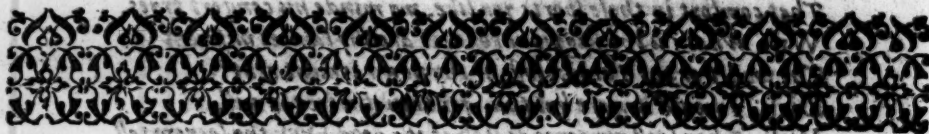
Will. *Then Dick let vs go hence lest my good folks annoy,*

*For nothing can more tedious be, than plaine in time of ioy.*

Dick. *Oh hence! O cruell word! which now dogget do haue*

*But hence, even hence, I must needs go, for this my dogged fate.*





## TO THE TUNE OF *Wilhemus van Nassau, &c.*

**W**ho hath his fancie pleased,  
With fruits of happy sights,  
Let here his eyes be raised  
On natures sweetest light.  
A light which doth dissever,  
And yet unite the eyes:  
A light which dying neuer,  
It canse the looker dyes.  
She neuer dyes but lasteth,  
In life of lovers hart,  
He euer dyes that wasteth  
In loue, his chiefest part.  
Thus is her life still guarded,  
In neuer dying faith:  
Thus is his death rewarded,  
Since she liues in his death.  
Looke then and dye, the pleasure  
Doth answer well the paine:  
Small losse of mortall treasure,  
Who may immortal gaine.  
Immortall be her graces,  
Immortall is her minde:  
They fit for heavenly places,  
This heauen in it doth binde.

But eyes these beauties see not,  
Nor sense that grace descryes:  
Yet eyes deprined be not,  
From sight of her faire eyes:  
Which as of inward glory  
They are the outward scale;  
So may they liue still sory  
Which dye not in that weale.

But who hath fancies pleased,  
With fruits of happy sights.

Let here his eyes be raised  
On nature's sweetest light.

### The Smokes of Melancholy.

**W**ho hath ever felt the change of love,  
And known those pangs that the loves prove,  
May paint my face without seeing me,  
And write the state how my fancies bee,  
The lothsome buds grown on sorrowes tree.

But who by heare-say speakes, and hath not fully felt  
What kinde of fires they be in which those spirits melt,  
Shall ghesse, and faile, what doth displease,  
Feeling my pulse, misse my disease.

O no, O no, tryall only shewes  
The bitter iyce of forsaken woes,  
Where former blisse present evils do staine,  
Nay former blisse addes to present paine,  
While remembrance doth both states containe.

Come learners then to me, the modell of mishap,  
Engulfed in despaire, slid downe from fortune's lap:  
And as you like my double lot,  
Tread in my steps, or follow not.

For me alas I am full resolu'd,  
Those bands alas shall not be dissolu'd,  
Nor breake my word though reward come late,  
Nor faile my faith in my sayling fate,  
Nor change in change, though change change my state.

But alwayes one my selfe with eagle eyes I steepe  
Up to the sunne, although the sunne my wings do seape:  
For if those flames burne my desire,  
Yet shall I dye in Phoenix fire.

**W**hen to my deadly pleasure,  
When to my lincly torment,  
Lady mine eyes remained,  
Joynd alas to your beames.

With violence of beaunty  
Deauntie tyed, so vertue,



*Reason abasht rettyred,  
Gladly my senses yeelded.*

*Reason abasht rettyred,  
Gladly my senses yeelded.*

*Gladly my senses yeelding,  
Thus to betray my harts fire,  
Left me denyd of all life.*

*They to the beamic Sunnes went,  
where by the death of all deaths,  
Finde to what harme they hastned.*

*Like to the silly Syllan,  
Burn'd by the light he best lik'd,  
when with a fire he first met.*

*Yet, yet, a life to their death,  
Lady you haue reserved,  
Lady the life of all lone.*

*For though my sense be from me,  
And I be dead who want sense,  
Yet do we both live in you.*

*Turned anew by your meanes,  
Vnto the flowre that ay turnes,  
As you, alas, my Sunne bends.*

*Thus do I fall to rise thus;  
Thus do I dye to live thus,  
Chang'd to a change, I change not.*

*Thus may I not be from you:  
Thus be my senses on you:  
Thus what I thinke is of you:  
Thus what I seeke is in you:  
All what I am is in you.*

To the tune of a Neapolitan Song, which beginneth,

*No, no, no, no.*

**N**O, no, no, no, I cannot have my foe,  
Although with cruel fire,  
First throwne on my desire,  
She sackes my rendered sprite.  
For so faire a flame embraces  
All the places,

**W**hen to my heart she came,  
I found my heart was dead,  
And so I was to be,  
For she had taken all,  
And so I was to be,  
For she had taken all.

where

Where that heat of all heats springeth,  
That it bringeth  
To my dying heart some pleasure,  
Since his treasure  
Burneth bright in fairest light. No, no, no, no.

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,  
Although, &c.

Since our lines be not immortal,  
But to mortall  
Fetters tyed, do wait the hammer  
Of deaths power,  
They haue no cause to be sorie  
Who wish glorie  
End the way, where all men stay. No, no, no, no.

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,  
Although, &c.

No man doubts, whom beauty killeth,  
Faire death feeleth.  
And in whom faire death proceedeth,  
Glorie breedeth,  
So that I in her beames dying,  
Glorie trying,  
Though in paine, cannot complaine. No, no, no, no.

### To the tune of a Neapolitan Villanell.

All my sense my sweetnesse gained,  
Thy faire haire my heart enchained,  
My poore reason thy words moued,  
So that thee like heauen I loued.

Fa la la leridan, dan dan dan deridan,  
Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei:  
While to my minde the out side stoued,  
For messenger of inward good.

Now thy sweetnesse sower is deemed,  
Thy haire not worth a haire esteemed:  
Reason hath thy words remoued,  
Finding that but words they proued.

Fa la la leridan, dan dan dan deridan,  
Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei,  
For no faire signe can credit winne,  
If that the substance faile within.



No more is thy sweetnesse glorio,  
For thy knitting haire be sorie:  
Use thy words but to bewaile thee,  
That no more thy beames anail thee.

Dan, dan,

Dan, dan,

Lay not thy colours more to view,  
Without the picture be found true.

Wo to me, alas she weepeth!  
Fool, in me what folly creepeth,  
Was I to blaspheme enraged,  
Where my soule I haue engaged?

Dan, dan,

Dan, dan,

And wretched I must yeeld to this,  
The faults I blame her chastnesse is.

Sweetnesse sweetly pardon folly,  
Tyme haire your captiue holly.  
Words, O words of heavenly knowledge,  
Know my words their faults acknowledge.

Dan, dan,

Dan, dan,

And all my life I will confesse,  
The lesse I loue, I lue the lesse.

Translated out of the *Diana* of Montemaior in Spanish. Where *Sireno* a shepheard pulling out a little of his Mistresse *Diana's* hayre, wrapt about with greene filke, who now had vterly forsaken him: to the haire hee thus bewayled himselfe.

**VV** Hat changes here, O haire,  
I see since I saw you:  
How ill fits you this greene to weare,  
For hope the colour due.  
Indeed I well did hope,  
Though hope were mixt with feare,  
No other shepheard should haue scope,  
Once to approach this haire.

Oh haire, how many dayes  
My *Diana* made me shew,  
With thousand pretty childish playes,  
If I were you or no?  
Alas how oft with teares,  
O teares of guilefull breafe.

*She seemed full of iealous fears;  
whereat I did but leaſt.*

*Tell me O haire of gold,  
If I then faultie be,  
Thas truſt thoſe killing eyes, I would,  
ſince they did warrant me.*

*Hane you not ſcene her mood,  
What ſtreames of teares ſhe ſpent,  
Till that I ſware my faith ſo ſood,  
As her words had it bent?*

*who haſt ſuch beantie ſcene  
In one that changeth ſo?  
Or where ones loue ſo conſtant beene,  
who euer ſaw ſuch wee:  
Ah haire are you not grieved,  
To come from whence you be,  
Seeing how once you ſaw I liu'd,  
To ſee me as you ſee?*

*On ſandie banke of late,  
I ſaw this woman ſit,  
where ſooner dye than change my ſtate,  
She with her finger writ;  
Thus my beleefe was ſlaid,  
Behold Loue's mightie hand  
On things were by a woman ſaid,  
And written in the ſand.*

The ſame Sireon in Montemaior holding his miſtreſſe glaſſe before  
her, looking vpon her while ſhe viewed her ſelfe, thus ſang:

**O***F this high grace with bliſſe conioyn'd  
No further debt on me is laid,  
ſince that in ſelfe ſame mettall coin'd,  
Sweet Ladie you remaine well paid.  
For if my place giue me great pleaſure,  
Hauing before me Natures treaſure,  
In face and eyes unmatched being,  
You haue the ſame in my hands ſeeing,  
What in your face mine eyes do meaſure.*

*Nor thinke the match vnenly made,  
That of thoſe beames in you do tarie:  
The glaſſe to you but giues a ſhade,  
To me mine eyes the true ſhape carie.*



For such a thought most highly prized,  
which euer hath lones yoke despised;  
Better than one captin'd perceineth,  
Though be the linely forme receineth;  
The other sees it but disguised.

**R**ing out your bellies, let mourning shewes be spread,  
For Loe is dead:

All Loe is dead, infected  
with plague of deepe disdainne;  
Worth as nought worth reiected,  
And faish faire scorne doth gaine.  
From so vngreatfull fancie,  
From such a small franzie,  
From them that vse men shau,  
Good Lord deliner vs.

weepe neighbours, weepe, do you not heare it said,  
That Loe is dead:

His death-bed peacocks folly,  
His winding sheet is shame,  
His will false-seeming holy,  
His sole excellour blame.  
From so vngreatfull, &c.

Let Dirge be sung, and Trentals rightly read,  
For Loe is dead:

Sir wrong his tombe or daineth;  
My Mistresse Marble-bears,  
which Epitaph containeth,  
Her eyes were once his dart.  
From so vngreatfull, &c.

Alas, I lye; rage hath this error bred,  
Loe is not dead.

Loe as not dead, but sleepeth  
In her vnmarched minde;  
Where she his counsell keepeth,  
Till due desert she finde.

Therefore from so vile fancie,  
To call such wit a franzie,  
Who loue can temper thus,  
Good Lord deliner vs.

**T**Hou blinde mans marke, than soles selfe-chosen snare,  
Fond fancies scum, and dregs of feasted shonger,

*Band of all evils, cradle of causelesse care,  
Thou web of will, whose end is neuer wrought.*

*Desire, desire I haue too dearly bought,  
With price of mangled minde thy worthlesse ware:  
Too long, too long asleep thou hast me brought,  
Whosould my minde to higher things prepare.*

*But yet in vaine thou hast my ruine sought,  
In vaine thou mad'st me to vaine things aspire,  
In vaine thou kindlest all thy smokie fire.  
For vertue hath this better lesson taught,  
Within my selfe to seeke my only hire:  
Desiring nought but how to kill desire.*

**L***eaue me O Loue, which reachest but to dust,  
And thou my minde aspire to higher things:  
Grow rich in that which neuer taketh rust:  
What euer fades but fading pleasure brings.*

*Draw in thy beames, and humble all thy might,  
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedomes be:  
Which breakes the clouds and opens forth the light,  
That doth both shine and giue vs sight to see.*

*O take fast hold, let that light be thy guide,  
In this small course which birth drawes out to death.  
And thinke how euill becommeth him to slide,  
Who seeketh bea'n, and comes of bea'nly breath.  
Then farewell world, thy uttermost I see,  
Eternall Loue maintaine thy life in me.*

*Splendidis longum valedico nugis.*

THE





THE  
DEFENCE OF POESIE.  
BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY  
KNIGHT.



When the right vertuous *E.W.* and I were at the Emperors Court together, we gaue our selues to learn horfemanship of *Iohn Pietro Pugliano*, one that with great commendation had the place of an Esquire in his Stable: and he, according to the fertillnesse of the Italian wit, did not only affoord vs the demonstration of his practice, but sought to enrich our mindes with the contemplation therein, which he thought most precious. But with none I remember mine cares were at any time more loaden, than when (either angered with slow payment, or moued with our learnerlike admiration) hee exercised his speech in the praise of his facultie. He said souldiers were the noblest estate of mankind, & horfemen the noblest of souldiers. He said they were the masters of war, & ornaments of peace, speedy goers, and strong abiders, triumphers both in Camps & Courts: nay, to so vnbeleued a point he proceeded, as that no earthly thing bred such wonder to a Prince, as to be a good horse-man. Skill of gouernment was but a *Pedanteria* in comparison: Then would he adde certaine praises, by telling what a peerless beast the horse was, the only seruiceable Courtier without flattery, the beast of most beauty, faithfulness, courage, & such more, that if I had not bin a peece of a *Logician* before I came to him, I think he would haue perswaded me to haue wished my selfe a horse. But thus much at least with his no few words he draue into me, that selfe-loue is better than any guilding, to make that seem gorgeous wherein our selues be parties. Wherein if *Puglianos* strong affection and weak arguments will not satisfie you, I giue you a nearer example of my self, who I know not by what mischance in these my not old yeares and idlest times, hauing slipt into the title of a Poet, am prouoked to say something vnto you in defence of that my vnelected vocation: which if I handle with more good will than good reasons, beare with mee, since the scholar is to be pardoned that followeth the steppes of his master. And yet I must say, that as I haue more iust cause to make a pitifull defence of poore Poetrie, which from almost the highest estimation of learning, is false to be the laughing stocke of children; so haue I need to bring some more auailable proofes, since the former is by no man barr'd of his deserued credit, the silly latter hath euen the names of Philosophers vsed to the defacing of it, with great danger of ciuill warre among the Muses. And first truly to all them that professing learning inueigh against Poetrie, may iustly be obiected, that they goe very neare to vngratefulnesse, to seeke to deface that which in the noblest nations & languages that are knowne, hath bin the first light giuer to ignorance, and first nurse, whose milke little and little enabled

enabled them to feede afterwards of tougher knowledges. And will you play the Hedgehogge, that being receiued into the denne, draue out his hoshes: or rather the Vipers, that with their birth kill their parents? Let learned *Greece* in any of her manifold Sciences, be able to shew me one booke before *Moscu*, *Humar* and *Hesper*, all three nothing else but Poets. Nay, let any History bee brought, that can say any Writers were there before them, if they were not men of the same skill as *Orpheus*, *Linus*, and some other are named; who hauing beene the first of that countrey that made penne deliuerers of their knowledge to the posterity, may iustly challenge to bee called their fathers in learning. For not onely in time they had this priority, (although in it selfe antiquity be venerable) but went before them, as causes to drawe with their charming sweetnesse the wilde vnramed wits to an admiration of knowledge. So as *Amphion* was said to moue stones with his Poetry, to build *Thebes*; and *Orpheus* to be listened to by beasts, indeed stonie and beastly people. So among the *Romans* were *Linus*, *Andronius*, and *Ennius*. So in the *Italian* language, the first that made it to aspire to be a treasure-house of Science were the Poets *Dante*, *Boccaccio*, and *Petrarch*. So in our *Englishe* were *Gower* and *Chaucer*: after whom, encouraged and delighted with their excellent foregoing, others haue followed to beautifie our mother tongue, as well in the same kinde as other arts. This did so notably shew in selfe, that the Philosophers of *Greece* durst not a long time appeare to the world, but vnder the maske of Poets. So *Thales*, *Empedocles*, and *Parmenides*, sang their naturall Philosophy in verses. So did *Pythagoras* and *Phocillides* their morall Counsels. So did *Tertius* in warre matters, and *Solon* in matters of policie: or rather they being Poets, did exercise their delightfull veine in those points of highest knowledge, which before them lay hidden to the world. For, that wise *Solon* was directly a Poet, it is manifest, hauing written in Verse the notable Fable of the *Atlantick* Island; which was continued by *Plato*. And truly euen *Plato*, whosoever well considereth, shall find that in the body of his work, though the inside and strength were Philosophie, the skinne as it were and beautie depended most of Poetry. For all stands vpon Dialogues, wherein he feigns many honest Burgessees of *Athen* to speak of such matters, that if they had beene set on the racke, they would neuer haue confessed them: besides his Poeticall describing the circumstance of their meeting, as the well ordering of a Banquet, the delicacie of a Walke, with enticeling meere Tales, as *Ogyes Ring* and others, which, who knowes not to be flowers of Poetry did neuer walke into *Appollo's* Garden. And euen Historiographers, although their lippes sound of things done, & verily be written in their foreheads, haue bin glad to borrow both fashion, and perchance weight of the Poets. So *Herodotus* entituled his History by the name of the nine Muses: and both he and all the rest that followed him, either stole, or vsurped of Poetry, their passionate describing of passions, the many particularities of battels which no man could affirme; or if that be denied me, long Orations put in the mouths of grear Kings & Captaines, which it is certaine, they neuer pronounced. So that truly neither *Philosopher*, nor *Historiographer* could at the first haue entered into the gates of popular iudgements, if they had not taken a great passport of Poetry, which in all Nations at this day, where learning flourisheth not, is plaine to be seene: in all which they haue some feeling of Poetry. In *Wittie*, besides their Law-giuing Diuines, they haue no other writers but Poets. In our neighbour Countrey *Ireland*, where truly learning goes very bare, yet are their Poets held in deuout reuerence. Euen among the most barbarous and simple *Indians*, where no writing is, yet haue they their Poets, who make and sing songs, which they call *Adonis*; both of their Ancestors deedes, and praises of their gods. A sufficient probability, that if euer learning come among them, it must bee by ha-



uing their hard dull wits sofin'd & sharpened with the sweet delights of *Poetry* for vntill they find a pleasure in the exercise of the mind, great promises of much knowledge will little perswade them that know not the fruits of knowledge. In *Wales*, the true remnant of the ancient *Bristons*, as there are good authorities to shew, they long time had Poets which they called *Bardes*: so through all the conquests of *Romanes*, *Saxons*, *Danes*, & *Normans*, some of whom did seeke to ruine all memory of learning from among them, yet doe their Poets euen to this day last: so as it is not more notable in the soone beginning, than in long continuing. But since the Authors of most of our Sciences, were the *Romanes*, and before them the *Greekes*, let vs a little stand vpon their authorities, but euen so far as to see what names they haue giuen vnto this now scorned skill. Among the *Romanes* a Poet was called *Vates*, which is as much as a Diuiner, Foreseer, or Prophet, as by his conioyned words *Vaticinium*, and *Vaticinari*, is manifest; so heavenly a title did that excellent people bestow vpon this heart-rauishing knowledge, and so far were they carried into the admiration thereof, that they thought in the chanceable hitting vpon of any such verses, great foretokens of their following fortunes were placed. Whereupon grew the word of *Sortes Virgiliane*, when by sodaine opening *Virgils* booke, they lighted vpon some verse of his, as it is reported by many, whereof the Histories of the *Emperours* liues are full. As of *Albinus* the Gouvernour of our Island, who in his childhood met with this Verse:

*Arma amens capio, nec sat rationis in armis.*

And in his age performed it, although it were a very vaine and godlesse superstition; as also it was to think spirits were commanded by such verses, whereupon this word *Charmes* deriued of *Carmina*, commeth: so yet serueth into shew the great reuerence those wits were held in, and altogether not without ground, since both the Oracles of *Delphos* and *Sybillas* prophesies, were wholly deliuered in Verses: for that same exquisite obseruing of number and measure in the words, and that high flying libertie of conceit proper to the Poet, did seeme to haue some diuine force in it. And may not I presume a little farther, to shew the reasonablenesse of this word *Vates*, and say that the holy *Dauids* Psalmes are a diuine Poeme? If I doe, I shall not doe it without the testimonie of great learned men both ancient and moderne. But euen the name of Psalmes will speake for mee, which being interpreted, is nothing but songs: then that it is fully written in meeter, as all learned *Hebrewians* agree, although the rules be not yet fully found. Lastly and principally, his handling his prophetic, which is meere Poeticall. For what else is the awaking his muscicall instruments, the often and free changing of Persons, his notable *Prosopopaeias*, when hee maketh you as it were see God comming in his maiestie, his telling of the beasts ioyfulnesse, and hills leaping, but a heavenly Poetrie, wherein almost he shewed himselfe a passionate lover of that unspeakable and euermlasting beautie to bee seene by the eyes of the minde, onely cleared by faith? But truly now hauing named him, I feare I seeme to prophane that holy name, applying it to Poetry, which is among vs throwne downe to so ridiculous an estimation. But they that with quiet iudgements will looke a little deeper into it, shall finde the end and working of it such, as being rightly applyed, deserueth not to be scourged out of the Church of God. But now let vs see how the *Greekes* haue named it, and how they deemed of it. The *Greekes* named him *poietes*, which name hating, as the most excellent, gone through other languages: it commeth of this word *poio*, which is to make: wherein I know not whether by lucke or wisdom, wee Englishmen haue met with the *Greekes* in, calling him a Maker. Which name, how high and incomparable a title it is, I had rather

rather were knowne by marking the scope of other Soignes, than by anie partiall allegation. There is no Art deliuered vnto mankinde, that hath not the works of nature for his principall object, without which they could not consist, and on which they so depend, as they become Actors and Players, as it were, of what Nature will haue set forth. So doth the *Astronomer* looke vpon the starres, and by that hee seeth set downe what order Nature hath taken therein. So doth the *Geometrician* and *Arithmetician* in their diuers sorts of quantities. So doth the *Musician* in tunes tell you, which by Nature agree, which not. The naturall *Philosopher* thereon hath his name, and the morall *Philosopher* standeth vpon the naturall vertues, vices, or passions of man: and fellow nature saith hee, therein, and thou shalt not erre. The *Lawyer* saith, what men haue determined. The *Historian*, what men haue done. The *Grammatician* speaketh onely of the rules of speech, and the *Rhetorician* and *Legitian*, considering what in nature will soonest proue, and perswade, thereon giue artificiall rules, which still are compassed within the circle of a question, according to the proposed matter. The *Physitian* weigheth the nature of mans body, and the nature of things helpefull or hurtfull vnto it. And the *Metaphysicke*, though it bee in the second and abstract morions, and therefore bee counted supernaturall, yet doth hee indeede build vpon the depth of Nature. Only the Poet disdaineth to bee tryed to any such subiection, lifted vp with the vigour of his owne inuention, doth grow in effect into another nature: in making things eyther better than nature bringeth forth, or quite anew, formes of such as neuer were in nature: as the *Herbes*, *Demi-gods*, *Cyclops*, *Chimeras*, *Panias*, and such like; so as hee goeth hand in hand with Nature, not inclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the Zodiacke of his owne wit. Nature neuer set forth the earth in so rich Tapistry, as diuers Poets haue done, neither with so pleasant riuers, fruitfull trees, sweete-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too much loued earth more louely: her world is brazen, the Poets onely deliuer a golden. But let those things alone, and goe to man, for whom as the other things are, so it seemeth in him her vttermost cunning is imployed: and know whether shee haue brought forth so true a louer as *Theagenes*, so constant a friend as *Pylades*, so valiant a man as *Orlando*, so right a Prince as *Xenophon Cyrus*, and so excellent a man every way, as *Virgils Aeneas*. Neither let this be iestingly conceiued, because the workes of the one be essentiall, the other in imitation or fiction: euery vnderstanding knoweth the skill of each Artificer standeth in that *Idea*, or foreconceit of the worke, & not in the worke it selfe. And that the Poet hath that *Idea*, is manifest, by the deliuering them forth in such excellency as hee had imagined them: which deliuering forth also, is not wholly imaginatiue, as wee are wont to say by them that build Castles in the ayre: but so farre substantially it worketh, not onely to make a *Cyrus*; which had been but a particular excellency, as nature might haue done; but to bestow a *Cyrus* vpon the world to make many *Cyruses*, if they will learne aright, why, and how that maker made him. Neyther let it bee deemed too sawcie a comparison, to ballance the highest point of mans wit ywith the efficacie of nature: but rather giue right honour to the heavenly maker of that maker, who hauing made man to his owne likenesse, set him beyond, and ouer all the workes of that second nature, which in nothing he sheweth so much as in Poetry, when with the force of a diuine breath, hee bringeth things forth surpassing her doings: with no small arguments to the incredulous of that first accursed fall of *Adam*, since our created wit maketh vs know what perfection is, and yet our infected will keepeth vs from reaching vnto it. But these arguments will by few bee vnderstood, and by fewer granted:



thus much. I hope will be given mee; that the Greekes with some probability of reason, gave him the name above all names of learning. Now let vs goe to a more ordinary opening of him; that the truth may be the more palpable: and so I hope; though wee get not so unmatched a prayse, as the *Etymologie* of his names will graunt, yet his verie description, which no man will denie, shall not iustly bee bacted from a principall commendation. *Poesie* therefore is an *Arte* of *Imitation*; for so *Aristotle* teacheth it in the word *μimesis*, that is to say, a representing, counterfeiting or figuring forth: to speake metaphorically; A speaking *Picture*, with this end, to teach and delight. Of this haue bene three generall kindes; the chiefe both in antiquitie and excellencie; were they that did imitate the vneconceivable excellencies of God, such were *Dauid* in his *Psalmes*, *Salomon* in his *Song of Songs*; in his *Ecclesiastes* and *Proverbs*; *Moses* and *Deborah* in their *Hymnes*, and the writer of *Iob*. Which, beside other, the learned *Emmanuel Tremelius*; and *Fr. Iunius* doe entitle the Poeticall part of the Scripture: against these none will speake that hath the Holy Ghost in due holy reuerence. In this kinde, though in a wrong Diuinitie, were *Orpheus*, *Amphion*, *Homer* in his *Hymnes*; and many other both Greekes and Romanes. And this *Poesie* must be vsed by whosoever will follow *Saint Pauls* counsaile, in singing *Psalmes* when they are merrie; and I know is vsed with the fruite of comfort by some, when in sorrowfull pangs of their death-bringing sinnes, they finde the consolation of the neuer-leaving goodnesse. The second kinde is of them that deale with matter Philosophicall, eyther Morall, as *Tersius*, *Phocilides*, *Cato*; or Naturall, as *Lucretius*, and *Virgils Georgicks*; or Astronomicall, as *Manilius* and *Pontanus*; or Historicall, as *Lodowick*: which who mislike, the fault is in their iudgement, quite out of taste; not in the sweete soude of sweetly vttered knowledge. But because this second sort is wrapped within the folde of the proposed subiect, and takes not the free course of his owne inuention, whether they properly bee Poets or no, let *Grammarians* dispute; and goe to the third indeede right Poets, of whom chiefly this question ariseth: betwixt whom and these second, is such a kinde of difference, as betwixt the meaner sort of Painters, who counterfeite onely such faces as are set before them, and the more excellent, who hauing no law but wit, bestow that in colours vpon you, which is fittest for the eye to see, as the constant, though lamenting looke of *Lucretia*, when shee punished in her selfe anothers fault: wherein hee painteth not *Lucretia* whom hee neuer saw, but painteth the outward beaurie of such a vertue. For these third bee they, which most properly doe imitate to teach and delight: and so imitate, borrow nothing of what is, hath bene, or shall bee; but range onely, rained with learned discretion, into the diuine consideration of what may be and should bee. These bee they, that as the first and most noble sort, may iustly bee termed *Poets*: so these are wayted on in the excellentest languages and best vnderstanding, with the fore-described name of *Poets*. For these indeede doe meete to imitate, and imitate both to delight and teach, and delight to moue men to take that goodnesse in hand, which without delight they would fye as from a stranger; and teach to make them know that goodnesse whereunto they are moued: which being the noblest scope to which euer any learning was directed, yet want there not idle tongues to barke at them. These be subdivided into sundry more speciall denominations. The most notable be the *Heroicke*, *Lyricke*, *Tragicke*, *Comicke*, *Satyricke*, *Iambicke*, *Elegiacke*, *Pastorall*, and certaine others: some of these being termed according to the matter they deale with, some by the sort of verse they liked best to write in; for indeede the greatest part of Poets, haue apparelled their Poeticall inuentions, in that

numbrous kinde of writing which is called *Verse*. Indeed but apparelled Verse, being but an ornament, and no cause to Poetrie, since there haue bene many most excellent Poets that neuer versified, and now swarme many versifiers that need neuer answer to the name of Poets. For *Xenophon* who did imitate so excellently as to giue vs *Effigiem iusti imperij*, the portraiture of a iust Empire, vnder the name of *Cyrus*, as *Cicero* saith of him, made therein an absolute heroicall Poeme. So did *Heliodoras* in his sugred inuention of that picture of Ioue in *Theagenes* and *Charicles*, and yet both these wrote in Prose: which I speake to shew that it is not ryming and versing that maketh a Poet, (no more than a long gowne maketh an Aduocate, who though hee pleaded in armour should bee an Aduocate and no Souldier:) but it is that sayning notable images of vertues, vices, or what else, with that delightfull teaching, which must bee the right describing note to know a Poet by. Although indeed the Senate of Poets haue chosen verse as their fittest rayment: meaning as in matter they passed all in all, so in manner to goe beyond them: not speaking table-talk fashion, or like men in a dreame, words as they chanceable fall from the mouth, but peasing each syllable of each word by iust proportion, according to the dignitie of the subiect. Now therefore it shall not bee amisse, first to weigh this latter sort of Poetry by his workes, and then by his parts; and if in neyther of these Anatomies hee bee condemnable, I hope wee shall receiue a more fauourable sentence. This purifying of wit, this enriching of memorie, enabling of iudgement, and inlarging of conceit, which commonly wee call learning, vnder what name soeuer it come forth, or to what immediate end soeuer it bee directed, the finall end is to leade and drawe vs to as high a perfection, as our degenerate soules, made worse by their clay lodgings, can bee capable of. This, according to the inclination of man, bred many formed impressions: for some that thought this felicitie principally to bee gotten by knowledge, and no knowledge to bee so high or heauenly, as acquaintance with the starres, gaue themselves to *Astronomie*: others perswading themselves to bee *Demi-gods*, if they knew the causes of things, became naturall and supernaturall *Philosophers*. Some an admirable delight drew to *Musicke*: and some the certainerly demonstration to the *Mathematickes*: but all, one and other, hauing this scope to know, and by knowledge to lift vp the minde from the dungeon of the body, to the enioying his owne diuine essence. But when by the ballance of experience it was found, that the *Astronomer* looking to the starres might fall in a ditch; that the enquiring *Philosopher* might bee blinde in himselfe; and the *Mathematician* might draw forth a straight line with a crooked heart: Then loe did *Prooffe*, the ouer-ruler of opinions, make manifest, that all these are but seruing sciences, which as they haue a priuate end in themselves, so yet are they all directed to the highest end of the mistresse knowledge; by the Greekes *ἀρετή*, which standeth as I thinke, in the knowledge of a mans selfe, in the Ethicke and Politicke consideration, with the end of wel-doing, and not of well-knowing onely. Even as the Sadlers next end is to make a good Saddle, but his further end to serue a nobler facultie, which is Horsemanship: so the Horsmans to Souldierie: and the Souldier not onely to haue the skill, but to performe the practise of a Souldier. So that the ending end of all earthly learning being vertuous action, those skills that most serue to bring forth that, haue a most iust title to be Princes over all the rest: wherein easily wee can shew, the Poet is worthy to haue it before any other competitors: among whom principally to challenge it, step forth the morall *Philosophers*. Whom, me thinkes, I see comming towards mee, with a fullen grauitie (as though they could not abide vice by day-light) rudely clothed, for to witnesse outwardly



wardly their contempt of outward things, with bookes in their hands against glorie, whereto they set their names: sophistically speaking against subtiltie, and anger with any man in whom they see the foule fault of anger. These men casting larges as they goe of definitions, diuisions, and distinctions, with a scornfull interrogatiue doe soberly aske, whether it be possible to finde any path so readie to leade a man to vertue, as that which teacheth what vertue is, and teacheth it not onely by deliuering forth his very being, his causes and effects, but also by making knowne his enemie vice, which must bee destroyed, and his cumbersome seruant Passion, which must bee mastered: by shewing the generalities that containe it, and by the specialities that are deriued from it. Lastly, by plaine setting downe how it extends it selfe out of the limits of a mans owne little world, to gouernement of families, and maintrayning of publike societies. The *Historian* scarcely giues leasure to the *Moralist* to say so much, but that hee loaden with olde Mousse-eaten Records, authorising himselfe for the most part vpon other histories, whose greatest authorities are built vpon the notable foundation of *Heare-say*, hauing much ado to accord differing writers, & to picke truth out of partialitie; better acquainted with a thousand yeares agoe, than with the present age, and yet better knowing how this world goes, than how his owne wit runnes; curious for Antiquities, and inquisitiue of Nouelties, a wonder to young folkes, and a Tyrant in table talke; denieth in a great chafe, that any man for teaching of vertue, and vertuous actions, is comparable to him. I am *Tessis temporum, lux veritatis; vita memoria, magistra vita, nuntia vetustatis*. The *Philosopher*, saith hee, teacheth a disputatiue vertue, but I doe an actiue. His vertue is excellent in the dangerlesse *Academie* of *Plato*: but mine sheweth forth her honourable face in the battels of *Marathon*, *Pharsalia*, *Poitiers*, and *Agincourt*. Hee teacheth vertue by certaine abstract considerations: but I onely bid you follow the footing of them that haue gone before you. Old aged experience goeth beyond the fine witted *Philosopher*: but I giue the experience of many ages. Lastly, if hee make the song-booke, I put the learners hand to the Lute, and if hee bee the guide, I am the light. Then would hee alleage you innumerable examples, confirming storie by stories, how much the wisest Senators and Princes haue bene directed by the credit of Historie, as *Brutus*, *Alphonfus* of *Aragon*, (and who not if neede be?) At length, the long line of their disputation makes a point in this, that the one giueth the precept, and the other the example. Now whom shall we finde, since the question standeth for the highest forme in the schoole of learning, to bee moderator? Truly as mee seemeth, the Poet; and if not a moderator, euen the man that ought to carie the title from them both: and much more from all other scruiing sciences. Therefore compare wee the Poet with the *Historian*, and with the morall *Philosopher*: and if hee goe beyond them both, no other humane skill can march him. For as for the *Diuine*, with all reuerence he is euer to be excepted, not onely for hauing his scope as farre beyond any of these, as Eternitie exceedeth a Moment: but euen for passing each of these in themselves. And for the *Lawyer*, though *Ius* be the daughter of *Iustice*, the chiefe of vertues, yet because he seekes to make men good, rather *formidine paena*, than *virtutis amore*: or to say right, doth not endeuour to make men good, but that their euil hurt not others, hauing no care so he be a good citizen, how bad a man he be; Therefore as our wickednesse maketh him necessarie, and necessitie maketh him honourable, so is hee not in the deepest truth to stand in ranke with these, who all endeuour to take naughtinesse away, and plant goodnesse euen in the secretest cabinet of our soules: and these foure are all that any way deale in the consideration of mens manners, which being the supream knowledge, they that best

breede

breede it, deserue the best commendation. The *Philosopher* therefore, and the *Historian* are they which would win the goale, the one by precept, the other by example: but both, not hauing both, doe both halt. For the *Philosopher* setting downe with thornie arguments the bare rule, is so hard of vterance, and so mistie to be conceiued, that one that hath no other guide but him, shall wade in him till hee bee old, before hee shall finde sufficient cause to bee honest: For his knowledge standeth so vpon the abstract and generall, that happie is that man who may vnderstand him, and more happie that can applie what hee doth vnderstand. On the other side, the *Historian* wanting the precept, is sorted not to what should bee but to what is, to the particular truth of things, and not to the generall reason of things, that his example draweth no necessarie consequence, and therefore a lesse fruitfull doctrine. Now doth the peerelesse Poet perform both: for whatsoeuer the *Philosopher* saith should be done, he giues a perfect picture of it by some one, by whom hee presupposeth it was done, so as he completh the generall notion with the particular example. A perfect picture (I say) for hee yeeldeth to the powers of the minde an image of that whereof the *Philosopher* bestoweth but a wordish description, which doth neither strike, pierce, nor possesse the sight of the soule so much, as that other doth. For as in outward things to a man that had neuer seene an *Elephant*, or a *Rhinoceros*, who should tell him most exquisitely all their shape, colour, bignesse and particular marks, or of a gorgeous palace in *Architecture*, who declaring the full beauties, might wel make the hearer able to repeat as it were by roat all he heard, yet should neuer satisfie his inward conceit, with being witnes to it selfe of a true liuing knowledge: but the same man, as soone as hee might see those beasts well painted, or that house well in modell, should straightwaies grow without neede of any description to a iudicall comprehending of them, so (no doubt) the *Philosopher* with his learned definitions, bee it of vertues or vices, matters of publike policie or priuate gouernement, replenisheth the memorie with many infallible grounds of wisdom, which notwithstanding lye darke before the imaginative and iudging power, if they bee not illuminated or figured forth by the speaking picture of *Poesie*. Tully taketh much paines, and many times not without Poeticall helpes, to make vs knowe the force loue of our countrey hath in vs. Let vs but heare olde *Anchises*, speaking in the midst of *Troyes* flames, or see *Vlysses* in the fulnesse of all *Calipsos* delights, bewaile his absence from barraine and beggarly *Ithaca*. Anger (the *Stoicks* said) was a short madnesse: let but *Sophocles* bring you *Ajax* on a stage, killing or whipping sheepe and oxen, thinking them the Armie of Greekes, with their chieftaines *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*: & tell me if you haue not a more familiar insight into Anger, than finding in the schoolemen his *Genus* and *Difference*. See whether wisdom and temperance in *Vlysses* and *Diomedes*, valure in *Achilles*, friendship in *Nisus* and *Eurialus*, euen to an ignorant man, carie not an apparant shining: and contrarily, the remorse of conscience in *Oedipus*, the soone repenting pride in *Agamemnon*, the selfe deuouring crueltie in his father *Atreus*, the violence of ambition in the two *Theban* brothers, the sowe sweetnesse of reuenge in *Medea*, and to fall lower, the *Terentian* *Gnatho*, and our *Chaucers* *Pandar*, so exprest, that wee now vse their names, to signify their Trades: And finally, all vertues, vices, and passions, so in their owne naturall states, laid to view, that wee seeme not to heare of them, but clearly to see through them. But euen in the most excellent determination of goodnesse, what *Philosophers* counsell can so readily direct a Prince, as the fained *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*? or a vertuous man in all fortunes, as *Aeneas* in *Virgile*? or a whole Commonwealth, as the Way of Sir Thomas Moores *Eutopia*? I say the Way, because where



Sir Thomas More erred, it was the fault of the man, and not of the Poet: for that Way of patterning a Common wealth, was most absolute, though hee perchance hath not so absolutely performed it. For the question is, whether the fained image of Poetrie, or the regular instruction of Philosophie, hath the more force in teaching. Wherein if the *Philosophers* haue more rightly shewed themselues *Philosophers*, then the *Poets* haue attained to the high toppe of their profession (as in trueth *mediocribus esse Poetis, non Di, non homines, non concessere columna*) it is (I say againe) not the fault of the Art, but that by few men that Art can bee accomplished. Certainly, euen our Saniour Christ could as well haue giuen the morall common places of vncharitablenesse, and humbleness, as the diuine narration of *Dines* and *Lazarus*, or of disobedience, and mercie, as that heavenly discourse of the lost childe and the gracious father, but that his thorough searching wisdom, knew the estate of *Dines* burning in Hell, and of *Lazarus* in *Abrahams* bosome, would more constantly as it were, inhabit both the memory and iudgement. Truly for my selfe (me seemes) I see before mine eyes, the lost childe disdainfull prodigalitie turned to enuie a Swines dinner: which by the learned *Diuines* are thought not historicall acts, but instructing parables. For conclusion, say the *Philosopher* teacheth, but hee teacheth obscurely, so as the learned onely can vnderstand him, that is to say, he teacheth them that are already taught. But the Poet is the food for the tendrest stomachs, the Poet is indeed the right popular *Philosopher*. Whereof *Esops* tales giues good proof, whose pretty allegorics stealing vnder the formal tales of beastes, make many more beastly than beasts, beginne to heare the sound of vertue from those dumbe speakers. But now may it bee alleaged, that if this imagining of matters be so fit for the imagination, then must the *Historian* needs surpasse, who brings you images of true matters, such as indeede were done, not such as fantastically or falsly may be suggested to haue bin done. Truly *Aristotle* himself in his discourse of *Poesie*, plainly determines this question, saying that *Poesie* is *φανταστικόν* and *μιμητικόν*; that is to say, it is more Philosophicall, and more ingenious than history. His reason is, because *Poesie* dealeth with *ὑπόθεσις*, that is to say, with the vniuersall consideration, & the historie with *ἱστορίαν*, the particular. Now, saith he, the vniuersall waies what is fit to be said or done, either is likelihood or necessity, w<sup>ch</sup> the *Poesie* considereth in his imposed names: & the particular only markes whether *Alcibiades* did or suffered this or that. Thus far *Aristotle*. Which reason of his, as all his, is most full of reason. For indeed if the question were, whether it were better to haue a particular act truly or falsly set down, there is no doubt w<sup>ch</sup> is to be chosen, no more than whether you had rather haue *Vespasians* picture right as he was, or at the painters pleasure nothing resembling. But if the question be for your own vse & learning, whether it be better to haue it set down as it shold be, or as it was, then certainly is more doctrinable the fained *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*, than the true *Cyrus* in *Justin*: and the fained *Aeneas* in *Virgil*, than the right *Aeneas* in *Dares Phrygius*: as to a Ladie that desired to fashion her countenance to the best grace, a Painter should more benefit her to portrait a most sweete face, writing *Candida* vpon it, than to paint *Candida* as shee was, who *Horace* sweareth was full ill fauoured. If the Poet doe his part aright, hee will shew you in *Tantalus*, *Atrius*, and such like, nothing that is not to bee shunned in *Cyrus*, *Aeneas*, *Flysses*, each thing to bee followed: were the *Historian* bound to tell things as things were, cannot bee liberall, without hee will bee Poeticall of a perfect patterne, but as in *Alexander* or *Scipio* himselfe, shew doings, some to bee liked, some to bee misliked, and then how will you discerne what to follow, but by your owne discretion, which you had without reading *Quintus Curtius*. And whereas a man may say, though in vniuersall con-

consideration of doctrine, the *Poet* preuaileth, yet that the *Historie* in his saying such a thing was done, doth warrant a man more in that hee shall follow. The answer is manifest, that if hee stand vpon that was, as if hee should argue, Because it rained yesterday, therefore it should raine to day; then indeede hath it some aduantage to a grosse conceit. But if hee know an example onely enformes a coniectured likelihood, and so goe by reason, the *Poet* doth so farre exceed him, as hee is to frame his example to that which is most reasonable, bee it in warlike, politick, or priuate matters; where the *Historian* in his bare, Was, hath many times that which wee call fortune, to ouer-rule the best wisdom. Many times hee must tel euents; whereof hee can yeelde no cause, or if hee doe, it must bee poetically. For that a fained example hath as much force to teach, as a true example (for as for to moue, it is cleare, since the fained may be tuned to the highest key of passion) let vs take one example wherein an *Historian* and a *Poet* did concur. *Herodotus* and *Iustine* doe both testifie, that *Zopirus*, King *Darius* faithfull seruant, seeing his master long resisted by the rebellious *Babylonians*, fained himselfe in extreame disgrace of his King, for verifying of which, hee caused his owne nose and eares to bee cut off, and so flying to the *Babylonians* was receiued, and for his knowne valure so farre credited, that hee did finde meanes to deliuer them ouer to *Darius*. Much like matter doth *Livy* record of *Tarquinius* and his sonne. *Xenophon* excellently fained such another stratagem, performed by *Abradates* in *Cyrus* behalfe. Now would I faine know, if occasion bee presented vnto you, to serue your Prince by such an honest dissimulation, why you doe not as well learne it of *Xenophons* fictions as of the others veritie: and truly so much the better, as you shall saue your nose by the bargain. For *Abradates* did not counterfeit so farre. So then the best of the *Historian* is subiect to the *Poet*: for whatsoever action or faction, whatsoever counsell, policie, or warre stratagem the *Historian* is bound to recire, that may the *Poet* if hee list with his imitation make his owne: beautifying it both for further teaching, and more delighting, as it please him: hauing all from *Dante* his heauen to his hell, vnder the authoritie of his pen. Which if I bee asked what *Poets* haue done so? as I might well name some, so yet say I, and say againe, I speake of the Art and not of the Artificer. Now to that which commonly is attributed to the praise of *Historie*, in respect of the notable learning is got by marking the successe, as though therein a man should see vertue exalted and vice punished: truly that commendation is peculiar to *Poetrie*, and farre off from *Historie*; for indeed *Poetrie* euer sets vertue so out in her best colours, making fortune her wel-waiting handmaid, that one must needs be enamoured of her. Well may you see *Vlysses* in a storme and in other hard plights, but they are but exercises of patience and magnanimitie, to make them shine the more in the neare following prosperitie. And of the contrarie part, if euill men come to the stage, they euer goe out (as the Tragedic writer answered to one that misliked the shew of such persons) so manacled, as they little animate folkes to follow them. But the *History* being captiued to the truth of a foolish world, is many times a terrour from well-doing, and an encouragement to vnbridled wickednesse. For see we not valiant *Milciades* rot in his fetters? The iust *Phocion* and the accomplished *Socrates* put to death like traitors? The cruel *Senarus* line prosperously? The excellent *Senarus* miserably murdered? *Sylla* & *Marius* dying in their beds? *Pompey* & *Cicero* slaine then when they would haue thought exile a happinesse? See we not vertuous *Cato* driuen to kill himselfe, and rebell *Cesar* so aduanced, that his name, yet after a thousand six hundred yeares, lasteth in the highest honour? And marke but euen *Cesars* owne wordes of the forenamed *Sylla*, (who in that onely did honestly, to put



put downe his dishonest tyranny) *Literas nesciuit*: as if want of learning, caused him to doe well. Hee meant it not by Poetrie, which, not content with earthly plagues, deuiserh new punishments in hell for tyrants: nor yet by Philosophie, which teacheth *Occidentes esse*, but no doubt by skill in Historie, for that indeede can afford you *Cipselus*, *Periander*, *Phalaris*, *Dionysius*, and I know not how many moe of the same kennell, that sped well enough in their abhominable iniustice of vsurpation. I conclude therefore, that he excelleth historie, not only in furnishing the minde with knowledge, but in setting it forward to that which deserues to bee called and accounted good: which setting forward and mouing to well-doing, indeede setteth the Laurell crowne vpon the *Poets* as victorious, not only of the *Historian*, but ouer the *Philosopher*, howsoever in teaching, it may be questionable. For suppose it be graunted, that which I suppose with great reason may be denied, that the *Philosopher* in respect of his methodicall proceeding, teach more perfectly than the *Poet*, yet doe I thinke, that no man is so much *propagandus*, as to compare the *Philosopher* in mouing with the *Poet*. And that mouing is of a higher degree than teaching, it may by this appeare, that it is well nigh both the cause and effect of teaching. For who will be taught, if he be not moued with desire to be taught? And what so much good doth that teaching bring forth, (I speake still of morall doctrine) as that it moueth one to doe that which it doth teach? For as *Aristotle* saith, it is not *virtus* but *virtus* must be the fruit: and how *virtus* can be without beeing moued to practise, it is no hard matter to consider. The *Philosopher* sheweth you the way, hee informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediousnesse of the way, and of the pleasant lodging you shall haue when your iourney is ended, as of the many by-turnings that may diuert you from your way. But this is to no man but to him that will reade him, and reade him with attentiuie studious painefulnesse, which constant desire whosoener hath in him, hath already past halfe the hardnesse of the way: and therefore is beholding to the *Philosopher* but for the other halfe. Nay truly learned men haue learnedly thought, that where once reason hath so much ouer-mattered passion, as that the minde hath a free desire to doe well, the inward light each minde hath in it selfe, is as good as a *Philosophers* booke, since in Nature wee know it is well, to doe well, and what is well and what is euill, although not in the words of Art which *Philosophers* bestow vpon vs: for out of naturall conceit the *Philosophers* drew it; but to bee moued to doe that which wee know, or to bee moued with desire to know, *Hoc opus, hic labor est*. Now therein of all Sciences (I speake still of humane, and according to the humane conceit) is our *Poet* the *Monarch*. For hee doth not onely shew the way, but giueth so sweete a prospect into the way, as will intice any man to enter into it: Nay hee doth as if your iourney should lye through a faire vineyard; at the very first, giue you a cluster of grapes, that full of that tast, you may long to passe further. Hee be- ginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blurre the margent with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness: but he commeth to you with wordes set in delightfull proportion; either accompanied with, or prepared for the well enchanting skill of *Musicke*, & with a tale (forsooth) he commeth vnto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the Chimney corner, and pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the minde from wickednesse to vertue; euen as the child is often brought to take most wholsom things by hiding them in such other as haue a pleasant taste: which if one should begin to tell them the nature of the *Alloes* or *Rhubarbarum* they should receiue, would sooner take their phyficke at their eares than at their mouth, so is it in men (most of which are childish in the best things, till they bee cradled in their graues) glad they will

will be to heare the tales of *Hercules*, *Achilles*, *Cyrus*, *Aeneas*; and hearing them, most needes heare the right description of wisdom, valour, and iustice, which if they had been barely (that is to say Philosophically) set out, they would sweare they be brought to schoole againe, that imitation whereof *Poesy* is, hath the most conueniencie to Nature of all others: In so much that, as *Aristotle* saith, those things which in themselves are horrible, as cruell battels, vnnatural monsters, are made in poeticall imitation, delightfull. Truly I haue knowne men, that euen with reading *Amadis de Gaule*, which God knowes, wanteth much of a perfect *Poesie*, haue found their hearts moued to the exercise of courtesie, liberalitie, and especially courage. Who readeth *Aeneas* carying old *Anchises* on his backe, that wisheth not it were his fortune to performe so excellent an Act? Whom doe not those words of *Turnus* moue, (the tale of *Turnus* hauing planted his image in the imagination) *fugientem hac toris videbitis. Et quae ad eum mori miseram est*. Where the *Philosophers* (as they thinke) scorne to delight, so much they be content little to moue, sauing wrangling whether *Virtus* be the chiefe or the onely good, whether the contemplatiue or the actiue life doe excell, which *Plato* & *Boetius* well knew, and therefore made mistresse *Philosophia* very often borrow the masking rayment of *Poesie*. For euen those hard hearted euill men, who thinke vertue a schoole name, and know no other good but *indulgere genis*, and therefore despise the austere admonitions of the *Philosopher*, and feele not the inward reason they stand vpon, yet will be content to be delighted, which is all the good fellow *Poes* seemes to promise, and so steale to see the forme of goodnesse, (which seeing, they cannot but loue) ere themselves be aware, as if they tooke a medicine of *Cherries*. Infinite proofes of the strangest effects of this Roricall inuention might be alleaged, onely two shall serue, which are so often remembred, as I thinke all men know them. The one of *Mencius* *Agrippa*, who when the whole people of *Rome* had resolutely diuided themselves from the *Senate*, with apparant shew of ciuill ruine, though hee were for that time an excellent Orator, came not among them vpon trust either of figuratiue speeches, or cunning insinuations, and much lesse with faire set *Maxims* of *Philosophie*, which especially if they were *Platonick*, they must haue learned *Orametrie* before they could well haue conceived: but forthwith, he behaueth himselfe like a homely and familiar *Poet*. Hee reciteth them a tale, that there was a time, when all the parts of the bodie made a mutinous conspiracie against the belly, which they thought denoured the fruites of each others labour: they concluded they would let so vnprofitable a spender starue. In the end, to bee short, for the tale is notorious, and as notorious that it was a tale, with punishing the belly they plagued themselves, this applied by him, wrought such effect in the people, as I neuer read that onely wordes brought forth, but then, so sudden and so good an alteration: for vpon reasonable conditions, a perfect reconciliation ensued. The other is of *Nathan* the Prophet, who when the holy *David* had so farre forsaken God, as to confirme adultery with murder, when he was to doe the tendrest office of a friend, in laying his owne shame before his eyes, sent by God to call againe for choise a seruant, how doth hee it, but by telling of a man whose beloued lambe, was vngratefully taken from his bosome. The application most diuinely true, but the discourse it selfe fauourable, which made *David* (I speake of the second & instrumentall cause) as in a glasse see his owne filthinesse, as that heavenly *Psalme* of mercie well testifieth. By these therefore examples and reasons, I thinke it may be manifest, that the *Poet* with that same hand of delight, doth draw by the minde more effectually than any other Art doth. And so a conclusion not wisely casue, That as vertue is the most excellent resting place for all worldly learning to make his end of, so *Poesie* being the most



most familiar to teach it, & most Princely to moue towards it, in the most excellent worke; is the most excellent workman. But I am content not onely to decipher him by his workes (although workes in commendation and dispraise, must euer hold a high auctoritie) but more narrowly will examine his parts, so that (as in a man) though altogether may cary a presence full of maiestie and beautie, perchance in some one defetuous peece we may finde blemish. Now in his parts, kindes or species, as you list to terme them, it is to bee noted, that some Poets haue coupled together two or three kindes, as the *Tragicall* and *Comicall*, whereupon is risen the *Tragicomicall*; some in the manner haue mingled Prose and Verse, as *Suacrus* and *Bartius*; some haue mingled matters *Heroicall* and *Pastorall*. but that commeth all to one in this question, for if seuered they be good, the coniunction cannot be hurtfull: therefore perchance forgetting some, and leaving some as needlesse to bee remembred. It shall not be amisse, in a word to cite the speciall kindes, to see what faults may be found in the right vse of them. Is it then the *Pastorall Poeme* which is misliked? (For perchance where the hedge is lowest they will soonest leap ouer) is the poore pipe disdained, which sometimes out of *Melibeu's* mouth, can shew the miserie of people, vnder hard Lords and rauening Souldiers? And againe by *Tityrus*, what blessednesse is deriued to them that lye lowest, from the goodnesse of them that sit highest? Sometimes vnder the pretty tales of *Wolues* and *Sheep*, can include the whole considerations of wrong doing & patience; sometimes shew that contentions for trifles, can get but a trifling victorie, where perchance a man may see, that euen *Alexander* and *Darius*, when they straued who should bee Cocks of this worlds dunghill, the benefit they got, was, that the after liuers may say, *Macroni, & victum frustra contendere Thynum. Ex illo Coridon, Coridon est tempore nobis.* Or is it the lamenting *Elegiacke*, which in a kinde heart would moue rather pitiethan blame, who bewayleth with the great Philosopher *Heracitus*, the weaknesse of mankinde, and the wretchednesse of the world: who surely is to be praised either for compassionate accompanying iust causes of lamentations, or for rightly painting out how weake be the passions of wofulnesse? Is it the bitter but wholesome *Lamblike*, who rubbes the galled minde, making shame the Trumpet of villanie, with bold and open crying out against naughtinesse? Or the *Satyricke*, who *Omne uaser vitium ridenti tangit amico*, who sportingly neuer leaueth, till he make a man laugh at folly; and at length ashamed, to laugh at himselfe; which hee cannot auoyde, without auoyding the folly: who while *Circum praecordia ludit*, giueth vs to feele how many headaches a passionate life bringeth vs to? Who when all is done, *Est volubris animus si, non deficit aqua.* No, perchance it is the *Comicke*, whom naughty play-makers and stage-keepers, haue iustly made odious. To the arguments of abuse, I wil after answer; only thus much now is to be said, That the *Comedy* is an imitation of the common errors of our life, which he representeth in the most ridiculous and scornfull sort that may be: so as it is impossible that any beholder can be content to bee such a one. Now as in *Geometrie*, the oblique must be known as well as the right; and in *Arithmetike*, the odde as well as the euen, so in the actions of our life, who seeth not the filthinesse of guill, wanteth a great foile to perceiue the beauty of vertue. This doeth the *Comedie* handle so in our priuate and domesticall matters, as with hearing it, wee get as it were an experience what is to be looked for of a niggardly *Demea*, of a crafty *Darius*, of a flattering *Gnatho*, of a vainglorious *Thraso*; and not only to know what effects are to be expected, but to know who be such, by the signifying badge giuen them by the *Comedians*. And little reason hath any man to say, that men learne the euill by seeing it so set out; since, as I said before, there is no man liuing, but by the force truth hath in nature,

ture, no sooner seech these men play their parts, but wishesth them in *Esstrinum*, although perchance the sacke of his owne faults lie so behind his backe, that he seech not himselfe to dance the same measure: whereto yet nothing can more open his eyes, than to see his owne actions contemptibly set forth. So that the right vse of *Comedie*, will, I thinke, by no bodie bee blamed; and much lesse of the high and excellent *Tragedie*, that openeth the greatest wounds, and sheweth forth the *Pleers* that are couered with *Tissue*, that maketh Kings feare to bee Tyrants, and Tyrants manifest their tyrannicall humors, that with stirring the effects of *Admiration* and *Compassion*, teacheth the vncertainty of this world, & vpon how weake foundations gilden roofes are builded, that maketh vs know, *Qui sepe a saeuo duro impio regit, Timescimentes, metus in anhorum redit*. But how much it can moue, *Platarch* yeeldeth a notable testimonie of the abhominable Tyrant *Alexander Phraus*, from whose eyes a *Tragedie* well made and represented, drew abundance of tears, who with out all pitie had murdered infinite numbers, & some of his owne blood: so as hee that was not ashamed to make matters for *Tragedies*, yet could not resist the sweet violence of a *Tragedie*. And if it wrought no further good in him, it was, that hee in despite of himselfe, withdrew himselfe from hearkening to that which might mollifie his hardned heart. But it is not the *Tragedie* they doe mislike: for it were too absurde to cast out so excellent a representation of whatsoeuer is most worthy to bee learned. Is it the *Lyricke* that most displeaseth, who with his tuned *Lyre*, & well accorded voice, giueth praise, the reward of vertue to vertuous acts: who giueth morall precepts and naturall Problemes, who sometime raiseth vp his voyce to the height of the heauens, in singing the laudes of the immortall God? Certainly I must confesse mine owne barbarousnesse, I neuer heard the old Song of *Pertie & Douglas*, that I found nor my heart moued more than with a trumpet: and yet is song but by some blinde Crowder, with no rougher voyce, than rude stile; which beeing so euill apparelled in the dust and Cobweb of that vnciuill age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeouse loquence of *Pindare*? In *Hungarie* I haue scene in the manner of all feastes and other such like meetings, to haue songs of their ancestors valure, which that right souldierlike nation, thinke one of the chiefeft kindlers of braue courage? The incomparable *Lacedemonians* did not onely carrie that kind of *Musick* euer with them to the field; but euen at home, as such songs were made; so were they all content to bee fingers of them: when the lustie men were to tell what they did, the old men what they haue done, and the young what they would doe. And where a man may say, that *Pindare* many times praiseth highly victories of small moment, rather matters of sport than vertue, as it may be answered, it was the fault of the *Poet*, & not of the *Poetry*, so indeed the chiefe fault was in the time & custome of the *Greeks*, who set those toyes at so high a price, that *Phillip* of *Macedon* reckoned a horse race won at *Olympus*, among his three fearfull felicities. But as the vnimitable *Pindare* often did, so is that kinde most capable and most fit to awake the thoughts from the sleepe of idlenesse, to imbrace honourable enterprises. There rests the *Herbivall*, whose very name I thinke should daunt all backbiters. For by what conceit can a tongue bee directed to speake euill of that which draweth with him no lesse champions than *Achilles*, *Gyrus*, *Aeneas*, *Turnus*, *Tydeus*, *Rinaldo*, who doth not only teach and moue to a truth, but teacheth and moueth to the most high and excellent truth: who maketh magnanimitie and iustice, shine through all mistie fearefulnessse and foggie desires. Who if the saying of *Plato* and *Tully* be true, that who could see vertue, would bee wonderfully raiused with the loue of hir beantie; this man setteth her out to make her more lovely in her holiday apparell, to the eye of any that will daigne, nor to disdain vntill they



vnderstand. But if any thing be already said in the defence of sweete *Poesy*, all con-  
 curre to the maintaining the *Heroicall*, which is not onely a kinde, but the best and  
 most accomplished kinde of *Poesy*. For as the image of each Action stirreth and  
 instructeth the mind, so the lofty image of such worthies, most inflameth the minde  
 vvith desire to be worthy: and enformes with counsaile how to bee worthy. Only  
 let *Aeneas* bee worne in the Tablet of your memory, how he gouerneth himselfe in  
 the ruine of his Countrey, in the preserving his old Father, and carrying away his re-  
 ligious Ceremonies, in obeying Gods Commandement to leaue *Dido*, though not  
 only all passionate kindnesse, but euen the humane consideration of vertuous grate-  
 fulnesse, would haue craued other of him: how in stormes, how in sports, how in  
 vvarre, how in peace, how a fugitiue, how victorious, how besieged, how besieging,  
 how to strangers, how to Allies, how to enemies, how to his owne. Lastly, how in  
 his inward selfe, and how in his outward gouernement, and I thinke in a minde  
 most preiudiced with a preiudicating humour, hee will bee found in excellency  
 fruitfull. Yea as *Horace* saith, *Melius Chrisippo & Crantore*: but truely, I ima-  
 gine it falleth out with these Poet-whippers, as with some good vvomen, who often  
 are sicke, but in faith they cannot tell where. So the name of *Poesie* is odious to  
 them, but neither his cause nor effects, neyther the summe that containes him,  
 nor the particularities descending from him, giue any fast handle to their car-  
 ping dispraise. Since then *Poesie* is of all humane learnings the most ancient,  
 and of most fatherly antiquity, as from vvhence other learnings haue taken their  
 beginnings; Since it is so vniuersall, that no learned Nation doth despise it, nor  
 barbarous Nation is without it. Since both *Romane* and *Greeke* gaue such diuine  
 names vnto it, the one of prophesying, the other of making; and that indeede  
 that name of making is fit for him, considering, that vvhere all other Arts re-  
 taine themselues within their subiects, and receiue as it were their being from it;  
 The Poet onely, onely bringeth his owne stuffe, and doth not learne a Conceit  
 out of a matter, but maketh matter for a Conceit. Since neither his description,  
 nor end containeth any euill, the thing described cannot bee euill; since his ef-  
 fects bee so good as to teach goodnesse, and delight the learners of it; since there-  
 in (namely in morall doctrine the chiefe of all knowledges) hee doth not onely  
 farre passe the *Historian*, but for instructing is well nigh comparable to the *Phi-  
 losopher*, for mouing, leaueth him behind him. Since the holy Scripture (where-  
 in there is no vncleanenesse) hath whole parts in it Poeticall, and that euen our  
 Sauour Christ vouchsafed to vse the flowers of it: since all his kindneses are not  
 onely in their vnited formes, but in their seuered dissections fully commendable,  
 I thinke, (and thinke I thinke rightly) the Laurell Crowne appointed for trium-  
 phant Captaines, doth worthily of all other learnings, honour the *Poets* triumph.  
 But because wee haue eares as well as tongues, and that the lightest reasons that  
 may bee, will seeme to waigh greatly, if nothing bee put in the counterbal-  
 lance, let vs heare, and as well as wee can, ponder what obiections be made a-  
 gainst this Art, which may bee worthy cyther of yeelding or answering. First,  
 truly I note, not onely in these *unhappy* Poet-haters, but in all that kinde of peo-  
 ple who seeke a praise, by dispraising others, that they do prodigally spend a great  
 many wandring words in quips and scoffes, carping and taunting at each thing,  
 which by stirring the spleene, may stay the braine from a through beholding the  
 worthinesse of the subiect. Those kinde of obiections, as they are full of a very idle  
 easinesse, since there is nothing of so sacred a maiesty, but that an itching tongue  
 may rub it selfe vpon it, so deserue they no other answer, but in stead of laughing  
 at the iest, to laugh at the iester. Wee know a playing wit can praise the discretion  
 of

of an Asse, the comfortablenesse of beeing in debt, and the iolly commodities of being sicke of the plague. So of the contrary side, if we will turne *Ovids* verse, *Et latent virtus proximitate mali*, that good lies hid in neerenesse of the euill, *Agrippa* will bee as merry in the shewing the vanitie of Science, as *Erasmus* was in the commending of folly: neither shall any man or matter, escape some touch of these smiling Raylers. But for *Erasmus* and *Agrippa*, they had an other foundation than the superficial part would promise. Marry these other pleasant fault-finders, who will correct the *Verb* before they vnderstand the *Noune*, and confute others knowledge before they confirme their owne, I would haue them onely remember, that scoffing commeth not of wisdom; so as the best title in true English they get with their meryments, is to bee called good foeles: for so haue our graue forefathers euer termed that humorous kind of iesters. But that which giueth greatest scope to their scorning humor, is ryming and versing. It is alreadie said, (and as I thinke truly said) it is not ryming and versing that maketh *Poesie*: One may bee a *Poet* without versing, and a versifier without *Poetrie*. But yet presuppose it were inseparable, as indeede it seemeth *Scaliger* iudgeth truly, it were an inseparable commendation. For if *Oratio*, next to *Ratio*, Speech next to Reason, bee the greatest gift bestowed vpon *Mortalitie*, that cannot bee prayselesse which doth most polish that blessing of speech; which considereth each word, not only as a man may say by his forcible qualitie, but by his best measured quantitie, carying euen in themselves a *Harmonie*, without perchaunce number, measure, order, proportion bee in our time growne odious. But lay aside the iust prayse it hath by being the onely fit speech for *Musick* (*Musicke* I say, the most diuine striker of the senses,) Thus much is vndoubtedly true, that if reading bee foolish without remembering, Memory being the onely treasure of knowledge, those words which are fittest for memory, are likewise most conuenient for knowledge. Now that Verse farre exceedeth Prose, in the knitting vp of the memorie, the reason is manifest, the wordes (besides their delight, which hath a great affinitie to memory) being so set as one cannot bee lost, but the whole worke failes: which accusing it selfe, calleth the remembrance backe to it selfe, & so most strongly confirmeth it. Besides one word, so as it were begetting another, as be it in rime or measured verse, by the former a man shall haue a neere ghesse to the follower. Lastly, euen they that haue taught the Art of memorie, and shewed nothing so apt for it, as a certaine roome divided into many places, well and thoroughly knowne: Now that hath the verse in effect perfectly, euery word hauing his naturall seat, which seat must needs make the word remembred. But what needes more in a thing so knowne to all men? Who is it that euer was scholler, that doth not carrie away some verses of *Virgill*, *Horace*, or *Cato*, which in his youth hee learned, and euen to his olde age serue him for houely lessons; as, *Percontatorem fugito, nam garulus idem est. Dum sibi quisque placet credula turba sumus*. But the fitnessse it hath for memorie, is notably proued by all deliuerie of Arts, wherein for the most part, from *Grammar* to *Logicke*, *Mathematickes*, *Physicke*, and the rest, the Rules chiefly necessarie to bee borne away, are compiled in verses. So that verse being in it selfe sweete and orderly, and being best for memorie, the onely handle of knowledge, it must bee in iest that any man can speake against it. Now then goe wee to the most important imputations laid to the poore *Poets*; for ought I can yet learne, they are these: First, that there beeing many other more fruitfull knowledges, a man might better spend his time in them, than in this. Secondly, that it is the mother of lies. Thirdly, that it is the nurse of abuse, infecting vs with many pestilent de-



fires, with a *Syrene* sweetenesse, drawing the minde to the Serpents taile of sinfull fancies; and hercin especially *Comedies* giue the largest field to care, as *Chancer* saith, how both in other nations and ours, before *Poets* did soften vs, wee were full of courage, giuent to martiall exercises, the pillars of manlike libertie, and not lulled asleepe in shadie idlenesse with *Poets* pastimes. And lastly and chiefly, they cry out with open mouth, as if they had ouer-shot *Robinhood*, that *Plato* banished them out of his Common-wealth. Truly, this is much, if there bee much truth in it. First to the first. That a man might better spend his time, is a reason indeede: but it doth as they say, but *Peterè principium*. For if it bee, as I affirme, that no learning is so good, as that which teacheth and moueth to vertue, and that none can both teach and moue thereto so much as *Poesie*, then is the conclusion manifest; that inke and paper cannot bee to a more profitable purpose employed. And certainly though a man should grant their first assumption, it should follow (mee thinke) very vnwillingly, that good is not good, because better is better. But I still and vtterly deny, that there is sprung out of earth a more fruitfull knowledge. To the second therefore, that they should bee the principall lyars, I answer *Paradoxically*, but truely, I thinke truely: that of all writers vnder the Sunne, the *Poet* is the least liar: and though he would, as a *Poet*, can scarcely bee a liar. The *Astronomer* with his cousin the *Geometrician* can hardly escape, when they take vpon them to measure the height of the starres. How often thinke you doe the *Physicians* lye, when they auerre things good for sickneses, which afterwards send *Charon* a great number of soules drowned in a potion, before they come to his Ferrie? And no lesse of the rest, which take vpon them to affirme. Now for the *Poet*, hee nothing affirmeth, and therefore neuer lyeth: for as I take it, to lye, is to affirme that to bee true, which is false. So as the other *Artistes*, & especially the *Historian*, affirming many things, can in the cloudy knowledge of mankind, hardly escape from many lyes. But the *Poet*, as I said before, neuer affirmeth, the *Poet* neuer maketh any Circles about your imagination, to coniure you to beleue for true, what he writeth: he citeth not authorities of other histories, but euen for his entrie, calleth the sweete *Muses* to inspire into him a good inuention. In troth not labouring to tell you what is, or is not, but what should, or should not bee. And therefore though hee recount things not true, yet because hee telleth them not for true, he lyeth not: without wee will say, that *Nathan* lyed in his speech before alledged to *Dauid*, which as a wicked man durst scarce say, so thinke I none so simple, would say, that *Esope* lyed in the tales of his beasts: for who thinketh that *Esope* wrote it for actually true, were well worthy to haue his name Chronicled among the beasts he writeth of. What child is there, that comming to a play and seeing *Thebes* written in great letters vpon an olde doore, doth beleue that it is *Thebes*? If then a man can arrive to the childes age, to know that the *Poets* persons and doings, are but pictures what should bee, & not stories what haue been, they will neuer giue the lye to things not affirmatiuely, but allegorically and figuratiuely written; and therefore as in history looking for truth, they may go away full fraught with falshood: So in *Poesie*, looking but for fiction, they shall vse the narration but as an imaginatiue ground-plot of a profitable inuention. But hereto is replied, that the *Poets* giue names to men they write of, which argueth a conceit of an actual truth, and so not being true, proueth falshood. And doth the *Lawyer* lye then, when vnder the names of *John of the Sille*, and *John of the Nokes*, he putteth his Case? But that is easily answered, their naming of men, is but to make their picture the more lively, and not to build any Historie. Painting men, they cannot leaue men namelesse. Wee see we cannot play at Chess,

but

but that we must giue names to our Chessemen, and yet me thinkes hee were a verie partiall Champion of truth, that would say wee lyed, for giuing a peece of wood the reuerend title of a Bishop. The Poet nameth *Cyrrus* and *Lucius*, no other way, than to shew what men of their fames, fortunes, and estates, should doe. Their third is, how much it abuseth mens wits, trayning it to wanton sinfulness, and lustfull loue. For indeede that is the principall, if not the onely abuse I can heere alledged. They say, the *Comedies* rather teach than repte hend amorous conceits. They say the *Lyricke* is larded with passionate *Sonnetts*, the *Elegiacke* weepes the want of his Mistresse, and that euen to the *Heroicall*, *Cupid* hath ambitiously climed. Alas Loue, I would thou couldest as well defend thy selfe, as thou canst offend others: I would those on whom thou doest attend, could eyther put thee away, or yeeld good reason why they keepe thee. But grant loue of beauty to bee a beastly fault, although it bee very hard, since onely man and no beast hath that gift to discerne beaurie; grant that lovely name of Loue to deserue all hatefull reproches, although euen some of my masters, the *Philosophers*, spent a good deale of their Lamp-oyle in setting forth the excellency of it, grant I say, what they will haue granted, that not onely loue, but lust, but vanity; but if they list, scurrillie possesse many leaues of the *Poets* bookes, yet thinke I, when this is granted, they will finde their sentence may with good manners put the last words formost; and not say, that *Poetry* abuseth mans wit, but that mans wit abuseth *Poetry*. For I will not denie, but that mans wit may make *Poetrie*, which should bee *reason*, which some learned haue defined figuring forth good things, to bee *reason*, which doth contrariwise infect the fancie with vnworthy objects, as the Painter should giue to the eye either some excellent perspective, or some fine picture fit for building or fortification, or containing in it some notable example, as *Abraham* sacrificing his sonne *Isaac*, *Indith* killing *Holofernes*, *Dauid* fighting with *Goliath*, may leaue those, & please an ill pleased eye with wanton shewes of better hidden matters. But what, shall the abuse of a thing make the right vse odious? Nay truly: though I yeeld that *Poetrie* may not onely be abused, but that being abused, by the reason of his sweete charming force, it can do more hurt than any other armie of words, yet shall it bee so farre from concluding, that the abuse should giue reproach to the abused, that contrariwise, it is a good reason, that whatsoever being abused, doth much harme, being rightly vied (and vpon the right vse, each thing receiues his title) doth most good. Doe wee not see skill of Physicke, the best rampier to our often assaulted bodies, being abused, teach poyson the most violent destroyer? Doth not knowledge of Law, whose end is to euen and right all things, being abused, grow the crooked fosterer of horrible iniuries? Doth not (to goe in the highest) Gods Word abused, breede heresie, and his Name abused, become blasphemie? Truly, a Needle cannot doe much hurt, and as truly (with leaue of Ladies bee it spoken) it cannot doe much good. With a sword thou mayest kill thy Father, and with a sword thou mayest defend thy Prince and Countrey: so that, as in their calling *Poets*, fathers of lyes, they said nothing, so in this their argument of abuse, they proue the commendation. They alledge herewith, that before *Poets* beganne to bee in price, our Nation had set their hearts delight vpon action, and not imagination, rather doing things worthy to bee written, than writing things fit to be done. What that before time was, I thinke scarcely *Sphinx* can tell: since no memory is so ancient, that hath not the precedence of *Poetrie*. And certaine it is, that in our plainest homeliness, yet neuer was the *Albion* Nation without *Poetrie*. Mary, this argument, though it be leuelled against *Poetry*, yet is it indeede a chain-shot against all learning or bookishnesse, as they commonly terme it.



Of such minde were certaine *Grobes*, of whom it is written, that hauing in the spoile of a famous Citie, taken a faire Library, one hangman belike fit to execute the fruits of their wits, who had murdered a great number of bodies, would haue set fire in it. No said another very grauely, take heed what you do, for while they are busie about those toyes, we shall with more leisure conquer their Countries. This indeed is the ordinary doctrine of ignorance, and many words sometimes I haue heard spent in it: but because this reason is generally against all learning, as well as *Poetry*, or rather all learning but *Poetrie*, because it were too large a digression to handle it, or at least too superfluous, since it is manifest, that all gouernement of action is to bee gotten by knowledge, and knowledge best, by gathering many knowledges, which is reading; I onely with *Horace*, to him that is of that opinion, *Tabeo stultum esse libenter*: for as for *Poetrie* it selfe, it is the freest from this obiection: for *Poetry* is the Companion of Camps. I dare vndertake, that *Orlando furioso*, or honest king *Arthur*, will neuer displease a souldier: but the quidditie of *Ens* and *prima materia*, will hardly agree with a Corseler. And therefore, as I said in the beginning, euen *Turkes* and *Tartares* are delighted with *Poets*. *Homer* a *Greeke*, flourished before *Greece* flourished: and if to a sleight coniecture, a coniecture may bee opposed, truly it may seeme, that as by him their learned men tooke almost their first light of knowledge, so their actiue men receiued their first motions of courage. Onely *Alexanders* example may serue, who by *Plutarch* is accounted of such vertue, that fortune was not his guide, but his foot-stoole, whose *Acts* speake for him, though *Plutarch* did not: indeed the *Phoenix* of warlike Princes. This *Alexander*, left his Schoole-master living *Aristotle* behinde him, but tooke dead *Homer* with him. Hee put the Philosopher *Calisthenes* to death, for his learning Philosophicall, indeed mutinous stubbornnesse: but the chiefe thing he was euer heard to wish for, was, that *Homer* had beene aliuē. Hee well found he receiued more brauery of minde by the patterne of *Achilles*, than by hearing the definition of Fortitude. And therefore if *Cato* misliked *Fuluius* for carrying *Ennius* with him to the field, it may bee answered, that if *Cato* misliked it, the noble *Fuluius* liked it, or else he had not done it; for it was not the excellent *Cato Uticensis*, whose authoritie I would much more haue reuerenced: but it was the former, in truth a bitter punisher of faults, but else a man that had neuer sacrificed to the *Graces*. He misliked & cryed out against all *Greeke* learning, & yet being fourescore yeares old, began to learne it, belike fearing that *Plato* vnderstood not *Latine*: Indeede the *Romane* lawes allowed no person to be carried to the wars, but he that was in the souldiers role. And therfore though *Cato* misliked his vn-mustred person, he misliked not his work. And if he had, *Scipio Nasica* (iudged by common consent the best *Romane*) loued him: both the other *Scipio* brothers, who had by their vertues no less surnames than of *Asia* & *Affrick*, so loued him, that they caused his body to be buried in their sepulture. So as *Cato's* authority being but against his person, & that answered with so far greater than himself, is herein of no validity. But now indeed my burthen is great, that *Plato* his name is laid vpon mee, whom I must confesse of all *Philosophers*, I haue euer esteemed most worthy of reuerence, & with good reason, since of all *Philosophers* he is the most *Poeticall*: yet if he will defile the fountaine out of which his flowing streames haue proceeded, let vs boldly examine with what reason hee did it. First, truly a man might maliciously object, that *Plato* being a *Philosopher*, was a naturall enemy of *Poets*. For indeed after the *Philosophers* had picked out of the sweet mysteries of *Poetry*, the right discerning true points of knowledge, they forth with putting it in method, & making a schoole Art of that which the *Poets* did onely teach by a diuine delightfulnesse, beginning to spurne at their guides, like vngrateful prentizes, were not content to set vp shop for themselves, but

but sought by all meanes to discredit their masters: which by the force of delight being barred them, the lesse they could overthrow them, the more they hated them: For indeed they found, for *Homers* sellen cities straue who should haue him for their Citizen, where many cities banished *Philosophers*, as not fit members to liue among them. For onely repeating certaine of *Euripides* verses, many *Athenians* had their lines saued of the *Syracusans*, where the *Athenians* themselves thought manie *Philosophers* vnworthy to liue. Certaine Poets, as *Symonides* & *Pindarus*, had so preuailed with *Hero* the first, that of a tyrant they made him a iust King: where *Plato* could doe so little with *Dyonisius*, that hee himselve of a *Philosopher*, was made a slaue. But who should do thus, I confesse should requite the obiections made against Poets, with like cauellations against *Philosophers*: as likewise one should do that should bid one reade *Phaedrus* or *Symposium* in *Plato*, or the discourse of loue in *Plutarch*, and see whether any Poet do authorize abominable filthinesse as they doe. Againe, a man might aske, out of what cōmon-wealth *Plato* doth banish them, in sooth, thence where hee himselve alloweth community of women. So as belike this banishment grew not for effeminate wantonnes, since little should poetical *Sonnets* be hurtful, when a man might haue what woman he listed. But I honour Philosophicall instructions, & blesse the wits which bred them: so as they be not abused, which is likewise stretched to Poetrie. Saint *Paul* himselve sets a warch-word vpon *Philosophie*, indeed vpon the abuse. So doth *Plato* vpon the abuse, not vpon Poetrie. *Plato* found fault that the Poets of his time, filld the world with wrong opinions of the gods, making light tales of that vnspotted essence; & therefore would not haue the youth depraued with such opinions: herein may much bee said; let this suffice. The Poets did not induce such opinions; but did imitate those opinions already induced. For all the Greeke stories can well testifie, that the very religion of that time, stood vpon many, & many fashioned gods: not taught so by Poets, but followed according to their nature of imitation. Who list may reade in *Plutarch*, the discourses of *Isis* and *Osiris*, of the cause why Oracles ceased, of the diuine Prouidence; and see whether the Theologie of that Nation stood not vpon such dreams which the Poets indeed superstitiously obserued; & truly since they had not the light of Christ did much better in it than the *Philosophers*, who shaking off superstition brought in *Atheisme*. *Plato* therefore whose authoritie I had much rather iustly construe than vniustly resist, meant not in generall of Poets, in those words of which *Iulius Scaliger* saith, *Qua authoritate barbari quidam atque insipidi abuti velint ad Poetas à Republica exigendos*. But onely meant to driue out those wrong opinions of the Deity: whereof now without further law, *Christianity* hath taken away all the hurtfull beleefe, perchance as he thought, nourished by then esteemed Poets. And a man need goe no further than to *Plato* himselve to know his meaning: who in his Dialogue called *Ion*, giueth high, & rightly diuine commendations vnto Poetrie. So as *Plato* banishing the abuse, not the thing, not banishing it, but giuing due honour to it, shall be our Patron, & not paraderary. For indeede, I had rather, since truly, I may doe it, shew their mistaking of *Plato*, vnder whose Lyons skinne they would make an Asse-like braying against Poetrie, than goe about to ouerthrow his authority; whom the wiser a man is, the more iust cause hee shall finde to haue in admiration: especially since he attributeth vnto Poetrie more than my selfe doe; namely to bee a very inspiring of a diuine force, farre aboue mans wit, as in the forenamed Dialogue is apparant. Of the other side, who would shew the honours haue beene by the best sort of iudgements granted them, a whole sea of examples would present themselves; *Alexanders*, *Cesars*, *Scipio*, all fauourers of Poets: *Lalium*, called the Romane *Socrates* himselve a Poet; so as *Pan of Heantontimereuma* non in *Terence*, was supposed to be made by him. And euen the Greeke *Socrates*, whom



whom *Apollo* confirmed to be the onely wise man, is said to haue spent part of his old time in putting *Esope's* Fables into Verses. And therefore full euill should it become his Scholler *Plato*, to put such words in his masters mouth against *Poets*. But what needes more? *Aristotle* writes the Art of *Poesie*: and why, if it should not be written? *Plutarch* teacheth the vse to be gathered of them: and how, if they should not bee read? And who reads *Plutarchs* either Historie or *Philosophie*, shall finde hee trimmeth both their garments with guards of *Poesie*. But I list not to defend *Poesie* with the helpe of his vnderling *Historiographie*. Let it suffice to haue shewed, it is a fit soile for praise to dwell vpon: and what dispraise may set vpon it, is either easily overcome, or transformed into iust commendations. So that since the excellencies of it may bee so easily and so iustly confirmed, and the low-creeeping obiections so soone trodden downe, it not being an Art of lyes, but of true doctrine; not of effeminate nesse, but of notable stirring of courage; not of abusing mans wit, but of strengthening mans wit; not banished, but honoured by *Plato*; let vs rather plant more Laurels for to ingarland the *Poets* heads (which honour of being Laureate, as besides them, onely triumphant Captaines were, is a sufficient authority to shew the price they ought to be held in) than suffer the ill fauoured breath of such wrong speakers, once to blow vpon the cleare springs of *Poesie*. But since I haue runne so long a Carreer in this matter, mee thinkes, before I giue my penne a full stoppe, it shall bee but a little more lost time, to inquire why England, the mother of excellent mindes, should bee growne so hard a step-mother to *Poets*, who certainly in wit ought to passe all others, since all onely proceeds from their wit, being indeed makers of themselues, not takers of others. How can I but exclaime, *Musa mihi causas memora quo numine laeso*. Sweete *Poesie*, that hath anciently had Kings, Emperours, Senators, great Captaines, such as besides a thousand others, *David*, *Adrian*, *Sophocles*, *Germanicus*, not onely to fauour *Poets*, but to bee *Poets*: and of our nearer times, can present for her Patrons, a *Robert* King of *Sicill*, the great King *Francis* of *France*, King *James* of *Scotland*, such Cardinals as *Bembo*, and *Bibiena*; such famous preachers and teachers, as *Beza* and *Melancthon*, so learned *Philosophers*, as *Fracastorius*, and *Scaliger*, so great Orators, as *Pontanus*, and *Muretus*; so piercing wits, as *George Buchanan*; so graue Counsellours, as besides manie, but before all, that *Hospitall* of *France*; than whom I thinke that Realme neuer brought forth a more accomplished iudgement, more firmly builded vpon vertue: I say, these with numbers of others, not onely to reade others *Poesies*, but to *Poesie* for others reading; that *Poesie* thus embraced in all other places, should onely finde in our time a hard welcome in England, I thinke the very earth laments it, and therefore deckes our soile with fewer Laurels than it was accustomed. For heretofore, *Poets* haue in England also flourished: and which is to be noted, euen in those times when the Trumpet of *Mars* did sound lowdest. And now that an ouer-faint quietnesse should seeme to strow the house for *Poets*, they are almost in as good reputation, as the *Mountebankes* at *Venice*. Truly euen that, as of the one side it giueth great praise to *Poesie*, which like *Pennu* (but to better purpose) had rather bee troubled in the net with *Mars*, than enioy the homely quiet *Vulcan*: So serues it for a peece of a reason, why they are lesse gratefull to idle England, which now can scarce endure the paine of a penne. Vpon this necessarily followeth, that base men with seruile wits vndertake it; who thinke it enough if they can bee rewarded of the Printer: and so as *Epaminondas* is said with the honour of his vertue to haue made an office, by his exercising it, which before was contemptible, to become highly respected: so these men no more but setting their names to it, by their owne disgracefullnesse, disgrace the most gracefull *Poesie*. For now, as if all the *Muses* were got with childe,

to bring forth bastard Poets: without any commission they doe poast ouer the bankes of *Hellion*, till they make the Readers more wearie than poast horses, while in the meane time, they *Quis meliore luto finxit praeordia Titan*, are better content to suppress the out-flowings of their wit, than by publishing them, to bee accounted Knights of the same order. But I, that before euer I durst aspire vnto the dignitie, am admitted into the company of the *Paper-blurrers*, doe finde the very true cause of our wanting estimation is want of desert, taking vpon vs to bee *Poets* in despite of *Pallas*. Now wherein wee want desert, were a thanke-worthy labour to expresse. But if I knew, I should haue mended my selfe: but as I neuer desired the title, so haue I neglected the meanes to come by it, onely ouer-mastered by some thoughts, I yeelded an inkie tribute vnto them. Marry they that delight in *Poesie* it selfe, should seeke to know what they doe: and how they doe especially looke themselues in an vnflattering glasse of reason, if they bee inclinable vnto it. For *Poesie* must not bee drawne by the eares, it must be gently led, or rather it must lead, which was partly the cause that made the ancient learned affirme, it was a diuine gift and no humane skill, since all other knowledges lye readie for any that haue strength of wit: A *Poet* no industrie can make, if his owne *Genius* bee not carried into it. And therefore is an olde prouerbe, *Orator fit, Poeta nascitur*. Yet confesse alwayes, that as the fertilest ground must bee manured, so must the highest flying wit haue a *Dedalus* to guide him. That *Dedalus* they say both in this and in other, hath three wings to beare it selfe vp into the ayre of due commendation: that is, Art, Imitation and Exercise. But these neither Artificiall Rules, nor imitative patternes wee much cumber our selues withall. Exercise indeede wee doe, but that very fore-backwardly; for where we should exercise to know, wee exercise as hauing knowne: and so is our braine deliuered of much matter, which neuer was begotten by knowledge. For there being two principall parts, Matter to be expressed by words, and wordes to expresse the matter: In neither, we vse Art or Imitation rightly. Our matter is, *Quodlibet*, indeede although wrongly performing *Ouids* Verse:

*Quicquid conabor dicere, Versus erit:*

Neuer marshalling it into any assured ranke, that almost the Readers cannot tell where to finde themselues. *Chancer* vndoubtedly did excellently in his *Troilus & Cresid*: of whom truly I know not whether to maruell more, either that he in that mystic time could see so clearly, or that wee in this cleare age, goe so stumblingly after him. Yet had he great wants, fit to be forgiven in so reuerent an Antiquitie. I account the Mirrour of Magistrates, meetely furnished of beaurifull parts. And in the Earle of *Surry's* Lyrickes, many things tastig of a noble birch, and wortheie of a noble minde. The Shepheards Kalender hath much *Poesy* in his Eclogues, indeed worthy the reading, if I be not deceived. That same framing of his stile to an older rusticke language, I dare not allow: since neither *Theocritus* in Greeke, *Vergil* in Latine, nor *Sanazara* in Italian did affect it. Besides these, I do not remember to haue seene but few (to speake boldly) printed that haue Poeticall sinewes in them. For prooffe whereof, let but most of the Verses be put in Prose, and then aske the meaning, and it will bee found, that one Verse did but beget another, without ordering at the first, what should bee at the last, which becomes a confused masse of words, with a tingling sound of ryme, barely accompanied with reason. Our Tragedies and Comedies, nor without cause cried out against, obseruing rules neither of honest ciuilitie, nor skilfull *Poesie*. Excepting *Gorboducke* (againe I say of those that I haue seene) which notwithstanding, as it is full of stately speeches: and well sounding phrases climbing to the height of *Seneca* his stile, and as full of no

table



table moralitie, which it doth most delightfully teach, and so obtaine the very end of *Poesie*. Yet in truth, it is very defectuous in the circumstances, which grieues me, because it might not remaine as an exact modell of all Tragedies. For it is faultie both in place and time, the two necessarie companions of all corporall actions. For where the stage should alway represent but one place; and the vttermost time presupposed in it should bee both by *Aristotles* precept, and common reason, but one day; there are both many dayes and many places inartificially imagined. But if it be so in *Gorboducke*, how much more in all the rest? where you shall haue *Asia* of the one side, and *Affricke* of the other, and so many other vnder-kingdomes, that the Plaier when hee comes in, must euer begin with telling where hee is, or else the tale will not be conceiued. Now shall you haue three Ladies walke to gather flowers, and then wee must beleue the stage to be a garden. By and by wee heare newes of shipwracke in the same place, then wee are too blame if we accept it not for a rocke. Vpon the backe of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a caue: while in the meane time two armies flie in, represented with foure swordes and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receiue it for a pitched field? Now of time they are much more liberall. For ordinarie it is, that two young Princes fall in loue, after many traueses shee is got with childe, deliuered of a faire boy, hee is lost, groweth a man, falleth in loue, and is readie to get another childe; and all this in two houres space: which how absurd it is in sense, euen sense may imagine: and Art hath taught, and all auncient examples iustified, and at this day the ordinary Players in *Italy* will not erre in. Yet will some bring in an example of *Eunuch* in *Terence*, that containeth matter of two dayes, yet farre short of twentie yeares. True it is, and so was it to bee played in two dayes, and so fitted to the time it set forth. And although *Plautus* haue in one place done amisse, let vs hit it with him, and not misse with him. But they will say, how then shall wee set forth a storie, which contains both many places, and many times? And doe they not know that a Tragedie is ryed to the lawes of Poesie, and not of Historie: not bound to follow the storie, but hauing libertie either to fayne a quite new matter, or to frame the Historie to the most tragicall conueniencie? Againe, many things may bee told, which cannot bee shewed: if they know the difference betwixt reporting and representing. As for example, I may speake, though I am heere, of *Pernu*, and in speech digresse from that, to the description of *Calcut*: but in action I cannot represent it without *Pacolets* horse. And so was the manner the auncients tooke, by some *Nuntius* to recount things done in former time or other place. Lastly, if they will represent an Historie, they must not (as *Horace* saith) begin *ab ovo*, but they must come to the principall point of that one action which they will represent. By example this will be best expressed. I haue a storie of young *Polydorus*, deliuered for safeties sake with great riches by his father *Priamus*, to *Polimneser* king of *Thrace*, in the *Troian* warre time. Hee after some yeares, hearing of the ouerthrow of *Priamus*, for to make the treasure his owne, murthereth the childe; the bodie of the childe is taken vp, *Heanba*, shee the same day findeth a slight to bee reuenged most cruelly of the Tyrant. Where now would one of our Tragedie-writers begin, but with the deliuerie of the childe? Then should one saile ouer into *Thrace*, and so spend I know not how many yeares, and trauaile numbers of places. But where doth *Euripides*? euen with the finding of the bodie, the rest leauing to bee tolde by the spirit of *Polydorus*. This needes no further to bee enlarged, the dullest wit may conceiue it. But besides these grosse absurdities, how all their Playes bee neither right Tragedies, nor right Comedies, mingling Kings and Clownes,

not because the matter so carrieth it, but thrust in the Clowne by head and sholders to play a part in Maiestically matters, with neither decencie, nor discretion: so as neither the admiration and commiseration; nor the right sportfulness, is by their mongrell Tragicomedie obtained. I know *Apuleius* did somewhat so, but that is a thing recounted with space of time, not represented in one moment: and I know the Ancients have one or two examples of Tragicomedies, as *Plautus* hath *Amphitrion*. But if we marke them well, we shall finde that they netter or very daintily match horne-pipes and funerals. So falleth it out, that hauing indeede no right Comedie in that Comicall part of our Tragedie, we haue nothing but scurrilitie, vnworthy of any chaste eares, or some extreme shew of dotishnesse, indeede fit to lift vp a lowd laughter and nothing else: where the vvhole tract of a Comedy should be full of delight, as the Tragedy should bee still maintained in a well raised admiration. But our Comedients thinke there is no delight without laughter, vvhich is very wrong: for though laughter may come with delight, yet commeth it not of delight, as though delight should be the cause of laughter: but well may one thing breede both together. Nay in themselves, they haue as it were a kinde of contrariety: For delight we scarcely doe, but in things that haue a conueniencie to our selues, or to the generall nature. Laughter almost euer commeth of things most disproportioned to our selues & nature. Delight hath a ioy in it eyther permanent or present. Laughter hath only a scornfull tickling. For example; wee are rauished with delight to see a faire vvoman, and yet are far from being moued to laughter. Wee laugh at deformed creatures, wherein certainly we cannot delight. Wee delight in good chances: wee laugh at mischances. Wee delight to heare the happinesse of our friends and Countrey; at vvhich be were vvorthy to be laughed at that would laugh: we shall contrarily sometimes laugh to find a matter quite mistaken, & goe downe the hill against the byas, in the mouth of some such men, as for the respect of them, one shall be heartily sorry he cannot choose but laugh; and so is rather pained, than delighted with laughter. Yet deny I not, but that they may goe well together: for as in *Alexanders* picture well set out, we delight without laughter, and in twenty mad Antickes wee laugh without delight: So in *Hercules* painted with his great beard and furious countenance in a womans attyre, spinning at *Omphales* commandement, it breedes both delight and laughter: for the representing of so strange a power in Loue, procures delight, & the scornfulness of the action stirreth laughter. But I speake to this purpose, that all the end of the Comicall part, be not vpon such scornfull matters as stirre laughter only, but mixe with it that delightfull teaching, which is the end of Poesie. And the great fault euen in that point of laughter, and forbidden plainly by *Aristotle*, is, that they stirre laughter in sinfull things, which are rather execrable than ridiculous: or in miserable, which are rather to bee pitied than scorned. For what is it to make folks gape at a wretched beggar, and a beggarly Clowne: or against law of hospitality, to iest at strangers, because they speak not English so well as we do: what do we learn, since it is certaine, *Nihil habet infelix paupertas durius in se, Quam quod ridiculos homines facit*. But rather a busie louing Courtier, and a heartlesse threatening *Thraso*, a selfe-wise seeming Schoolemaster, a vvrie transformed Trauailer: these if we saw vvallke in stage names, which wee play naturally, therein were delightfull laughter, and teaching delightfulness, as in the other the Tragedies of *Buchanan* doe iustly bring forth a diuine admiration. But I haue lanished out too many words of this play-matter, I do it, because as they are excellling parts of Poesie, so is there none so much vsed in *England*, & none can bee more pitifully abused: which like an vnmanerly daughter, shewing a bad education, causeth her mother Poesies honesty to be called



called in question. Other sorts of *Poesy* almost haue we none, but that *Lyricall* kinde of songs and Sonnets, which, Lord, if he gaue vs so good mindes, how well it might be employed; and with how heauenly fruits, both priuate and publike, in singing the praises of the immortall beauty, the immortall goodnesse of that God, who giueth vs hands to write, and wits to conceiue: of which we might well want words, but neuer matter: of which wee could turne our eyes to nothing, but wee should euer haue new budding occasions. But truely, many of such writings as come vnder the banner of vnresistable loue, if I were a mistresse, would neuer perswade mee they were in loue: so coldly they apply fiery speeches, as men that had rather reade louers writings, & so caught vp certaine swelling phrases, which hang together, like a man that once told me the wind was at Northwest and by South, because hee would bee sure to name winds enow, than that in truth they feelee those passions, which easily, as I thinke, may be bewrayed by that same forciblenesse or *Energia* (as the Greekes call it) of the writer. But let this be a sufficient, though short note, that wee misse the right vse of the materiall point of *Poesie*. Now for the outside of it, which is words, or (as I may terme it) *Diction*, it is euen well worse: so is that hony-flowing matron *Eloquence*, apparrelled, or rather disguised in a curtisan-like painted affectation. One time with so farre-fetched words, that many seem monsters, but most seeme strangers to any poore Englishman: another time with courting of a letter, as if they were bound to follow the method of a Dictionary: another time with figures and flowers, extremely vvinter-starued. But I would this fault were onely peculiar to Versifiers, and had not as large possession among Prose-Printers: and which is to be maruelled among many Schollers, and which is to bee pitied among some Preachers. Truly, I could wish, if at least I might be so bold to wish, in a thing beyond the reach of my capacity, the diligent imitators of *Tully* and *Demosthenes*, most worthy to be imitated, did not so much keep *Nizolian* paper-books of their figures & phrases, as by attentie translation, as it were, deuoure them whole, & make them wholly theirs. For now they cast sugar and spice vpon euery dish that is serued at the table: like those *Indians*, not content to weare eare-rings at the fit and naturall place of the eares, but they will thrust iewels through their nose and lippes, because they will be sure to be fine. *Tully* when he was to drue out *Cateline*, as it were with a thunderbolt of eloquence, often vseth the figure of repetition, as *vinis & vincit, imo in senatum venit, imo in senatum venit, &c.* Indee de inflamed, with a well grounded rage, he would haue his words (as it were) double out of his mouth, & so do that artificially, which wee see men in choler do naturally. And we hauing noted the grace of those words, hale them in sometimes to a familiar Epistle, when it were too much choler to bee cholericke. How well store of *Similitier Cadences* doth sound with the gravity of the Pulpit, I would not inuoke *Demosthenes* soule to tell, vvho with a rare daintinesse vseth them. Truely they haue made me thinke of the *Sophister*, that with too much subtilty would proue two Egges three, & though hee might be counted a *sophister*, had none for his labour. So these men bringing in such a kind of eloquence, well may they obtaine an opinion of a seeming finenesse, but perswade few, which should be the end of their finenes. Now for similitudes in certain printed discourses, I thinke all Herberists, all stories of beasts, fowles & fishes, are rised vp, that they may come in multitudes to wait vpon any of our conceits, which certainly is as absurd a surfet to the eares as is possible. For the force of a similitude not being to proue any thing to a contrary disputer, but onely to explaine to a willing hearer, when that is done, the rest is a most tedious prating, rather over-swaying the memory from the purpose whereto they were applied, than any whit enforming the iudgement already either satisfied, or by similitudes not to be satisfied. For my part, I do not doubt,

when

when *Antiqui* & *Crasus*, the great forefathers of *Cicero* in eloquence, the one (as *Cicero* testifieth of them) pretended not to know Art, the other not to set by it (because with a plaine sensible hess they might win credit of popular eares, which credite is the necest step to perswasion, which perswasion is the chiefe marke of Oratorie) I doe not doubt, I say, but that they vsed these knackes very sparingly, which who doth generally vse, any man may see, doth daunce to his own musicke, and so to be noted by the audience, more carefull to speake curiously than truly. Vndoubtedly (at least to my opinion vndoubtedly) I haue found in diuers smal learned courtiers a more sound stile, than in some possessors of learning, of which I can ghesse no other cause, but that the Courtier following that, which by practise hee findeth fittest to nature, therein (though he know it not) doth according to Art, though not by Art: where the other vsing Art to shew Art, and not hide Art (as in these cases hee should doe) flieth from nature, and indeede abuseth art. But what? me thinkes I deserue to be pounded for straying from *Poetrie* to *Oratorie*: but both haue such an affinitie in the wordish consideration, that I thinke this digression will make my meaning receiue the fuller vnderstanding: which is not to take vpon me to teach *Poets* how they should doe, but only, finding my selfe sicke among the rest, to shew some one or two spots of the common infection grown among the most part of writers; that acknowledging our selues somewhat awry, we may bend to the right vse both of matter and manner. Where to our language giueth vs great occasion, beeing indeed capable of any excellent exercising of it. I know some will say, it is a mingled language: and why not so much the better, taking the best of both the other? Another will say, it wanteth Grammar. Nay truly it hath that praise, that it wants not Grammar; for Grammar it might haue, but needs it not, being so easie in it selfe, & so voyd of those combersome differences of *Cases*, *Genders*, *Articles*, & *Tenses*, which I thinke was a piece of the tower of *Babylons* curse, that a man should be put to schoole to learne his mother tongue. But for the vttering sweetly and properly the conceit of the mind, which is the end of speech, that hath it equally with any other tongue in the world: and is particularly happy in compositions of two or three words together, neer the Greeke, far beyond the Latine, which is one of the greatest beauties can be in a language. Now of versifying, there are two sorts, the one ancient, the other moderne: the ancient marked the quantitie of each syllable, and according to that framed his verse: the moderne, obseruing only number, with some regard of the accent, the chiefe life of it standeth in that like sounding of the words, which we call Ryme. Whether of these be the more excellent, would beare many speeches, the ancient no doubt more fit for Musicke, both words & time obseruing quantitie, and more fit liuely to expresse diuers passions by the low or loftie sound of the well-weighed syllable. The latter likewise with his ryme striketh a certaine musick to the eare: & in fine, since it doth delight, though by another way, it obtaieth the same purpose, there being in either sweetnesse, & wanting in neither Maestie. Truly the English before any vulgar language I know, is fit for both sorts, for, for the ancient, the *Italian* is so ful of vowels, that it must euer be cumbred with *Elisions*. The *Dutch* so of the other side with Consonants, that they cannot yeeld the sweet sliding, fit for a Verse. The *French* in his whole language hath not one word that hath his accent in the last syllable sauing two, called *Antepenultima*; and little more hath the *Spanish*, and therefore very gracelesly may they vse *Dactyles*. The *English* is subiect to none of these defects. Now for Rime, though we do not obserue quantitie, yet we obserue the accent verie precisely, which other languages either cannot do, or will not do so absolutely. That *Cesura*, or breathing place in the midst of the Verse, neither *Ita-*



lian nor Spanish haue : the French and we neuer almost faile of. Lastly, euen the verie Rime it selfe the Italian cannot put in the last syllable, by the French named the *Masculine Rime*, but still in the next to the last, which the French call the *Female*, or the next before that, which the Italian *Sdrucchiola* : the example of the former, is *Buono, Suono* ; of the *Sdrucchiola*, is *Femina, Semina*. The French on the other side hath both the Male, as *Bon, Son* ; and the Female, as *Plaise, Taise* ; but the *Sdrucchiola* hee hath not ; where the English hath all three, as *Due, True, Father, Rather ; Motion, Passion*, with much more which might be said, but that already I finde the triflings of this discourse is much too much enlarged. So that since the euer-praise-worthy *Poesie* is ful of vertue, breeding delightfulnessse, & void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning, since the blames laid against it are either false or feeble, since the cause why it is not esteemed in England, is the fault of Poet-apes, not Poets ; since lastly, our tongue is most fit to honour *Poesie*, & to be honoured by *Poesie*, I coniure you all that haue had the euill lucke to reade this inke-wasting toy of mine, euen in the name of the nine Muses, no more to scorne the sacred mysteries of *Poesie* : no more to laugh at the name of *Poets*, as though they were next inheritors to fooles ; no more to iest at the reuerent title of a rimer, but to beleeue with *Aristotle*, that they were the ancient Treasurers of the Grecians diuinitie ; to beleeue with *Bembus*, that they were first bringers in of all ciuilitie ; to beleeue with *Scaliger*, that no *Philosophers* precepts can sooner make you an honest man, than the reading of *Virgil* ; to beleeue with *Clauferus*, the Translator of *Cornutus*, that it pleased the heauenly deitie by *Hesiod & Homer*, vnder the vaile of fables to giue vs all knowledge, *Logicks, Rhetorick, Philosophy* naturall and morall, and *Quid non* ? To beleeue with me, that there are manie mysteries contained in *Poetry*, which of purpose were written darkly, lest by profane wits it should be abused : to beleeue with *Landin*, that they are so beloued of the gods, that whatsoeuer they write, proceeds out of a diuine furie. Lastly, to beleeue themselues when they tell you they will make you immortall by their verses. Thus doing, your name shall flourish in the Printers shops : thus doing, you shalbe of kinne to many a Poetical Preface : thus doing, you shall be most faire, most rich, most wise, most all : you shall dwel vpon superlatiues : thus doing, though you be *Libertinus patre natum*, you shall suddenly grow *Heracles proles*, *Si quid mea carmina possunt*. Thus doing, your soule shall be placed with *Dantes Beatrix*, or *Virgils Anchises*. But if (sie of such a But) you be borne so neare the dul-making *Cataract* of *Nilus*, that you cannot heare the Planet-like musick of *Poetry* ; if you haue so earth-creeping a mind, that it cannot lift it selfe vp to look to the skies of *Poetry*, or rather by a certaine rusticall disdain will become such a mome, as to be a *Mamus* of *Poetry* : then though I will not wish vnto you the Asses cares of *Midas*, nor to be driuen by a Poets verses as *Bubonax* was to hang himselfe, nor to be rimed to death, as is said to be done in *Ireland* ; yet thus much curse I must send you in the behalf of all *Poets*, that while you liue, you liue in loue, and neuer get fauour, for lacking skill of a Sonnet, and when you die, your memorie die from the earth for want of an Epitaph.

A Stropbel



# ASTROPHEL

AND

# STELLA

WRITTEN BY THE NOBLE KNIGHT

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.



Ouing in truth, and faine in verse my loue to show,  
That she (deare she) might take some pleasure of my paine :  
Pleasure might cause her reade, reading might make her know,  
Knowledge might pity win, and ply grace obtaine,

I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe,  
Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertaine,  
Oft turning others leaues, to see if thence would flow  
Some fresh and fruitfull showers vpon my sun-burn'd braine.  
But words came halting forth, wanting inventions  
Inuention, Natures childe, fled strep-dame studious blowes,  
And others feet still seem'd but strangers in my way.  
Thus great with childe to speake, and helpelesse in my throwes,  
Biting my trewand pen, beating my selfe for spaine,  
Foole, said my Muse to me, looke in thy heart and write.

Not at the first sight, nor yet with a dripped shot  
Lone gaue the wound, which while I breathe will bleed :  
But knowne worth did in mine of time proceed,  
Till by degrees it had full conquest got.  
I saw and liked, I liked but loued not,  
I loued, but straight did not what Lone decreed :  
At length to Lones decrees, I forc'd, agreed,  
Yet with repining at so partiall lot.  
Now euen that footstep of lost libertie  
Is gone, and now like slave-borne *Mysuite*,  
I call it praise to suffer Tyrannie,  
And now employ the remnant of my wit,  
To make my selfe beloeue, that all is well,  
While with a feeling skill I paint my hell.



3

Let dainty wits cry on the Sisters nine,  
 That brauely mask, their fancies may be told:  
 Or *Pindar's* Apes, flaunt they in phrases fine,  
 Enamling with pide flowers their thoughts of gold:  
 Or else let them in statelier glory shine,  
 Ennobling new found Tropes with problemes old:  
 Or with strange similes enrich each line,  
 Of herbes or beasts, which *Inde* or *Afrika* hold.  
 For me in sooth, no Muse but one I know:  
 Phrases and Problemes from my reach do grow,  
 And strange things cost too deare for my poore Sprites,  
 How then & euen thus: in *Stella's* face I reed,  
 What Loue and Beauty be, then all my deed  
 But Copying is, what in her Nature writes.

4

*Virtue* alas, now let me take some rest,  
 Thou ferst a baite between my will and wif;  
 If vaine loue haue my simple soule opprest:  
 Leau what thou likest not, deale thou not with it.  
 Thy scepter vsie in some old *Cass's* brest;  
 Churches or Schooles are for thy seate more fir:  
 I doe confesse, pardon a fault confest:  
 My mouth too tender is for thy hard bit.  
 But if that needes thou wilt vsurping be,  
 The little reason that is left in me,  
 And still th' effect of thy perswasions proue:  
 I sweare, my heart such one shall shew to thee,  
 That shines in flesh so true a Deltie,  
 That *Virtue*, thou thy selfe shalt be in loue.

5

It is most true, that eyes are form'd to serue  
 The inward light: and that the heavenly part  
 Ought to be King, from whose rules who doe swerue,  
 Rebels to Nature strue for their owne smart.  
 It is most true, what we call *Cupid's* dart  
 An image is, which for our selues we carue;  
 And, fooles, adore in temple of our hart,  
 Till that good God make Church and Churchman sturue.  
 True, that true Beauty Vertue is indeed,  
 Whereof this Beauty can be but a shade,  
 Which elements with mortall mixture breed:  
 True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,  
 And should in soule vp to our countrey moue:  
 True, and yet true that I must *Stella* loue.

Some

6

Some Louers speake when they their Muses entertaine;  
Of hopes begot by feare, of wor not what desires:  
Of force of heau'nly beames, infusing hellish paine:  
Of liuing deaths, deare wounds, faire stormes and freezing fires:

Some one his song in *Ioue*, and *Ioues* strange tales attires,  
Bordred with Bulls and Swans, powdred with golden raine:  
Another humbler wit to shepherds pipe retires,  
Yet hiding royall bloud full oft in rurall vaine.

To some a sweetest plaint, a sweetest stile affords,  
While tears poure out his inke, and sighes breathe out his words:  
His paper pale despaire, and paine his pen doth moue.

I can speake what I feele, and feele as much as they,  
But thinke that all the Map of my state I display,  
When trembling voice brings forth that I doe *Stella* lone.

7

When nature made her chiefe worke, *Stella's* eyes,  
In colour blacke, why wrapt she beames so bright?  
Would she in beemie blacke, like painter wife,  
Frame daintiest lustre, mixt of shades and light?

Or did she else that sober hue deuise,  
In obiect best to knit and strength our sight,  
Least if no vaile these braue gleames did disguise,  
They sun like should more dazle than delight?

Or would she her miraculous power show,  
That whereas blacke scemes beauties contrary,  
She euen in blacke doth make all beauties flow?

Both so and thus, she minding loue should be  
Placed euer there, gaue him this mourning weed,  
To honour all their deaths, who for her bleed.

8

*Lone* borne in *Greece*, of late fled from his natue place,  
Forc't by tedious prooffe, that Turkish hardned hart,  
Is not fit marke to pierce with his fine pointed dart:  
And pleas'd with our soft pace, stayd here his flying race.

But finding these North clymes doe coldly him embrace,  
Not vs'd to frozen clips, he straued to finde some part,  
Where with most ease and warmth he might employ his art:  
At length he perch'd him selfe in *Stella's* ioyfull face,

Whose faire skin, beemie eyes like morning Sun or Snow,  
Deceiu'd the waking boy, who thought from so pure light,  
Effects of liuely heat, must needs in nature grow.

But the most faire, most cold, made him thence take his flight  
To my close heart, where while some firebrands he did lay,  
Burnt vnawares his wings, and cannot sic away.



9

Queen *Virtues* court, which some call *Stella's* face;  
 Prepar'd by Natures choicest furniture,  
 Hath his front built of Alabaster pure;  
 Gold is the conering of that stately place.

The doore by which sometimes comes forth her Grace,  
 Red Porphir is, which loeke of pearle makes sure:  
 Whose porches rich (which name of cheekes endure)  
 Marble mixt red and white do enterlace.

The windowes now through which this heau'nly guest  
 Lookes ouer the world, and can finde nothing such,  
 Which dare claime from those lights the name of best.

Of touch they are that without touch doth touch,  
 Which *Cupids* selfe from Beauties mind did draw:  
 Of touch they are; and poore I, am their straw.

10

Reason, in faith thou art well seru'd, that still  
 Wouldst brabbling be with sense and loue in me:  
 I rather wilst thee climbe the Muses hill,  
 Or reach the fruit of Natures choicest tree,

Or seeke heau'ns course, or heau'ns inside to see:  
 Why shouldst thou toyle our thornie soile to till?  
 Leauie sense, and those which senses objects be:  
 Deale thou with powers of thoughts, leauie loue to will.

But thou wouldst needs fight both with loue and sense,  
 With sword of wit, giuing wounds of dispraise,  
 Till down-right blowes did foyle thy cunning fence:

For soone as they strake thee with *Stella's* rayes,  
 Reason thou kneel'dst, and offeredst straight to prone  
 By reason good, good reason her to loue.

11

In truth, O Loue, with what a boyish kinde  
 Thou doest proceede in thy most serious waies:  
 That when the heau'n to thee his best displayes,  
 Yet of that best thou leau'st the best behinde.

For like a childe that some faire booke doth find,  
 With gilded leaues or coloured Volume playes,  
 Or at the most on some fine picture stayes,  
 But neuer heeds the fruit of writers mind:

So when thou saw'st in Natures cabinet  
*Stella*, thou straight looktst babies in her eyes,  
 In her cheekes pit thou didst thy pit-foole set.

And in her breast bo-peep or couching lies,  
 Playing and shining in each outward part:  
 But, foole, seekst not to get into her heart.

12

*Cupid*, because thou shin'st in *Stella's* eyes,  
That from her lockes, thy daunces none escapes free,  
That those lips fyeld, so full of thee they bee,  
That her sweet breath makes oft thy flames to rise,  
That in her breast thy pap well sugred lyes,  
That her Grace gracious makes thy wrongs, that she  
What words so ere she speake periwades for thee,  
That her cleare voyce lifts thy fame to the skies;  
Thou countest *Stella* thine, like those whose powers  
Hauing got vp a breach by fighting well,  
Cry, victorie, this faire day all is ours.  
O no, her heart is such a Cittadell,  
So fortified with wit, stor'd with disdain,  
That to win it, is all the skill and paine.

13

*Phabus* was iudge betweene *Ioue*, *Mars* and *Loue*,  
Of those three Gods, whose armes the fairest were:  
*Ioues* golden shield did Eagle fables beare,  
Whose talons held young *Ganymed* about:  
But in Vertfield *Mars* bare a golden speare,  
Which through a bleeding heart his point did shoue:  
Each had his creft, *Mars* carried *Venus* gloue,  
*Ioue* on his helme the thunderbolt did reare.  
*Cupid* then smiles, for on his creft there lyes  
*Stella's* faire haire, her face he makes his shield,  
Where Roses guculs are borne in siluer field.  
*Phabus* drew wide the curtaines of the skies,  
To blazethese last, and sware deuoutly then,  
The first, thus matcht, were scanty Gentlemen.

14

Alas haue I not paine enough my friend,  
Vpon whose breast a fiercer Gripe doth tire  
Than did on him who first stale downe the fire,  
While *Loue* on me doth all his quiver spend;  
But with your Rubarb words ye must contend,  
To grieue me worse, in saying that Desire  
Doth plunge my wel-form'd sould euen in the mire  
Of sinfull thoughts, which do in ruine end?  
If that be sinne which doth the manners frame,  
Well staid with truth in word and faith of deed,  
Ready of wit, and fearing nought but shame:  
If that be sin which in fixt hearts doth breed  
A loathing of all loose vnchastity,  
Then *Loue* is sin, and let me sinfull be.



15

You that do search for every purling spring,  
Which from the ribs of old *Parnassus* flowes,  
And every flower not sweet perhaps, which growes  
Neare thereabouts, into your Poeticke wing.

You that do Dictionaries method bring  
Into your rimes, running in rattling rowes:  
You that poore *Petrarch's* long deceased woes,  
With new-borne sighes and denisend wit do sing.

You take wrong waies: those far-fet helpes be such,  
As do bewray a want of inward tuch:  
And sure at length stolne goods do come to light.

But if (both for your loue and skill) your name  
You seeke to nurse at fullest breasts of Fame,  
*Stella* behold, and then begin to indite.

16

In nature, apt to like, when I did see  
Beauties, which were of many Carrets fine,  
My boyling spirits did thither soone incline,  
And, Loue, I thought that I was full of thee:

But finding not those restless flames in me,  
Which others said did make their soules to pine:  
I sought those babes of some pinnes hurt did whine,  
By my soule iudging what Loues paine might be.

But while I (foole) thus with this Lyon plaid,  
Mine eyes (shall I say, curst or blest) beheld  
*Stella*, now she is nam'd, need more be said:

In her sight I a lesson new haue speld,  
I now haue learn'd Loue right, and learn'd euen so,  
As who by being poyson'd doth poison know.

17

His mother deare *Cupid* offended late,  
Because that *Mars* growne slacke in her loue,  
With pricking shot he did not thoroughly moue,  
To keep the pace of their first louing state.

The boy refus'd for feare of *Marses* hate,  
Who threatned stripes, if he his wrath did proue:  
But she in chafe him from her lap did shoue,  
Brake bow, brake shafts, while *Cupid* weeping sate:

Till that his grandame *Nature* pitying it,  
Of *Stella's* browes made him two better bowes,  
And in her eyes of arrowes infinit.

O how for ioy he leapes, O how he crows!  
And straight therewith like wags new got to play,  
Fals to shrewd turnes, and I was in his way.

With

18

With what sharpe checkes I in my selfe am sent,  
 When into Reasons audite I doe goe,  
 And by iust counts thy selfe a little know,  
 Of all those goods, which heere it to me hath lent,  
 Vnable quite to pay each Nature's rent,  
 Which vnto it by birth right I doe ow,  
 And which is worse, no good excuse can shew,  
 But that my wealth I haue most idly spent.  
 My youth doth waste, my knowledge brings forth toyce,  
 My wit doth strue those passions to defend,  
 Which for reward spoyle it with vaine annoyce.  
 I see my course to lose my selfe doth bend:  
 I see and yet no greater sorrow take,  
 Than that I lose no more for *Stella's* sake.

19

On *Cupids* bow how are my heart things bent,  
 That see my wracks, and yet embrace the same:  
 When most I glory, then I feeble most shame:  
 I willing run, yet while I run, repent.  
 My best wits still their owne disgrace inuent:  
 My very inke turns straight to *Stella's* name,  
 And yet my words, as them my pen doth frame,  
 Aduise themselves that they are vaineely spent.  
 For though she passe all things, yet what is all  
 That vnto me, who fare like him that both  
 Lookes to the skies, and in a ditch doth fall?  
 O let me prop my minde yet in his growth,  
 And nor in Nature, for best fruits vnto:  
 Scholler, saith *Zeus*, bend hitherward your wit.

20

Fly, flie, my friends, I haue my deaths wound, flie,  
 See there that boy, that murthering boy I say,  
 Who like a thiefe, hid in darke bush, doth lie,  
 Till bloody bullet get him wrongfull prey.  
 So Tyrant he, no fitter place could finde,  
 Nor so faire leuell is so secret stay,  
 As that sweet blacke which vailles the beautifull eye:  
 There himselfe with his shot he close doth lay.  
 Poore passenger, passe now thence by I did,  
 And staid, pleas'd with the prospect of the place,  
 While that blacke hue from me the bad guest hid:  
 But straight I saw motions of lightning grace,  
 And then descri'd the glistering of his dart:  
 But ere I could flie thence, it pierc'd my heart.

You



81 21

Your words my friend might heal full causticks blame  
 My young minde made, whom *Lave* doth windlas so,  
 That mine owne writings like bad servants show  
 My wits, quicke in vaine thoughts, in vertue lame  
 That *Plato* I read for nought, but if he tame  
 Such coltish yeares, that to my birth I owe  
 Nobler designs, lest else that friendly foe,  
 Great expectation, weare a traine of shame  
 For since mad March great promise made of me,  
 If now the May of my yeares much decline,  
 What can be hoped my haruest time will be  
 Sure you say well, your wisdomes golden mine,  
 Dig deepe with learnings spade, now tell me this,  
 Hath this world ought so faire as *Stella* is :

22

In highest way of heau'n the Sunne did ride,  
 Progrelling then from faire twinnes gold'n place:  
 Hauing no scarfe of clouds before his face,  
 But shining forth of heate in his chiefe pride;  
 When some faire Ladies by hard promise ride,  
 On horsebacke met him in his furious race,  
 Yet each prepar'd with fannes well shading grace,  
 From that foes wounds their tender skins to hide  
*Stella* alone with face vnarmed marcht,  
 Eyther to doe like him which open shone,  
 Or carelesse of the wealth because her owne  
 Yet were the hid and meaner beauties parcht,  
 Her daintiest bare went free, the cause was this,  
 The Sunne which others burn'd, did her but kisse.

23

The curious wits seeing dull penfuerneffe  
 Bewray it selfe in my long settled eyes,  
 Whence those same fumes of melancholy rise,  
 With idle paines, and misling ayme, doe ghesse  
 Some that know how my spring I did addresse,  
 Deeme that my Muse some fruit of knowledge plies:  
 Others, because the Prince my seruice tryes,  
 Thinke that I thinke State errors to redresse  
 But harder Iudges iudge ambitions rage,  
 Scourge of it selfe, still climbing slipperie place,  
 Holds my young braine captiu'd in golden cage.  
 O fooles, or ouer-wise, alas the race  
 Of all my thoughts hath neither stop nor start,  
 But onely *Stella's* eyes, and *Stella's* heart.

Rich

24

Rich fooles there be, whose base and filthy heart  
 Lies hatching still the goods wherein they flow:  
 And damning their owne selues to *Tarals* smart,  
 Wealth breeding want, more blist, more wretched grow.  
 Yet to those fooles heau'n such wit doth impart,  
 As what their hands do hold, their heads do know,  
 And knowing loue, and louing lay apart,  
 As sacred things, far from all dangers show.

But that rich foole who by blinde Fortunes lot,  
 The richest gemme of Loue and life enioyes,  
 And can with foule abuse such beauties blot;

Let him, depriu'd of sweet but vnfelt ioyes,  
 (Exil'd for ay from those high treasures, which  
 He knowes not) grow in only folly rich.

25

The wisest scholler of the wight most wise,  
 By *Phabus* doome, with sugred sentence sayes,  
 That Vertue if it once met with our eyes,  
 Strange flames of *Loue* it in our soules would raise.

But for that man with paine this truth descrites,  
 Whiles he each thing in senses ballance wayes,  
 And so nor will, nor can behold those skies,  
 Which inward Sun to *Hercules* mind displaies.

Vertue of late with vertuous care to ster  
*Loue* of her selfe, tooke *Stella's* shape, that she  
 To mortal eyes might sweetly shine in her.

It is most true, for since I her did see,  
 Vertues great beautie in that face I proue,  
 And finde th' effect, for I do burne in loue.

26

Though dustie wits dare scorne Astrologie,  
 And fooles can thinke those Lampes of purest light,  
 Whose numbers weiges greatnesse eternitie,  
 Promising wonders, wonder do inuite:

To haue for no cause birthright in the skie,  
 But for to spangle the blacke weeds of night:  
 Or for some brawle, which in the chamber hie,  
 They should still daunce to please a gazers sight.

For me, I do Nature vndidle know,  
 And know great causes, great effects procure:  
 And know those Bodies high raine on the low.

And if these rules did faile, prooffe makes me sure,  
 Who oft foreiudge my after-following race,  
 By only those two stars in *Stella's* face.

Because



27

Because I oft in darke abstracted guise,  
Seeme most alone in greatest companie:  
With dearth of words, or answers quite awry,  
To them that would make speech of speech arise;

They deeme, and of their doome the rumour flies,  
That pay for foule of bubbling pride doth lie  
So in my swelling breast, that only I  
Fawne on my selfe, and others do despise:

Yet pride I thinke doth not my soule possesse,  
Which looks too oft in his vnflattering glasse:  
But one worke fault *Ambition* I confesse,

That makes me oft my best friends ouertasse,  
Vnseene, vnheard, while thought to highest place  
Bends all his powers, euen vnto *Stella's* grace.

28

You that with allegories curious frame,  
Of others children changelings vie to make,  
With me those paines for Gods sake do not take:  
I list nor dig so deep for brazen fame.

When I say *Stella*, I do meane the same  
Princesse of Beautie, for whose only sake,  
The raines of *Loue* I loue, though neuer flake,  
And ioy therein, though Nations count it shame.

I begge no subiect to vie eloquence,  
Nor in hid waies do guide Philosophie:  
Looke at my hands for no such quintessence;

But know that I in pure simplicitie,  
Breathe out the flames which burne within my heart,  
*Loue* only reading vnto me this art.

29

Like some weake Lords, neighbord by mightie Kings,  
To keepe themselves and their chiefe cities free,  
Do easly yeeld, that all their coasts may bee  
Readie to store their camps of needfull things:

So *Stella's* heart finding what power *Loue* brings,  
To keepe it selfe in life and libertie,  
Doth willing grane, that in the frontiers he  
Vse all to helpe his other conquerings:

And thus her heart escapes, but thus her eyes  
Serue him with shot, her lips his heralds are:  
Her breasts his tents, legs his triumphall carre:

Her flesh his food, her skin his armour braue,  
And I, but for because my prospect lies  
Vpon that coast, am giu'n vp for a slaue.

Whether

30

Whether the Turkish new-moone minded be  
 To fill his hornes this yeare on Christian coast;  
 How Poles right king means without leaue of host;  
 To warme with ill-made fire told *Metemorph.*  
 If French can yet three parts in one agree,  
 What now the Duch in their full dyers boast,  
 How *Holland* hearts, now so good townes be lost,  
 Trust in the shade of pleasing *Orange tree*.  
 How *Vlster* likes of that same golden bit,  
 Where with my father once made it halfe tame,  
 If in the *Scotch* Court be no weltring yet.  
 These questions busie wits to me do frame;  
 I cumbred with good maniners, answer doe,  
 But know not how, for still I thinke of you.

31

With how sad steps, O Moone, thou climb'st the skies,  
 How silently, and with how wanne a face,  
 What may it be that euen in heavenly place  
 That busie archer his sharpe arrowes tries?  
 Sure if that long with *Loue* acquainted eyes  
 Can iudge of *Loue*, thou felf'st a *Louers* case,  
 I reade it in thy lookes, thy languisht grace  
 To me that feeles the like, thy state descries.  
 Then ev'n of fellowship, O Moone, tell me  
 Is constant *Loue* deem'd there but want of wit?  
 Are Beauties there as proud as here they be?  
 Doe they aboute *loue* to be lov'd, and yet  
 Those *Louers* scorne whom that *Loue* doth possesse?  
 Doe they call *Virtue* there vngratefulnesse?

32

*Morpheus* the lively sonne of deadly sleepe,  
 Witnesse of life to them that lining die:  
 A Prophet oft, and oft an historie,  
 A Poet eke, as humours flie or creepe:  
 Since thou in me so sure a power dost keepe,  
 That neuer I with close vp sense doe lye,  
 But by thy worke (my *Stella*) I descrie,  
 Teaching blind eyes both how to smile and weepe.  
 Vouchsafe of all acquaintance this to tell:  
 Whence hast thou *Ivorie*, *Rubies*, pearle and gold,  
 To shew her skin, lips, teeth and head so well?  
 Foole, answers he, no *Indes* such treasures hold,  
 But from thy heart, while my fire charmeth thee,  
 Sweet *Stellas* image I doe steale to mee.

Y y

I might



33

I might, vnhappy word, O me, I might;  
 And then would not, or could not see my blisse;  
 Till now wrapt in a most infernall night,  
 I find how heav'nly day wretch I did misse.  
 Hart rent thy selfe, thou dost thy selfe but right,  
 No lonely *Paris* made thy *Hellen* his;  
 No force, no fraud, robd thee of thy delight.  
 Nor Fortune of thy fortune author is:  
 But to my selfe my selfe did giue the blow,  
 While too much wit (forsooth) so troubled me;  
 That I respects for both our sakes must show:  
 And yet could not by rising Morne foresee  
 How faire a day was neare, O punishr eyes  
 That I had beene more foolish or more wise.

34

Come let me write, and to what end? to ease  
 A burthened heart, how can words ease, which are  
 The glasses of thy daily vexing care?  
 Oft cruell fights well pictured forth do please.  
 Art not asham'd to publish thy disease?  
 Nay, that may breed my fame, it is so rare:  
 But will not wise men thinke thy words fond ware?  
 Then be they close, and so none shall displease.  
 What idler thing, then speake and not be hard?  
 What harder thing then smart, and not to speake?  
 Peace foolish wit, with wit my wit is mard.  
 Thus write I while I doubt to write, and wreake  
 My harmes on Inkes poore losse, perhaps some find  
*Stellas* great powrs, that so confuse my mind.

35

What may words say, or what may words not say,  
 Where truth it selfe must speake like flaterie?  
 Within what bounds can one his liking stay,  
 Where Nature doth with infinite agree?  
 What *Nestors* counsell can my flames alay,  
 Since Reason selfe doth blow the coale in me?  
 And ah what hope, that hope should once see day,  
 Where *Cupid* is sworne page to Chastitie?  
 Honour is honour'd, that thou doest possesse  
 Him as thy slaue, and now long needy Fame  
 Doth euen grow rich, naming my *Stellas* name.  
 Wit leärnes in thee perfection to expresse,  
 Not thou by praise, but praise in thee is raise:  
 It is a praise to praise, when thou art praise.

36

*Stella*, whence doth this new assault arise,  
 A conquered golden heart to win?  
 Whereto long since through my long battred eyes,  
 Whole armies of thy beauties entred in.  
 And there long since, *Loue* thy Lieutenante lies,  
 My forces razde, thy banners raisd within:  
 Of conquest, doe not these effects suffice,  
 But wilt now warre vpon thine owne begin?  
 With so sweet voyce, and by sweet Nature so  
 In sweetest strength, so sweetly skild withall,  
 In all sweet stratagems, sweet Art can shew,  
 That not my soule, which at thy foot did fall,  
 Long since forc'd by thy beames, but stone nor tree  
 By Sences priuiledge, can scape from thee.

37

My mouth doth water, and my breast doth swell,  
 My tongue doth itch, my thoughts in labour be:  
 Listen then Lordings with good eare to me:  
 For of my life I must a riddle tell.  
 Toward *Auroras* Court a Nymph doth dwell,  
 Rich in all beauties which mans eye can see:  
 Beauties so farre from reach of words, that we  
 Abuse her praise, saying she doth excell:  
 Rich in the treasure of deseru'd renowne;  
 Rich in the riches of a royall hart;  
 Rich in those gifts which giue th' eternall crowne;  
 Who though most rich in these and euery part,  
 Which make the patents of true worldly blisse,  
 Hath no misfortune, but that Rich she is.

38

This night while sleepe begins with beanie wings  
 To hatch mine eyes, and that vnbitte thought  
 Doth fall to fray, and my chiefe powres are brought  
 To leaue the scepter of all subiect things,  
 The first that straight my fancies error brings  
 Vnto my mind, is *Stellas* image; wrought  
 By *Loues* owne selfe, but with so curious drouht,  
 That she, me thinkes, not onely shines but sings.  
 I start, looke, hearke, but what inclosde vp sence  
 Was held, in open sence it flies away,  
 Leauing me nought but wayling eloquence:  
 I seeing better sights in sights decay,  
 Cald it a new, and wooed sleepe againe:  
 But him her host that vnkind guest had slaine.

Y y 2

Come



39

Come sleepe, O sleepe, the certaine knot of peace,  
 The bayting place of wit, the balme of woe,  
 The poore mans wealth, the prisoners release,  
 Th' indifferent Iudge betweene the high and low;  
 With shield of prooffe shield me from out the prease  
 Of those fierce darts, despaire at me doth throw.  
 O make in me those ciuill warres to cease;  
 I will good tribute pay if thou do so.

Take thou of me smooth pillowes, sweetest bed,  
 A chamber deafe to noise, and blinde to light:  
 A rosie garland, and a wearie head:  
 And if these things, as being thine by right,  
 Moue not thy heauie grace, thou shalt in me  
 Liuelier then else-where *Stella* image see.

40

As good to write as for to lie and grone.  
 O *Stella* deare, how much thy power hath wrought,  
 Thou hast my minde, none of the basest, brought  
 By still kept course, while other sleepe, to mone.

Alas, if from the height of Vertues throne,  
 Thou canst vouchsafe the influence of a thought  
 Vpon a wretch, that long thy grace hath sought;  
 Weigh then how I by thee am ouerthrowne.

And then, thinke thus, although thy beautie be  
 Made manifest by such a victorie,  
 Yet noblest Conquerours doe wreckes auoid.

Since then thou hast so farre subdued me,  
 That in my heart I offer still to thee,  
 O do not let thy Temple be destroyed.

41

Hauing this day my horse, my hand, my lance  
 Guided so well, that I obtain'd the prize,  
 Both by the iudgement of the *English* eies,  
 And of some sent from that sweet enimie *France*;

Horsemen my skill in horsemanship aduance:  
 Towne-folkes my strength, a daintier Iudge applies  
 His praise to sleight, which from good vse doth rise:  
 Some luckie wits impute it but to chance:

Others because, of both sides I doe take  
 My bloud from them, who did excell in this,  
 Thinke Nature me a man of armes did make.

How farre they shot awry? the true cause is,  
*Stella* lookt on, and from her heav'nly face  
 Sent forth the beames, which made so faire my race.

O

42

O eyes, which doe the Spheares of beantie moue,  
 Whose beames be ioyes, whose ioyes all vertues be,  
 Who while they make *Loue* conquer, conquer *Loue*,  
 The Schooles where *Penn* hath learn'd Chastitie.

O eyes, where humble lookes most glorions proue,  
 Onely lov'd Tyrants, iust in crueltie,  
 Doe not, O doe not from poore me remoue,  
 Keepe still my Zenith, euer shine on me.

For though I neuer see them, but straight wayes  
 My life forgets to nourish languisht sprites;  
 Yet still on me, O eyes, dart downe your rayes:

And if from Maiestie of sacred lights,  
 Oppressing mortall sense, my death proceed,  
 Wrackes Triumphs be, which *Loue* (high set) doth breed.

43

Faire eyes, sweet lips, deare heart, that foolish I  
 Could hope by *Cupids* helpe on you to pray;  
 Since to him selfe he doth your gifts apply,  
 As his maine force, choise sport, and ease full stay.

For when he will see who dare him gain-say,  
 Then with those eyes he lookes, lo by and by  
 Each soule doth at *Loues* feet his weapons lay,  
 Glad if for her he giue them leaue to die.

When he will play, then in her lips he is,  
 Where blushing red, that *Loues* selfe them doth loue,  
 With either lip he doth the other kisse:

But when he will for quiers sake remoue  
 From all the world, her heart is then his rome,  
 Where well he knowes, no man to him can come.

44

My words I know doe well set forth my mind,  
 My mind bemontes his sense of inward smart,  
 Such smart may pitie claime of any hart,  
 Her heart, sweet heart, is of no Tygres kind:

And yet she heares, and yet no pitie I finde;  
 But more I cry, lesse grace she doth impart.  
 Alas, what cause is there so overthwart,  
 That Noblenesse it selfe makes thus vunkind?

I much doe ghesse, yet finde no truth saue this,  
 That when the breath of my complaints doth tuch  
 Those daintie dores vnto the Court of blisse,

The heav'nly nature of that place is such,  
 That once come there, the fobs of mine annoyes  
 Are metamorphos'd straight to tunes of ioyes.

Yy 3

Stella



45

*Stella* oft sees the very face of woe  
 Painted in my beclouded stormie face:  
 But cannot skill to pitie my disgrace,  
 Not though thereof the cause her selfe she knowe:

Yet hearing late a fable, which did shew  
 Of Louers neuer knowne, a grievous case,  
 Pitie thereof gate in her breast such place,  
 That from that Sea deriv'd teares spring did flow.

Alas, if fancie drawne by imag'd things,  
 Though false, yet with free scope more grace doth breed  
 Then seruants wrack, where new doubts honor brings;

Then thinke my deare, that you in me do reed  
 Of Louers ruine some sad Tragedie:  
 I am not I, pitie the tale of me.

46

I curst thee oft, I pitie now thy case,  
 Blind-hitting boy, since she that thee and me  
 Rules with a becke, so tyrannizeth thee,  
 That thou must want or food, or dwelling place.

For she protests to banish thee her face.  
 Her face? O *Loue*, a Rogue thou then shouldst be!  
 If *Loue* learne not alone to lone and see,  
 Without desire to feed of further grace:

'Alas poore wag, that now a scholler art  
 To such a schoole-mistresse, whose lessons new  
 Thou needs must misse, and so thou needs must smart.

Yet Deare, let me his pardon get of you,  
 So long (though he from booke myche to desire)  
 Till without fewell you can make hot fire.

47

What haue I thus betrayed my libertie?  
 Can those blacke beames such burning markes engraue  
 In my free side? or am I borne a slave,  
 Whose necke becomes such yoke of tyrannie?

Or want I sence to feele my miserie?  
 Or sprite, disdaine of such disdaine to haue?  
 Who for long faith, tho daily helpe I craue,  
 May get no almes but scorne of beggerie.

Vertue awake, Beautie but beantieis,  
 I may, I must, I can, I will, I do  
 Leau following that, which it is gaine to misse.

Let her do: soft, but here she comes, go to,  
 Vnkind, I loue you not: O me, that eye  
 Doth make my heart to giue my tongue the lie.

Soules

48

Soules ioy, bend not those morning starres from me,  
Where Vertue is made strong by Beauties might,  
Where *Lone* is chaffenesse, Paine doth learne delight,  
And humblenesse growes one with Maiestie.

What euer may ensue, O let me be  
Copartner of the riches of that sight:  
Let not mine eyes be bell-driv'n from that light:  
O looke, O shine, O let me die and see.

For though I oft my selfe of them bemone,  
That through my heart their beamic darts be gone,  
Whose curelesse wounds euen now most freshly bleed:

Yet since my death-wound is alreadie got,  
Deare Killer, spare not thy sweet cruell shot:  
A kind of grace it is to slay with speed.

49

I on my horse, and *Lone* on me doth try  
Our horfemanships, while by strange worke I proue  
A horfeman to my horse, a horse to *Lone*,  
And now mans wrongs in me poore beast descric.

The raines wherewith my Rider doth me tie,  
Are humbled thoughtes, which bit of Reuerence moue,  
Curb'd in with feare, but with guilt bossed aboue  
Of hope, which makes it seeme faire to the eye.

The Wand is Will, thou Fancie Saddle art,  
Girt fast by Memorie, and while I spurre  
My horse, he spurres with sharpe desire my hart:

He sits me fast, howeuer I doe sturre:  
And now hath made me to his hand so right,  
That in the Manage my selfe takes delight.

50

*Stella*, the fulnesse of my thoughts of thee  
Cannot be staid within my panting breast,  
But they doe swell and struggle forth of me,  
Till that in words thy figure be exprest.

And yet as soone as they so formed be,  
According to my Lord *Lone*'s owne behest-  
With sad eyes I their weake proportion see,  
To portraict that which in this world is best.

So that I cannot chuse but write my mind,  
And cannot chuse but put out what I write,  
While these poore babes their death in birth doe find:

And now my pen these lines had dashed quite,  
But that they stopt his furie from the same,  
Because their forefront bare sweet *Stella*'s name.

Pardon



51

Pardon mine eares, both I and they doe pray,  
 So may your tongue still fluently proceed;  
 To them that doe such entertainment need,  
 So may you still haue somewhat new to say.  
 On silly me doe not the burthen lay,  
 Of all the graue conceits your braine doth breed;  
 But find some *Hercules* to beare, in steed  
 Of *Aslas* tyr'd, your wisedomes heav'nly sway.  
 For me while you discourse of courtly tides,  
 Of cunning fishers in most troubled streames,  
 Of straying wayes, when valiant error guides:  
 Meane while my heart confers my *Stellas* beames,  
 And is even irkt that so sweet Comedie,  
 By such vnsted speech should hindred be.

52

A strife is growne betweene *Vertue* and *Loue*.  
 While each pretends that *Stella* must be his:  
 Her eyes, her lips, her all faith *Loue* doe this;  
 Since they doe weare his badge, most firmly proue.  
 But *Vertue* thus that title doth disproue,  
 That *Stella* (O deare name) that *Stella* is  
 That vertuous soule, sure heire of heav'nly blisse:  
 Not this faire outside, which our hearts doth moue.  
 And therefore, though her beautie and her grace  
 Be *Loues* indeed, in *Stellas* selfe he may  
 By no pretence claime any manner place.  
 Well *Loue*, since this demurre our suit doth stay,  
 Let *Vertue* haue that *Stellas* selfe; yet thus,  
 That *Vertue*, but that bodie graunt to vs.

53

In Martiall sports I had my cunning tride,  
 And yet to breake more staues did me addresse:  
 While with the peoples shouts I must confesse,  
 Youth, lucke, and praise, euen fild my veines with pride.  
 When *Cupid* hauing me his slaue descride,  
 In *Marses* liuery, prauncing in the presse:  
 What now sir foole, said he, I would no lesse,  
 Looke here, I say. I look'd and *Stella* spide:  
 Who hard by made a window send forth light.  
 My heart then quak'd, then dazled were mine eyes,  
 One hand forgat to rule, th' other to fight.  
 Nor Trumpets sound I heard, nor friendly cries,  
 My Foe came on, and beat the aire for me,  
 Till that her blush taught me my shame to see.

Because

54

Because I breath not loue to euery one,  
 Nor do not vse set colours for to weare,  
 Nor nourish speciall locks of vowed haire,  
 Nor giue each speech a full point of a grone:  
 The courtly Nymphs acquainted with the mone  
 Of them, who in their lips *Loues* standard beare;  
 What he? say they of me, now I dare sweare,  
 He cannot loue: no, no, let him alone.  
 And thinke so still, so *Stella* knowe my minde,  
 Professe indeede I do not *Cupids* art;  
 But you faire maides, at length this true shall finde,  
 That his right badge is but worne in the hart:  
 Dumbe Swannes, not chattering Pies, do Louers proue,  
 They loue indeede, who quake to say they loue.

55

Muses, I oft inuoke your holy ayde,  
 With choicest flowers my speech t'engarland so;  
 That it despise in true but naked shew,  
 Might winne some grace in your sweete grace arraid.  
 And oft whole troupes; of saddest wordes I stayd,  
 Striuing abroad a foraging to goe;  
 Vntill by your inspiring I might knowe,  
 How their blacke banner might be best displayd.  
 But now I meane no more your helpe to try,  
 Nor other sugring of my speech to proue,  
 But on her name incessantly to cry:  
 For let me but name her whom I do loue,  
 So sweete sound straight mine ear and heart doth hit,  
 That I well finde no eloquence like it.

56

Fy schoole of Patience, Fy, your lesson is  
 Farre farre too long to learne it without booke:  
 What, a whole weeke without one peece of looke,  
 And thinke I should not your large precepts misse?  
 When I might reade those letters faire of blisse,  
 Which in her face teach vertue, I could brooke  
 Somwhat thy lead'n counsels, which I tooke,  
 As of a friend that meant not much amisse,  
 But now that I alas doe want her sight,  
 What, dost thou thinke that I can euer take  
 In thy cold stufte a flegmatike delight?  
 No patience, if thou wilt my good, then make  
 Her come, and heare with patience my desire,  
 And then with patience bid me beare my fire.

Wo,



57

Wo, hauing made with many fightes his owne  
 Each sence of mine, each gift, each power of mind,  
 Growne now his slaues, he forc't them out to find  
 The thorowest words, fit for woes selfe to grone,  
 Hoping that when they might finde *Stella* alone,  
 Before she could prepare to be vnkind,  
 Her soule arm'd but with such a daintie rind,  
 Should soone be pierc'd with sharpenesse of the mone.  
 She heard my plaints, and did not onely beare,  
 But them (so sweet as she) most sweetly sing,  
 With that faire breast, making woes darkenesse cleare:  
 A pretie case I hoped her to bring  
 To feele my griefes, and she with face and voyce,  
 So sweets my paines, that my paines me reioyce.

58

Doubt there hath beene when with his golden chaine,  
 The Orator so farre mens hearts doth bind,  
 That no pace else their guided steps can find,  
 But as he them more short or slacke doth raine.  
 Whether with words this soueraigntie he gaine,  
 Cloth'd with fine tropes, with strongest reasons lin'd,  
 Or else pronouncing grace, where with his mind  
 Prints his owne liuely forme in rudest braine:  
 Now iudge by this, in piercing phrales late,  
 The Anatomie of all my woes I wrate,  
*Stella*s sweet breath the same to me did reed.  
 O voyce, O face, mangre my speeches might,  
 Which woked wo, most rauishing delight,  
 Euen those sad words, euen in sad me did breed.

59

Deare, why make you more of a dog then me?  
 If he doe loue, I burne, I burne in loue:  
 If he waite well, I neuer thence would mone:  
 If he be faire, yet but a dog can be.  
 Little he is, so little worth is he;  
 He barks, my songs thine owne voyce oft doth prone:  
 Bidd'n perhaps he fetcheth thee a gloue,  
 But I vnbid, fetch euen my soule to thee.  
 Yet while I languish, him that bosome clips,  
 That lap doth lap, nay lets, in spite of spite,  
 This sowre-breath'd mate-taste of those sugred lips.  
 Alas, if you graunt onely such delight  
 To witlesse things, then *Lone*, I hope (since wit  
 Becomes a clog) will soone ease me of it.

When

60

When my good Angel guides me to the place,  
 Where all my good I do in *Stella* see,  
 That heav'n of ioyes throwes onely downe on me,  
 Thundred disdaines and lightnings of disgrace:

But when the ruggedst step of Fortunes race,  
 Makes me fall from her sight, then sweetly she  
 With words, wherein the Muses treasures be,  
 Shewes loue and pittie to my absent case.

Now I wit-beaten long by hardest Fate,  
 So dull am, that I cannot looke into  
 The ground of this fierce *Loue* and lonely hate:

Then some good bodie tell me how I doe,  
 Whose presence, absence, absence presence is;  
 Bliss in my curse, and cursed in my blisse.

61

Oft with true sighes, oft with vncalled teares,  
 Now with slow words, now with dumbe eloquence  
 I *Stellas* eyes affraid, invade her eares;  
 But this at last is her sweet breath'd defence:

That who indeed infelt affection beares,  
 So captiues to his Saint both soule and sence,  
 That wholly hers, all selfenesse he forbears,  
 Then his desires he learns his liues course thence.

Now since her chaste mind hates this loue in me,  
 With chastened mind, I straight must shew that she  
 Shall quickly me from what she hates remoue:

O Doctor *Cupid*, thou for me reply,  
 Driv'n else to graunt by Angels sophistrie,  
 That I loue not, without I leaue to loue.

62

Late tyr'd with woe, euen readie for to pine  
 With rage of *Loue*, I call'd my Loue vnkind;  
 She in whose eyes *Loue* though vnfelt doth shine,  
 Sweet said that I true loue in her should find,

I ioyed, but straight thus watred was my wine,  
 That loue she did, but loued a Loue not blind,  
 Which would not let me, whom she loued, decline  
 From no bler course, fit for my birth and mind:

And therefore by her Lones authoritie,  
 Wild me these tempests of vaine loue to flie,  
 And anchor fast my selfe on *Virtues* shore.

Alas, if this the only metall be  
 Of *Loue*, new-coind to helpe my beggery,  
 Deare, loue me not, that ye may loue me more.



O Grammer rules, O now your vertues show;  
 So children still reade you with awfull eyes,  
 As my young Doue may in your precepts wife  
 Her graunt to me, by her owne vertue know.  
 For late with heart most high, with eyes most low,  
 I crav'd the thing which ever she denies:  
 She lightning *Loue*, displaying *Venus* skies,  
 Left once should not be heard, twice said, No, No.  
 Sing then my Muse, now to *Pear* sing,  
 Heav'n's enuy not at my high triumphing:  
 But Grammers force with sweet successe confirme:  
 For Grammer sayes (O this deare *Stella* say)  
 For Grammer sayes (to Grammer who sayes nay)  
 That in one speech two Negatiues affirme.

## First Song.

**D**oubt you to whom my Muse these notes entendeth,  
 Which now my breast orecharg'd to Musicke lendeth:  
 To you, to you, all song of praise is due,  
 Onely in you, my song begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which martie state with pleasure,  
 Who keeps the key of Natures chiefeſt treasure:  
 To you, to you, all song of praise is due,  
 Onely for you the heav'n forgate all measure.

Who hath the lip, where wit in faireneſſe raigneth,  
 Who womankind at once both deckes and ſtaineth:  
 To you, to you, all song of praise is due,  
 Onely by you Cupid his crowne maintaineth.

Who hath the feet, whose ſtep of ſweetneſſe planteth,  
 Who elſe for whom Fame worthy trumpets wanteth?  
 To you, to you, all song of praise is due,  
 Onely to you her Scepter Venus granteth.

Who hath the breast, whose milke doth paſſions nourish,  
 Whose grace is ſuch, that when it chides doth cheriſh,  
 To you, to you all song of praise is due,  
 Onely through you the tree of life doth flouriſh.

Who hath the hand which without ſtroke ſubdueth,  
 Who long dead beautie with encrease reneweth:  
 To you, to you, all song of praise is due:  
 Onely at you all enuie hopeleſſe rueth.

Who

Who hath the haire which looses fastest tieth,  
 Who makes a man liue then glad when he dieth:  
 To you, to you, all song of praise is due,  
 Onely of you the flaterer neuer lieth.

Who hath the voyce, which soule from senses sunders,  
 Whose force but yours the bolts of beantie thunders:  
 To you, to you, all song of praise is due  
 Onely with you not miracles are wonders.

Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes extendeth,  
 Which now my breast orecharg'd to Musicke lendeth:  
 To you, to you, all song of praise is due,  
 Onely in you, my song begins and endeth.

64

No more, my deare, no more these counsels trie,  
 O giue my passions leaue to run their race:  
 Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace,  
 Let folke ore charg'd with braine against me crie.  
 Let clouds be-dimme my face, breake in mine eye,  
 Let me no steps but of lost labour trace:  
 Let all the earth with scorne recount my case,  
 But doe not will me from my *Loue* to flie.  
 I doe not enuie *Aristotles* wit,  
 Nor do aspire to *Cæsars* bleeding fame;  
 Nor ought doe care, though some about me sit:  
 Nor hope, nor with another course to frame,  
 But which once may win thy cruell hart:  
 Thou art my Wit, and thou my Vertue art.

65

*Loue* by sure prooffe I may call thee vnkind,  
 That giv'st no better care to my iust cries:  
 Thou whom to me such my good tuxues should bind,  
 As I may well recount, but none can prize:  
 For when nak'd boy thou couldst no harbour find  
 In this old world, growne now so too too wise:  
 I lodg'd thee in my heart, and being blind  
 By Nature borne, I gaue to thee mine eyes.  
 Mine eyes, my light, my heart, my life, alas,  
 If so great seruices may scorn'd be:  
 Yet let this thought thy Tygrish courage passe,  
 That I perhaps am somewhat kinne to thee;  
 Since in thine armes, if learnd fame truth hath spread,  
 Thou bear'st the arrow, I the arrow head.

Zz

Ans



66

And doe I see some cause a hope to feede,  
Or doth the tedious burden of long wo  
In weakned mindes, quicke apprehending breed,  
Of every Image, which may comfort shew?

I cannot brag of word, much lesse of deed,  
Fortunes wheelles still with me in one sort flow,  
My wealth no more, and no whit lesse my need,  
Desire still on the stilts of feare doth go.

And yet amid all feares a hope there is,  
Stolne to my heart since last faire night, nay day,  
*Stellas* eyes sent to me the beames of blisse,

Looking on me, while I lookt other way:  
But when mine eyes backe to their heav'n did moue,  
They fled with blush, which guiltie seem'd of loue.

67

Hope, art thou true, or doest thou flatter me?  
Doth *Stella* now begin with pitious eye,  
The ruines of her conquest to espie:  
Will she take time before all wracked be?

Here eye speech is translated thus by thee:  
But wilt thou not in phrase so heav'nly hie?  
Looke on againe, the faire text better trie:  
What blushing notes dost thou in margine see?

What sighes stolne out, or kild before full borne:  
Hast thou found such and such like arguments?  
Or art thou else to comfort me forsworne?

Well, how so thou interpret the contents,  
I am resolv'd thy errour to maintaine,  
Rather then by more truth to get more paine.

68

*Stella*, the onely Planet of my light,  
Light of my life, and life of my desire,  
Chiefe good, where to my hope doth only aspire,  
World of my wealth, and heav'n of my delight.

Why doest thou spend the treasures of my sprite,  
With voyce more fit to wed *Amphions* lyre,  
Seeking to quench in me the noble fire,  
Fed by thy worth, and blinded by thy sight?

And all in vaine, for while thy breath most sweet,  
With choicest words, thy words with reasons rare,  
Thy reasons firmly set on *Vertues* feet,

Labour to kill in me this killing care:  
O thinke I then, what paradise of ioy  
It is, so faire a Vertue to enioy.

69

O ioy, too high for my low stile to sho  
 O blisse, fit for a nobler state then me  
 Enuie, put out thine eyes lest thou do see  
 What Oceans of delight in me do flow

My friend, that oft saw through all maskes my wo,  
 Come, come, and let me powre my selfe on thee;  
 Gone is the winter of my miserie,  
 My spring appears, O see what here doth grow.

For *Stella* hath with words where faith doth shine,  
 Of her high heart giu'n me the monarchie:  
 I, I, O I may say that she is mine.

And though she giue but thus conditionly  
 This realme of blisse, while vertuous course I take,  
 No kings be crown'd, but they some couchants make.

70

My Muse may well grudge at my heav'nly ioy,  
 If still I force her in sad rimes to creepe:  
 She oft hath drunke my teares, now hopes I' enjoy  
 Nectar of Mirth, since I *Loves* cup do keepe.

Sonets be not bound prentise to annoy:  
 Trebles sing high, as well as bales deepe:  
 Griefe but *Loves* winter liuerie is, the Boy  
 Hath cheekes to smile, as well as eyes to weepe.

Come then my Muse, shew thou height of delight  
 In well raide notes, my pen the best it may  
 Shall paint our ioy, though but in blacke and white.

Cease eager Muse, peace pen, for my sake stay,  
 I giue you here my hand for truth of this,  
 Wise silence is best musicke vnto blisse.

71

Who will in fayrest booke of Nature know,  
 How Vertue may best lodg'd in beautie be,  
 Let him but learne of *Loue* to reade in thee  
*Stella*, those faire lines, which true goodnesse show.

There shall he find all vices overthrow,  
 Not by rude force, but sweetest soueraingntie  
 Of reason, from whose light those night-birds flie;  
 That inward sunne in thine eyes shineth so.

And not content to be Perfections heire  
 Thy selfe, doest striue all minds that way to moue:  
 Who marke in thee what is in thee most faire.

So while thy beautie drawes the heart to loue,  
 As fast thy Vertue bends that loue to good:  
 But ah, Desire still cries, giue me some food.

Z z 2

Desire,



Desire though thou my old companion art,  
 And oft so clings to my pure Loue, that I  
 One from the other scarcely can descric,  
 While each doth blowe the fier of my heart;  
 Now from thy fellowship I needs must part,  
 Venus is taught with *Diana's* wings to flie:  
 I must no more in thy sweet passions lie;  
 Vertues gold now must head my *Cupids* dart.  
 Service and Honour, wonder with delight,  
 Feare to offend, will worthish to appeare,  
 Care shining in mine eyes, faith in my sprite.  
 These things are left me by my only Deare;  
 But thou Desire, because thou wouldst haue all,  
 Now banisht art, but yet alas how shall I

## Second Song.

Hane I caught my heau'nly iewell,  
 Teaching sleepe most faire to be?  
 Now will I teach her that she  
 When she wakes, is too too cruell.  
 Since sweet sleepe her eyes hath charmed,  
 The two only darts of Loue:  
 Now will I with that boy prone  
 Some play, while he is disarmed.  
 Her tongue waking still refuseth,  
 Gining frankly niggard No:  
 Now will I attempt to know,  
 What No her tongue sleeping useth.  
 See the hand which waking gardeth,  
 Sleeping grants a free resort:  
 Now will I innade the fort;  
 Cowards Loue with losse rewardeth.  
 But O foole, thinke of the danger,  
 Of her iust and high disdain:  
 Now will I alas refraine,  
 Loue feares nothing else but anger.  
 Yet those lips so sweetly swelling,  
 Doe innite a stealing kisse:  
 Now will I but venture this,  
 Who will reademust first learne spelling.  
 Oh sweet kisse, but ah she is waking,  
 Lowring beantie chastens me:  
 Now will I away hence flee:  
 Foole, more foole, for no more taking.

Loue

73

*Loue* still a boy, and oft a wanton is,  
 School'd onely by his mothers tender eye:  
 What wonder then if he his lesson misse,  
 When for so oft a rodde deare play he trye?

And yet my *Starre*, because a sugred kisse  
 In sport I suckt, while she asleepe did lie,  
 Doth lowre, nay, chide, nay, threat for only this:  
 Sweet, it was faucie *Loue*, not humble I.

But no scuse serues, she makes her wrath appeare  
 In Beauties Throne, see now who dares come neare  
 Those scarlet Iudges, threatening bloudie paine?

O heav'nly foole, thy most kisse-worthy face,  
 Anger invest with such a lovely grace,  
 That Angers selfe I needs must kisse againe.

74

I neuer dranke of *Aganippe* well,  
 Nor euer did in shade of *Tempe* sit:  
 And Muses scorne with vulgar braines to dwell,  
 Poore Layman I, for sacred rites vnfit.

Some doe I heare of Poets furie tell,  
 But (God wot) wot not what they meane by it:  
 And this I sweare by blackest brooke of hell,  
 I am no pick-purse of anothers wit.

How falles it then, that with so smooth an ease  
 My thoughts I speake, and what I speake doth flow  
 In verse, and that my verse best wits doth please?

Ghesse we the cause, what is it thus? fie no:  
 Or so? much lesse: how then? sure thus it is:  
 My lips are sweet, inspired with *Stellas* kisse.

75

Of all the Kings that euer here did raigne,  
*Edward* named fourth, as first in praise I name,  
 Not for his faire outside, nor well lined braine;  
 Although lesse gifts impe feathers oft on Fame:

Nor that he could young-wife, wise-valiant frame  
 His Sires reuenge, ioyn'd with a Kingdomes gaine:  
 And gain'd by *Mars*, could yet, mad *Mars* so tame,  
 That Balance weigh'd what sword did late obtaine.

Nor that he made the *Floure-deluce* so fraid,  
 Though strongly hedg'd of bloudie Lyons pawes,  
 That wittie *Lewis* to him a tribute paid.

Nor this, nor that, nor any such small cause,  
 But onely for this worthy Knight durst proue  
 To lose his Crowne, rather then faile his *Loue*.

Zz 3

She



76

She comes, and freight therewith her shining twins do moue  
 Their rayes to me, who in her tedious abſence lay  
 Benighted in cold wo, but now appears my day,  
 The onely light of ioy, the onely warmth of *Loue*.

She comes with light and warmth, which like *Aurora* proue  
 Of gentle force, ſo that mine eyes dare gladly play  
 With ſuch a roſie morne, whoſe beames moſt freſhly gay,  
 Scorch not, but onely do darke chilling ſprites remoue.

But lo, while I doe ſpeake, it groweth noone with me,  
 Her flamie gliſtring lights increaſe with time and place;  
 My heart cryes ah, it burnes, mine eyes now dazled be:

No wind, no ſhade can coole: what helpe then in my caſe,  
 But with ſhort breath, long looks, ſtaid feet & walking hed,  
 Pray that my ſunne go down with meeker beames to bed?

77

Thoſe lookes, whoſe beames be ioy, whoſe motion is delight,  
 That face whoſe lecture ſhewes what perfect beautie is:  
 That preſence, which doth giue darke hearts a liuing light  
 That grace, which *Venus* weeps that ſhe her ſelfe doth miſſe:

That hand, which without touch holds more then *Atlas* might;  
 Thoſe lips, which make deaths pay a meane price for a kiſſe:  
 That ſkin, whoſe paſſe-praiſe hue ſcornes this poore terme of white;  
 Thoſe words, which doe ſublime the quinteſſence of bliſſe:

That voyce, which makes the ſoule plant himſelfe in the ears:  
 That conuerſation ſweet, where ſuch high comforts be,  
 As conſiderd in true ſpeech, the name of heav'n it beares,

Makes me in my beſt thoughts and quietſt iudgement ſee,  
 That in no more but theſe I might be fully bleſt:  
 Yet ah, my Mayd'n Muſe doth bluſh to tell the beſt.

78

O how the pleaſant ayres of true loue be  
 Infecte by thoſe vapours, which ariſe  
 From out that noyſome gulfe, which gaping lies  
 Betweene the iawes of helliſh lealouſie!

A monſter, others harme, ſelfe-miſerie,  
 Beauties plague, Vertues ſcourge, ſuccour of lies:  
 Who his owne ioy to his owne hurt applies,  
 And onely cheriſh doth with iniurie.

Who ſince he hath by Natures ſpeciall grace,  
 So piercing pawes, as ſpoyle when they embrace,  
 So nimble feet, as ſtirre ſtill though on thornes:

So many eyes ay ſeeking their owne woe,  
 So ampleares as neuer good newes know:  
 Is it not euill that ſuch a Diuell wants hornes?

Sweet

79

Sweet kisse, thy sweets I faine would sweetly endite,  
 Which euen of sweetnesse sweetest sweetner art:  
 Pleasingst consort, where each sence holdt a part,  
 Which coupling Dones guides *Venus* chariot right.  
 Best charge, and brauest retrait in *Cupids* fight,  
 A double key, which opens to the heart,  
 Most rich, when most his riches it impart:  
 Neast of young idyes, schoolmaster of delight,  
 Teaching the meane, at once to take and giue  
 The friendly fray, where blowes both wound and heale  
 The prettie death, while each in other liue.  
 Poore hopes first wealth, ofstage of promist weale,  
 Breake fast of *Loue*, but lo, lo, where she is,  
 Cease we to praise, now pray we for a kisse.

80

Sweet swelling lip, well maist thou swell in pride,  
 Since best wits thinke it wit thee to admire;  
 Natures praise, vertues stall, *Cupids* cold fire,  
 Whence words, not words, but heav'nly graces slide.  
 The new *Pernassus*, where the Muses bide,  
 Sweetner of musicke, wisedomes beautifier:  
 Breather of life, and fastner of desire,  
 Where Beauties blush in Honours graine is dide.  
 Thus much my heart compeld my mouth to say,  
 But now spite of my heart my mouth will stay,  
 Loathing all lies, doubling this Flaterie is:  
 And no spurre can his restie race renews,  
 Without how farre this praise is short of you,  
 Sweet lip, you teach my mouth with one sweet kisse.

81

O kisse, which doest those ruddie gemmes impart,  
 Or gemmes, or fruits of new-found *Paradise*,  
 Breathing all blisse and sweetning to the heart,  
 Teaching dumbe lips a nobler exercise.  
 O kisse, which soules, euen soules together ties  
 By linkes of *Loue*, and only Natures art:  
 How faine would I paint thee to all mens eyes,  
 Or of thy gifts at least shade out some part.  
 But she forbids, with blushing words, she says,  
 She builds her fame on higher seated praise:  
 But my heart burnes, I cannot silent be.  
 Then since (deare life) you faine would haue me peace,  
 And I, mad with delight, want wit to cease,  
 Stop you my mouth with still still kissing me.

Nymph



Nymph of the garden, where all beanties be:  
 Beanties which do in excellency passe:  
 His who till death lookt in a warry glasse,  
 Or hers whom nak'd the *Troian* boy did see.

Sweet garden Nymph, which keeps the Cherrie tree,  
 Whose fruit doth farre th' *Esperian* taste surpasser:  
 Most sweet-faire, most faire-sweet, do not alas,  
 From comming neare those Cherries, banish me:

For though full of desire, emptie, of wit,  
 Admitted late by your best-graced grace,  
 I caught at one of them a hungry bit;

Pardon that fault, once more grant me the place,  
 And I doe sweare even by the same delight,  
 I will but kisse, I neuer more will bite.

Good brother *Philip*, I haue borne you long,  
 I was content you should in fauour creepe,  
 While craftily you seem'd your cut to keepe,  
 As though that faire soft hand did you great wrong.

I bare (with *Enuie*) yet I bare your song,  
 When in her necke you did *Loue* ditties peepe;  
 Nay, more foole I, oft suffered you to sleepe  
 In Lillies nest, where *Loues* selfe lies along.

What, doth high place ambitious thoughts augment?  
 Is sawcinesse reward of curtesie?  
 Cannot such grace your silly selfe content,

But you must needs with those lips billing be?  
 And through those lips drinke Nectar from that toong;  
 Leauie that fir *Phip*, lest off your necke be wroong.

### Third Song.

If *Orpheus* voyce had force to breathe such musicks loue  
 Through porres of sencelesse trees, as it could make them moue:  
 If stones good measure daunc'd, the *Theban* walls to build,  
 To cadence of the tunes, which *Amphions* lyre did yeeld,  
 More cause a like effect at least wise bringeth:  
 O stones, O trees, learne hearing, *Stella* singeth.

If *Loue* might sweet'n so a boy of shepheard brood,  
 To make a *Lyzard* dull to taste *Loues* dainty food:  
 If *Eagle* fierce could so in *Grecian* Mayd delight,  
 As his light was her eyes, her death his endlesse night:  
 Earth gaue that *Loue*, heav'n I trow *Loue* refineth:  
 O beast, O birds looke, *Loue*, lo, *Stella* shineth.

The

The birds, beasts, stones and trees feele this, and feeling Loue:  
 And if the trees nor stones stirre not the same to prone,  
 Nor beast, nor birds doe come vnto this blessed gaze,  
 Know, that small Loue is quicke, and great Loue doth amaze:  
 They are amaz'd, but you with reason armed,  
 O eyes, O cares of men, how are you charm'd!

84

High way since you my chiefe *Pernassus* be,  
 And that my Muse to some cares not vnswet,  
 Tempers her words to trampling horses feet,  
 More oft then to a chambers melodie.  
 Now blessed you, beare onward blessed me  
 To her, where I my heart safe left shall meet,  
 My Muse and I must you of dutie greet  
 With thanks and wishes, wishing thankfully.  
 Be you still faire, honour by publike heed,  
 By no encroachment wrongd, nor time forgot:  
 Nor blam'd for bloud, nor sham'd for sinfull deed.  
 And that you know, I ennie you no lot  
 Of highest wish, I wish you so much blisse,  
 Hundreds of yeares you *Stellas* feet may kisse:

85

I see the house, my heart thy selfe containe,  
 Beware full sayles drowne not thy tottring barge:  
 Least ioy by Nature apt sprites to enlarge,  
 Thee to thy wracke beyond thy limits straine.  
 Nor doe like Lords, whose weake confused braine,  
 Not pointing to fit folkes each vndercharge,  
 While euery office themselves will discharge,  
 With doing all, leaue nothing done but paine.  
 But giue apt seruing their due place, let eyes  
 See Beauties totall summe summ'd in her face:  
 Let eares heare speech, which wit to wonder ties.  
 Let breath sucke vp those sweetes, let armes embrace  
 The globe of weale, lips *Lones* indentures make:  
 Thou but of all the kingly Tribute take.

## Fourth Song:

Onely ioy, now here you are,  
 Fit to heare and ease my care:  
 Let my whispering voyce obtaine,  
 Sweet reward for sharpest paine:  
 Take me to thee, and thee to me,  
 No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Night



Night hath close all in her cloke,  
 Twinkling starres Loue-thoughts prouoke:  
 Danger hence good care doth keepe,  
 Iealousie is selfe doth sleepe-  
 Take me to thee, and thee to me.  
 No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Better place no wit can find,  
 Cupids yoke to loose or bind:  
 These sweet flowers on fine bed too,  
 Vs in their best language woo:  
 Take me to thee, and thee to me.  
 No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

This small light the Moone bestowes,  
 Serues thy beames but to disclose,  
 So to raise my hap more hie;  
 Feare not else, non can vs spie:  
 Take me to thee, and thee to me.  
 No, no, no, no, my Deare let be.

That you heard was but a Mouse,  
 Dumbe sleepe holdeth all the house:  
 Yet a sleepe, me thinkes they say,  
 Yong folkes, take time while you may:  
 Take me to thee, and thee to me.  
 No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Niggard Time threats; if we misse  
 This large offer of our blisse:  
 Long stay ere he graunt the same:  
 Sweet then, while each thing doth frame,  
 Take me to thee, and thee to me.  
 No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Your faire mother is a bed,  
 Candles out, and Curtaines spread:  
 She thinkes you doe letters write:  
 Write, but let me first endite:  
 Take me to thee, and thee to me.  
 No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Sweet alas why strine you thus?  
 Concord better sitteth vs:  
 Leau to Mars the force of hands,  
 Your power in your beantie stands:  
 Take thee to me, and me to thee.  
 No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Woe to me, and doe you sweare  
 Me to hate, but I forbear,  
 Cursed be my destinies all,  
 That brought me so high to fall:  
 Soone with my deash I will please thee,  
 No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

## 86

Alas, whence came this change of lookes? if I  
 Have chang'd desert, let mine owne conscience be  
 A still felt plague, to selfe condemning me:  
 Let wo gripe on my heart, shame loade mine eye.  
 But if all faith, like spotlesse Ermine lye  
 Safe in my soule, which onely doth to thee  
 (As his sole object of felicitie)  
 With wings of Love in aire of wonder flie,  
 O ease your hand, treat not so hard your slaue:  
 In iustice paines come not till faults do call,  
 Or if I needs (sweet Iudge) must torments hane,  
 Use something else to chaste'n me withall,  
 Then those blest eyes, where all my hopes do dwell,  
 No doome should make once heav'n become his hell.

## Fift Song.

While fauour fed my hope, delight with hope was brought;  
 Thought waied on delight, and speech did follow thought:  
 Then grew my tongue and pen records Vnto thy glory:  
 I thought all words were lost, that were not spent of thee:  
 I thought each place was darke but where thy light would be,  
 And all cares worse then deafe, that heard not out thy stories

I said, thou wert most faire, and so indeed thou art:  
 I said, thou art most sweet, sweet poyson to my heart:  
 I said, my soule was thine (O that I then had lyed)  
 I said, thine eyes were starres, thy breasts the milk'n way,  
 Thy fingers Cupids shafts, thy voyce the Angels lay:  
 And all I said so well, as no man is denied.

But now that hope is lost, unkindnesse kills delight,  
 Yet thought and speech doe lye, though metamorphos'd quite:  
 For rage now rules the raines, which guided were by Pleasure.  
 I thinke now of thy faults, who late thought of thy praise,  
 That speech fals now to blame, which did thy honour raise,  
 The same key op'n can, which can lock up a treasure.

Thou



Thou then whom partiall heauens conspir'd in one to frame,  
 The prooffe of Beantie worth, th' inheritrice of fame,  
 The mansion seat of blisse, and iust excuse of Louers;  
 See now those fethers pluckt, wherewith thou flew most high:  
 See what cloudes of reproch shall darke thy honours skie,  
 Whose owne fault casts him downe, hardly high seat reconers.

And O my Muse, though oft you luld her in your lap,  
 And then a heav'nly childe gaue her Ambrosian pap:  
 And to that braine of hers your kindest gifts infused,  
 Since she disdayning me, doth you in me disdain:  
 Suffer not her to laugh, while both we suffer paine:  
 Princes in subiects wrong, must deeme themselves abused.

Your Client poore my selfe, shall Stella handle so?  
 Reuenge, reuenge, my Muse. Defiance trumpet blow:  
 Threat'n what may be done, yet do more then you threat'n:  
 Ah, my sute graunted is, I feele my breast doth swell:  
 Now child, a lesson new you shall begin to spell:  
 Sweet babes must babies haue, but shrewd gyrls must be beat'n:

Thinke now no more to heare of warme fine odour'd snow,  
 Nor blushing Lillies, nor pearles ruby-hidden row,  
 Nor of that golden Sea whose wanes in curles are broken:  
 But of thy soule, so fraught with such vngratefulnesse,  
 As where thou soone mightst helpe, most faith doth most oppresse,  
 Vngratefull who is cald, the worst of euils is spok'n:

Yet worse then worst, I say thou art a theefe: a theefe?  
 Now God forbid. A theefe, and of worst theenes the cheefe:  
 Theenes steale for need, & steale but goods, which paine reconers,  
 But thou rich in all ioyes, dost rob my ioyes from me,  
 Which cannot be restor'd by time nor industry:  
 Offoes the spoile is euill, far worse of constant louers.

Yet gentle English theenes doe rob, but will not slay;  
 Thou English murthering theefe, wilt haue bars for thy pray:  
 The name of murtherer now on thy faire forehead sitteth:  
 And euen while I doe speake, my death wounds bleeding be:  
 Which (I protest) proceed from only Cruell thee,  
 Who may and will not saue, murder in truth committeth.

But murder priuate fault seems but a toy to thee,  
 I lay then so thy charge vniustest Tyrannie,  
 If Rule by force without all claime a Tyrant sheweth,  
 For thou dost lord my heart, who am not borne thy slave,  
 And which is worse, makes me most guiltlesse ornaments haue,  
 A rightfull Prince by vnright deeds a Tyrant groweth.

Lo you grow proud with this, for tyrants make folkes bow:  
 Of soule rebellion then I doe appeach thee now;  
 Rebell by natures law, Rebell by law of Reason.  
 Thou sweetest subject wert borne in the Realme of Love,  
 And yet against thy Prince thy force dost daily prone:  
 No vertue merits praise, once toucht with blot of Treason.

But valiant Rebels oft in fooles monthes purchase fame:  
 I now them staine thy white with vagabunding shame,  
 Both Rebell to the sonne, and vagrant from the mother;  
 For wearing Venus badge, in euery part of thee,  
 Vnto Diana's traine thou, Run-away, didst flye:  
 Who faileth one, is false, though trusty to another.

What, is not this enough? nay, far worse commeth here;  
 A witch I say thou art, though thou so faire appeare;  
 For I protest, my sight neuer thy face enioyeth,  
 But I in me am chang'd, I am aliuie and dead:  
 My feete are turn'd to rootes, my heart becommeth load,  
 No witchcraft is so euill, as which mans mind destroyeth.

Tet Witches may repent, thou art farre worse than they,  
 Alas, that I am forc't such euill of thee to say,  
 I say thou art a Diucl though clorb'd in Angels shining:  
 For thy face tempts my soule to leaue the heau'n for thee,  
 And thy words of refuse, do poure euen hell on me:  
 Who tempt, and tempted plague, are Diuels in true defining.

You then ungratefull thiefe, you murdering Tyrant you,  
 You Rebell run-away, to Lord and Lady untrue,  
 You Witch, you Diucl (alas) you still of me Beloued,  
 You see what I can say; mend yet your froward minde,  
 And such skill in my Muse you reconcil'd shall finde,  
 That all these cruell words, your praises shall be proued.

## Sixt Song.

O you that beare this voyce,  
 O you that see this face,  
 Say whether of the choyce  
 Deserues the former place:  
 Feare not to iudge this base,  
 For it is voyde of hate.

Rec.

Thu



*This side doth beantie take,  
For that doth Musicke speake,  
Fit Orators to make  
The strongest iudgements weake:  
The barre to plead their right,  
Is only true delight.*

*Thus doth the voyce and face,  
These gentle Lawyers wage,  
Like louing brothers case,  
For Fathers heritage:  
That each while each contends,  
It selfe to other lends.*

*For beantie beautifies,  
With heauenly hue and grace,  
The heauenly harmonies;  
And in this faultlesse face,  
The perfect beauties be  
A perfect harmonie.*

*Musicke more loftly swels  
In speeches nobly placed:  
Beauty as far excels,  
In action aptly graced:  
A friend each partie drawes,  
To countenance his cause.*

*Loue more affected seemes,  
To beauties lonely light,  
And wonder more esteemes  
Of Musicke wondrous might:  
But both to both so bent,  
As both in both are spent.*

*Musicke doth witnesse call  
The eare, his truth to trie:  
Beantie brings to the hall,  
Eye-iudgement of the eye,  
Both in their objects such,  
As no exceptions touch.*

*The common sense, which might  
Be Arbitrer of this,  
To be forsooth vpright,  
To both sides partiall is:  
He layes on this chiefe praise,  
Chiefe praise on that he layes.*

Then reason Princeſſe bie,  
Whoe ſorone is in the minde,  
Which muſicke can in ſkie  
And hidden beauties finde,  
Say whether thou wilt crowne  
With limitleſſe renowne.

*Seuenth Song.*

Whoe ſenſes in ſo euill conſort, their ſtepdame Nature laies,  
That rauſhing delight in them moſt ſweet tunes doe not raiſe;  
Or if they doe delight therein, yet are ſo cloſ'd with wit,  
As with ſententions lips to ſet a little waine on it:  
O let them heare theſe ſacred tunes, and learne in wonders ſchools,  
To be in things paſt bounds of wit, fooles if they be not fooles.

We haue ſo leaden eyes, as not to ſee ſweet beauties ſnow,  
Or ſeeing, haue ſo wodden wiſs, as not thus worth to know;  
Or knowing, haue ſo muddy mindes, as not to be in loue;  
Or louing, haue ſo frothy thoughts, as eaſy thence to mone:  
O let them ſee theſe heavenly beames, and in faire letters reed  
A leſſon fit, both ſight and ſkill, loue, and firme loue to breed.

Heare then, but then with wonder heare, ſee, but adoring ſee,  
No mortall giſts, no earthly fruits, nor here deſcended be:  
See, doe you ſee this face? a face? nay image of the ſkies,  
Of which the two life-gining lights are figured in her eyes:  
Heare you this ſoule-inuading voice, and count it but a voice?  
The very eſſence of their tunes, when Angels do reioyce.

*Eighth Song.*

In a grone moſt rich of ſhade,  
where birds wanton muſicke made,  
May then yong hiſpy'd weeds ſhewing,  
New perſum'd with flowers freſh growing,

Aſtrophel with Stella ſweet,  
Did for mutuell comfort meet,  
Both within themſelues oppreſſed,  
But each in the other bleſſed.

Him great harmes had taught much care,  
Her faire necke a ſoule yoke bare,  
But her ſight his cares did baniſh,  
In his ſight her yoke did vaniſh.

wept they had, alas the while,  
But now teares themſelues did ſmile,  
while their eyes by loue directed,  
Enterchangeably reflected.



*Sigh they did, but now betwixt  
Sighes of woes were glad sighes mixt,  
With armes cross'd, yet testifying  
Restlesse rest, and liuing dying.*

*Their eares hungry of each word,  
Which the deere tongue would afford,  
But their tongues restrain'd from walking,  
Till their hearts had ended talking.*

*But when their tongues could not speake,  
Loue it selfe did silence breake;  
Loue did set his lips asunder,  
Thus to speake in loue and wonder:*

*Stella, soueraigne of my ioy,  
Faire triumpher of annoy,  
Stella, starre of heavenly fire,  
Stella, load-starre of desire.*

*Stella, in whose shining eyes,  
Are the lights of Cupids skies,  
Whose beams where they once are darted,  
Loue therewith is straight imparted.*

*Stella, whose voice when it speakes,  
Senses all asunder breakes;  
Stella, whose voice when it singeth,  
Angels to acquaintance bringeth.*

*Stella, in whose body is  
Writ each character of blisse,  
Whose face all, all beauty passeth,  
Saue thy minde which yet surpasseth.*

*Grant, O grant, but speech alas,  
Failes me, fearing on to passe,  
Grant, O me, what am I saying?  
But no fault there is in praying.*

*Grant, O deare, on knees I pray,  
(Knees on ground he then did lay)  
That not I, but since I loue you,  
Time and place for me may moue you.*

*Newer season was more fit,  
Newer roome more apt for it;  
Smiling ayre allowes my reason,  
These birds sing; now use the season.*

This small winde which so sweet is,  
See how it the leaues doth kisse,  
Each tree in his best attyring,  
Sense of loue to loue inspiring.

Loue makes earth the water drinke,  
Loue to earth makes water siuke;  
And if dumbe things be so wittie,  
Shall a heauenly grace want pittie?

There his hands in their speech, faine  
Would haue made tongues language plaine;  
But her hands his hands repelling,  
Gane repulse all grace excellling.

Then she spake; her speech was faine,  
As no cares but heart did tuch:  
While such wise she loue denied,  
As yet loue she signified.

Astrophel, said she, my loue  
Cease in these effects to prone:  
Now be still, yet still beleeue me,  
Thy griefe more than death would griene me.

If that any thought in me,  
Can tast comfort but of thee,  
Let me, fed with hellish anguish,  
Ioylesse, hopelesse, endlesse, languish.

If those eyes you praised, be  
Halfe so deare as you t me,  
Let me home returne, starke blinded  
Of those eyes, and blinder minded.

If to secret of my hart,  
I do any wish impart,  
Where thou art not formost placed,  
Be both wish and I defaced.

If more may be said, I say,  
All my blisse in thee I lay;  
If thou loue, my loue content thee,  
For all loue, all faith is meant thee.

Trust me while I thee deny,  
In my selfe the smart I try,  
Tyran honour doth thou vse thee,  
Stella's selfe might not refuse thee.



Therefore, Deere, this no more moue;  
 Least though I leane not thy lone,  
 Which too deepe in me is framed,  
 I should blush when thou art named.

Therewithall away she went,  
 Leaning him to passion rent,  
 With what she had done and spoken,  
 That therewith my song is broken.

## Ninth Song.

Go my flocke, go get you hence;  
 Seek a better place of feeding,  
 Where you may haue some defence  
 Fro the stormes in my breast breeding,  
 And shewres from mine eyes proceeding.

Leane a wretch, in whom all we  
 Can abide to keep no measure,  
 Merry flocke, such one forgo,  
 Vnto whom mirth is displeasure,  
 Only rich in mischiefes treasure.

Yet alas before you go,  
 Heare your wofull masters storie,  
 Which to stones I else would shoue:  
 Sorrow only then hath glorie,  
 When tis excellently sorie.

Stella fiercest shepheardesse,  
 Fiercest, but yet fairest euer;  
 Stella whom O heauens do blesse,  
 Tho against me she perseuer,  
 Tho I blisse inheris neuer.

Stella hath refused me,  
 Stella who more lone hath proued,  
 In this caitsife heart to be,  
 Than can in good causes be moued,  
 Toward Lamkins best beloued.

Stella hath refused me,  
 Astrophel that so well serued,  
 In this pleasant spring must see  
 While in pride flow'rs be preserued,  
 Himselfe only winter-sterued.

Why alas doth she then sweare,  
 That she loueth me so dearly,  
 Seeing me so long to beare  
 Coles o' loue that burne so clearly;  
 And yet leane me helpleffe meely?

*Is that loue? forsooth I trow,  
If I saw my good deegriued,  
And a helpe for him did know,  
My loue should not be belceued,  
But he were by me releued.*

*No, she hates me, well away,  
Fayning loue, somewhat to please me:  
For she knowes, if she display  
All her hate, death soone would seaze me,  
And of hideous sorments ease me.*

*Then adieu deare flocke adieu:  
But alas, if in your straying  
Heauenly Stella meet with you  
Tell her in your piteous blaying,  
Her poore slaues vninst decaying.*

87

*When I was forc't from Stella euer deere,  
Stella food of my thoughts, heart of my hart,  
Stella whose eyes make all my tempests cleere,  
By iron lawes of duty to depart:*

*Alas I found, that she with me did smart,  
I saw that teares did in her eyes appeare;  
I saw that sighes her sweetest lips did part,  
And her sad words my saddest sense did heare.*

*For me, I wept to see pearles scattered so,  
I sigh'd her sighes, and wailed for her wo,  
Yet swam in ioy, such loue in her was scene.*

*Thus while th' effect most bitter was to me,  
And nothing than the cause more sweet could be,  
I had been vexr, if vexr I had not beene.*

88

*Out traytour absence, darest thou counsell me,  
From my deare Captainnesse to run away,  
Because in braue array here marcheth she,  
That to win me, oft shewes a present pay?*

*Is faith so weake? or is such force in thee?  
When Sun is hid, can stars such beames display?  
Cannot heau'ns food once felt, keepe stomackes free  
From base desire on earthly cares to pray?*

*Tush absence while thy mistresse eclipse that light,  
My Orphan sense flies to the inward sight,  
Where memorie lets forth the beames of loue.*



That where before heart lou'd and eyes did see,  
In heart both fight and loue now coupled be,  
Vnited powers make each the stronger proue.

89

Now that of absence the most irksome night,  
With darkeſt ſhade doth ouercome my day,  
Since *Stella's* eyes wont to giue me my day,  
Leauing my Hemisphere, leaue me in night,

Each day ſeemes long, and longs for long-ftaid night,  
The night as tedious, woo's th' approach of day;  
Tyr'd with the duſtie toyles of buſie day,  
Languiſht with horrors of the ſilent night;

Suffering the euils both of day and night,  
While no night is more darke than is my day,  
Nor no day hath leſſe quiet than my night:

With ſuch bad mixture of my night and day,  
That liuing thus in blackeſt Winter night,  
I feele the flames of hotteſt ſummer day.

90

*Stella* thinke not that I by Verſe ſeek fame,  
Who ſeek, who hope, who loue, who liue but thee;  
Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine hiftorie,  
If thou praife not, all other praife is ſhame.

Nor ſo ambitious am I, as to frame  
A neſt for my young praife in Laurell tree:  
In truth I ſweare, I wiſh not there ſhould bee  
Grau'd in mine Epitaph a Poets name:

Ne if I would, I could iuſt title make,  
That any laud to me thereof ſhould grow;  
Without my plumes from others wings I take.

For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,  
Since all my words thy beautie doth endite,  
And loue doth hold my hand, and makes me write.

91

*Stella*, while now by honours cruell might,  
I am from you, light of my life miſ-led,  
And that faire you my Sunne thus ouerſpred,  
With abſence Vaile, I liue in Sorrowes night.

If this darke place yet ſhew like candle light,  
Some beauties peece, as amber colour'd head,  
Milke hands, roſe cheekes, or lips more ſweet, more red,  
Or ſeeing gets blacke, but in blackneſſe bright.

They

They please I doe confesse, they please mine eyes,  
But why? because of you they models be,  
Models such be wood-globes of glistering skies,

Deare, therefore be not iealous ouer me,  
If you heare that they seeme my heart to mone,  
Not them, O no, but you in them I loue.

Be your words made (good Sir) of Indian ware,  
That you allow me them by so small rate:  
Or doe you curted Spartans imitate,  
Or doe you meane my tender cares to spate?

That to my questions you so rotall are,  
When I demand of *Phenix Stella's* state,  
You say (forsooth) you left her well of late,  
O God, thinke you that satisfies my care?

I would know whether she sit or walke,  
How cloth'd, how waited on, sigh'd she or smile,  
Whereof, with whom, how often did she talke,

With what pastime times iourney she beguilde,  
If her lips daign'd to sweeten my poore name,  
Say all, and all, well said, still say the same.

### Tenth Song.

O deare life, when shall it be,  
That mine eyes shine eyes may see,  
And in them thy minde discover,  
Whether absence haue had force  
Thy remembrance to diuorce,  
From the image of thy louer?

Or if I my selfe finde not,  
After parting ought forgot,  
Nor debar'd from beauties treasure,  
Let no tongue aspire to sell,  
In what high ioyes I shall dwell,  
Onely thought ayms at the pleasure.

Thought therefore I will send thee  
To take up the place for me;  
Long I will not after tarry.  
There unscen'd thou maist be bold,  
Those faire wonders to behold,  
Which in them my hopes doe tarry.

*Thought*



*Thoughts see thou no place for beare,  
Enter branely euery where,  
Seaze on all to her belonging;  
But if thou wouldst guarded be,  
Fearing her beames, take with thee  
Strength of liking, rage of longing.*

*Thinke of that most gratefull time,  
When thy leaping heart will climbe,  
In my lips to haue his biding,  
There those roses for to kisse,  
Which doe breath a sugred blisse,  
Opening rubies, pearles diuiding.*

*Thinke of my most Princely power,  
When I blessed shall deuoure,  
With my greedy licarous senses,  
Beauty, musicke, sweetnesse, lone,  
While she doth against me prone  
Her strong darts but weake defences.*

*Thinke, thinke of those dallies,  
When with Douelike marmurings,  
With glad moming, passed anguish,  
We change eyes, and heart for heart,  
Each to other doe depart,  
Loying till ioy make vs languish.*

*O my thought, my thought: surcease,  
Thy delights my woes increase,  
My life melts with too much thinking;  
Thinke no more but dye in me,  
Till thou shalt reuiued be,  
At her lips my Nectar drinking.*

53

*O faire, O fault, O curse, childe of my blisse,  
What sobes can giue words grace my griefe to show?  
What inke is blacke enough to paint my wo?  
Through me, wretch me, euen *Stella* vexed is.*

*Yet truth (if Caitifs breath may call thee) this  
Witnesse with me, that my foule stumbling so,  
From carelesnesse did in no manner grow,  
But wit confus'd with too much care did misse.*

*And doe I then my selfe this vaine scuse giue?  
I haue (liue I and know this) harmed thee,  
Though words quit mee, shall I my selfe forgiue?*

Onely

Only with paines my paines thus eased be,  
That all thy hurts in my hearts wracke I reede:  
I cry thy fighes; my deere, thy teares I bleede.

94

Griefe finde the words, for thou hast made my braine  
So darke with mistie vapors, which arise  
From out thy heauie mould, that in bent eyes  
Can scarce discerne the shape of mine own paine.

Doe thou then (for thou canst) do thou complaine,  
For my poore soule, which now that sicknesse tries,  
Which euen to sense, sense of it selfe denies,  
Though harbenger of death lodge there his traine:

Or if thy loue of plaint yet mine forbears,  
As of a caitife worthie so to dye,  
Yet waile thy selfe, and waile with causfull teares,

That though in wretchednesse thy life doth lye,  
Yet grow'st more wretched than thy nature beares,  
By being plac'd in such a wretch as I.

95

Yet fighes, deare fighes, indeed true friends you are,  
That do not leaue your left friend at the wurst,  
But as you with my breast I oft haue nurst,  
So gratefull now you wait vpon my care.

Faint coward ioy no longer tarry dare,  
Seeing hope yeeld when this wo strake him furst:  
Delight protests h'is not for thee accurst,  
Though oft him selfe my mate in armes he sware.

Nay, sorrow comes with such maine rage, that he  
Kils his own children, teares finding that they  
By loue were made apt to comfort with me.

Onely true fighes, you doe not goe away,  
Thanke may you haue for such a thankfull part,  
Thanke-worthiest yet when you shall breake my hart!

96

Though with good cause thou lik'st so well the night,  
Since kind or chance giues both one liuerie,  
Both sadly black, both blackly darkned be,  
Night bard from Sun, thou from thy own Suns light;

Silence in both displaies his fullen might,  
Slow heauinesse in both holds one degree,  
That full of doubts, thou of perplexitie;  
Thy teares expresse nights natie moisture right:



In both a mazefull solitarieſſe :  
 In night of ſprites the gaſſly powers to ſtir,  
 In thee or ſprites or ſprited gaſſlineſſe :

But but (alas) nights ſide the oddes hath fur,  
 For that at length yet doth inuite ſome reſt,  
 Thou though ſtill tyr'd, yet ſtill doſt it deſt.

97

*Dian* that faine would cheare her friend the Night,  
 Shewes her oft, at the full, her faireſt face,  
 Bringing with her thoſe ſtarry Nymphs, whoſe chace  
 From heavenly ſtanding hits each mortall wight.

But ah poore Night in loue with *Phabus* light,  
 And endleſſly deſpairing of his grace,  
 Her ſelfe (to ſhew no other ioy hath place)  
 Silent and ſad in mourning weedes doth dight :

Euen ſo (alas) a Ladie *Dians* peere,  
 With choiſe delights and rareſt companie,  
 Would faine driue cloudes from out my heauie cheere.

But wo is me, though ioy it ſelfe were ſhe,  
 She could not ſhew my blind braine waies of ioy,  
 While I deſpaire my Sunnes ſight to enioy.

98

Ah bed, the field where ioyes peace ſome do ſee,  
 The field where all my thoughts to warre be traine'd,  
 How is thy grace by my ſtrange fortune ſtaid !  
 How thy lee ſhores by my ſighes ſtormed me !

With ſweet ſoft ſhades thou oft inuiteſt me  
 To ſteale ſome reſt, but wretch I am conſtraind  
 (Spurd with loues ſpur, though gald and ſhortly raine'd  
 With cares hard hand) to turne and roſſe in thee.

While the blacke horrors of the ſilent night  
 Paint woes blacke face ſo liuely to my ſight,  
 That tedious leaſure markes each wrinkled line :

But when *Aurora* leades out *Phabus* daunce,  
 Mine eyes then only winke, for ſpite perchance,  
 That wormes ſhould haue their Sun, and I want mine.

99

When far ſpent night perſwades each mortall eye,  
 To whom nor art nor nature granteth light,  
 To lay his then marke wanting ſhafts of ſight,  
 Clos'd with their quiers in ſleepes armory.

With windowes ope then most my minde doth lie,  
 Viewing the shape of darknesse and delight,  
 Takes in that sad hue, which with th' inward night,  
 Of his mazde powers keepes perfit harmonie;  
 But when birds charme, and that sweet ayre, which is  
 Mornes messenger, with rose enameled skies,  
 Calls each wight to salute the floure of blisse;  
 In tombe of lids then buried are mineryes,  
 Forc't by their Lord, who is asham'd to finde  
 Such light in fense, with such a darkned minde.

O teares, no teares, but raine from beauties skies,  
 Making those Lillies and those Roses grow,  
 Which ay most faire, now more than most faire shew,  
 While gracefull pity beautie beautifies.

O honied sighes, which from that breast doe rise,  
 Whose pants do make vs spilling creame to flow,  
 Wing'd with whose breath, so pleasing Zephires blow,  
 As can refresh the hell where my soule fries.

O pants conseru'd in such a sugred phrase,  
 That eloquence it selfe ennies your praise,  
 While sobd, our words a perfect Musicke giue.

Such teares, sighes, plaints, no sorrow is, but ioy:  
 Or if such heauenly signes must proue annoy,  
 All mirth farewell, let me in sorrow liue.

*Stella* is sicke, and in that sicke bed lies  
 Sweetnesse, which breathes and pants as oft as she;  
 And grace sicke too, such fine conclusion tries,  
 That sicknesse braggs it selfe best graces to be.

Beauty is sicke, but sicke in so faire guise,  
 That in that palenesse beauties white we see,  
 And ioy which is inseparate from those eyes:  
*Stella* now leames (strange case) to weepe in thee.

Loue moues thy paine, and like a faithfull page  
 As thy looks stirre, comes vp and downe to make  
 All folkes preft at thy will, thy paine to alluage.

Nature with care sweates for her darlings sake;  
 Knowing worlds passe, ere she enough can make  
 Of such heauenly stufte, to cloath so heauenly a maid.



Where be those Roses gone, which sweetned to our eyes?  
 Where those red cheekes, which oft with faire encrease doth frame  
 The height of honour in the kindly badge of shame?  
 Who hath the crimson weeds stolne from my morning skies?  
 How doth the colour vade of those Vermillion dies,  
 Which Nature selfe did make, and self engrain'd the same?  
 I would know by what right this palenesse overcame  
 That hue, whose force my heart still vnto thraldome ties:  
 Galens adoptiue sonnes, who by a beaten way  
 Their iudgements hackney on, the fault on sicknesse lay,  
 But feeling prooffe makes me (say they) mistake it furre:  
 It is but loue which makes this paper perfit white,  
 To write therein more fresh the story of delight,  
 While beauties reddest inke *Venus* for him doth sturre.

102

O happy Thames, that dldst my *Stella* beare,  
 I saw thy selfe with many a smiling line  
 Vpon thy chearefull face ioyes livery weare:  
 While those faire planets on thy streames did shine.  
 The boate for ioy could not to dance forbear,  
 While wanton windes with beauties so diuine  
 Rauisht, staid not, till in her golden haire  
 They did themselves (O sweetest prison) twine.

And faine those *Eols* youth there would their stay  
 Haue made, but forc't by Nature still to flie,  
 First did with puffing kisse those lockes display:  
 Shee so disheuel'd, blusht; from window I  
 With sight thereof cried out; O faire disgrace,  
 Let honour selfe to thee grant highest place.

103

Enuious wits, what hath beene mine offence  
 That with such poysonous care my lookes you marke,  
 That to each word, nay sigh of mine you harke,  
 As grudging me my sorrowes eloquence?

Ah, is it not enough, that I am thence,  
 Thence, so farre thence, that scarcely any sparke  
 Of comfort dare come to this dungeon darke,  
 Where rigours exile lockes vp all my sense?

But if I by a happy window passe,  
 If I but starrs vpon mine armour beare,  
 Sicke, thirsty, glad (though but of empty glasse:)

Your mortall notes straight my hid meaning teare,  
 From out my ribs, and puffing proues that I  
 Doe *trull* loue, fooles, who doth it deny?

**Eleuenth Song.**

Who is it that this darke night,  
Vnderneath my window playeth?  
It is one who from thy sight,  
Being (ah) exil'd, disdaineth  
Euery other vulgar light.

Why alas, and are you he?  
Be not yet those fancies changed?  
Deere, when you shal change in me,  
Though from me you be estranged,  
Let my change to ruine be.

Well in absence this will dye,  
Leane to see, and leane to wonder,  
Absence sure will helpe, if I  
Can learne, how my selfe to funder  
From what in my heart doth lie.

But time will these thoughts remove:  
Time doth worke what no man knoweth,  
Time doth as the subject proue,  
With time still affection groweth  
In the faithfull Turtle done.

What if ye new beauties see,  
Will not they stirre new affection?  
I will thinke they pictures be,  
(Image like of Saints perfection)  
Poorely counterfeyting thee.

But your reason's purest light,  
Bids you leaue such mindes so nonrife.  
Deere, doe reason no such spite,  
Neuer doth thy beauty flourish  
More, than in my reasons sight.

But the wrongs lone beares will make  
Loue at length leane vnder taking;  
No, the more soles it doth shake,  
In a ground of so firme making,  
Deeper still they drine the stake.

Peace, I thinke that some giue care:  
Come no more, lest I get anger;  
Blisse, I will my blisse forbear,  
Fearing (sweet) you to endanger,  
But my soule shall harbour there.



*well, be gone, be gone I say,  
Lest that Argus eyes perceine you,  
O vninst fortunes sway,  
which can make me thus to leane you,  
And from leaues to run away.*

105

Vnhappy sight, and hath she vanish by  
So neare, in so good time, so free a place?  
Dead glasse, dost thou thy obiekt so embrace,  
As what my heart still sees thou canst not spie?

I swear by her I loue and lacke, that I  
Was not in fault, who bent thy dazling race  
Onely vnto the heau'n of *Stella's* face,  
Counting but dust what in the way did lie.

But cease mine eyes, your teares do witnesse well,  
That you guiltlesse thereof, your Nectar mist:  
Curst be the page from whence the bad torch fell,

Curst be the night which did your strife resist,  
Curst be the Coach-man which did driue so fast,  
Which no worse curse than absence makes me tast.

106

O absent presence, *Stella* is not here,  
False flattering hope, that with so faire a face  
Bare me in hand, that in this Orphane place,  
*Stella*, I say, my *Stella* should appeare.

What saist thou now, where is that dainty cheere,  
Thou toldst mine eyes should helpe their famisht case?  
But thou art gone now that selfe felt disgrace,  
Doth make me most to wish thy comfort neere.

But here I doe store of faire Ladies meete,  
Who may with charme of conuersation sweete,  
Make in my heauie mould new thoughts to grow:

Sure they preuaile as much with me, as he  
That bad his friend but then new maim'd, to be  
Merry with him, and not thinke of his woe.

107

*Stella*, since thou so right a Princess art  
Of all the powers which life bestowes on me,  
That ere by them ought vnderaken be,  
They first resort vnto that soueraigne part;

Sweet

Sweet for a while giue respite to my hart,  
Which pants as though it still should leape to thee;  
And on my thoughts giue thy Lieftenancie  
To this great cause, which needes both vse & art.

And as a Queene, who from her presence sends  
Whom she employes, dismisse from thee my wit,  
Till it haue wrought what thy own will attends.

On seruants shame oft Masters blame doth sit;  
O let not fooles in me thy workes reprove,  
And scorning say, see what it is to loue.

108

When sorrow (vsing mine owne fiers might)  
Melts down his lead into my boyling brest,  
Through that darke fornace to my heart opprest,  
There shines a ioy from thee my only light:

But soone as thought of thee breeds my delight,  
And my yong soule flutters to thee his nest,  
Most rude despaire my daily vnbidden guest,  
Clips straight my wings, straight wraps me in his night,

And makes me then bow down my head, and say,  
Ah what doth *Phœbus* gold that wretch auaille,  
Whom iron doores do keep from vse of day:

So strangely (alas) thy workes in me preuaile,  
That in my woes for thee thou art my ioy,  
And in my ioyes for thee my only annoy.



*The end of A Strophel and Stella.*

E f f

Her



# Her most excellent Maiestie

walking in VVanted Garden, as shee passed downe  
into the groue, there came suddenly among the traine, one  
apparrelled like an honest mans wife of the countrey; where  
crying out for iustice, and desiring all the Lords and Gentle-  
men to speake a good word for her, shee was brought to the  
presence of her Maiestie, to whom vpon her  
knees shee offered a supplication, and  
ysed this speech.

## THE SVITER.



Oft faire Ladie, for as for other your titles of state statelier  
persons shall giue you, and thus much mine own eyes are wit-  
nesses of, take here the complaint of me poor wretch, as deep-  
ly plunged in misery, as I wisht to you the highest point of hap-  
pinesse.

Onely one Daughter I haue, in whom I had placed all the  
hopes of my good hap, so well had she with her good parts  
recompenced my paine of bearing her, and care of bringing  
her vp: but now alas that she is come to the time I should reape my full comfort of  
her, so is she troubled with that notable matter, which we in the Country call Ma-  
trimony, as I cannot chuse but feare the losse of her wits, at least of her honestie.  
Other women thinke they may bee vnhappyly combred with one master husband,  
my poor daughter is oppressed with two, both louing her, both equally liked of her,  
both struiuing to deserue her. But now lastly (as this iealousie forsooth is a vile mat-  
ter) each haue brought their partakers with them, and are at this present, without  
your Presence redresse it, in some bloudie controuersie: now sweet Lade help, your  
own way guides you to the place where they encomber her. I dare stay here no  
longer, for our men say in the Country, the sight of you is infectious.

And with that she went away a good pace, leauing the supplication with her  
Maiestie, which very formally containeth this.

## Supplication.

*Most gracious Soueraigne,*

*To one whose state is raised ouer all,  
whose face doth oft the bravest sort enchaunt,  
whose mind is such as wisest mindes appall,  
who in one selfe these diuers gifts can plant;  
How dare I wretch seeke there my woes to rest,  
where cares be burnt, eyes dazled, hearts oppress?*

*Your state is great, your greatnesse is our shield,  
Your face burts oft, but still it doth delight,  
Your minde is wise, your wisdom makes you milde,  
Such planted gifts enrich euen beggars sight:  
So dare I wretch, my basfull feare subdue,  
And feed mine cares, mine eyes, my heart in you.*

Herewith

Herewith the woman-suter being gone, there was heard in the wood a confused noyse, and forthwith there came out fixe shepheards, with as many fosters, haling & pulling to whether side they should draw the Lady of May, who seemed to incline neither to the one nor other side. Among them was master *Rombus* a Schoole-master of a village there by, who being fully perswaded of his own learned wisdom, came thither, with his authoritie to part their fray; where for answer hee receiued many vnlearned blowes. But the Queene comming to the place where shee was seene of them, though they knew not her estate, yet something there was which made them startle aside and gaze vpon her: till old father *Lalus* stepped forth (one of the substantiallest shepheards) and making a legge or two, said these few words.

*Lalus the old Shepheard.*

May it please your dignitie to giue a little superfluous intelligence to that, which with the opening of my mouth, my tongue and teeth shall deliuer vnto you. So it is right worshipfull audience, that a certaine shee creature, which we shepheards call a woman, of a minicall countenance, but (by my white Lambe) not three quarters so beauteous as yore selfe, hath disanulled the braine pan of two of our featioust yong men. And wil you wot how? by my mother *Kits* soule, with a certaine franiscall maladie they call Loue; when I was a young man they called it flat folly. But here is a substantial Schoole-master can better disnounce the whole foundation of the matter, although in sooth for all his loquence our young men were nothing durtious to his clarkship: Come on, come on master schoole-master, be not so bashlesse; we say, that the fairest are euer the gentlest: tell the whole case, for you can much better vent the points of it than I.

*Then came forward Master Rombus, and with many speciall graces made this learned Oration.*

Now the thunderthumping *Ioue* transfund his dotes into your excellent formositie, which haue with your resplendent beames thus segregated the emnity of these rurall animals: I am *Potentissima Domina*, a Schoole-master, that is to say, a Pedagogue, one not a little versed in the disciplinating of the iuvenall frie, wherein (to my laud I say it) I vse such geometricall proportion, as neither wanted mansuetude nor correction, for so it is described.

*Parcare Subiectos, & debellare Superbos.*

Yet hath not the pulchritude of my vertues protected me from the contaminating hands of these Plebeians; for coming *solummodo*, to haue parted their sanguinolent fray, they yeilded me no more reuerence, than if I had been some *Recurius Africanus*. I, euen I, that am, who am I? *Dicit verbum sapientis satum est*. But what said that Trojan *Aeneas*, when he sojourned in the surging fulkes of the sandiferous seas, *Hec olim memonasse inuebit*. Well, well, *ad propositos reuerterebo*, the puritie of the verity is, that a certaine *Pulchra puella profecto*, elected and constituted by the integrated determination of all this topographycall region, as the soueraigne Ladie of this Dame Maies month, hath beene *quodammodo* hunted, as you would say, pursued by two, a brace, a couple, a cast of young men, to whom the crafty coward *Cupid* had inquam deliuered his dire-dolorous dart.

*But here the May-Lady interrupted his speech, saying to him:*

Away away you tedious foole, your eyes are not worthy to looke to yonder Princely sight, much lesse your foolish tongue to trouble her wise cares.



*At which Master Rombus in a great chafe cried out :*

*O Tempori, O Moribus ! in profession a childe, in dignitie a woman, in yeares a Ladie, in cateris a maide, should thus turpifie the reputation of my doctrine, with the superscription of a foole, O Tempori, O Moribus !*

*But here againe the May Ladie saying to him,*

*Leaue off good Latine Foole, and let me satisfie the long desire I haue had to feed mine eies with the only sight this age hath granted to the world.*

*The poor Schoole-master went his way backe, and the Lady kneeling down, said in this manner :*

Do not thinke (sweet and gallant Ladie) that I do abase my selfe thus much vnto you because of your gay apparrell, for what is so braue as the naturall beauty of the flowers? nor because a certaine Gentleman hereby seekes to do you all the honour he can in his house; that is not the matter, he is but our neighbour, and these be our own groues; nor yet because of your great estate, since no estate can be compared to be the Ladie of the whole moneth of May as I am. So that since both this place and this time are my seruants, you may be sure I would look for reuerence at your hands if I did not see something in your face which makes me yeelde to you; the troth is, you excell me in that wherein I desire most to excell, and that makes me giue this homage vnto you, as to the beautifullest Ladie these woods haue euer receiued. But now as old father *Lalus* directed me, I wil tel you my fortune, that you may be iudge of my mishaps & others worthinesse. Indeed so it is, that I am a faire wench or else I am deceiued, & therefore by the consent of all our neighbours haue beene chosen for the absolute Ladie of this merrie moneth: with me haue beene (alas I am ashamed to tell it) two yong men, the one a forrester named *Therion*, the other *Espilus* a shepheard verie long euen in loue forsooth. I like them both, and loue neither, *Espilus* is the richer, but *Therion* the liuelier: *Therion* doth me many pleasures, as stealing me venison out of these Forrests, and many other such like prettie and prettier seruices, but withall he growes to such rages, that sometimes hee strikes me, sometimes hee railes at me. This shepheard *Espilus* of a milde disposition, as his fortune hath not been to do me great seruice, so hath hee neuer done me any wrong, but feeding his sheepe, sitting vnder some sweet bush, sometimes they say he records my name in doleful verses. Now the question I am to aske you, faire Ladie, is, whether the many deserts and many faults of *Therion*, or the verie small deserts, and no faults of *Espilus*, be to be preferred. But before you giue your iudgement (most excellent Ladie) you shall heare what each of them can say for themselves in their rurall songs.

*Thereupon Therion challenged Espilus to sing with him, speaking these fixe verses :*

*Therion.*

*Come Espilus, come now declare thy skill,  
Shew how thou canst deserue so braue desire,  
Warme well thy wits, if thou wilt win her will,  
For water cold did neuer promise fire:*

*Great sure is she, on whom our hopes do line,  
Greater is she who must the iudgement gine.*

*But*

But *Espilus*, as if he had beene inspired with the Muses, beganne forthwith to sing, whereto his fellow Shepheards set in with their Recorders, which they bare in their bags like pipes; and so of *Therions* side did the Forresters, with the Cornets they wore about their neckes like hunting hornes in baudriks.

*Espilus.*

*Tune up my voice, a higher note I yeeld,  
To high conceits the song must needs be high,  
More high than stars, more firme than flinty field  
Are all my thoughts, in which I live or die:*

*Sweet soule, to whom I vowed am a slave,  
Let not wilde woods so great a treasure have.*

*Therion.*

*The highest note comes oft from basest minde,  
As shallow brookes doe yeeld the greatest sound,  
Seeke other thoughts thy life or death to finde;  
Thy stars be fall'n, plow'd is thy flinty ground:*

*Sweet soule, let not a wretch that serveth sheepe,  
Among his flocke so sweet a treasure keepe.*

*Espilus.*

*Two thousand sheepe I have as white as milke,  
Though not so white as is thy lovely face,  
The pasture rich, the wool as soft as silke;  
All this I give, let me possesse thy grace:*

*But still take heede lest thou thy selfe submit  
To one that hath no wealth, and wants his wit.*

*Therion.*

*Two thousand Deere in wildest woods I have,  
Them can I take, but you I cannot hold:*

*He is not poore, who can his freedome save,  
Bound but to you, no wealth but you I would:*

*But take this beast, if beasts you feare to misse,  
For of his beasts the greatest beast he is.*

*Espilus kneeling to the Queene.*

*Iudge you to whom all beauties force is lent.*

*Therion.*

*Iudge you of Loue, to whom all Loue is bent.*

But as they waited for the iudgement her Maiesty should give of their defects, the Shepheards and Forresters grew to a great contention, whether of their fellowes had sung better, and so whether the estate of Shepheards or Forresters were the more worshipfull. The speakers were *Dorcas* an old Shepheard, and *Rixus* a young Foster, betweene whom the Schoole-master *Romulus* came in as a moderator.

*Dorcas the Shepheard.*

Now all the blessings of mine old grandam (filly *Espilus*) light vpon thy shoulders for this honicombe singing of thine; now of my honesty, all the bells in the towne could



could not haue sung better: if the proud heart of the harlotry lye not downe to thee now, the sheepes not catch her, to teach her, that a faire woman hath not her faire-  
ness to let it grow rustish.

*Rixus the Foster.*

O Midas, why art thou not aliue now to lend thine cares to this driuill, by the precious bones of a huntf-man, he knowes nor the bleaying of a Calfe from the song of a Nightingale; but if yonder great Gentlewoman be as wise as she is faire, *Therion* thou shalt haue the prize, and thou old *Dorcas*, with young master *Espilus*, shall remaine tame fooles, as you be.

*Dorcas.* And with cap and knee be it spoken, is it your pleasure neighbour *Rixus* to be a wilde foole?

*Rixus.* Rather than a sheepish dolt.

*Dorcas.* It is much refreshing to my bowels, you haue made your choise, for my share, I will bestow your leauings vpon one of your fellowes.

*Rixus.* And art not thou ashamed (old foole) to liken *Espilus* a shepheard to *Therion* of the noble vocation of huntf-men, in the presence of such a one as euen with her eye onely can giue the cruell punishment?

*Dorcas.* Hold thy peace, I will neyther meddle with her nor her eyes, they saine in our towne they are dangerous both, neither will I liken *Therion* to my boy *Espilus*, since one is a theeuish proller, and the other is as quiet as a lambe that new came from sucking.

*Rombus the Schoole-master.*

*Hen, Ehem, Hei, Insuperum, Incitium vulgorum & popularum.* Why you brute Nebulons, haue you had my *Corpusculum* so long among you, and cannot yet tell how to edifie an argument? Attend and throw your eares to mee, for I am grauidated with childe, till I haue endoctrinated your plumbeous cerebrosities. First, you must diuisionate your point, *quasi* you should cut a cheese into two particles; for thus must I vniforme my speech to your obtuse conceptions: for *prins diuidendum oratio antequam definiendum; exemplum gratia*, cyther *Therion* must conquer this Dame *Mayas* Nymph, or *Espilus* must ouerthrow her, and that *secundum* their dignitie, which must also bee subdiuisionated into three equall *species*, either according to the penetrancie of their singing, or the meliority of their functions, or lastly the superancie of their merits *De singing satis.* *Nunc* are you to argumentate of the qualifying of their estate first, and then whether hath more infernally, I meane deeply deserued.

*Dorcas.* O poore *Dorcas*, poore *Dorcas*, that I was not set in my young dayes to schoole, that I might haue purchased the vnderstanding of master *Rombus* mysterious speeches. But yet thus much I concerne of them, that I must euen glue vp what my conscience doth finde in the behalfe of shepheards. O sweet hony milken Loms, and is there any so flinty a heart, that can find about him to speake against them, that haue the charge of such good soules as you be, among whom there is no enuie, and all obedience, where it is lawfull for a man to be good if he list, and hath no outward cause to withdraw him from it, where the eie may be busied in considering the works of nature, and the heart quietly reioyced in the honest vsing them? If temptation, as Clarks say, be the most excellent, which is so fit a life for Templers as this is, neither subiect to violent oppression, nor seruile flattery: how many Courtiers thinke you haue I heard vnder our field in bushes make their wofull complaints, some of the greates of their Mistresse estate, which dazzled their eyes, & yet burned their hearts;

some

Some of the extremity of her beauty mixed with extreme cruelty, some of her too much wit, which made all their louing labours folly. Oh how often haue I heard one name sound in many mouthes, making our vailes witnesse of her dolefull agonies! So that with long lost labour finding their thoughts bare no other woof but despaire, of yong Courtiers they grew old shepheards. Well, sweete Lambs, I will end with you as I began, hee that can open his mouth against such innocent soules, let him be hated as much as a filthy fox, let the taste of him be worse than musty cheefe, the sound of him more dreadfull than the howling of a wolfe, his sight more odible than a roade in ones porrage.

*Rixus.* Your life indeed hath some goodnesse.

*Rombus the Schoole-master.*

O face, face, or all the fat will be ignified; first let me dilucidate the very intrinsecall maribone of the matter. He doth vse a certaine rhetoricall inuasion into the point, as if indeed he had conference with his Lambs, but the troth is, he doth equitate you in the meane time master *Rixus*: for thus hee saith, that sheepe are good, ergo the shepheard is good, An *Enthimeme à loco contingentibus*, as my finger and my thumbe are *Contingentes*: againe hee saith, who liueth well is likewise good, but shepheards liue well, ergo they are good; *Sillogisme in Darinus* king of *Persia* a *Coniunctio*, as you would say, a man coupled to his wife, two bodies but one soule: but do you but acquiescate to my exhortation, and you shall extinguish him. Tell him his maior is a knaue, his minor is a foole, and his conclusion both, *Et ecce homo blaucatus quasi titium*.

*Rixus.* I was saying the shepheards life had some goodnesse in it, because it borrowed of the country quietnesse something like ours, but that is not all; for ours, besides that quiet part, doth both strengthen the body, and raise vp the minde with this gallant sort of actiuity. O sweete contentation to see the long life of the hurtlesse trees, to see how in streight growing vp, though neuer so high, they hinder not their fellowes, they onely enuiously trouble, which are crookedly bent. What life is to be compared to ours, where the very growing things are ensamples of goodnesse: wee haue no hopes, but we may quickly goe about them, & going about them, we soone obtaine them; not like those that haue long followed one (in moeth) most excellent chace, doe now at length perceiue she could neuer be taken: but that if shee stayed at any time heare the pursuers, it was neuer meant to rarry with them, but only to take breath to lie further from them. He therefore that doubts that our life doth not farre excell all others, let him also doubt, that the wel deseruing and painfull *Therion* is not to be preferred before the idle *Espilus*, which is euen as much to say, as that the Roes are not swifter than Sheepe, nor the Stags more goodly than Goates.

*Rombus.* Bene bene, *prima de questione preposita*, that is as much to say, as well, well; now of the proposed question, that was, whether the many great seruices, and many great faults of *Therion*, or the few small seruices, and no faults of *Espilus*, bee to bee preferred, incepted or accepted the former.

*The May Ladie.*

No, no, your ordinary braines shall not deale in that matter, I haue already submitted it to one, whose sweet spirit hath passed through greater difficulties, neyther will I that your blockheads lye in her way.

Therefore, O Lady, worthy to see the accomplishment of your desires, since all your desires be most worthy of you, vouchsafe our eares such happinesse, & me that particular fauour, as that you will iudge whether of these two be more worthy of me, or whether I be worthy of them: and this I will say, that in iudging mee, you iudge more than me in it.

This



This being said, it pleased her Maieſty to iudge that *Eſpila* did the better deſerue her: but what words, what reaſons ſhe vſed for it, this paper, which carrieth ſo baſe names, is not worthy to containe. Sufficeeth it, that upon the iudgement giuen, the Shepheards & Forreſters made a full conſort of their Cornets & Recorders, and then did *Eſpila* ſing this ſong, tending to the greatneſſe of his owne ioy, and yet to the comfort of the other ſide, ſince they were ouerborne by a moſt worthy aduerſary. The ſong contained two ſhort ſtales, and thus it was,

*Siluanus long in lone, and long in vaine,*

*At length obtain'd the point of his deſire,*

*when being askt, now that he did obtaine*

*His wiſhed weale, what more he could require*

*Nothing, ſaid he, for moſt I lay in this,*

*That Goddeſſe mine my blaſſed being ſees,*

*When wanton Pan, deceiv'd with Lions ſkin,*

*Came to the bed, where wound for kiſſes lay,*

*To woe and ſhame ſhe wretch did enter in,*

*Till ſhe he took for comfort of his loſe,*

*Poore Pan (he ſaid) although thou beateſt be,*

*It is no ſhame, ſince Hercules was he,*

*Thus joyfully in choſen tunes reioyes,*

*That ſuch a one is wiſneſſe of my heart,*

*whoſe cleareſt eye I bliſſe, and ſweeteſt voyce,*

*That ſee my good, and adgeth my deſire,*

*Thus wofull I in woe this ſalue doe finde,*

*My faulte miſhap came yet from faireſt minde.*

The Muſicke fully ended, the May Lady tooke her leave in this ſort,

Lady, your ſelfe, for other titles doe rather diminiſh than adde vnto you, I and my little company muſt now leaue you, I ſhould doe you wrong to beſeech you to take our follies well, ſince your bounty is ſuch, as to pardon greater faults. Therefore I will wiſh you good night, praying to God, according to the title I poſſeſſe, that as hitherto it hath excellently done, ſo hence forward

the flouriſhing of May, may long remaine in

you and with you.

(\*)

*fin*

**N**

**FINIS.**









*A*  
**GENERALL**  
**HISTORIE**  
*of France, &c.*  
 written by IOHN de SERRES  
 vnto the year .1598.  
 Continued by Peter MATHEW  
 to the death of King HENRY  
 the fourth in the year, 9  
 1610. 15-4  
 And againe continued unto  
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trees) they themselves layed them downe hard by the murmuring musicke of certaine waters, which spouted out of the side of the hills, and in the bottom of the vallic made of many springs a prettie brooke, like a common-wealth of many families: but when they had a while harkened to the perswasion of sleepe, they rose, and walk't onward in that shadie place, til *Clitophon* espyed a piece of armour, & not far off another peece: and so the sight of one peece teaching him to looke for more, hee at length found all, with head-peece and shield, by the deuice whereof, which was he straight knew it to be the armour of his cousin, the noble *Amphialus*. Whereupon (feareing some inconuenience hapned vnto him) hee told both his doubt and cause of doubt to *Palladius*, who (considering thereof) thought best to make no longer stay, but to follow on: least perchance some violence were offered to so worthy a knight, whom the fame of the world seemed to set in ballance with any Knight liuing. Yet with a sudden conceipt, hauing long borne great honour to the name of *Amphialus*, *Palladius* thought best to take that armour, thinking thereby to learne by them that should know that armour, some newes of *Amphialus*, and yet not hinder him in the search of *Daiaphantus* too. So he by the helpe of *Clitophon* quickly put on that armour, whereof there was no one peece wanting, though hacked in some places, bewraying some fight not long since passed. It was something too great, but yet serued well enough. And so getting on their horses, they trauelled but a little way, when in opening of the mouth of the valley into a faire field, they met with a Coach drawne with foure milke white horses furnished all in blacke, with a black-a-Moore boy vpon euery horse, they all apparelled in white, the Coach it selfe verie richly furnished in black & white. But before they could come so neere as to discerne what was within, there came running vpon them aboute a douzen horsemen, who cried to them to yeeld themselves prisoners, or else they should die. But *Palladius* not accustomed to graunt ouer the possession of himselfe vpon so vniust titles, with sword drawne, gaue them so rude an answer, that diuerse of them neuer had breath to reply againe: for being well backt by *Clitophon*, and hauing an excellent horse vnder him, when he was ouerprest by some, he auoided them, & ere th'other thought of it, punished in him his fellows faults: and so eyther with cunning or with force, or rather with a cunning force, left none of them either liuing, or able to make his life serue to others hurt. Which being done, he approched the Coach, assuring the blacke boyes they should haue no hurt, who were else readie to haue run away, and looking into the Coach, he found in the one end a Lady of great beautie, & such a beautie, as shewed forth the beames both of wisdomne and good nature, but all as much darkned, as might be, with sorrow. In the other, two Ladies (who by their demeanure shewed well, they were but her seruants) holding before them a picture; in which was a goodly Gentleman (whom he knew not) painted, hauing in their faces a certaine waiting sorrow, their eyes being infected with their mistres weeping. But, the chiefe Lady hauing not so much as once head the noyse of his conflict (so had sorrow closed vp all the entries of her mind, & loue tied her senses to that beloued picture) now the shadow of him falling vpon the picture made her cast vp her eye, & seeing the armour which too well she knew, thinking him to be *Amphialus* the Lord of her desires (bloud coming more freely into her cheeks, as though it would be bold, & yet there growing new againe pale for feare) with a pitiful look (like one vniustly condemned:) My Lord *Amphialus* said she, you haue enough punished me: it is time for crueltie to leaue you, and euill fortune me; If not I pray you (and to graunt my prayer, fitter time nor place you can haue)



haue) accomplished the one euen now, & finish the other. With that, sorrow impatient to be slowly vttered in her often staying speeches, poured it selfe so fast in teares, that *Palladius* could not hold her longer in error, but pulling off his helmet, Madam (said he) I perceiue you mistake me; I am a stranger in these parts, set vpon (without any cause giuen by me) by some of your seruants, whom because I haue in my iust defence euill entreated, I came to make my excuse to you, whom seeing such as I do, I find greater cause why I should craue pardon of you. When she saw his face, and heard his speech, she looked out of the Coach; & seeing her men, some slaine, some lying vnder their dead horses, and struiuing to get from vnder them, without making more account of the matter: Truly (said she) they are well serued that durst lift vp their arms against that armour. But sir knight (said she) I pray you tell me, how come you by this armour? for if it be by the death of him that owed it, then haue I more to say vnto you. *Palladius* assured her it was not so, telling her the true maner how he found it. It is like enough (said she) for that agrees with the maner he hath lately vfed. But I beseech you sir (said she) since your prowesse hath bereft me of my companie, let it yet so far heale the wounds it selfe hath giuen, as to guard me to the next towne. How great soeuer my busines be faire Ladie, said he, it shall willingly yeeld to so noble a cause: but first euen by the fauour you beare to the Lord of this noble armour, I coniure you to tell me the storie of your fortune herein, lest hereafter when the image of so excellent a Ladie in so strange a plight come before mine eyes, I condemne my selfe of want of consideration in not hauing demanded thus much. Neither aske I it without protestation, that wherein my sword and faith may auaille you, they shall bind themselves to your seruice. Your coniuration, faire Knight (said she) is too strong for my poore spirit to disobey, and that shall make me (without any other hope my ruine being but by one vpareleuable) to graunt your will herein: and to say the truth, a strange nicenesse were it in mee to refraine that from the eares of a person representing so much worthines, which I am glad euen to rocks and woods to vtter. Know you then that my name is *Helen*, Queene by birth, and hitherto possessed of the faire cittie and territorie of *Corinth*. I can say no more of my selfe, but beloued of my people; and may iustly say beloued, since they are content to beare with my absence, and folly. But I being left by my fathers death, & accepted by my people, in the highest degree that countrey could receiue, as soone, or rather, before that my age was ripe for it, my Court quickly swarmed full of suiters: some perchance louing my estate, others my person, but once I know all of them, howsoeuer my possessions were in their hearts, my beautie (such as it is) was in their mouthes, manie strangers of princely & noble blood, and all of mine owne countrey, to whom either birth or vertue gaue courage to auow so high a desire.

Among the rest, or rather before the rest, was the Lord *Philoxenus*, sonne & heire to the vertuous noble man *Timotheus*; which *Timotheus* was a man both in power, riches, parentage, and (which passed all these) goodnesse, and (which followed all these) loue of the people, beyond any of the great men of my countrey. Now this sonne of his, I must say truly, not vnworthie of such a father, bending himselfe by all meanes of seruiceablenes to mee, and setting forth of himselfe to win my fauour, wan thus farre of mee, that in truth I lesse misliked him then any of the rest: which in some proportion, my countenance deliuered vnto him. Though I must protest it was a verie false embassadour, if it deliuered at all any affection, whereof my heart was vtterlie void, I as then esteeming my selfe borne to rule, & thinking soule scorne willingly to submit my selfe to be ruled.

But whiles *Philoxenus* in good sort pursued my fauour, and perchance non-

rished himselfe with ouer much hope, because hee found I did in some sort acknowledge his valed, one time among the rest hee brought with him a deare friend of his, with that shee looked vpon the picture before her, and straight sighed, and straight teares followed, as if the Idole of dutie ought to bee honoured with such oblations, and then her speech staied the tale, hauing brought her to that looke, but that looke hauing quite put her out of her tale. But *Palladius* greatly pittying so sweete a sorrow in a Ladie, whom by fame hee had already knowne and honoured, besought for her promise sake, to put silence so long vnto her mooning, till shee had recounted the rest of this storie. Why said she, this is the picture of *Amphialus*: what need I say more vnto you? What care is so barbarous but hath heard of *Amphialus*? who followes deeds of armes, but euerie where finds monuments of *Amphialus*? who is courteous, noble, liberal, but he that hath the example before his eyes of *Amphialus*? where are all heroicall parts, but in *Amphialus*? O *Amphialus*, I would thou were not so excellent, or I would I thought thee not so excellent, & yet would I not that I would so: with that shee wept againe; till hee againe solliciting the conclusion of her storie: Then must you (said shee) know the storie of *Amphialus*: for his will is my life, his life my historie: and indeed in what can I better employ my lips then in speaking of *Amphialus*.

This Knight then whose figure you see, but whose minde can bee painted by nothing, but by their true shape of vertue, is brothers sonne to *Basilus* king of *Arcadia*, and in his child hood esteemed his heire: till *Basilus* in his old yeares, marrying a young and afaire Ladie, had of her those two daughters, so famous for their perfection in beautie: which put by their young cosin from that expectation. Whereupon his mother (a woman of a haughtie heart, being daughter to the King of *Argos*, either disdainig, or fearing, that her sonne should liue vnder the power of *Basilus*, sent him to that Lord *Timothens*) betweene whom and her dead husband there had passed straight bands of mutuall hospitalitie, to be brought vp in companie with his sonne *Philoxenus*.

A happie resolution for *Amphialus*, whose excellent nature was by this meanes trained on with as good education, as any Princes sonne in the world could haue, which otherwise it is thought his mother (farre vnworthie of such a sonne) would not haue giuen him. The good *Timothens* no lesse louing him then his own sonne. Well, they grew in yeares; and shortly occasions fell aptly to trie *Amphialus*; and all occasions were but steppes for him to clime fame by. Nothing was so hard, but his valour ouercame; which yet still he so guided with true vertue; that although no man was in our parts spoken of but he for his manhood, yet as though therein he excelled himselfe, he was commonly called the courteous *Amphialus*. An endlesse thing it were for me to tell, how manie aduentures (terrible to be spoken of) he atchieued; what Monsters, what Giants, what conquests of countries, sometimes vsing policie, sometimes force, but alwayes vertue well followed, and but followed by *Philoxenus*: betweene whom, and him, so fast a friendship by education was knit, that at last *Philoxenus* hauing no greater matter to employ his friendship in, then to win me, therein desired, and had his ytermost furtherance: to that purpose brought he him to my Court, where truly I may iustly witnesse with him, that what his wit could conceiue (and his wit can conceiue as farre as the limits of reason stretch) was all directed to the setting forward the suite of his freind *Philoxenus*: mine eares could heare nothing from him, but touching the worthinesse of *Philoxenus*, and of the great happinesse it would be vnto mee to haue such a husband; with many arguments, which God knowes, I cannot well remember, because I did not much be-

leeue.



leeue. For why should I vse many circumstances to come to that where alreadie I am, & euer while I liue must continue? in few words, while he pleaded for another, he wan me for himselfe: if at least (with that she sighed) he would account it a winning, for his fame had so framed the way to my minde, that his presence so full of beautie, sweetnes, and noble conuersation, had entred there before he vouchsafed to call for the keyes. O Lord, how did my soule hang at his lipps while hee spake! O when he in feeling maner would describe the loue of his friend, how well (thought I) doth loue betweene those lips! when he would with daintiest eloquence stirre pittie in me toward *Philoxenus*, why sure (said I to my selfe) *Helen*, be not afraid, this heart cannot want pittie: and when he would extoll the deeds of *Philoxenus*, who in deed had but wayted of him therein, alas (thought I) good *Philoxenus*, how euill doth it become thy name to be subscribed to his letter? what should I say? nay, what should I not say (noble Knight) who am not ashamed, nay am delighted, thus to expresse mine owne passions?

Dayes past, his eagernes for his friend neuer decreased, my affection to him euer increased. At length, in way of ordinarie curtesie, I obtained of him (who suspected no such matter) this his picture, the only *Amphialus*, I feare that I shall euer enioy: and growne bolder, or madder, or bold with madnesse, I discovered my affection vnto him. But Lord, I shall neuer forget, how anger and curtesie, at one instant appeared in his eyes, when hee heard that motion: how with his bluth hee taught me shame. In summe, he left nothing vnassayed, which might disgrace himselfe, to grace his friend; in sweet termes making me receiue a most resolute refusall of himselfe. But when he found that his presence did far more perswade for himselfe, then his speech could do for his friend, he left my Court; hoping that forgetfullnesse (which commonly waits vpon absence) would make roome for his friend; to whom he would not vter thus much (I think) for a kind feare not to griene him, or perchance (though he cares little for me) of a certaine honourable gratefulnesse, not yet to discover so much of my secrets: but as it should seeme, meant to trauel into farre countries, vntill his friends affection either ceased, or prevailed. But within a while, *Philoxenus* came to see how onward the fruits were of his friends labour, when (as in trueth I cared not much how he took it) he found me sitting, beholding this picture, I know not with how affectionate countenance, but I am sure with a most affectionate minde. I straight found ielousie and disdain took hold of him, and yet the forward paine of mine own heart made me so delight to punish him, whom I esteemed the chiefest let in my way; that when he with humble gesture, & vehement speeches sued for my fauour, I told him, that I would heare him more willingly, if he would speake for *Amphialus*, as well as *Amphialus* had done for him: hee neuer answered me, but pale & quaking, went straight away; & straight my heart misgaue me some euill successe: and yet though I had authoritie enough to haue stayed him (as in these satall things it fals out, that the high-working powers make second causes vn-wittingly accessorie to their determinations) I did no further, but sent a foot-man of mine (whose faithfulnes to me I well knew) from place to place to follow him, & bring me word of his proceedings: which (alas) haue brought forth that which I feare I must euer rewe.

For he had travelled scarce a dayes iourney out of my countrey, but that (not far from this place) he ouer-tooke *Amphialus*, who (by succouring a distressed Ladie) had beene here staied: and by and by called him to fight with him, protesting that one of them two should die, you may easily iudge how strange it was to *Amphialus*, whose hart could accuse it selfe of no fault, but too much affectiō toward him, which

he (refusing to fight with him) would faine haue made *Philoxenus* vnderstand, but (as my seruant since told me) (the more *Amphialus* went backe, the more he followed, calling him Traytor, & coward, yet neuer telling the cause of this strange alteration. Ah *Philoxenus* (said *Amphialus*) I know I am no traytor, & thou well knowest I am no coward; but I pray thee content thy selfe with this much, & let this satisfie thee, that I loue thee, since I beare thus much of thee: but he leauing words, drew his sword & gaue *Amphialus* a great blow or two, which but for the goodnes of his armor would haue slaine him: & yet so farre did *Amphialus* containe himselfe, stepping aside, and saying to him. Well *Philoxenus*, & thus much villany am I content to put vp, not any longer for thy sake (whom I haue no cause to loue, since thou dost iniure me, & wilt not tell me the cause) but for thy vertuous fathers sake, to whom I am so much bound; I pray thee go away, and conquer thine owne passions, & thou shalt makeme soone yeeld to be thy seruant. But he would not attend his words, but still strake so fiercely at *Amphialus*, that in the end (nature preuailing aboue determination) hee was faine to defend himselfe, & withall so to offend him, that by an vn lucky blow the poore *Philoxenus* fell dead at his feete; hauing had time only to speake some words, whereby *Amphialus* knew it was for my sake: which whē *Amphialus* saw, he forth with gaue such tokens of true-felt sorrow, that as my seruant said, no imagination could conceiue greater wo. But that by & by, an vn happy occasion made *Amphialus* passe himselfe in sorrow: for *Philoxenus* was but newly dead, when there comes to the same place, the aged and vertuous *Timotheus*; who (having heard of his sonnes sodaine & passionate manner of parting from my Court) had followed him as speedily as he could: but alas not so speedily, but that he found him dead before he could ouertake him. Though my heart be nothing but a stage of Tragedies, yet I must confesse, it is euen vn able to beare the miserable representation thereof; knowing *Amphialus* and *Timotheus* as I haue done. Alas what sorrow, what amasement, what shame was in *Amphialus*, when he saw his deere foster father, find him the killer of his only sonne? In my heart I know, he wished mountaines had laine vpon him, to keepe him from that meeding. As for *Timotheus*, sorrow of his sonne, and (I thinke principally) vnkindnesse of *Amphialus* so deuoured his vitall spirits, that able to say no more but *Amphialus*, *Amphialus*, haue I? he sank to the earth, and presently died.

But not my tongue, though daily vsed to complaints; no nor if my heart (which is nothing but sorrow) were returned to tongues, durst it vnder take to shew the vn-speakeablenes of his griefe. But (because this serues to make you know my fortune) hee threw away his armour, euen this which you haue now vpon you, which at the first sight I vainly hoped hee had put on againe; and then (as ashamed of the light) he ran into the thickest of the woods, lamenting, and euen crying out so pittifully, that my seruant, (though of a fortune not vsed to much tenderneesse) could not refraine weeping when he told it me. He once ouertooke him, but *Amphialus* drawing his sword, which was the onely part of his armes (God knowes to what purpose) he carried about him, threatned to kill him if he followed him, and withall bad him deliuer this bitter message, that he well enough found, I was the cause of all this mischief; and that if I were a man, he would go ouer the world to kill me: but bad me assure my selfe, that of all creatures in the world, he most hated me. Ah sir knight (whose cares I think by this time are tyred with the rugged waies of these misfortunes) now weigh my case, if at least you know what loue is. For this cause haue I left my countrey, putting in hazard how my people will in time deale by me, aduenturing what perils or dishonors might ensue, onely to follow him, who proclaimeth hate against me, and to bring my necke vnto him, if that may redeeme my trespasse,



trespace, and assuage his fury. And now sir (said she) you have your request, I pray you take paines to guide me to the next towne, that there I may gather such of my companie againe, as your valour hath left me. *Palladius* willingly condescended: but ere they began to go, there came *Clitophon*, who having bin something hurt by one of them, had pursued him a good way: at length overtaking him and dreading to kill him, vnderstood they were seruants to the faire Queene *Helen*; and that the cause of this entreprize was for nothing, but to make *Amphialus* prisoner, whom they knew their mistres sought; for she concealed her sorrow, not cause of her sorrow from no bodie.

But *Clitophon* (very sorie for this accident) came back to comfort the Queene, helping such as were hurt in the best sort that he could, and framing friendly constructions of this rashly vader-taken enmitie, when in comes another (til that time vnseen) all armed; with his haueer down, who first looking round about vpon the company, as soone as he spied *Palladius*, he drew his sword, and making no other prologue, leaue at him. But *Palladius* (sorie for so much harme as had alreadye happened) sought rather to retire, and ward, thinking he might be some one that belonged to the faire Queene, whose case in his heart he pittied. Which *Clitophon* seeing, stept betweene them, asking the new-come knight the cause of his quarrell, who answered him, that he would kill that theefe, who had stolne away his Masters armour: if he did not restore it. With that *Palladius* lookt vpon him, and saw that he of the other side had *Palladius* own armour vpon him: truly (said *Palladius*) if I haue hope this armour; you did not buy that, but you shall not fight with me vpon such a quartell, you shall haue this armour willingly, which I did onely put on to doe honour to the owner. But *Clitophon* straight knew by his words and voyce, that it was *Ismenus*, the faithfull and diligent Page of *Amphialus*: and therefore telling him that he was *Clitophon*, and willing him to acknowledge his error to the other, who deserved all honor, the young Gentleman pulled off his head-piece, and (lighting) went to kisse *Palladius* hands, desiring him to pardon his folly; caused by extreame greife, which easily might bring forth anger. Sweete Gentleman (said *Palladius*) you shall onely make me this amends that you shall carrie this your Lords armour from me to him, and tell him from an vnknown knight (who admires his worthines) that he cannot cast a greater mist oner his glorie, then by being vnkind to so excellent a Princesse as this Queene is. *Ismenus* promised he would as soone as he durst find his Master: and with that went to doe his duetie to the Queene, whom in all these encounters astonishment made hardie; but as soone as she saw *Ismenus* (looking to her picture,) *Ismenus* said she, here is my Lord, where is your Lord, or come you to bring mee some sentence of death from him? if it be so, welcome be it. I pray you speake, and speake quickly. Alas Madam (said *Ismenus*) I haue lost my Lord, with that rentes came vnto his eyes, for as soone as the unhappie combate was concluded with the death both of his her and Ioune, my Master casting off his armour, went his way: forbidding me vpon paine of death to follow him. Yet diuers dayes I followed his steppes, till lastly I found him, having newly met with an excellent Spaniell, belonging to his dead companion *Philostratus*. The dogge straight fawned on my Master for old knowledge; but neuer was there thing more pitifull then to heare my Master blame the dogge for louing his masters murderer, renewing a fresh his complaints; with the dumbe counsellor, as if they might comfort one another in their miseries. But my Lord hauing spied me, rose vp in such rage, that in truth I feared he would kill me: yet as then he said only if I would not displease him I should not come neer him till he sent for me: too hard a commandement for me to disobey: I yielded, leaving him, only waited on by his dog, and as I thinke seeking out the most solitary

places, that this or any other countrie can grant him: and I returning where I had left his armour, found another in stead thereof, and (disdaining I must confesse that any should beare the armour of the best Knight living) armed my selfe therein to play the foole, as euen now I did. Faire *Ismenus* (said the Queene) a fitter messenger could hardly be to vnfold my Tragedie: I see the end, I see my end.

With that (sobbing) she desired to be conducted to the next towne, where *Palladius* left her to be wayted on by *Glisophon*, at *Palladius* earnest entreatie, who desired alone to take that melancholy course of seeking his friend; and therefore changing armour againe with *Ismenus* (who went withall to a castle belonging to his master) he continued his quest for his friend *Daiphantus*.

So directed he his course to *Laconia*, as well among the *Helots*, as *Spartans*: There indeed he found his fame flourishing, his monuments engrauen in Marble, and yet more durably in mens memories, but the vniuersall lamenting his absented presence, assured him of his present absence. Thence into the *Elean* prouince, to see whether at the Olympian games (there celebrated) hee might in such concourse blasse his eyes with so desired an encounter: but that huge and sportfull assembly grew to him a tedious loneliness, esteeming no bodie found, since *Daiphantus* was lost. Afterward he passeth through *Achaia* and *Sicynia*, to the *Corinthians*, proude of their two Seas, to learne whether by the streight of that *Therms*, it were possible to know of his passage. But finding euerie place more dumbe then other to his demands, and remembering that it was late taken lone, which had wrought this new course, hee returned againe: (after two moneths trauaile in vaine) to make a fresh search in *Aradia*, so much the more, as then first he bethought himselfe of the piquete of *Philoclea* (which resembling her he had once loued) might perhaps awake againe that sleeping passion. And hauing already past ouer the greatest part of *Aradia*, one day comming vnder the side of the pleasant mountaine *Menalus*, his horse (nothing guiltie of his inquisition) with flattereing taught him, that discrete Bayes makes speedie iournies: and therefore lighting down, & vnbridling his horse, he himselfe went to repose himselfe in a little wood he saw thereby. Where lying vnder the protection of a shade tree, with intention to make forgetting sleepe comfort a sorrowfull memorie, he saw a sight which perswaded, & obtayned of his eyes, that they would abide yet a while open. It was the appearing of a Lady, who because she walked with her side toward him, he could not perfectly see her face: but so much he might see of her, that was a suertie for the rest, that all was excellent.

Well might he perceiue the hanging of her haire in fairest quantitie, in lockes some curled, and some as it were forgotten, with such a careless care, and an art so bidding art, that she seemed she would lay them for a patterne, whether nature simply, or nature helped by cunning, be the more excellent: the rest whereof was drawne into a Coronet of gold richly set with pearle, and so ioined all ouer with gold wyers, & covered with feathers of diuers colours, that it was not vnlke to an helmet, such a glittering shew it bare, & so brauely it was held vp from the head: Vpon her bodie she wore a doublet of skie colour Satin, covered with plates of golde, and as it were nailed with precious stones, that in it she might seeme armed; the neather part of her garment was full of fluffe, and cut after such a fashion, that though the length of it reached to the ankles, yet in her going one might sometimes discern the small of her legges, which with the foot was dressed in a short paire of crimson Velvet Batts, in some places open (as the ancient manner was) to shew the fairness of the skin.ouer all this she wore a certaine mantell, made in such manner, that coming vnder her right arme, and covering most of that side, it had no fastning on the left side,

but





lesse, and you best instructed. See with your selfe, how fit it will be for you in this  
 your tender youth, borne so great a Prince, and of so rare not onely expectation but  
 prooffe, desired of your old father, and wanted of your native country, how so neare  
 your home, to diuert your thoughts, from the way of goodnes; to loose, may to abuse  
 your time: Lastly, to ouerthrow all the excellent things you haue done, which haue  
 filled the world with your fame; as if you should drown your ship in the long de-  
 sired haven: or like an ill player, should marre the last act of his Tragedie: Remem-  
 ber (for I know you know it) that if we will be men, the reasonable part of our soules  
 is to haue absolute commandement; against which if any sensuall weakenesse arise,  
 we are to yeeld all our sound forces to the ouerthrowing of so vnaturall a rebellion,  
 wherein how can we want courage, since we are to deale against so weak an aduer-  
 sarie, that in it selfe is nothing but weakenesse? Nay, we are to resolute, that if reason  
 direct it, we must do it; and if we must do it, we will do it: for to say I cannot, is chil-  
 dish, and I will not, womanish. And see how extremely euerie way you endaunger  
 your mind; for to take this womanish habite (without you frame your behauiour  
 accordingly) is wholly vaine: your behauiour can neuer come kindly from you, but  
 as the mind is proportioned vnto it. So that you must resolute, if you will play your  
 part to any purpose, what soeuer peeuih imperfections are in that sex, to soften your  
 heart to receive them, the verie first down-fletp to all wickednes: for doe not deceiue  
 your selfe, my deare cousin, there is no man so daingly either excellently good, or ex-  
 tremely euill, but growes either as he holds himselfe vp in vertue, or lets himselfe  
 slide to vicioulnes. And let vs see, what power is the author of all these troubles; for-  
 sooth loue, loue, a passion, and the basest & fruitlesst of all passions: feare breedeth  
 wit, anger is the cradle of courage; ioy openeth and enablen the heart: sorrow, as it  
 closeth, so it draweth it inward to looke to the correcting of it selfe; and so all of  
 them generally haue power toward some good by the direction of Reason. But this  
 bastard Loue (for indeed the name of Loue is most vnworthily applied to so hate-  
 full a humour) as it is engendred betwixt lust & idlenes; as the matter it works vpon  
 is nothing but a certaine base weakenes, which some gentlefooles call a gentle heart;  
 as his aioyned companions be vnquietnes, longings, fond comforts, faint discom-  
 forts; hopes, ialousies, vngrounded stages, causlesse yeelding: so is the highest end  
 it aspires vnto, a little pleasure with much paine before, and great repentance after.  
 But that end how endlesse it runs to infinite euills, were fite enough for the matter  
 we speak of; but not for your eares, in whom indeed there is so much true dispositi-  
 on to vertue; yet thus much of his worthy effects in your selfe is to be scene, that  
 (besides your breaking lawes of hospitalitie with Alexander, & offriendship with me)  
 it utterly subuertes the course of nature, in making reason giue place to sence, & man  
 to woman. And truly I thinke hereupon it first gate the name of Loue: for indeed  
 the true loue hath this excellent nature in it, that it doth transforme the very essence  
 of the louer into the thing loued; vniing, and as it were incorporating it with a se-  
 cret and inward working. And herein do these kinds of loues imitate the excellent:  
 for as the loue of heauen makes one heavenly, the loue of vertue, vertuous; so doth  
 the loue of the world make one become worldly: and this effeminate loue of a wo-  
 man, doth so womanize a man, that (if he yeeld to it) it will not only make him an  
~~Amor~~ but a slauer, a distase, a spinner, or what soeuer other vile occupation their  
 idle heads can imagine, and their weak hands performe. Therefore to trouble you  
 no longer with my tedious, but louing words: if either you remember what you  
 are, what you haue bene, or what you must be: if you consider what it is that mo-  
 ued you not by what kinde of creature you are moued, you shall finde the cause so  
 small,



small, the effect so dangerous, your selfe so vnworthy to run into the one, or to be driven by the other, that I doubt not, I shall quickly haue occasion rather to praise you for hauing conquered it, then to giue you further counsell, how to doe it. But in *Pyrocles* this speech wrought no more, but that hee, who before hee was espyed, was a fraid; after, being perceiued, was ashamed, now being hardly rubd vpon, lett both feare and shame, and was moued to anger. But the exceeding good will he bare to *Musidorus* striuing with it; hee thus partly to satisfie him, but principally to loose the reines to his owne motions, made him answer: Cousin, whatsoeuer good disposition nature hath bestowed vpon me, or howsoeuer that disposition hath bin by bringing vp confirmed, this I must confesse, that I am not yet come to that degree of wisdom, to thinke light of the sexe, of whom I haue my life, since if I be any thing (which your friendship rather finds, then I acknowledge) I was to come to it, borne of a woman, & nursed of a woman. And certainly (for this point of your speech doth neere touch me) it is strange to see the vnmanlike crueltie of mankind, who not content with their tyrannous ambition, to haue brought the others vertuous patience vnder them (like childish masters) thinke their masterhood nothing, without doing iniurie to them, who (if we will argue by reason) are framed of nature with the same parts of the minde for the exercise of vertue, as wee are. And for example, euen this estate of *Amazons* (which I now for my greatest honour do seeke to counterfeit) doe well witnesse, that if generally the sweetnesse of their disposition did not make them see the vainenesse of these things, which we account glorious, they neither want valour of mind, nor yet doth their fairenesse take away their force. And truly we men, and praisers of men, should remember, that if wee haue such excellencies, it is reason to thinke them excellent creatures, of whom wee are; since a Kite neuer brought forth a good flying Hawke. But to tell you true, as I thinke it superfluous to vse any words of such a subiect, who is so praised in it selfe as it needes no praises; so withall I feare lest my conceit (not able to reach vnto them) bring forth words, which for their vnworthinesse may be a disgrace to them I so inwardly honour. Let this suffice, that they are capable of vertue, and vertue (you your selues say) is to be loued, and I too, truly: but this I willingly confesse, that it likes me much better, when I finde vertue in a faire lodging, then when I am bound to seeke it in an ill-fauored creature, like a pearle in a dunghill. As for my fault of being an vnciuill guest to *Kalander*, if you could feele what an inward guest my selfe am hoste vnto, ye would thinke it verie excusable, in that I rather perform the duties of an host, then the ceremonies of a guest. And for my breaking the lawes of friendship with you (which I would rather die, then effectually doe), truly I could finde in my heart to aske you pardon for it, but that your now-handling of me giues me reason to confirme my former dealing. And here *Pyrocles*, staied, as to breathe himselfe, hauing beene transported with a little vehemencie because it seemed him *Musidorus* had ouer-bitterly glaunced against the reputation of womankind: but then quieting his countenance (as well as out of an vnquiet mind it might be) he thus proceeded on: And poore Loue (said he) deere cousin, is little beholding vnto you, since you are not contented to spoile it of the honour of the highest power of the mind, which notable men haue attributed vnto it, but yee deiect it below all other passions, in truth somewhat strangely; since, if loue receiue any disgrace, it is by the companie of these passions you preferre before it. For those kinds of bitter obiections (as, that lust, idlenesse, and a weake heart, should be, as it were, the matter and forme of loue) rather touch me, deere *Musidorus*, then loue, but I am good witnesse of mine owne imperfections, and therefore will not defend my selfe:

selfe: but herein I must say, you deale contrarie to your selfe: for if I be so weake, then can you not with reason stir me vp as ye did, by remembrance of mine owne vertue: or if indeed I be vertuous, then must ye confesse, that loue hath his working in a vertuous heart; and so no doubt hath it, whatsoeuer I be: for, if we loue vertue, in whom shall we loue it but in a vertuous creature? without your meaning be, I should loue this word *Vertue*, where I see it written in a booke. Those troublesome effects you say it breeds, be not the faults of loue, but of him that loues, as an vnable vessell to beare such a liquor, like euill eyes, not able to looke on the Sunne; or like a weake braine soonest ouerthrowne with the best wine. Euen that heauenly loue you speake of, is accompanied in some hearts with hopes, griefes, longings, and dispaire. And in that heauenly loue, since there are two parts, the one the loue it selfe, th'other the excellencie of the thing loued; I, not able at the first leape to frame both in me, doe now (like a diligent workeman) make readie the chiefe instrument, and first part of that great worke, which is loue it selfe; which when I haue a while practised in this sort, then you shall see mee turne it to greater matters. And thus gently you may (if it please you) thinke of me. Neither doubt yee, because I weare a womans apparell, I will be the more womanish, since I assure you (for all my apparell) there is nothing I desire more, then fully to proue my selfe a man in this entreprife. Much might be said in my defence, much more for loue, and most of all for that diuine creature, which hath ioyned me and loue together. But these disputations are fitter for quiet schooles then my troubled braines, which are bent rather in deeds to performe, then in words to defend the noble desire that possesseth me. O Lord (said *Musidorus*) how sharpe-witted you are to hurt your selfe; No (answered he) but it is the hurt you speake of, which makes me so sharpe-witted. Euen so (said *Musidorus*) as euerie base occupation makes one sharpe in that practise, and foolish in all the rest. Nay rather (answered *Pyrocles*) as each excellent thing once well learned serues for a measure of all other knowledges. And is that become (said *Musidorus*) a measure for other things, which neuer receiued measure in it selfe? It is counted without measure (answered *Pyrocles*) because the workings of it are without measure, but otherwise, in nature it hath measure, since it hath an end allotted vnto it. The beginning being so excellent, I would gladly know the end. Enioying, answered *Pyrocles*, with a deep sigh. O (said *Musidorus*) now set ye forth the balenes of it, since if it end in enioying, it shewes all the rest was nothing. Ye mistake me (answered *Pyrocles*), I speake of the end to which it is directed; which end ends not, no sooner then the life. Alas, let your owne braine disenchant you (said *Musidorus*.) My heart is too farre possessed (said *Pyrocles*.) But the head giues you direction: And the heart giues me life answered *Pyrocles*.

But *Musidorus* was so grieved to see his welbeloued friend obstinate (as hee thought) to his owne destruction, that it forced him with more then accustomed vehemencie to speake these words. Well, well (said he) you list to abuse your selfe; it was a very white & red vertue, which you could picke out of a painterly glofe of a visage. Confesse the truth, and ye shall finde the vrmost was but beautie; a thing, which though it be in as great excelency in your selfe as may be in any, yet I am sure you make no further reckning of it, then of an outward fading benefit nature bestowed vpon you. And yet such is your want of a true grounded vertue, which must be like it selfe in all points; that what you wisely account a trifle in your selfe, you fondly become a slaue vnto another. For my part I now protest, I haue left nothing vn said, which my wit could make me know, or my most entire friendship to you requires of me; I do now beseech you euen for the loue betwixt vs (if this other loue haue



haue left any in you towards me) and for the remembrance of your old carefull father (if you can remember him that forget your selfe,) lastly, for *Pyrocles* owne sake (who is now vpon the point of falling or rising) to purge your selfe of this vile infection, otherwise giue me leaue to leaue off this name of friendship, as an idle title of a thing which cannot be, where verue is abolished. The length of these speeches before had not so much cloyed *Pyrocles*, though he were very impatient of long deliberations, as this last farewell of him he loued as his own life, did wound his soule. For thinking himselfe afflicted, he was the apter to conceiue vnkindnesse deeply: insomuch that shaking his head, and deliuering some shew of teares, he thus vttered his griefes: Alas (said he) Prince *Musidorus*, how cruely you deale with me; if you seeke the victorie, take it; and if ye list the triumph: haue you all the reason of the world, and with me remaine all the imperfections; yet such as I can no more lay from me, then the Crow can be perswaded by the Swan to cast off all his blacke feathers. But truly you deale with me like a Physitian; that seeing his Patient in a pestilent feuer, should chide him in stead of ministring helpe, & bid him be sick no more; or rather like such a friend, that visiting his friend condemned to perpetuall prison, and loaden with grievous fetters, should wil him to shake off his fetters, or he would leaue him. I am sicke, and sicke to the death; I am prisoner; neither is there any redresse, but by her to whom I am a slaue. Now if you list, leaue him that loues you in the highest degree: But remember euer to carriethis with you; that you abandon your friend in his greatest extremitie.

And herewith the deepe wound of his lone being rubbed with this new vnkindnesse, began as it were to bleed again, in such sort that he was vnable to beare it any longer, but gushing out abondance of teares, and crossing his armes ouer his wofull heart, he sunke downe to the ground: which sodainetrance went so to the heart of *Musidorus*, that falling downe by him, and kissing the weeping eyes of his freind, he besought him not to make account of his speech, which if it had bin over-vehement, yet was it to be borne withall, because it came out of a loue much more vehement, that he had not thought fancie could haue receiued so deepe a wound; but now finding in him the force of it, hee would no further contrarie it, but employ all his seruice to medicine it, in such sort as the nature of it required. But even this kindnesse made *Pyrocles* the more melt in the former vnkindnesse, which his manlike teares well shewed, with a silent looke vpon *Musidorus*, as who should say, And is it possible that *Musidorus* should threaten to leaue me? And this strooke *Musidorus* mind and sences so dumbe too, that for griefe being not able to say any thing, they rested with their eyes placed one vpon another, in such sort; as might well paint out the true passion of vnkindnesse to be neuer aright, but betwixt them that most dearely loue.

And thus remained they a time, till at length *Musidorus* embracing him, said, And will you thus shake of your freind? It is you that shake me off (said *Pyrocles*) being for my vnperfectnesse vnworthie of your freindship. But this (said *Musidorus*) shewes you more vnperfect, to be cruell to him, that submits himselfe vnto you, but since you are vnperfect (said he, smiling) it is reason you be gouerned by vs wise and perfect men. And that authority will I begin to take vpon mee, with three absolute commandements: the first, that you increase not your euill with further griefes: the second, that you loue her with all the powers of your mind: and the last commandement shall be, you command me to doe what seruice I can towards the attaining of your desires. *Pyrocles* heart was not so oppressed with the two mightie passions of loue and vnkindnesse, but that it yeilded to some mirth at this commandement of

*Musidorus*

*Musidorus*, that he should loue, so that somethings clearing his face from his former shewes of griefe; Well (said he) deere cousin, I see by the well chusing of your commandements, that you are farre fitter to be a Prince than a Councillor, and therefore I am resolu'd to imploy all my endeouour to obey you, with this condition, that the commandements ye command me to lay vpon you, shall only be, that you continue to loue me, & looke vpon my imperfections with more affection than iudgement. Loue you (said he,) alas, how can my heart be separated from the true embracing of it, without it burst; by being too full of it? But (said he) let vs leaue off these flowers of new begun friendship; and now I pray you againe tell me, but tell it me fully, omitting no circumstance, the storie of your affections, both beginning; and proceeding; assuring your selfe, that there is nothing so great, which I will feare to doe for you, nor nothing so small, which I will disdain to do for you. Let me therefore receiue a cleere vnderstanding, which manie times we misse, while those things we account small, as a speech, or a looke, are omitted, like as a whole sentence may faile of his congruities by wanting one particle. Therefore betweene freinds all must be laid open, nothing being superfluous nor tedious. You shall be obeyed (said *Pyrocles*) and here are we in as fit a place for it as may be; for this arbor no bodie offers to come into but my selfe, I vsing it as my melancholie retiring place, and therefore that respect is borne vnto it: yes if by chaunce any should come, say that you are a seruant sent from the Queene of the *Amazons* to seeke me, and then let me alone for the rest. So saie they downe, and *Pyrocles* thus said:

Cousin (said he) then began the fatal overthrow of all my libertie, when walking among the pictures in *Helander's* house, you your selfe deliuered vnto mee what you had vnderstood of *Philoclea*, who much resembling (though I must say) much surpassing) the Ladie *Zelmamy*, whom so well I loued: there were mine eyes infected, and at your mouth did I drink my poison. Yet alas, so sweet was it vnto me, that I could not be contented, till *Helander* had made it more and more strong with his declaration. Which the more I questioned, the more pittie, I conceived of her vnworthie fortune; and when with pittie once my heart was made tender, according to the aptnesse of the humour, it receiued quickly a cruell impression of that wonderful passion, which to be defined is impossible, because no words reach to the strange nature of it: they only know it, which inwardly feele it; it is called Loue. Yet did I not (poor wretch) at first know my disease, thinking it only such a wonted kind of desire to see rare sights, and my pittie to be no other, but the fruits of of a gentle nature. But even this arguing with my selfe came of further thoughts, and the more I argued, the more my thoughtes encreased. Desirous I was to see the place where she remained, as though the Architecture of the Lodges would haue bene much for my learning; but more desirous to see her selfe, to be iudge, forsooth, of the Painters cunning. For thus at the first did I flatter my selfe, as though my wound had bene no deeper: but when within short time I came to the degree of vncertaine wishes, and that those wishes grew to inquiet longings, when I could fixe my thoughts vpon nothing, but that within little varying they should end with *Philoclea*: when each thing I saw, seemed to figure out some part of my passions; when even *Parthenia's* faire face became a lecture to me of *Philoclea's* imagined beautie; when I heard no word spoken, but that my thought carried the sound of *Philoclea's* name; then indeed, then I did yeeld to the burthen, finding my selfe prisoner, before I had leisure to arme my selfe: and that I might well like the Spaniell, gnaw vpon the chaine that ties him; but I should sooner marre my teeth, then procure libertie: yet I take to witness the eternal Spring of vertue, that I had neuer read, heard, nor seene any thing; I had neuer  
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any tast of Philosophie, nor inward feeling in my selfe, which for a while I did not call to my succor. But (alas) what resistance was there, when ere long my verie reason was, (you will say corrupted). I must confesse, conquered, and that methought, even reason did assure me, that all eyes did degenerate from their creation, which did not honour such beautie? Nothing in truth could hold any plea with it, but the reuerend friendship I beare vnto you. For as it went against my heart to breake any way from you, so did I feare more then any assault to breake it to you: finding (as it is indeed) that to a heart fully resolute, counsell is tedious, but reprehension is loathsome; and that there is nothing more terrible to a guiltie heart, then the eye of a respected friend. This made me determine with my selfe (thinking it a lesse fault in friendship to doe a thing without your knowledge, then against your will) to take this secret course; which conceit was most builded vp in me, the last day of my parting and speaking with you, when vpon your speech with me, & my but naming loue (when else perchance I would haue gone further) I saw your voyce and countenance so chaunge, as it assured me, my revealing it should but purchase your griefe with my cumber, and therefore (deare *Mysidorus*) euen ran away from my well knowne abiding; for hauing written a letter, which I know not whether you found or no, and taken my chiefe iewels with me, while you were in the midst of your sport, I got a time (as I thinke) vnmarked by any, to steale away. I cared not whicher, so I might escape you, and so came I to *Itbonia* in the Proruines of *Messenia*; where lying secret, I put this in practise, which before I had denied. For remembring by *Philanax* his letter & *Kalanders* speech, how obstinately *Basilius* was determined not to marie his daughters, and therefore fearing least any publike dealing should rather increase her captiuitie, then further my loue; I ouer (there finer of inuention) had put in my head thus to disguise my selfe, that vnder that maske I might (if it were possible) get access, & what access could bring forth, commit to fortune & industrie, determining to beare the countenance of an *Amazon*. Therefore in the closest maner I could naming my selfe *Zalmoxe*, for that deare Ladies sake, to whose memorie I am so much bound, I caused this apparell to be made, and bringing it neare the Ledges, which are hard at hand, by night thus, dressed my selfe, resting till occasion might make me to be found by them whom I sought; which the next morning happned as well as mine own plot could haue laid it. For after I had run ouer the whole petigree of my thoughts, I gaue my selfe to sing a litle, which as you know, I euer delighted in, so now especially, whether it be the nature of this climate to stirre vp Poeticall fancies, or rather as I thinke, of loue, whose scope being pleasure, will not so much as utter his griefes, but in some forme of pleasure. how was aduantageous and the contrary not

- But I had sing verie litle, when (as I thinke, displeased with my bad musike) comes maister *Dametas* with a hedging bill in his hand, chasing and wearing by the parable of *Pallace*, and such other oracles of his rusticall brauerie could imagine; and when he saw me, he saie you my beautie was no more beholding to him then my harmonie; for leaning his hands vpon his bill, and his chin vpon his hands, with the voice of one that playeth *Heracles* in a play, but neuer had his fancie in his head, the first word he spake vnto me, was, Am not I *Dametas*? why am not I *Dametas*? he needed not name himselfe, for *Kalanders* description had set such a note vpon him as made him verie notable vnto me, and therefore the height of my thoughts would not descend so much as to make him any answer, but continued on my inward discourses; which hee (perchance witness of his owne vnworthinesse, and therefore the apter to thinke himselfe condemned) took in so baineous maner, that standing vpon his tiptoes, and staring, as if he would haue had a moss pulled out of his eye,

*Musidorus*, that he should loue, so that somerthing clearing his face from his former she wes of griefe; Well (said he) deere cousin, I see by the well chusing of your commandements, that you are farre fitter to be a Prince than a Councillor, and therefore I am resolved to imploy all my endeouour to obey you, with this condition, that the commandements ye command me to lay vpon you, shall only be, that you continue to loue me, & looke vpon my imperfections with more affection than iudgement. Loue you (said he,) alas, how can my heart be separated from the true imbracing of it, without it burst, by being too full of it? But (said he) let vs leaue off these flowers of new begun friendship; and now I pray you againe tell me, but tell it me fully, omitting no circumstance, the storie of your affections, both beginning, and proceeding; assuring your selfe, that there is nothing so great, which I will feare to doe for you, nor nothing so small, which I will disdain to do for you. Let me therefore receiue a cleere vnderstanding, which manie times we misse, while those things we account small, as a speech, or a looke, are omitted, like as a whole sentence may faile of his congruities by wanting one particle. Therefore betweene freinds all must be laid open, nothing being superfluous nor tedious. You shall be obeyed (said *Pyrocles*) and here are we in as fit a place for it as may be; for this arbor no bodie offers to come into but my selfe, I vsing it as my melancholic retiring place, and therefore that respect is borne vnto it: yet if by chaunce any should come, say that you are a seruant sent from the Queene of the *Amazons* to seeke me, and then let me alone for the rest. So saie they downe, and *Pyrocles* thus said:

Cousin (said he) then began the satall ouerthrow of all my libertie, when walking among the pictures in *Kalander's* house, you your selfe deliuered vnto mee what you had vnderstood of *Philoclea*, who much resembling (though I must say) much surpassing) the Ladie *Zelmira*, whom so well I loued: there were mine eyes infested, and at your mouth did I drink my poison. Yet alas, so sweet was it vnto me, that I could not be contented, till *Kalander* had made it more and more strong with his declaration. Which the more I questioned, the more pittie, I conceived of her vnworthie fortune; and when with pittie once my heart was made tender, according to the aptnesse of the humour, it receiued quickly a cruell impression of that wonderful passion, which to be defined is impossible, because no words reach to the strange nature of it: they only know it, which inwardly feele it; it is called Loue. Yet did I not (poor wretch) at first know my disease, thinking it only such a wonted kind of desire to see rare sights, and my pittie to be no other, but the fruits of of a gentle nature. But euen this arguing with my selfe came of further thoughts, and the more I argued, the more my thoughts increased. Desirous I was to see the place where she remained, as though the Architecture of the Lodges would haue bene much for my learning; but more desirous to see her selfe, to be iudge, forsooth, of the Painters cunning. For thus at the first did I flatter my selfe, as though my wound had bene no deeper: but when within short time I came to the degree of vncertaine wishes, and that those wishes grew to inquiet longings, when I could fixe my thoughts vpon nothing, but that within little varying they should end with *Philoclea*: when each thing I saw, seemed to figure out some part of my passions; when euen *Parthenia's* faire face became a lecture to me of *Philoclea's* imagined beautie; when I heard no word spoken, but that made thought it carried the sound of *Philoclea's* name; then indeed, then I did yeeld to the burthen, finding my selfe prisoner, before I had leisure to arme my selfe: and that I might well, like the Spaniell, gnaw vpon the chaine that ties him; but I should sooner marre my teeth, then procure libertie: yet I take to witness the eternal spring of verse, that I had neuer read, heard, nor scene any thing; I had neuer  
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any tast of Philosophie, nor inward feeling in my selfe, which for a while I did not call to my succor. But (alas) what resistance was there, when ere long my verie reason was, (you will say corrupted). I must confesse, conquered, and that me thought, even reason did assure me, that all eyes did degenerate from their creation, which did not honour such beautie? Nothing in truth could hold any plea with it, but the reuerend friendship I beare vnto you. For as it went against my heart to breake any way from you, so did I feare more then any assault to breake it to you: finding (as it is indeed) that to a heart fully resolute, counsell is tedious, but reprehension is lathsome; and that there is nothing more terrible to a guiltie heart, then the eye of a respected friend. This made me determine with my selfe (thinking it a lesse fault in friendship to doe a thing without your knowledge, then against your will) to take this secret course, which conceit was most builded vp in me, the last day of my parting and speaking with you, when vpon your speech with me, & my but naming Loue (when else perchance I would haue gone further) I saw your voyce and countenance so change, as it assured me, my revealing it should but purchase your griefe with my cumber, and therefore (deare *Musidorus*) even ran away from my well knowne ebiding; for hauing writen a letter, which I know not whether you found or no, and taken my chiefe iewels with me, while you were in the middest of your sport, I got a time (as I thinke) vnmarked by any, to steale away. I cared not whither, so I might escape you, and so came I to *Itthonia* in the Prouince of *Messenia*; where lying secret, I put this in practise, which before I had deni'd. For remembring by *Philanax* his letter & *Kalanders* speech, how obstinately *Basilissa* was determined not to marie her daughters, and therefore fearing least any publike dealing should rather increase her captiuitie, then further my loue; Loue (the refiner of inuention) had put in my head thus to disguise my selfe, that vnder that maske I might (if it were possible) get access, & what access could bring forth, commit to fortune & industrie, determining to beare the countenance of an *Amazon*. Therefore in the closest maner I could naming my selfe *Zelmae*, for that deare Ladies sake, to whose memorie I am so much bound, I caused this apparell to be made, and bringing it neare the Lodges, which are hard at hand, by night thus, dressed my selfe, resting till occasion might make me to be found by them whom I sought; which the next morning happned as well as mine own plot could haue laid it. For after I had run ouer the whole pedigree of my thoughts, I gaue my selfe to sing a litle, which as you know, I euer delighted in, so now especially, whether it be the nature of this climate stirre vp Poeticall fancies, or rather as I thinke, of Loue, whose scope being pleasure, will not so much as utter his griefes, but in some forme of pleasure be rowling, aduancing himselfe and the object and I.

But I had sung verie little, when (as I thinke, displeased with my bad musike) comes maister *Dametas* with a hedging bill in his hand, chafing and (swearing by the pantaile of *Hallars* and such other oaths as his mulicall brauerie could imagine; and when he saw me, *Hallars* you say, heautie was no more beholding to him then my harmonie, for leaning his hands vpon his bill, and his chin vpon his hands, with the voice of one that playeth *Heracles* in a play, but neuer had his fancie in his head, the first word he spake vnto me, was, *Am not I Dametas?* why am not I *Dametas*? he needed not name himselfe, for *Kalanders* description had set such a note vpon him as made him verie notable vnto me, and therefore the height of my thoughts would not descend so much as to make him any answer, but continued on my inward discourtesie; which hee (perchance wittlesse of his owne vnworthinesse, and therefore the apter to thinke himselfe contemned) took in so bainefull maner, that standing vpon his tiptoes, and staring, as if he would haue had a mose pulled out of his eye,

Why, (said he) thou woman, or boy, or both, whatsoever thou be, I tell thee here is no place for thee, get thee gone, I tell thee it is the Princes pleasure, I tell thee it is *Dametas* pleasure. I could not chuse but smile at him, seeing him looke so like an Ape that had newly taken a purgation; yet taking my selfe with the manner, spake these words to my selfe: O spirit (said I) of mine, how canst thou receiue any mirth in the midst of thine agonies? and thou mirth, how darrest thou enter into a minde so growne of late thy professed enemie? Thy spirit (said *Dametas*,) dost thou thinke me a spirit? I tell thee I am *Basilus* officer, & haue charge of him and his daughters. O only pearle (said I sobbing) that so vile an oyster should keep thee? By the combe-case of *Diana* (swaie *Dametas*) this woman is mad: oysters and pearles? dost thou thinke I will buy oysters? I tell thee once againe get thee packing, and with that lifted vp his bill to hit me with the blunt end of it: but indeed that put me quite out of my lesson, so that I forgot all *Zelmanes* ship, and drawing out my sword, the baseness of the vilaine yet made me stay my hand, and he (who, as *Kalander* told me, from his child-hood euer feared the blade of a sword) ran backe, backward (with his hands aboue his head) at least twentie paces, gaping and staring, with the verie grace (I thinke) of the clownes, that by *Latons* prayers were turned into Forgs. At length staying, finding himselfe without the compasse of blowes, hee fell to a fresh scoulding, in such mannerly maner, as might well shew hee had passed through the discipline of a Tauerne; But seeing mee walke vp and downe, without marking what he said, he went his way (as I perceiued after) to *Basilus*: for within a while hee came vnto mee, bearing indeed shewes in his countenance of an honest and well minded Gentleman, & with as much curtesie as *Dametas* with rudenesse saluting me: Faire Ladie (said he) it is nothing strange, that such a solitarie place as this should receiue solitarie persons; but much doe I maruell, how such a beautie as yours is, should be suffered to be thus alone. I (that now knew it was my part to play) looking with a gratiuallie vpon him, as if I found in my selfe cause to be reuerenced. They are heere alone (said I) that are accompanied with noble thoughts. But those thoughts (replyed *Basilus*) cannot in this your loneliness neither warrant you from suspition in others, nor defend you from melancholy in your selfe: I then shewing a mistlike that he pressed me so farre; I seek no better warrant, said I, then my owne consciencie, nor no greater pleasure then mine owne contentation. Yet vertue seekes to satisfie others, said *Basilus*. Those that be good, said I, and they will be satisfied as long as they see no euill: yet will the best in this countrie, said *Basilus*, suspect so excellent beautie being so weakely guarded. Then are the best but starke naught, answered I; for open suspecting others, comes of secret condemning themselves: but in my countrie (whose manners I am in all places to maintaine and reuerence) the generall goodnesse (which is nourished in our hearts) makes enerie one thinke the strength of vertue in another, whereof they find the assured foundation in themselves. Excellent Ladie, said he, you praise so greatly (and yet so wisely) your countrie, that I must needs desire to know what the best is, out of which such birds doe flie. You must first deserue it, said I, before you may obtaine it. And by what meanes, said *Basilus*, shall I deserue to know your estate? By letting me first know yours, answered I. To obey you, said he, I will doe it, although it were so much more reason yours should be knowne first, as you do deserue in all points to be preferd. Know you, faire Ladie, that my name is *Basilus*, vnworthily Lord of this countrie: the rest, either fame hath already brought to your eares, or (if it please you to make this place happie by your presence) at more leisure you shall vnderstand of me: I that from the beginning assured my selfe it was he, but would not seeme



seeme I did so, to keepe my grauitie the better, making a peece of reuerence vnto him; Mightie Prince (said I) let my not knowing you serue for the excuse of my boldnesse, and the little reuerence I doe you, impute to the maner of my countrie, which is the inuincible land of the *Amazons*: my selfe Neece to *Semio*, Queene thereof, lineally descended of the famous *Penthesilea*, slaine by the bloodie hand of *Pyrrhus*: I hauing in this my youth determined to make the world see the *Amazons* excellencies, as well in priuare, as in publike vertue, hane passed some dangerous aduentures in diuerse countries, till the vnmercifull sea depriued me of my companie; so that shipwracke casting me not farre hence, vncertaine wandring brought me to this place. But *Basilus* who now began to taste of that, which since he had swallowed vp, as I will tell you) fell to more cunning intreating my abode, then any greedie host would vse to well paying passengers. I thought nothing could shoot righter at the marke of my desires; yet had I learned alreadie so much, that it was against my womanhood to be forward in my own wishes. And therefore he (to proue whether intercessions in fitter mouthes, might better preuaile) commanded *Dametas* to bring forthwith his wife and daughters thither, three Ladies, although of diuerse, yet of excellent beautie.

His wife in graue Matronlike attire, with countenance and gesture sutable, and of such fairenesse (being in the strength of her age) as if her daughters had not beene by, might with iust price haue purchased admiration; but they being there, it was enough that the most daintie eye would thinke her a worthie mother of such children. The faire *Pamela*, whose noble heart I finde doth greatly disdain, that the trust of her vertue is reposed in such a louts hands as *Dametas*, had yet, to shew an obedience, taken on shepheardish apparell, which was but of russet cloath, cut after their fashion: with a straight bodie, open breasted, the neather part full of pleights, with long and wide sleeves: but beleue me she did apparell her apparell, & with the preciousnesse of her bodie made it most sumptuous. Her haire at the full length, wound about with gold lace, onely by the comparison to shew how farre her haire doth excell in colour: betwixt her breasts (which sweetly rose vplike two faire mountaints in the pleasant vale of *Tempe*) there hung a verie rich Diamond set but in a blacke horne: the word I haue since read is this, *Yet still my selfe*. And thus particularly hane I described them, because you may know that mine eyes are not so partiall, but that I marked them too. But when the ornament of the earth, the modell of heauen, the triumph of nature, the life of beautie, the Queene of loue, young *Philoclea* appeared in her Nymph-like apparell, so neere nakednesse, as one might well discerne part of her perfections; and yet so apperelled, as did shew shee kept best store of her beautie to her selfe: her haire (alas too poore a word, why should I not rather call them her beames) drawne vp into a net, able to haue caught *Iupiter* when he was in the form of an Eagle: her bodie (O sweet bodie) couered with a light Taffata garment, so cut, as the wrought smock came through it in many places, enough to haue made your restrained imagination haue thought what was vnder it: with the cast of her blacke eyes, blacke indeed, whether nature so made them, that we might be the more able to behold & beare their wonderfull shining, or that she (goddesse-like) would worke this miracle with her selfe, in giuing blackenes the price aboue all beautie. Then (I say) indeed me thought the Lillies grew pale for enuie, the Roses me thought blushed to see sweeter Roses in her cheeks, & the apples, me thought, fell downe from the trees, to do homage to the apples of her breast: then the clouds gaue place, that the heauens might more freely smile vpon her, at the least the clouds of my thoughts quite vanished; and my sight (then more cheere and

forcible then euer) was so fixed there, that (I imagine) I stood like a well wrought Image, with some life in shew, but none in practise. And so had I bin like enough to haue stayed long time, but that *Gynecia* stepping betweene my sight and the onely *Philoclea*, the chaunge of object made me recouer my senses; so that I could with reasonable good maner receiue the salutation of her, and of the Princesse *Pamela*, doing them yet no further reuerence then one Princesse vserh to another. But when I came to the neuer-enough praised *Philoclea*, I could not but fall downe on my knees, and taking by force her hand, and kissing it (I must confesse) with more then womanly ardencie, Diuine Lady, said I, let not the world, nor these great Princesses maruell, to see me (contrarie to my maner) doe this speciall honour vnto you, since all both men & women, do owe this to the perfection of your beautie. But she blushing (like a faire morning in May) at this my singularitie, and causing me to rise, Noble Ladie, said shee, it is no maruell to see your iudgement much mistaken in my beautie, since you begin with so great an error, as to do more honour vnto me then to them, to whom I my selfe owe all seruice. Rather (answered I with a bowed down countenance) that shewes the power of your beautie, which forced me to doe such an error, if it were an error. You are so well acquainted (said she sweetly, most sweetly smiling) with your owne beautie, that it makes you easily fall into the discourse of beautie. Beautie in me? (said I truly sighing) alas if there be any, it is in my eyes, which your blessed presence hath imparted vnto them.

But then (as I think *Basilus* willing her so to do) Well, said she, I must needs confesse I haue heard that it is a great happinesse to be praised of them that are most praise worthe: and well I finde that you are an inuincible *Amazon*, since you will overcome, though in a wrong matter. But if my beautie be any thing, then let it obtaine thus much of you, that you will remaine some while in this companie, to ease your owne trauell and our solitarinesse. First let me die (said I) before any word spoken by such a mouth should come in vaine. And thus with some other words of entertaining, was my staying concluded, and I ledde among them to the Lodge; truelie a place for pleasantnesse, not vnfit to flatter solitarinesse, for it being set vpon such an vn sensible rising of the ground, as you are come to a prettie height before almost you perceiue that you ascend, it giues the eye Lordship over a good large circuit, which according to the nature of the countrie, being diuersified betweene hills and dales, woods and plaines, one place more cleere, another more darke some, it seemes a pleasant picture of nature, with louely light somnesse and artificiall shadowes. The Lodge is of a yellow stone, built in the forme of a starre, hauing round about a garden framed into like points; and beyond the garden ridings cut out, each answering the angles of the Lodge; at the end of one of them is the other smaller Lodge, but of like fashion, where the gracious *Pamela* liueth; so that the Lodge seemeth not vnlike a faire Comet, whose taile stretcheth it selfe to a starre of lesse greatnesse.

So *Gynecia* her selfe bringing me to my lodging, anon after I was inuited and brought downe to sup with them in the Garden, a place not fairer in naturall ornaments, then artificiall inuentions; where, in a banquetting house among certain pleasant trees, whose heads seemed curled with the wrappings about of Vine-branches. The table was set neere to an excellent water-worke; for by the casting of the water in most cunning maner, it makes (with the shining of the Sunne vpon it) a perfect rain-bow, not more pleasant to the eye then to the mind, so sensible to see the prooue of the heauenly *Iris*. There were birds also made so finely, that they did not onely de-  
ceiue the sight with their figure, but the hearing with their songs, which the waterie  
instruments



instruments did make their gorge deliuer. The table at which wee sate was round, which being fast to the floore whereon wee sate, and that deuided from the rest of the buildings, with turning a vice (which *Basilus* at first did, to make me sport) the table, and we about the table did all turne round, by meanes of water which ran vnder, and carried it about as a mill. But alas, what pleasure did it to me, to make diuers times the full circle round about, since *Philoclea* (being also set) was carried still in equall distance from me, and that onely my eyes did ouertake her: which when the table was stayed, and wee began to feede, dranke much more eagerly of her beaurtie, then my mouth did of any other liquor. And so was my common sence deceiued, (being chiefly bent to her that as I dranke the wine, and withall stole a looke on her, me seemed I tasted her deliciousnesse. But alas, the one thirst was much more inflamed then the other quenched. Sometimes my eyes would lay themselves open to receiue all the darts shee did throw, sometimes close vp with admiration, as if with a contrarie fancie, they wold preserve the riches of that sight they had gotten, or cast my lids as curtaines, ouer the image of beaurtie, her presence had painted in them. True it is, that my Reason (now growne a seruant to passion) did yet often tell his maister, that he should more moderately vse his delight. But he, that of a rebell was become a Prince, disdained almost to allow him the place of a counsellor: so that my senses delights being too strong for any other resolution, I did, euen loose the reins vnto them; hoping that (going for a woman) my lookes would passe, either vnmarked, or vn suspected.

Now thus I had (as me thought) well plaide my first act, assuring my selfe, that vnder that disguisement, I should find oportunitie to reueale my selfe to the owner of my heart. But who would thinke it possible (though I feele it true) that in almost eight weekes space I haue liued here (hauing no more companie but her parents; and I being familiar, as being a woman, and watchfull, as being a louer) yet could neuer find oportunitie to haue one minutes leasure of priuate conference: the cause whereof is as strange, as the effects are to me miserable. And (alas) this it is.

At the first sight that *Basilus* had of me (I thinke *Cupid* hauing headed his arrows with my misfortune) he was stricken (taking me to be such as I professe) with great affection towards me, which since is growne to such a doting loue, that till I was faine to get this place (sometimes to retire vnto freely) I was euen choaked with his tediousnesse. You neuer saw fourescore yeares daunce vp and downe more liuely in a young louer; now, as fine in his apparell, as if hee would make me in loue with a cloake, and verse for verse with the sharpest-witted Louer in *Arcadia*. Doe you not thinke that this is a faller of wormewood, while mine eyes feed vpon the Ambrosia of *Philoclea's* beaurtie. But this is not all; no, this is not the worst: for he (good man) were easie enough to be dealt with, but, as I thinke, Loue & mischief hauing made a wager, which should haue most power in me, haue set *Gynecia* also on such a fire towards me, as will neuer (I feare) be quenched but with my destruction. For (she being a woman of excellent wit, and of strong working thoughts) whether she suspected me by my ouer-vehement shewes of affection to *Philoclea* (which loue forced me vniuersally to vtter, while hope of my maske foolishly encouraged me) or that she hath taken some other marke of me; that I am not a woman; or what diuell it is hath reuealed it vnto her, I know not: but so it is, that all her countenances, words, and gestures, are euen miserable portraictures of a desperate affection. Whereby a man may learne, that these auoidings of companie, doe but make the passions more violent, when they meet with fit subiects. Truly it were a notable dum shew of *Cupids* kingdome, to see my eyes (languishing with ouer-vehement longing) direct themselves

selues to *Philoclea* and *Basilus*, as busie about me as a Bee; & indeed as cumberfom, making such vehement suits to me, who neither could if I would, nor would if I could, helpe him, while the terrible wit of *Gynecia*, carried with the Beere of violent loue, runes through vs all. And so ielous is she of my loue to her daughter, that I could neuer yet begin to open my mouth to the vnenitable *Philoclea*, but that her vnwished presence gaue my tale a conclusion, before it had a beginning. And surely if I be no deceined, I see such shewes of liking, & (if I be acquainted with passions) of almost a passionate liking in the heavenly *Philoclea* towards me, that I may hope her cares would not abhorre my discourse. And for good *Basilus*, he thought it best to haue lodged vs together, but that the eternall hatefulnessse of my destinie made *Gynecia's* ielousie stop that, and all other my blessings. Yet must I confesse, that one way her loue doth me pleasure; for since it was my foolish fortune, or vfortunate folly, to be knowne by her, that keeps her from bewraying me to *Basilus*. And thus (my *Musidorus*) you haue my Tragedie plaied vnto you by my selfe, which I pray the gods may not indeed proue a Tragedie. And therewith he ended, making a full point of a heartie sigh.

x *Musidorus* recommended to his best discourse, all which *Pyrocles* had told him. But therein he found such intricatenesse, that he could see no way to lead him out of the maze; yet preceiuing his affection so grounded, that struing against it, did rather anger then heale the wound, and rather call his friendship in question then giue place to any friendly counsell. Well (said he) deere cousin, since it hath pleased the gods to mingle your other excellencies with this humour of loue, yet happie it is, that your loue is imployed vpon so rare a woman: for certainly, a noble cause doth ease much a grievous case. But as it stands now, nothing vexeth me, as that I cannot see wherein I can be seruiceable vnto you. I desire no greater seruice of you (answered *Pyrocles*) then that you remaine secretly in this countrie, and sometimes come to this place, either late in the night or early in the morning, where you shall haue my key to enter, because as my fortune either amends or impaires, I may declare it vnto you, and haue your counsell & furtherance: and here by I will of purpose leade her, that is the praise, and yet the staine of all womankind, that you may haue so good a view, as to allow my iudgement: and as I can get the most convenient time, I will come vnto you; for though by reason of yonder wood you cannot see the Lodge, it is hard at hand. But now (said she) it is time for me to leave you, and towards enening wee will walke out of purpose hitherward, therefore keepe your selfe close in that time. But *Musidorus* berbinking himselfe that his horse might happen to bewray him, thought it best to returne for that day to village not farre off, and dispatching his horse in some sort, the next day early to come a foot thirter, and so to keepe that course afterward, which *Pyrocles* verie well liked of. Now farewell deere cousin (said he) from me, no more *Pyrocles*, nor *Daphantus* now, but *Zelmane*: *Zelmane* is my name, *Zelmane* is my title, *Zelmane* is the only hope of my advancement. And with that word going out, and seeing that the coast was cleere, *Zelmane* dismissed *Musidorus*, who departed as full of care to help his friend, as before he was to disswade him.

*Zelmane* returned to the lodge, where (inflamed by *Philoclea*, watched by *Gynecia*, and tired by *Basilus*) she was like a horse desirous to runne, and miserably spurred, but so short rained as he cannot stirre forward; *Zelmane* sought occasion to speake with *Philoclea*, *Basilus* with *Zelmane*; and *Gynecia* hindred them all. If *Philoclea* happened to sigh (and sigh she did often) as if that sigh were to be waited on, *Zelmane* sighed also, wherto *Basilus* and *Gynecia* soone made vp foure parts of sorrow. Their affection



affection increased their conuersation; & their conuersation increased their affection. The respect borne, bred due ceremonies; but the affection shined so through them; that the ceremonies seemed not ceremonies. *Zelmans* eyes were (like children before sweet meat) eager; but fearfull of their ill-pleasing gouernours. Time, in one instant, seeming both short and long vnto them: short, in the pleasingnesse of such presence; long, in the stay of their desires.

But *Zelmans* failed not to intice them all many times abroad, because she was desirous her friend *Amphidorus* (neere whom of purpose she led them) might haue full sight of them. Sometimes angling to a little riuer neere hand, which for the moisture it bestowed vpon rootes of some flourishing trees, was rewarded with their shadow. There would they sit downe, and pretie wagers be made between *Pamela* and *Philoclea*, which could soonest beguile silly fishes, while *Zelmans* protested that the fit prey for them was hearts of Princes. She also had an angle in her hand; but the taker was forsaken, that she had forgotten taking. *Basilus* in the meane time would be the Cooke himselfe of what was so caught, and *Gynecia* sit still; but with no sill pensiuenesse: now she brought them to see a seeled Dove; who the blinder she was; the higher shee stroue. Another time a Kite, which having a gut cunningly pulled out of her, and so let flye, caused all the Kites in that quarter, who (as oftentimes the world is deceiued) thinking her prosperous when indeed shee was wounded, made the poore Kite finde; that opinion of riches may well be dangerous.

But these recreations were interrupted by a delight of more galant shew; for one evening, as *Basilus* returned from hauing forced his thoughts to please themselves in such smal conquest, there came a Shepherd, who brought him word, that a Gentleman desired leave to doe a messege from his Lord vnto him. *Basilus* granted; whereupon the Gentleman came; and after the dutifull ceremonies obserued in his maisters name, told him, that he was sent from *Phalantus* of *Corinth*, to craue licence, that as he had done in many other Courts, so he might in his presence defie all *Arcadian* Knights in the behalfe of his Mistris beaultie, who would besides, her selfe in person bee present, to giue euident prooffe what his Launce should affirme. The conditions of his challenge were, that the defendant should bring his Mistresse picture, which being set by the image of *Artesia* (so was the mistresse of *Phalantus* named) who in fixe courses should haue better of the other, in the iudgement of *Basilus*, with him both the honors and the pictures should remaine. *Basilus* (though he had retired himselfe into that solitarie dwelling, with intention to auoide, rather then to accept any matters of drawing companie; yet because hee would entertaine *Zelmans*, (that she might not thinke the time so gaine full to him, losse to her) granted him to pitch his tent for three dayes, not farre from the lodge, and to proclaime his challenge; that what *Arcadian* Knight (for none els but vpon his perrill was licensed to come) would defend what he honored against *Phalantus*, should haue the like freedome of access and returne.

This obtained and published, *Zelmans* being desirous to learne what this *Phalantus* was, hauing never knowne him further then by report of his good iusting, in so much as he was commonly called, the faire man of armes, *Basilus*, told her that he had had occasion by one verie inward with him, to know in part the discourse of his life, which was, that he was bastard-brother to the faire *Helen* Queene of *Corinth*, and deerey esteemed of her for his exceeding good parts, being honourably courteous, and wronglessly valiant, considerately pleasant in conuersation, and an excellent Courtier without vnfaithfulnesse; who finding his sisters vnperfwadeable melancholy; (through the loue of *Amphialus*) had for a time left her Court, & gone

into

into *Laconia*, where in the warre against the *Helots*, he had gotten the reputation of one, that both durst and knew. But as it was rather choise then nature, that led him to matters of armes, so as soone as the spur of honour ceased, he willingly rested in peaceable delights, being beloued in all companies for his lonely qualities; and (as a man may terme it) winning cheerefulness, whereby, to the Prince and Court of *Laconia*, none was more agreable then *Phalantus*; and he not given greatly to struggle with his own disposition, followed the gentle current of it, having a fortune sufficient to content, and he content with a sufficient fortune. But in that court he saw, and was acquainted with this *Artesia*, whose beautie he now defends, became her seruant, said himselfe, and perchance thought himselfe her louer. But certainly, said *Basilus*, manie times it falls out, that these yong companions make themselves beleeue they loue at the first liking of a likely beautie; louing, because they will loue for want of other businesse, not because they feele indeed that diuine power, which makes the heart find a reason in passion, and so (God knowes) as inconstantly leaue vpon the next chauce that beautie calls before them. So therefore taking loue vpon him like a fashion, he courted this Ladie *Artesia*, who was as fit to pay him in his owne monie as might be: for shee thinketh shee did wrang to her beautie if shee were not proud of it, called her disdain of him chastitie, and placed her honour in litle setting by his honouring her; determining neuer to marrie, but him, whom she thought worthie of her: and that was one, in whom all worthinesse were honoured. And to this conceipt not only nature had bent her, but the bringing vp shee receiued at my sister in law *Cecropia*, had confirmed her; who hauing in her widow-hood taken this yong *Artesia* into her charge, because her father had bene a deare friend of her dead husbands, had taught her to thinke that there is no wisdom but in including both heauen and earth in ones selfe, and that loue, courtesie, gratefulnesse, friendship, and all other vertues are rather to be taken on, then taken in ones selfe. And so good a discipule she found of her, that liking the fruits of her own planting, she was content (if so her sonne could haue liked of it) to haue wished her in marriage to my Nephew *Amphialus*. But I thinke that desire hath lost some of his heat, since she hath knowne, that such a Queene as *Helen* is, doth offer so great a price as a kingdome, to buy his fauour; for if I be not deceiued in my good sister *Cecropia*, she thinks no face so beautifull, as that which looks vnder a Crowne. But *Artesia* indeed liked wel of my Nephew *Amphialus*; for I can neuer deeme that lone, which in haughtie hearts proceeds of a desire onely to please, and as it were, peacock themselves; but yet she hath shewed vehemencie of desire that way, I thinke, because all her desires be vehement, insomuch that she hath both placed her onely brother a fine youth called *Ismenus* to be his squire, and her selfe is content to wait vpon my sister, till she may see the vtermost what she may worke in *Amphialus*; who being of a melancholy (though I must say truly courteous and noble) minde, seemes to loue nothing lesse then Loue: and of late hauing through some aduenture, or inward discontentment, withdrawne himselfe from any bodies knowledge, where he is; *Artesia* the easier discendend to goe to the Court of *Laconia*, wither she was sent for by the kings wife, to whom she is somewhat allied.

And there, after the war of the *Helots*, this Knight *Phalantus* (at least for tongue-delight) made himselfe her seruant, and she so little caring, as not to shew dislike thereof, was content onely to be noted to haue a notable seruant. For truly one in my Court neerely acquainted with him, within these few dayes made mee a pleasant description of their loue, while he with cheerefull lookes would speake sorrow, full words, vsing the phrase of his affection in so high a stile, that *Mercury* would not haue



haue wood *Venus* with more magnificent Eloquence: but els. neither in behaviour, nor action, accusing in himselfe any great trouble in minde, whether he sped or no. And shee on the other side, well finding how little it was, and not caring for more yet taught him, that often it falleth out but a foolish wittinesse, to speake more then one thinkes.

For she made earnest benefite of his iest, forcing him in respect of his profession, to do her such seruices, as were both cumbersome and costly vnto him, while he still thought he went beyond her, because his heart did not commit the idolatrie. So that lastly, she (I thinke) hauing in mind to make the fame of her beautie an oratour for her to *Amphialus*, (perswading her selfe perhaps, that it might fall out in him as it doth in some that haue delightfull meate before them, and haue no stomack to it, before other folks praise it) she tooke the aduantage one day vpon *Phalantus* vnconscionable praising of her, & certaine cast-away vowes, how much he would doe for her sake, to arrest his word as soon as it was out of her mouth, & by the vertue thereof to charge him to goe with her through all the courts of *Greece*, & with the challenge now made to giue her beautie the principallitie ouer all other. *Phalantus* was entrapped, & saw round about him, but could not get out. Exceedingly perplexed he was (as hee confest to him that told me the tale) not for doubt hee had of himselfe, (for indeed he had little cause, being accounted, with his Launce especially, whereupon the challenge is to be tried) as perfect as any that *Greece* knoweth; but because he feared to offend his sister *Helen*, and withall (as he said) he could not so much beleeue his loue, but that he must thinke in his heart (whatsoeuer his mouth affirmed) that both she, my daughters, & the faire *Parthenia* (wife to a most noble Gentleman my wiues neere kinsman) might far better put in their claime for that prerogative. But his promise had bound him prentise, and therefore it was now better with willingnesse to purchase thanks, then with a discontented doing to haue the paine and not the reward; and therefore went on; as his faith, rather then loue, did leade him. And now hath he alreadie passed the courts of *Laconia*, *Elis*, *Argos*, & *Corinth*: & (as manietimes it happens) that a good pleader makes a bad cause to preuaile; so hath his Launce brought captiues to the triumph of *Arthesia's* beautie, such, as though *Arthesia* be among the fairest, yet in that companie were to haue the preheminences: for in those courts many Knights (that had bin in other farre countries) defended such as they had seene, and liked in their trauell: but their defence had been such, as they had forfeited the pictures of their Ladies, to giue a forced false testimonie to *Arthesia's* excellencie. And now lastly is he come hither where he hath leaue to trie his fortune. But I assure you, if I thought it not in due and true consideration an iniurious seruice and churlish curtesie, to put the danger of so noble a title in the deciding of such a dangerlesse combat, I would make young maister *Phalantus* know, that your eyes can sharpen a blunt Launce, & that age, which my gray haire (onely gotten by the louing care of others) make seeme more then it is, hath not diminished in me the power to protect an vdeniable veritie: with that he bustled vp himselfe, as though his heart would faine haue walked abroad. *Zelmane* with an inward smiling gaue him outward thanks, desiring him to reserue his force for worthier causes. So passing their time according to their wont, they waited for the comming of *Phalantus*, who the next morning hauing alreadie caused his tents to be pitched, neere to a faire tree hard by the Lodge, had vpon the tree made a shield to be hanged vp, which the defendant should strike, that would call him to the maintaining his challenge. The *Impress* in the shield, was a heauen full of starres, with a speech, signifying, that it was the beautie which gaue the praise.

Him

Himselfe came in next after a triumphant Chariot, made of Carnation velvet, enriched with purple and pearle, wherein *Artesia* sat, drawne by foure winged horses with artificiall flaming mouthes, and fierie wings, as if she had newly borrowed them of *Phaëbus*. Before her marched, two after two, certaine footmen pleasantly attired, who betweene them held one picture after another of them, that by *Phalantus* well running had lost the prize in the race of beautie, and at euerie pace they stayed, turning the pictures to each side, so leisurly, that with perfect iudgement they might be discerned. The first that came in (following the order of the time wherein they had been woone) was the picture of *Andromana*, Queene of *Iberia*, whom a *Laconian* Knight hauing sometime (and with speciall fauour) serued, (though some yeares since returned home) with more gratefulnesse then good fortune defended. But therein *Fortune* had borrowed wit; for indeed she was not comparable to *Artesia*; not because she was a good deale elder (for time had not yet beene able to impouerish her store thereof) but an exceeding red haire with small eyes, did (like ill companions) disgrace the other assembly of most commendable beauties.

Next after her was borne the counterfeite of the Princesse of *Elis*, a Ladie that taught the beholders no other point of beautie, but this, That as liking is not alwaies the child of beautie, so whatsoeuer liketh is beautifull; for in that visage there was neither maiestie, grace, fauour, nor fairenesse, yet she wanted not a seruant that would haue made her fairer then the faire *Artesia*. But he wrote her praises with his helmet in the dust, and left her picture to be as a true witnesse of his ouerthrow, as his running was of her beautie.

After her was the goodly *Artaxia*, great Q of *Armenia*, a Ladie vpon whom nature bestowed, and well placed her most delightfull colours; and withall, had proportioned her without any fault, quickly to be discovered by the senses, yet altogether seemed not to make vp that harmonie, that *Cupid* delights in, the reason wherof might seeme a mannish countenance, which ouerthrew that louely sweetnesse, the noblest power of womankind, farre fitter to preuaile by parley then by battell.

Of a farre contrarie consideration was the representation of her that next followed, which was *Erona* Queene of *Licia*, who though of so browne a haire, as no man should haue inquired it to haue called it black, and that in the mixture of her cheekes the white did so much overcome the redde (though what was, was verie pure) that it came neare to palenesse, and that her face was a thought longer then the exact *Symmetrians* perhaps would allow: yet loue plaid his part so well in euerie part, that it cought hold of the iudgement, before it could iudge, making it first loue, & after acknowledgement in faire; for there was a certaine delicacie, which in yeelding conquered, and with a pitifull looke made one find cause to craue helpe himselfe.

After her came two Ladies, of noble, but not of royall birth: the former was named *Baccha*, who though verie faire, & of a fatnesse rather to allure, then to mislike, yet her breasts ouer-familiarly laid open, with a made countenance about her mouth, betweene simpring and smiling, her head bowed somewhat downe, seemed to languish with ouer-much idlenesse, and with an inuiting looke cast vward, dissuaded with too much perswading, while hope might seeme to ouer-run desire.

The other (whose name was written *Leucippe*) was of a fine daintinesse of beautie, her face carying in it a sober simplicitie, like one that could do much good, and meant no hurt; her eyes hauing in them such a cheerefulnesse, as nature seemed to smile in them, though her mouth and cheekes obeyed to that pretie demurenesse, which the more one markt, the more one would iudge the poore soule apt to beleue, and therefore the more pittie to deceiue her.

Next



Next came the Queene of *Laconia*, one that seemed borne in the confines of beauties kingdome: for all her lineaments were neither perfect possessioners thereof, nor absolute strangers thereto: but she was a Queene, and therefore beautifull.

But she that followed, conquered indeed with being conquered, and might well haue made all the beholders wait vpon her triumph, while her selfe wereled captiue. It was the excellently faire Queene *Helen*, whose Iacynth haire curled by nature, but intercurled by art (like a fine brookethrough golden sands) had a rope of faire pearle, which now hiding now hidden by the haire, did as it were play at fast and loose each with other, mutually giuing and receiuing richnesse. In her face so much beautie and fauour expressed, as if *Helen* had not been knowne, some would rather haue iudged it the Painters exercise, to shew what he could doe, then the counterfeiting of any lying pattern, for no fault the most fault-finding wit could haue found, if it were not, that to the rest of the bodie the face was somewhat too little: but that little was such a sparke of beautie, as was able to enflame a world of loue; for euerything was full of a choise finenesse, that if it wanted any thing in maiestie, it supplied it with increase in pleasure, and if at the first it strake not admiration, it rauished with delight. And no indifferent soule there was, which if it could resist from subiecting it selfe to make it his Princeesse, that would not long to haue such a play fellow. As for her attire, it was costly and curious, though the looke (fixt with more sadnesse then it seemed nature had bestowed to any that knew her fortune) bewrayed; that as she vsed those ornaments, not for her selfe, but to preuaile with another, so she feared that alwould not serue. Of a far differing (though esteemed equally) beautie, was the faire *Parthenia*, who next waited on *Arbacia's* triumph, though farr better she might haue siren the throne. For in her euerie thing was goodly, & stately, yet so, that it might seeme that great-mindednes was but the auncient-bearer to the humblenes. For her great gray eye, which might seeme full of her owne beautie: a large, and exceedingly faire forehead, with all the rest of her face & bodie, cast in the mould of Noblenesse, was yet so attired, as might shew, the mistres thought it either not to deserue, or not to need any exquisite decking, hauing no adorning but cleanlinesse; and so farrre from all art, that it was full of carelesnesse; vnlesse that carelesnesse it selfe (in spite of it selfe) grew artificiall. But *Basilus* could not abstaine from praising *Parthenia*, as the perfect picture of a womanly vertue, and wisely faithfulness: telling withall *Zelmene*, how he had vnderstood, that when in the court of *Laconia*, her picture (maintained by a certaine *Sycionian* Knight) was lost, through want rather of valour, then iustice: her husband (the famous *Argalus*) would in a chafe haue gone & redeemed it with a new triall. But she (more sporting then sorrowing for her vnderferved champion) tolde her husband, she desired to be beautifull in no bodys eye but his: and that she would rather marre her face: as euill as euer it was, then that it should be a cause to make *Argalus* put on armour. Then would *Basilus* haue tolde *Zelmene* that which he already knew, of the rare triall of that coupled affection: but the next picture made their monthes giue place to their eyes.

It was of a young maid, which fate pulling out a thorne out of a Lambes foote, with her looke so attentine vpon it, as if that little foote could haue beene the circle of her thoughts; her apparell so poore, as it had nothing but the inside to adorne it; a sheephooke lying by her, with a bottle vpon it. But with all that pouertie, beautie plaid the Prince, and commanded as many hearts as the greatest Queene there did. Her beautie and her estate made her quickly to be knowne to be the faire shepheardsesse *Phaia*, whom a rich knight called *Lacemon*, farre in loue with her, had vnluckily defended.

The

The last of all in place, because last in the time of her being captiue, was *Zelmane*, daughter to the King *Plexirtus*: who at the first sight seemed to haue some resemblance of *Philoclea*, but with more marking (comparing it to the present *Philoclea*, who indeed had no paragon but her sister) they might see, it was but such a likeness as an vnperfect glasse doth giue; answerable enough in some features and colours, but erring in others. But *Zelmane* sighing, turning to *Basilus*, Alas sir, said shee here be some pictures which might better become the tombes of their Mistresses, then the triumph of *Arthesia*. It is true sweetest Ladie (said *Basilus*) some of them be dead, & some other captiue; but that hath hapned so late, as it may be the Knights that defended their beautie, knew not so much: without we will say (as in some other hearts I know it would fall out) that death it selfe could not blot out the image which loue hath engrauen in them. But diuers besides these (said *Basilus*) hath *Phalantus* won, but he leaues the rest, carrying onely such, who either for greatnesse of estate, or of beautie, may iustly glorifie the glorie of *Arthesias* triumph.

Thus talked *Basilus* with *Zelmane*, glad to make any matter subiect to speake of with his mistres, while *Phalantus* in this pompous maner, brought *Arthesia* with her gentlewomen into one Tent, by which he had another: where they both waited who would first strike vpon the shield, while *Basilus* the Iudge appointed sticklers and trumpets, to whom the other should obey. But none that day appeared, nor the next, till allreadie it had consumed halfe his allowance of light, but then there came in a knight, protesting himselfe as contrarie to him in minde, as he was in apparell. For *Phalantus* was all in white, hauing in his baces and caparison imbroidered a wauiug water: at each side whereof he had nettings cast ouer, in which were diuerse fishes naturally made, and so prettily, that as the horse stirred, the fishes seemed to striue, and leape in the net.

But the other Knight by name *Nester*, by birth an *Arcadian* & in affection vowed to the faire Shepherdesse, was all in blacke, with fire burning both vpon his armour and horse. His imprese in his shield, was a fire made of Iuniper, with this word, *More easie, and more sweet*. But this hot Knight was cooled with a fall, which at the third course he received of *Phalantus*, leauing his picture to keepe companie with the other of the same stampe, he going away remedilessly chasing at his rebuke. The next was *Polyctes*, greatly esteemed in *Arcadia*, for deedes he had done in armes, & much spoken of for the honourable loue he had long borne to *Gynecia*; which *Basilus* himselfe was content, not onely to suffer, but to be delighted with he carried it in so honourable and open plainenesse, setting to his loue no other marke, then to doe her faithfull seruice. But neither her faire picture, nor his faire running, could warrang him from ouerthrow, and her from becomming as then the last of *Arthesias* victories: a thing *Gynecia's* vertues would little haue recked at another time, nor then, if *Zelmane* had not scene it. But her champion went away as much discomforted, as discomforted. Then *Thelamus* for *Polexena*, & *Eurilion* for *Elpine*, and *Leop* for *Zoana*, all braue Knights, all faire Ladies, with their going downe, lifted vp the ballance of his praise for actiuitie, and hers for fairenesse.

Vpon whose losse as the beholders were talking, there comes into the place where they ranne, a shepheard stripling (for his height made him more then a boy, and his face would not allow him a man) browne of complexion (whether by nature or by the Sunnes familiaritie) but verie louely withall; for the rest so perfectly proportioned, that Nature shewed, she doth not like men, who stubber vp matters of meane account. And well might his proportion be iudged, for he had nothing vpon him but a paire of sloppes, and vpon his bodie a Goate-skinne, which hee cast ouer his



his shoulder, doing all things with so prettie a grace that it seemed ignorance could not make him do amisse, because he had a heart to do well; holding in his right hand a long staffe, and so coming with a look full of amiable fiercenesse, as in whom choller could not take away the sweetnesse; hee came towards the King, and making a reuerence (which in him was comely because it was kindly) my liege Lord (said hee) I pray you heare a few words; for my heart will breake if I say not my minde to you: I see heere the picture of *Francia*, which I cannot tell how, nor why these men when they fall downe, they say, is not so faire as yonder gay woman. But pray God, I may neuer see my old mother aliue; if I thinke thee be any more match to *Francia*, then a Goat is to a fine Lambe; or then the Dogge that keepes our flocks at home, is like your white Greyhound, that pulled downe the Stagge last daye.

And therefore I pray you let me be drest as they be, and my heart gives me, I shall rumble him on the earth: for indeede he might as well say, that a Cousin is as white as a Lillie: or else I care not, let him come with his great staffe, and I with this in my hand, and you shall see what I can doe to him. *Basilius* saw it was the fine shepheard *Lulus*, whom once hee had afore him in Pastorall sportes, and had greatly delighted in his wit full of prettie simplicitie, and therefore laughing at his earnestnesse, he had him bee content, since hee saw the pictures of so great Queenes, were faine to follow their champions fortune. But *Lulus* (euen weeping ripe) went among the rest, longing to see some bodie that would reuenge *Francia* wrong; and praying hartily for euerie bodie that ran against *Phalantius*, then beginning to feele povertie, that hee could not set himselfe to that triall. But by and by, euen when the Sunne (like a noble Hart) began to shew his greatest countenance in his lowest estate, there came in a Knight, called *Phobilus*, a Gentleman of that countrie, for whom hatefull fortune had borrowed the dart of loue, to make him miserable by the sight of *Philoclea*. For he had euen from her infancie loued her, & was stricken by her before she was able to know what quiver of arrowes her eies carried; but he loued & dispaired, and the more he dispaired, the more hee loued. He saw his owne worthinesse, & thereby made her excellencie haue more terrible aspect vpon him: hee was so secret therein, as not daring to bee open, that to no creature hee euer spake of it, but his heart made such silent complaints within it selfe, that while all his senses were attente thereto, cunning iudges might perceiue his minde: so that he was known to loue though he denied, or rather was the better known, because he denied it. His armour & his attire was for a Sea colour, his *Impressa*, the fish called *Sepia*, which being in the net, castes a blacke inke about it selfe; that in the darkenesse thereof it may fease: his word was, Not so. *Philoclea*'s picture with almost an idolatrous magnificence was borne in by him. But straight iealousie was a harbinger for disdain in *Zelmans* heart, when she saw any (but her selfe) should be auowed a champion for *Philoclea*: in so much that she with her shame, till she saw him shamed. For at the second course he was stricken quite from out of the saddle, so full of griefe, & rage withall, that he would faine with the sword haue reuenged it, but that being contrarie to the order set downe, *Basilius* would not suffer: so that wishing himselfe in the bottome of the earth, hee went his way, leauing *Zelma* no lesse angry with his losse, then she would haue bin with his victorie. For if she thought before a riuals praise would haue angered her, her Ladies disgrace did make her much more forget what she then thought; while that passion raigned so much the more, as she saw a prettie blush in *Philoclea*'s cheekes bewray a modest discontentment. But the night commanded truce for those sports, & *Phalantius* (though increated) would not leaue *Artesia*, who in no case would come into the house, hauing (as it were) sucked of *Cecropia* breath a mortall mistlike againe *Basilius*